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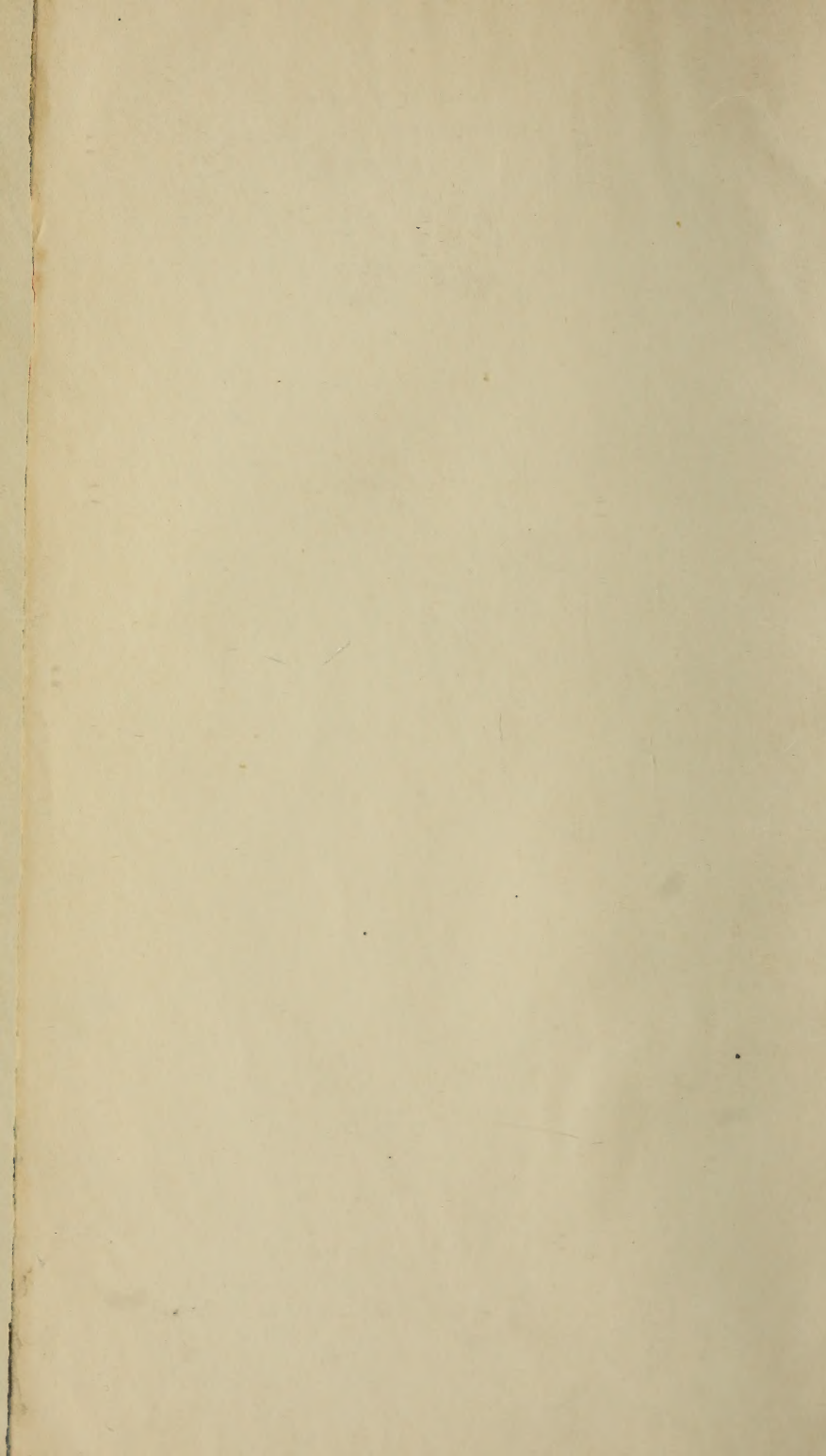
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VOL. XXXV.

JANUARY TO JUNE.

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THE DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

No. CCV.

JANUARY, 1850.

VOL. XXXV.

IRISH TOURISTS—GIRALDUS CAMBRENSIS.

Much as the Irish have been galled of late years by the lively fibs of Thackeray, the dull libels of Barrow and Willis, and the morbid self-slanders of Croker, our annoyance at these petty insolencies is nothing comparable to the irritation caused, especially among the native and Roman Catholic Irish, on the first publication of the "Topography" and "Conquest" of Ireland, of Giraldus Cambrensis. The "Conquest" had been printed in an English dress by Hooker and Holinshed, in 1586: but the "Topography," we believe, rested in MS. until Camden, whose zeal no great historic record of either country has escaped, committed it to the press at Frankfurt, whence it issued A.D. 1602. The casting of the apple of discord among the Olympian assembly did not provoke more vehement animosities. Giraldus's censures of the native Irish—his exposure of their low state of civilisation, and urgent advice that they should be extirpated, tallied very well with the views and intentions of the dominant party, whose aim and object it then was to root out both Irishism and Popery. The disclosures contained in the Vatican History regarding the Papal bulls, under the sanction of which the conquest had been effected, told as effectively in aid of the theological part of the design, as the scurrilities of the "Topography" against the native Irish, did in favour of the ethnological part of it. To a people who had suffered so much in defence of the infallibility and temporal authority of the Pope, there could hardly be imagined anything more aggravating than this publication of the very rescripts in which these infallible pontiffs had stigmatised the Irish as bestial infidels, and on the strength of that calumnious misrepresentation had

grounded the exercise of their usurped authority by giving them over to the subjugation of their conquerors. In all the annals of sacerdotal usurpation, there can be found nothing so flagitious.

Here was an island—an ancient kingdom, from time immemorial separate and independent—at peace with England, and just then obedient to the spiritual mandates of Rome. There is no pretext of a quarrel. Devorgilda's elopement with Dermot had not yet driven a single Irish refugee to the court of the intruder. We are now speaking of the first application of King Henry to the Papal court for permission to overrun the neighbouring island. This was in A.D. 1154, in the pontificate of his countryman and former subject, Nicholas Breakspeare, under the title of Adrian the Fourth. Henry's motive for making the application, as we learn from the Norman chronicle under that date, was to bestow the new conquest on Prince William, the youngest of his brothers, for whom no adequate provision had been made by his father's will. The inducement ostensibly offered to the Holy See was the reclamation of the wild Irish to faith and morals. History does not record any further consideration beyond the rent reserved of Peter-pence; but we suppose if John of Salisbury, who negotiated the purchase, was alive, he could tell of other very sufficient reasons moving the Roman court to the grant of these sacerdotal letters of marque. This document, which cannot be too often before the eyes of Irishmen, is couched in the words following:—

"Adrian, the bishop, a servant of the servants of God, to his dearest son in Christ Jesus, the illustrious King of England, sends greeting and apostolical

benediction. The desire your magnificence expresses to extend your glory upon earth, and to lay up for yourself in heaven a great reward of eternal happiness, is very laudable and profitable for you, while, as a good Catholic prince, you endeavour to enlarge the bounds of the church, to declare the true Christian faith to ignorant and barbarous nations, and to extirpate all evil from the field of the Lord; which the better to perform, you ask the advice and encouragement of the apostolical see. In the accomplishment of this work, we trust you will have, by the assistance of God, a success proportioned to the depth of counsel and discretion with which you shall proceed; forasmuch as everything which takes its rise from the ardour of faith and love of religion, is most likely to come to a good and happy end. There is, indeed, no doubt that (as you yourself acknowledge) Ireland, and all other islands which Christ the Sun of Righteousness has illuminated, and which have received the doctrines of the Christian faith, belong of right to the jurisdiction of St. Peter and the most holy Roman Church; wherefore we more gladly sow in them the seed of faith, which is good and agreeable to God, as we know that it will be more strictly required of our conscience not to neglect it. Since, then, you have signified to us, most dear son in Christ, that you desire to enter into the island of Ireland, in order to subdue the people to the obedience of laws, and extirpate the vices which have there taken root, and that you are also willing to pay an annual pension to St. Peter of one penny from every house therein, and to preserve the rights of the church in that land inviolate and entire, we, seconding your pious and commendable intention with the favour it deserves, and granting a benignant assent to your petition, are well pleased that, for the enlargement of the bonds of the church—for the restraint of vice—the correction of evil manners—the culture of all virtues, and the advancement of the Christian religion, you should enter into that island, and effect what will conduce to the salvation thereof, and to the honour of God. It is likewise our desire that the people of that country should receive you with honour, and venerate you as their master: provided always that the ecclesiastical rights therein remain inviolate and entire, and reserving to St. Peter and the most holy Roman Church the annual pension of a penny from every house. If, therefore, you think fit to put your design in execution, endeavour studiously to instruct that nation in good morals, and

do your utmost, as well personally as by others whom you know from their faith, doctrine, and course of life to be fit for such a work, that the church may there be adorned, the Christian religion planted and made to grow, and whatsoever appertains to the honour of God and the salvation of souls so ordered, as may entitle you to an eternal reward from God, and a glorious name upon earth."

Immediately on receipt of this authorisation, Henry convened a parliament at Winchester to consider the project; but the Empress-mother protesting against it, the bull was laid up in the treasury of the cathedral there, to be used as occasion might afterwards require. Thirteen years after, when the flight of MacMorrough had given the opportunity so long desired, renewed application was made to Rome. A confirmation of the bull of Adrian was presently obtained from his successor, Alexander the Third; and the conquest of Ireland was completed under colour of a Papal gift, grounded on the allegation that the Irish were irreligious barbarians, "of filthy life and abominable conversation." This document also we subjoin:—

"Alexander, the bishop, the servant of the servants of God, to his dearly beloved son, the noble King of England, sends greeting, grace, and the apostolic benediction: Forasmuch as things given and granted upon good reasons by our predecessors are to be well allowed of, ratified, and confirmed; we, well considering and pondering the grant and privilege for and concerning the dominion of the land of Ireland, to us appertaining, and lately given by Adrian, our predecessor; we, following his steps, do in like manner confirm, ratify, and allow the same, reserving and saving to St. Peter and the Church of Rome the yearly pension of one penny out of every house, as well in England as in Ireland. Provided also that the barbarous people of Ireland by your means be reformed and recovered from their filthy life and abominable conversation; that as in name, so in manners and conversation, they may be Christians; that as that rude and disordered church by you being reformed, the whole nation also may with the profession of the name be in acts and life followers of the same."

At any other time, the promulgation of documents so insolent, and

so devoid of every colour of right and law, would have excited the indignant repudiation of the whole body of the people. The allegations of the bulls were monstrously false, the pretensions impious and piratical beyond all precedent. But the Reformation had been attempted with such injudicious violence, that the Irish just then would rather have submitted to any indignity from Rome, than suffer themselves to be bullied into conformity with the new code of opinion so dictatorially pressed on them. It was hard to admit that the infallible Adrian, in his ignorance or credulity, had believed misstatements so gross as his bull set forth. It was harder still, after all their strifes and sufferings for the maintenance of the Papal authority, to deny the perfect right of the chair of Peter to dispose of the crowns of temporal monarchs as the infallible occupant might see fit; but it was hardest of all to allow it to be said, that Adrian and Alexander had seen fit, in the exercise of that infallible discretion and indisputable power, to sell them shamefully to the enemies of their nation, and now of their faith, on a false suggestion, and for a sordid money payment. There remained nothing for those who felt these difficulties press them insufferably, but to deny the authenticity of the documents; and to this method of defence, accordingly, the leaders of the anti-Giraldine literary warfare conformed their arguments.

Of these literary defenders, Stephen White, a Jesuit, was the first in point of time, although the last in order of publication. His work has only in the present year been given to the world in print, though the care of the Rev. Matthew Kelly, a learned and industrious antiquary of Maynooth, and translator of the larger treatise of Lynch, to which we shall hereafter have occasion frequently to refer.* The manuscript from which the present edition has been printed, was recently discovered by Mr. Samuel Bindon, of this city, in the Burgundian Library at Brussels, where a good many

relics of Irish ecclesiastical literature are still preserved. We may regret, however, that the diligence of Mr. Bindon, and the piety of Mr. Kelly, have not been rewarded by the promulgation of a work of greater merit; for "White's Apology" is at once a very angry and a very feeble performance.

Confining ourselves for the present to the question of the authenticity of the bulls, White's mode of dealing with the difficulty is singularly unhappy. In the Frankfort edition of Giraldus, an error in the text causes the passage relating to the procurement of the bull of Alexander to read as if it referred to the bull of Adrian. Hence a manifest discrepancy of dates; for Adrian had died in 1159, and the application to Alexander was not made till 1172 or 3. Of course, the dates being inverted, all the circumstances become discrepant and irreconcilable. White, grounding himself solely on this seeming contradiction, which a little research would easily have explained, takes Giraldus to task through three elaborate chapters of refutations. At each discrepancy he tauntingly demands:—"How dost thou reconcile this?—with what face canst thou allege that? Ha! Camber (as much as if one should now say, Taffy), thou art caught! Here I hold thee tied to thine admission," and so on. Mr. Kelly very candidly admits, in his preface, that on this important question, regarding the bull of Alexander III. to Henry II., White was led astray by the Frankfort edition, which suppresses that bull and confounds it with Adrian's. As a specimen rather of the temper of the times, and of the methods of controversy then in use, than for any merit of fact or argument, we subjoin a portion of White's twentieth chapter:—

"Certain English writers, in order to free their Henry II. from the suspicion of injustice and tyranny in the invasion and conquest of the island of Ireland, which they knew to belong, by special right, to the patrimony of St.

* "Apologia pro Hibernia, sive Fabulorum et Famosorum Libellorum Silvestri Giraldi Cambrensis Refutatio Auctore Stephano Vite Societatis Jesu Hiberno Clonmelliensi, nunc primum edita cura Mathaei Kelly, in Coll. S. Patricii apud Maynooth, Professoris, &c. Dublinii: apud Johannem O'Daly, via vulgo dicta Bedford Row, No. 7; 1849."

Peter, and to the supreme dominion of the Apostolic and Roman see, have been solicitous to search out all ways whereby it might appear that Henry, by virtue of a grant from the Roman Pontiff, had retained possession of his conquest, imposed tributes on the Irish, and compelled them to submit themselves, thenceforth for ever, to the English sceptre. But those writers, let me say, under favour, spend their time to no purpose; and, partly by their own inconsistencies in what they write, partly by incredible assertions, partly by their discrepancies amongst one another, as to the person of the supreme Pontiff, the time, cause, place, and other circumstances of the pretended apostolic grant to Henry, make it sufficiently evident that they, being misled by various and inconsistent rumours, have ascribed to the Roman Pontiff what never came into his mind; whereas the Pope's intentions were rather to the contrary, namely, highly adverse to the proceedings of Henry II. in invading and possessing himself of Ireland, as I shall presently show with all clearness.

"If you demand, which of the Roman pontiffs gave Henry a right to Ireland, and for what cause, and when?—Giraldus shall answer you, that it was Adrian IV. who, in the year 1172, after the conquest of Ireland, gave to Henry the right of conquest over it. Richard Stanihurst alone, that I know of, approves this ignorant mistake of Cambrensis, which, from first to last, we have already above with evident arguments confuted; for it is well known that Adrian was dead in the year 1159, and that Alexander III. occupied the chair of Peter, at Rome, in 1172, as he had done for twelve years before, and did for nine years after. True it is, Matthew of Westminster, he called Florilegus, and Matthew Paris, a monk of St. Albans (both of them Englishmen, and both of them favourites with the heretics, on account of their violence against the supreme pontiffs, and their fables and stories against the Catholics and the clergy), say, having received the tale I know not whence, that Adrian, in the year 1155, granted Henry that right, not after the conquest, but with a view to the future conquest of Ireland; but that fact we have already refuted."

The refutation here referred to consists of an argument, that, inasmuch as Bernard of Clairvaux, a contemporary author of the "*Life of Malachy*, Archbishop of Armagh, and Legate of the Holy See in Ireland," had but

recently given a very favourable picture of the state and prospects of the Irish Church, it was impossible for Adrian, in derogation of so respectable an authority, to have believed the statements set forth in his bull; and, secondly, that the admission, that all the islands on which the light of the Gospel had shone, pertained of right to the Roman see, was an admission which Henry could never be supposed to have made, his independent position with regard to Rome being considered; whence he concludes, that it is demonstrated, that the fabricator of the bull must have been an unjust and presumptuous impostor, "who could presume to offer to that excellent pontiff, Adrian, so conspicuous an affront, as by thus making him at once appear rude and uninstructed in the notorious events of his own time, and guilty, besides, of temerity and injustice."

The testimony of Benard of Clairvaux, is, indeed, hard to reconcile with the allegations of heathenism and spiritual darkness relied on by Adrian and his successor; and it is abundantly evident, that in order to obtain an excuse for the invasion, gross calumnies against the Irish were suggested to the Roman court; had been listened to with complacency, if not with avidity; and were very confidently put forward in all the spoliatory diplomas to the King of England, issued by Adrian and his successor. If we are to seek for the cause of the Pope's willingness to listen to statements so injurious to the Church of Ireland, we must go back to the events of Malachy's own life, who was, in fact, one of the ecclesiastics most instrumental in reforming the independent Irish Church to the Roman model. We will not challenge the contradiction of a single divine of either church, when we proceed to state that the Irish church at, and prior to the accession of Adrian, differed in many matters of discipline so widely from the Church of Rome, as to have become an object of extreme solicitude, if not of jealousy and apprehension, to the then united churches of Rome and England. To reconcile these differences had been the task of Malachy; and he had been able to exercise sufficient influence to procure a nominal adhesion to the Roman rule. All of which is plainly enough

apparent in the very passages so much relied on in evidence of the good estate to which he had brought the Irish Church just before the promulgation of these pontifical calumnies against it. "Malachy," they are the oft-cited words of Bernard, "made priest, A. D. 1119; next Bishop of Connor, A. D. 1124; then Archbishop of Armagh, A. D. 1128; began like a consuming fire to burn up the branches of (the national) vices; beating down the underwoods of evil; extirpating barbarian, and planting instead ecclesiastical rites, and so persevering in his assaults, that at last a partial way was opened to him. The hardness (of the people) ceased; their barbarism grew mitigated; their irritated community gradually became calmed; by degrees they began to admit correction, to receive discipline; their barbarian laws are abrogated; Roman laws are introduced; ecclesiastical customs are in all directions adopted; the contrary are rejected; churches are built; clergy ordained in them; the solemnities of the sacraments are regularly celebrated; confessions are made; the people frequent the churches; the celebration of nuptials gives honesty to (what was formerly) concubinage. In fine, everything is so much changed for the better, that at this day we may well apply to that nation what the Lord said of his prophet:—'They who before were not my people are my people now.' " But it must be owned that the zeal of Bernard for the reputation of Malachy, leads him to heighten the effect of his reforms, by presenting a picture of the former condition of Malachy's own diocese, as repulsive as any Roman vituperator need have desired:—

"About the thirtieth year of his age, Malachy, having been consecrated bishop, is introduced to Connor, for this was the name of the town. But as soon as he had commenced acting in his new office, then it was that this man of God discovered that it was not men, but beasts, he had to deal with. Nowhere yet had he met with the like in the most savage place; nowhere had he found people so profligate in their morals, so ungodly in their faith, barbarous as to their laws, stiff-necked against discipline, filthy in their lives, Christians in name—in reality Pagans. They did not pay tithes, nor first-fruits, nor keep to lawful wedlock, nor go to confession; absolutely there

could not be found one either to impose a penance, or submit to it. There were very few ministers of the altar; but, to be sure, what need of more, when even those few were almost entirely idle, without anything to do among the laity. They had no opportunity of gaining the fruit of their services among such a profligate people. No voice of preacher or chanter was heard in the churches. What then was the soldier of the Lord to do? He must either retreat in disgrace, or else engage in a perilous combat."

The reader will not fail to take notice of the prominent place that non-payment of tithes occupies in all these lists of Irish criminalities. The complaint was as old as the commencement of intimate relations between the Irish and Roman Churches. It had been the first care of the first Papal legate in Ireland to enact an ordinance for their payment; and the repeated re-enactment of ordinances to the same effect shows pretty plainly that the imposition was not a popular one. We shall, however, be better able to collect what was the inducement to the Irish clergy, not only to submit themselves so promptly as they did to the authority of the invaders, but to lend themselves to those calumnies against their own flock and nation, on which that violent act of usurpation professed to found and justify itself, from the decrees of the first synod, which they held immediately after the arrival, and by the authority of their new sovereign, at Cashel:—

"I.—That all the faithful throughout Ireland, desisting from connections with their near relations either by kindred or affinity, shall contract and observe lawful marriages.

"II.—Secondly—That infants shall be catechised at the church doors, and baptised in the holy font, in the baptismal churches.

"III.—Thirdly—*That all the faithful of Christ shall pay tithes of their cattle, corn, and other produce, to the church of their own parish.*

"IV.—In the fourth place—*That all church lands, and property connected with them, shall be entirely free from the exactions of all lay persons; and in particular, that no petty kings, nor earls, nor other powerful persons in Ireland, nor their sons and families, shall exact victuals and hospitality in the church demesnes, as has been customary; nor shall they*

presume henceforth to extort them by force; and that those detestable contributions which are levied four times in the year on the farms of the churches by the neighbouring earls, shall for the future be levied no more.

“V.—In the fifth place—That in case of homicide committed by laymen, whenever they compound with their enemies for the offence, *clergymen who are their relatives shall pay no part of the fine*; but shall, as they were not concerned in the murder, be exempted also from having to pay any portion of the money.

“VI.—Sixthly—That all the faithful lying in sickness, shall make their will with becoming solemnity, in the presence of their confessor and neighbours: and shall divide their moveable property, supposing them to have wives and children, into three parts (debts and servants' wages having been previously deducted), so as to leave one part for the children, another for the lawful wife, the third for the person's own obsequies; and if it shall happen that they have no children lawfully begotten, let the property be divided into two moieties, between himself and his wife; and if his lawful wife be dead, they should be shared between himself and the children.

“VII.—Seventhly—That due care be taken of the obsequies of those who die after a good confession, by means of masses, vigils (or wakes), and decent burial.

“Likewise—That all divine (or spiritual) matters shall for the future, in all parts of Ireland, be regulated after the model of Holy Church, according to the observances of the Anglican Church.”

Let history heap what infamy it will on the memory of Dermot MacMurrough, “halt and lecherous,” it is evident that his unholy passions were not the only vile instrumentality engaged in the country's sale and subjugation. Even on his behalf, and especially on behalf of the unhappy Devorgilda, something remains to be said by the Irish historian, which will probably mitigate the verdict to be passed on both by posterity. But to return to the bulls and the debate on their authenticity.

Philip O'Sullivan was the next who assailed the scandalous documents, so inconveniently brought to daylight. His reply to Giraldus has been lost; but if we are to suppose that it was a work of the same stamp with his Catholic History, we may easily guess that it con-

formed to the example of White, in admitting the full right of the Chair of Peter to bestow Ireland on any one the occupant might think proper, but denied its exercise. In fact this is the case incidentally made in the History, and very bitterly commented on by Cox. O'Sullivan puts it that, even admitting the document to be true, what does it do for Henry beyond making him a bailiff of the Pope to collect his hearth-money? This, as might be expected, excites Cox's loyal choler, and leads to the exchange of several pretty controversial compliments. Of O'Sullivan it was, we think, as unfairly as coarsely said by Usher, that “a greater liar did not breathe in Christendom.” He was a scholar and a gentleman, a most elegant Latinist, and a brave soldier and seaman, but bigoted to excess; and, in all matters touching his creed, the most timid of devotees; and that he should have had the independence of mind seriously to question either the validity or infallibility of the pontifical grants is not to be expected.

Archdeacon Lynch, however, whose “Cambrensis Eversus” was the last, as it was by far the ablest of the strictures called forth by Camden's publication, was a man of larger ability, of greater learning, and of too good acquirements, as a divine, to be chained down to these bigoted servilities, and not only disputed the right of Adrian, supposing the bull genuine, to make such a gift of an independent kingdom, but insists that, in that state of facts, Adrian must have been grossly duped and misled into an act of indefensible injustice. “The writer of this bull,” says he, “pretends that the Supreme Pontiff is lord of all islands by virtue of the grant of Constantine the Great. Whereas 'tis well known that the secular authority of the Pope is limited to certain parts of Gaul and Italy; and the learned in theology deny that it extends to regions subject to the authority of other princes. Who ever said that the kings of Great Britain, which is an island, held their power of government as dependent on the Pope before the time of King John, who granted his whole right to the Pontiff? No writer of antiquity has so much as insinuated that the sovereign temporal power of England belonged to the Pope. Nay, Thomas

More denies that it was lawful for John, without the assent of his nobles, to alienate nor anywise to transfer the sovereign power of his kingdom from the native people thereof to any person whatever. But if any one alleges that Ireland ever paid obedience to the Supreme Pontiff, as Lord of the Isles, our native writers will be found exclaiming against such an assertion, since they, in the whole series of our kings, and of their actions, never so much as hint at any external potentate having enjoyed authority over us. Certainly, Keating opposes abundant authority to Sanders, where the latter would confer the supreme authority of this island on the Pope. But, you will say, "Constantine bestowed it on the Pope." By what muniment of title do you show me that? By none, in good truth. Alas! no. It was the unhappy fate of Ireland to hear the din, afar off, of the Roman arms, but never to feel their force: for, if she had been conquered by their arms she also would have received their civilisation. For, whithersoever they brought their arms, thither they also imported more cultivated institutions; and to those whose liberty they took away they imparted the advantages of elegant life and civilisation. Wherefore, Constantine had no power to grant to anyone a country which he neither acquired by descent from his ancestors, nor by conquest or otherwise for himself."

He then proceeds to notice that the bull of Adrian has neither year, nor day of date—a signal badge of suspicion; and is invalid, according to the maxim of the civil law—"A rescript if without day, consul, and year of the incarnation, is of no effect." Farther, that, clandestinely obtained as it was, it had become obsolete; and then goes on with a vigorous assertion of independent opinion, highly grateful, after the humiliating servility of White, to declare:—

"Moreover, the concoctor of this bull has recklessly caused it to appear of this excellent pontiff that he has over-leaped the bounds of the natural law, the law of nations, and of every principle of equity. For what is it to attempt the spoliation, not of an individual, but of an entire nation; not in a trifling individual matter, but in a matter of country, fortune, life—and

that without cause alleged, but to break through all the barriers of all laws? What judge of the humblest seat of justice would take upon him to determine a plea brought before him, save upon the pleadings of the parties? Therefore, all our execrations are justly due to the fabricator of a bull which presents the Pope to us in so odious an aspect. For first he strips him of the title of an honest man, and then exhibits him as a follower of his own will, rather than of justice; a condemner of innocent defendants unheard; a subverter of the Irish nation, which never before had submitted to external rule; a credulous listener of spies and informers; an alienator of the longest enjoyed rights; a violator of all laws; a most wicked contemner of religion; a firebrand of execrable war, and a disseminator of insufferable hatreds."

Prudence, perhaps, rendered it expedient to apply these invectives ostensibly to a supposed fabricator of the bull; but it is plain that Lynch designed them to pass through the *Umbra*, and strike the substantial culprit beyond. We omit his other arguments on this document; which, indeed, all go on the assumption, that the Pope could not be conceived to have been so weak and wicked a man as to grant such a bull with his eyes open; and proceed to what he says respecting that of Alexander.

Here he dwells with great force on the extreme inconsistency of Alexander selecting as a reformer and christianiser of the Irish, a prince so unorthodox and unfriendly to Rome, as the enemy of Becket, and the promulgator of the constitutions of Clarendon. Then he dwells on Henry's personal vices—his lusts, perjuries, wrongs to the church, infidelity, and furious temper—all with singular vigour of invective; and after exhausting that quiver, returns, again and again, to the disgraceful injustice imputed by these bulls to men who ought to have been examples of equity, in condemning a whole nation unheard, and on the rumours of men who only wanted that condemnation to carry fire and sword through the slandered country. No abler invectives are to be found in our historical library; and if the evidences remained, as they stood in Lynch's time, it is not impossible that the criminality of these popes might still be a doubtful question in the

minds of the more devout Roman Catholics ; but later research has brought to light no fewer than three other supplementary bulls of the same Alexander, which convict him, before all Christendom, of the fullest participation in Henry's undertaking ; and of the most atrocious exultation at its success. These bulls, which remain of record in the Black Book of the English Exchequer, were first printed in the new edition of the *Fædera*, in 1826. They are without year of date, but appear to have been written immediately after the Council of Cashel, abovementioned ; and all bear date at Tusculum, the 12th of the kalends of October. The first is directed to the kings and princes of the Irish ; commanding them to be faithful to their new sovereign. The second is addressed to the Irish prelates, to the like purport. The third, which is addressed by the pontifical pirate to the royal robber himself, we here present (for the first time, we believe, in the English language) to the curiosity, and, as we expect, to the indignation, of our independent countrymen of all creeds :—

“ The Bull of Pope Alexander the Third, to Henry the Second, King of the English, wherein he admonishes him to recall to, and keep in the practice of the Christian faith, the nation of the Irish, contaminated with multitudinous filthinesses and abominations.

“ Alexander the Bishop, the servant of the servants of God, to his most dear son in Christ, Henry, the illustrious King of the English, health and apostolic benediction :

“ We have heard by glorious report, and by the faithful relation of many, not without great delight of mind, in what manner you have, like a pious king, and magnificent prince, miraculously and splendidly triumphed over that Irish nation, which, abandoning the fear of God, runs, as it were unbridled, down the steep of crimes, casts aside the obligation of the Christian faith, and of virtue, and consumes itself in internecine slaughter ; and over that [Irish] kingdom which the Roman Princes, conquerors of the world, as we have heard, left in their time unsubdued, by the help of God, whose will it is, as we undoubtedly believe, that you should extend the power of your serene majesty over that rude and undisciplined nation.

“ For, omitting for the present the other enormities and vices in which that nation, regardless of the obligations of

Christian faith, shamelessly enough grovels, the aforesaid people, as our venerable brother, Christian Bishop of Lismore, Legate of the Apostolic See, and the archbishops and bishops of that land, have intimated to us by their letters ; and as our beloved friend, Ralf, Archdeacon of Llandaff, a prudent and discreet man, and especially bound by the ties of devotion to your royal majesty, who saw these facts ocularly, has as anxiously as discreetly, in *viva voce* relation explained to us—the aforesaid people, as perchance has already more fully come to the knowledge of your royal serenity, publicly cohabit with their stepmothers, and do not blush to beget children of them ; the brother abuses the wife of the brother in his lifetime ; the same (profligate) cohabits with sister concubines ; and many repudiating the mother, cohabit with the daughter ; and all of them universally eat flesh meat in Lent, and do not pay tithes, nor revere at all as they ought the sacred churches or persons of ecclesiastics.

“ Wherefore, inasmuch as, the said archbishops and bishops signifying, and the said archdeacon more fully and at large explaining to us, we have learned how you have applied your mind, under the inspiration of the divine clemency, with your combined magnificent naval and land forces, to subjugate to your dominion that nation, and to extirpate from amongst them the filthiness of such great abominations, we hold that resolution, as we ought to do, to be in all respects grateful and acceptable. Wherefore to Him from whom every good thing proceeds, and who disposes in the way of safety the pious acts and wishes of his faithful servants in his own good pleasure, we offer our grateful thanks, with devout prayers, beseeching Almighty God that in like manner as by the power of your majesty, those things which were evilly done in that land already begin to diminish ; and instead of vice, the seeds of virtue already begin to germinate ; so also, with the assistance of God, through you, the aforesaid nation, casting aside the filthiness of its sins, may embrace the whole discipline of the Christian religion, to your profit in salvation, and attainment of an incorruptible crown of eternal glory.

“ We, therefore, beseech your royal excellence, and we admonish and exhort you in the Lord, and enjoin you for the remission of your sins, that to what you have so laudably begun, you the more earnestly apply and strengthen your mind, and, by your power, recall to, and keep in the practice of the Christian faith that nation ; that, as you have (we

well believe) taken upon you for the pardon of your sins so great a labour against them, so also you may, out of the profit of their salvation, become yourself worthy to assume a crown everlasting.

“And, inasmuch as the Roman Church, as is known unto your majesty, has not the same rights in island parts as in the mainland and continent, we, having that confidence and belief in your fervor of devotion, that you would desire not only to maintain, but even to enlarge, the rights of the church, and where she as yet may have no right, to give right to her, beseech and earnestly admonish your magnificence that you study diligently to preserve the rights of the blessed Peter in the before-written land; and that even although the church there have them not yet, that your majesty will constitute and assign the same rights to the church there [as elsewhere] to the end that thereby we may have to render copious thanks to your royal highness, and that you may be seen fit to offer the first-fruits of your glory and triumph to God.

“Given at Tusculum, the 12th of the kalends of October (1173?).”

This blasphemous edict completes the case, which strikes us as conclusive, for the operation of the Irish church with the guilt and scandal of inviting the invasion of Henry the Second. To exalt themselves, to procure increased personal and corporate immunities, and to obtain the power of levying tithes, appear to have been the main motives. That many of them may have believed the interests of religion could be advanced by a closer connexion with the body of the church, and by a more uniform ritual, is very probable; but that the invasion of their country by a foreign enemy was necessary for effecting that reform, they cannot have believed, unless they disbelieved all the traditions of their church, which, from Patrick to Malachy, showed them a continuous series of religious triumphs over secular obstacles. The irregularities and vices alleged by themselves against their flock, at the synod of Cashel were no more nor greater than at that time prevailed throughout all Europe. If an excuse had been wanting for the invasion of France—if, that is to say, the presence of a foreign power had been necessary in France to give tithes and immunities to the French clergy—the decrees of the Council of Arles

would have exhibited incestuous marriages enough to justify as vituperative a bull as any we have cited. If a new Norman invasion of England had been requisite, enough of pretexts of the like kind might readily have been found in the acts of every British council, from Augustine down to that synod of London by which public prostitution was first made a matter of ecclesiastical police. If marriages unrecognised by the Roman canon—in the vituperative phraseology of the church, denominated incestuous—had been a sufficient excuse for every band of robbers who might desire to make new Canaans of Christian countries, both Councils of Lateran might have brought home those sanctions of bloodshed and rapine to the doors of the popes themselves. But there were no reasons of ecclesiastical policy why those irregularities should be made the justification of invasions. Honorius might marry Hermonitia, the sister of his deceased empress Maria; Clothaire might follow the imperial example; Charles the Bald might espouse Richilda, the widow of his deceased brother Lotharius. Even in the memory of Lynch's own generation, Emanuel King of Portugal might espouse Maria daughter of Ferdinand of Castile, after the death of his first queen, Isabella, her full sister; and Catherine of Austria might wed first Prince Arthur, son of Henry VII., and afterwards his brother Henry VIII.; yet, as Lynch demands, “who has vilified these marriages with the charge of filthiness and barbarism?”

We have now seen enough of the motives and instrumentalities engaged in the conquest of Ireland by Henry II., to understand what kind of feelings and prepossessions an English churchman would bring to the observation of this country, coming, as Giraldus Barry did, in the train of the early invaders, and intimately mixed up, as he was, in all the ecclesiastical intrigues which followed on their success. But, before we can fully appreciate the man and his testimony, we must look a little to his former career and associations. Here we are cast on a characteristic, and, we hope, as entertaining chapter of biography.

The Barrys, from whom our writer is descended, were Normans; but

whether of the Scandinavian stock of Rollo, or Franks, is an inquiry which must elude the herald in their case, as well as in that of almost every Norman family of the conquest. For our own part, we incline to the belief, that the mass of the Norman nobility, in the days of William the Bastard, was Frankish. In their politeness, subtlety, legal acumen, and administrative policy, we see no traces of the blunt freebooters of Denmark, but every indication of the genius of that race which reared the thrones of Clovis and Charlemagne. A race of courtiers, diplomatists, and lawyers, as well as valiant warriors, there was nothing too subtle or too strong for them. Great architects, splendid in decoration and apparel, methodical, to the extreme, in all their affairs, especially in the administration of their laws and government—they had attained a pitch of civilisation before they exchanged their capital of Rouen for London, such as their mixed descendants of England did not come up with for many years after. Among the rude Saxons and ruder Welsh, they lived in a splendid supremacy, inhabiting magnificent castles, built by masons who had learned the perfection of their art in the construction of the greatest Gothic cathedrals. About midway between Tenby and Pembroke, the ruins of Manorbier Castle still constitute one of the most imposing architectural objects on the shore of South Wales. Giraldus himself, in his "Itinerary of Wales," has left a description of it:—

"The castle is called Maenor Pyrr, that is, the mansion of Pyrrus, who also possessed the island of Caldey, which the Welsh call Inys Pyrr, or the island of Pyrrus, and is distant about three miles from Pembroke. It is excellently well defended by turrets and bulwarks, and is situated on the summit of a hill, extending on the western side towards the sea-port, having on its northern and southern sides a fine fish-pond, under its walls, as conspicuous for its grand appearance as for the depth of its waters, and a beautiful orchard on the same side, enclosed on the one part by a vineyard, and on the other by a wood, remarkable for its projecting rocks and for the height of its hazel-trees."

In this castle lived William Barry,

the father of Giraldus, by Angareth, a daughter of the Princess Nesta, daughter of Rice ap Tudor, Prince of South Wales. This Nesta was mother, by different husbands, of nine sons, seven of whom were of the rank of barons, viz., William Fitzgerald, Lord of Pembroke, father of Raymond le Gros; Robert Fitzstephen, Lord of Cardigan; Henry Fitz Roy, father of Meiler; Nicholas Fitz Henry, Lord of Nesbred; Maurice, Lord of Landestefan; William Hay, of St. Clare; Howel, of Llanpeter; Walter, of Swelfrei; and David, Bishop of St. David's. Giraldus, from his infancy, was destined for the church. When his brothers, in their childish plays, on the sea-shore, would build castles and camps on the sand, Giraldus would fashion his little structure to the form of a church—so, at least, he himself relates with infinite complacency; and that, taking this early indication of his tastes, "pro prognostico quodam," his father forthwith bestowed upon him the title of his little bishop. Another indication of his calling, marking him out for ecclesiastical destination, was his crying out, on a sudden alarm of some hostile invasion, to be carried, for protection, to the church, as the safest place he could think of, "*miro presagio pacem ecclesiasticam et ministrationem domus Dei declarando.*" His early studies, however, were much impeded by the society of his three brothers, wild young blades, destined for the wars, and wholly devoted to field sports and feats of strength. Being, however, taken in hands by his uncle, the bishop, "*correptus et statim correctus,*" and, moreover, subjected to the ridicule of two of the monks of St. David's, who declined for him the appropriate adjectives, *durus, durior, durissimus*, and *stultus, stultior, stultissimus* he soon began to profit by discipline, and became a keen and successful student. Paris was at that time the Oxford of the English nobility, and to Paris Giraldus went, where he found himself surrounded by his countrymen and immediate friends and relatives—the Carews, de la Hayes, and Barrys. Three successive sessions, each of several years' duration, he devoted to the University. Oxford at that time was but little thought of; perhaps among the proud and power-

ful Anglo-Norman nobles it was regarded as our own College of Dublin is, in modern days, by our ambitious Irish families of consideration. What the course of study was we may judge, if our curiosity lead us into such details, by the contemporaneous accounts given by Peter of Blois of the *curriculum* at Cambridge, then just rising into repute as a school of learning:—"Betimes in the morning, Friar Odo, an excellent grammarian, and satiric poet, read grammar to the boys and younger sort who were assigned him, according to the doctrine of Priscian, and Remigius on him. At one o'clock Terrius, a subtle sophist, read Aristotle's Logic to the elder sort, according to Porphyry's and Averroë's introduction and comments. At three of the clock, Friar William read lectures in Tully's Rhetoric and Quintilian's Institutes; and Gislebret, the principal master, preached to the people upon all Sundays and holidays." At Paris, however, everything was conducted splendidly, decorously, and with an imposing ostentation of the power and preeminence of learning. "When I beheld," says John of Salisbury, writing home to Becket of what he had seen in Paris, "the reverence paid to the clergy, the majesty and glory of the whole church, and the various occupations of those who applied themselves to philosophy in that city, it raised my admiration as if I had seen the ladder of Jacob, the top of which reached to heaven, and the steps whereof were covered with angels ascending and descending."

We may well imagine that the young Cambro-Norman returned from this seat of letters and divinity a very absolute clerk, and sufficiently full of the importance and dignity of his office in the priesthood, which he took upon him on his return. The teachings of Peter Comestor, his tutor in theology, were not long in bearing abundance of fruit. He was no sooner returned to his native diocese, than he took notice of a horrible and perverse delinquency of the Welshmen of Cardiganshire, that they paid no tithes of their wool or cheese. Immediately proceeding to Canterbury, he obtained from the primate a legation for reforming the diocese of St. David's in this respect; and, partly by the persuasion of the primatical letters, and partly

by threats of ecclesiastical censure, induced his countrymen, all except certain Flemings, settlers from the low countries in the district of Ross, to pay the tithes in question. Hereupon our brisk clerk put the district of Ross under interdict. The Low-countrymen appealed to the King, at whose instance, with the archbishop, the interdict was set aside—an opposition which Giraldus, amid all his future flatteries, never forgave. After Henry's death, the wool-tithing Welshmen rebuked these recusants of Ross by plundering their country, and carrying off sheep, cheese, and everything else they could lay their hands on: a signal vindication of the rights of the Church, which Giraldus does not fail to enlarge on, and illustrate by some apposite extracts from Augustine, coupled with a bitter and vindictive insult to the memory of the King, whom he does not scruple to charge with having procured the remission of the interdict to his own damnation. Nor was he, in this his first essay in church government, without the usual sanction of a miracle. Roger Becket owed a burgess of Pembroke ten stones of wool: he gave the tenth stone to his mother-church of Carew, and sent the nine to his creditor on account. The creditor returned a receipt in full, for lo! on weighing the wool, the ten stone weight was there, and something besides to turn the beam. Fortified by this attestation to his authority, our clerk resolved to fly at higher game. William Carpent, the sheriff of the county, had levied a *fi. fa.* on the cattle of the Prior of Pembroke. Eight yoke of oxen had been driven by the bailiffs out of the very home-parks of the priory. Giraldus denounced immediate excommunication if the cattle were not returned. The sheriff, who was likewise constable of the castle of Pembroke, returned for answer, he would like to see the priest would excommunicate the King's constable in his own castle. "That you shall," replied the legate. "Know, then, when you shall hear the priory bells ring a triple chime, that for certain you are an excommunicated man:" and he kept his word, with bell, book, and candle. Next morning, the "robber" brought the cattle to Llanwaden Castle, and gave them up with becom-

ing contrition. Flushed with this success, Giraldus next attacked an old archdeacon of the borders of Brecknock, who violated the clerical decencies by keeping his wife—concubine, of course, Giraldus calls her—publicly living in his house. At that time the clergy were generally married—his own uncle, the bishop, for example—though obliged to keep their wives at a distance. He required that the archdeacon should turn her out of doors; the archdeacon refused; and Giraldus forthwith suspends him, and sequesters the archdeaconry into the hands of the primate, who, in reward of his zeal, beseeches the Bishop of St. David's to confer the archdeaconry on the young scion of the house of Manorbauer; and henceforth we are to know Master Giraldus as Archdeacon of St. David's.

Among the Flemings, whom the king had procured to be exempted from the interdict, were certain families pre-eminently rich in lambs, who inhabited the cantred of Dugledu. It was gall-and-wormwood to the archdeacon to see the fleeces of those pastures remain untithed: he applied to the primate again, and, with surprising facility, considering the interest the king had taken in their behalf, obtained a recall of that district under the interdict. Hence arose another and a lasting broil between him and the Flemings, which ended, after various fortunes of war on either side, in the procurement of a bull from Rome, to the final discomfiture of the recusants. It is an ill-wind blows nobody good. To Giraldus's persecutions in the matter of their wool-fleeces and cheeses, we probably owe the emigration of a number of these Low Country people, who, about this time, left South Wales, in the train of Strongbow, and settled in our barony of Forth and Bargie, in the county of Wexford. Giraldus himself, even when pursuing them most uncompromisingly, was fully aware of the many excellencies of character for which they were then, as they are still, distinguished. "These Flemings derived their origin from Flanders, and were sent hither by King Henry I.—a people brave and robust, ever hostile to the Welsh—a people well versed in commerce and woollen manufactures—a people anxious to seek gain by sea

and land—a hardy race, equally fitted for the plough or the sword." The *Times*, which is constantly making the grossest blunders about Ireland (so much so that from "Thunderer" it has latterly come to be called *Blunderer*), takes frequent occasion to refer to these Forthmen as Anglo-Saxons.

Going out now on his first visitation, our archdeacon, coming to a certain district between the Wye and the Severn, is met by a deputation of the dean and chapter, who inform him that, by the custom of the diocese, he ought not to visit in person, but by deputy. The archdeacon disregards their objection. They set up their boundary cross before him; he walks past in its despite. Then they withdraw, threatening to resist by force. By-and-bye his advanced-guard, consisting of his travelling butcher, cooks, and butlers, come flying back from the village, out of which they have been routed at the point of the pike. Giraldus, nothing daunted, pushes on to the church, pickets his horses in the grave-yard, and calling on the assistance of Cadwallan ap Moadoc, a chieftain of the neighbourhood, makes the dean and chapter fain to sue for pardon next morning on their bended knees. But he was now to be engaged with a more formidable antagonist. Returning to Brecknock, he had scarce sat down to repose himself after those several perturbations, in his house at Llandŷ, when word is suddenly brought him that Adam, Bishop of St. Asaph's, was coming next Sunday to assert his claim to a disputed district on the borders of his diocese and that of St. David's, by consecrating the church of Saint Michael of Keri, there situate. Weary as he was, the archdeacon immediately girded up his loins to prevent the intrusion; and sending in all haste to the same Cadwallan, and his brothers Angus and Clut, to supply him with a force of men-at-arms, in case of necessity, he set forth on his journey. Arrived at Saint Michael's early on the Sunday morning, and the keys, which had been hidden, being, after a long search, found, he entered the church, and immediately ordered the bells to be rung, in token of taking possession, and commenced the celebration of mass. In the middle of the

service, his messengers bring word that the bishop approaches. Two of his clergy and the dean go forth, and say to Bishop Adam—

“If you come as a guest and neighbour, we bid you welcome.”

Bishop Adam—“I come neither as guest nor neighbour, but as bishop of this diocese, to dedicate this church, and celebrate my episcopal office therein.”

The Dean of St. David’s—“We inhibit you that you approach no further, not being called nor invited to this office in a strange parish.”

The Archdeacon coming out, and standing in the gateway of the cemetery—

Bishop Adam—“Get ye gone directly, and leave my church and graveyard till I dedicate it; for if you don’t, although we were school-fellows and fellow-students at Paris, I shall excommunicate you.”

The Archdeacon of St. David’s—“For our old friendship-sake, go in peace. I enjoin you attempt no injury upon me, nor any usurpation of my jurisdiction. Upon the part of God, and of our lord the Pope, and the Archbishop, and also on the part of the King of England, in whose hand the church of St. David’s, lately widowed of her bishop, now is, I firmly inhibit you that you attempt no dedication or other episcopal office here, nor seek to intrude your reaping-hook into another man’s harvest.”

Bishop Adam—“Read my letters of confirmation from the See of Canterbury, and the excommunication therein contained against any who will diminish my rights therein; and show forth the ancient book, wherein all the churches from the Wye to the Severn are shown to pertain to my diocese of St. Asaph’s. Now speedily desist, you who oppose me, else incontinently I shall wrap you and yours in the sentence of excommunication.”

The Archdeacon of St. David’s—“For three hundred years and more all the churches betwixt the Wye and the Severn pertain to St. David’s, and not to St. Asaph’s. You can write in your old book what you will. Show forth, if you have it, a charter authenticated with a seal, or a privilege; but if you have it not, and will proceed to excommunicate me, because I stand for the rights of my church, I also shall launch a like sentence against you.”

Bishop Adam—“I am a bishop;

you but an archdeacon. It is not lawful for an archdeacon to excommunicate a bishop.”

The Archdeacon of St. David’s—“If you be a bishop, you are no bishop of mine; nor have you any authority to pronounce a sentence against me which I have not against you. Be the excommunication of either bad or good, it shall be that of both, *valeat quantum*.”

Bishop Adam (getting down from his horse)—“Give me my mitre; uncover my crozier (puts on his mitre, takes his crozier in his hand, and puts himself at the head of his company)—follow me.”

The Archdeacon of St. David’s—“You on my side light your tapers—set forward the cross—advance from the church, and follow me.”

Bishop Adam—“What means this procession!”

The Archdeacon of St. David’s—“This—that if you presume to pronounce sentence against us, we on our part no less resolutely will give a sentence upon you and yours, *vice versa*.”

Bishop Adam—“On account of our old friendship and scholastic acquaintanceship, we shall spare you personally and individually; neither shall we sentence any of you by name; but generally, as the archbishop in his letter does, we excommunicate all who endeavour to diminish or usurp the rights of our patron, Saint Asaph.”

The Archdeacon of St. David’s—“You may pronounce a general excommunication of that kind from matins to vespers, yonder on the mountain of Llanely, if you will, and we care not; but here you shall give no sentence against us, general or particular, without ours in return.”

Bishop Adam—“By —, I shall do it here as I say.”

The Archdeacon of St. David’s—“And by —, I shall do likewise.”

Bishop Adam, (in a loud voice)—“I excommunicate all and singular the enemies and adversaries of St. Asaph.”

The Archdeacon of St. David’s (in a louder voice)—“I excommunicate all and singular who diminish or infringe on the rights of St. David: unite your voices with me all who are here present, and in confirmation of our sentence ring out a triple peal on the church bells.”

This turned the day in favour of the archdeacon. The Welshmen having a superstitious belief in the efficacy of the sound of bells, mounted their horses in confusion; the crowd of spectators set up a great shout; the bishop, his excommunication cut short, was hurried off the field; and the rabble taking part with the winners, pelted him and his company with stones and clods, as far as they could keep up with them. Want of space prevents us giving the sequel of the archdeacon's handsome behaviour to his adversary on their next meeting; but the whole affair is well worthy the study of the curious, as set forth in Giraldus's 6th chapter, *de rebus a se gestis*.

The see of St. David being now vacant, the canons proceeded to an election, and their choice fell on the archdeacon; but the election was irregular, and the king refused to confirm it. Hereupon arose a succession of new broils, which resulted in the election and consecration of Peter of Wenloc, to the deep disgust of the archdeacon. He now resolved to betake himself to the study of elegant letters, and returning to Paris, once more devoted himself assiduously to philosophy. But if we are to take his own account of his discourses, we must admit that the philosophy with which he tells us he used to delight the learned of Paris, was of a very foppish and frivolous character. The Limousin student, who used to "transfretate the Sequan at the matutinal and crepuscular hours, and, after deambulating the compites and quadrives of the city, couponized on goodly vervecene spatules perforaminated with petrocile," hardly used a more affected phraseology than our archdeacon transcribes as the commencement of one of his most admired discourses. But the jingling and playing on the words which constitutes the chief merit, can only be judged of in the Latin. "I had rather," says he, "'audire' than 'audiri;' rather 'discere' than 'dicere;' rather 'dubitare' than 'disputare,'" and so on in the same affected style through a long introduction to the question proposed, viz.—*Utrum*, the judge should determine, *secundum allegata*, or *secundum conscientiam*; upon which he assures us he adduced such authorities of laws and canons as astonished all who heard him, inso-

much that Master Roger Norman, a Bolognese doctor, one of the auditory, broke forth into this exclamation—"There is not under the sun a science which will not now be known in Paris incomparably and by far more excellently than anywhere else in the universe." Like our Limousin, however, our worthy archdeacon now found "a rarity or penury of pecune in his marsupe, while perstolating the coming of the tabellaries from the Lares and patrocinal Penates;" in plain English, our fine scholar had run himself in debt, and there was an unaccountable delay in the remittances. Hereupon he tells us he one day retired to St. Thomas (à Becket's) chapel, in the Church St. Germain Auxerrois, to beseech the interposition of the martyr. Behold the advantage of having an influential friend and countryman! Scarce was mass over, when the messenger arrived with the remittances. Our archdeacon now with a light heart bids adieu to his expensive lodgings, and turns his face once more towards the insular Lares. Travelling home through Arras, he witnesses a splendid jousting at the quintan in the market-place there, attended by Count Philip of Flanders, with a vast multitude of the Picard and Artesian chivalry. The contrast between the appearance of the great square of Arras (a noble quadrangle still), filled with life, and glittering with splendid arms and dresses, in the morning, and its lonely aspect after the departure of the jousts, in the evening, makes a profound impression on our susceptible philosopher, and gives rise to some apposite meditations, resulting in the conclusion that Solomon was irrefragably right when he affirmed that all is vanity.

But no sooner is he arrived at Canterbury than he is drawn back into the turbulent vortex of active life, abounding, as it ever did for him, in strife and intrigue. Peter of St. David's had found his diocese too hot to hold him (who left the coal in the ashes there we may easily guess without pretending to any miraculous power of divination), and is now encamped in the strong position of Winchester, whence he discharges ever and anon his episcopal projectiles against the rebellious Welshmen. Giraldus is now to be a greater man in the diocese of

St. David's than ever. Having breathed himself in an encounter by the way, with his brother-in-law, just then suing out a divorce in the court of Canterbury, he arrives in Caretica, brimful of mischief, and immediately succeeds in embroiling Bishop Peter, not only with his flock, but with his chapter. Excommunications *ab hinc* and *ab illinc* now fly across the Welsh border, as thick as arrows at the battle of Hastings. The war extends to Canterbury, and rages onward to Rome. The civil arm intervenes, amid the ecclesiastical thunders. King Henry, provoked by some provincial insubordination, arrives on the marches, pacifying the Welshmen with fire and sword. *Cedant togæ armis*—the archdeacon is summoned to the royal camp; taken into consultation as a Welshman himself, on the most effectual method of subjugating the rebels; sworn in one of the privy council, and shortly after appointed tutor of Prince John.

His book "*De Illaudabilibus Walliæ*" was not yet compiled; but we can hardly doubt that some of its chapters are faithful transcripts of the advice given by him at the council-table on this occasion. We are now to view our archdeacon in a phase of his character not hitherto opened—namely, as an anti-Welsh Welshman. As a loyal subject of King Henry, and an educated man, Girald might naturally have desired to see the benefits of civilisation extended, along with the supremacy of the law, among his countrymen; but it was an unhappy peculiarity of the archdeacon, that he could do nothing in moderation. He could not represent the need of reform among his countrymen without making them appear wretches unworthy of amendment. He could not declare his approval of the Norman law and institutions, without proclaiming a fanatical hatred and contempt of everything Welsh. No servile Irishman in London ever played the part of evilbird with more disgusting assiduity; and the more he was twitted and condemned at the court of King Henry for being a Welshman, the more virulently did he avenge himself on his innocent country, by writing, for the entertainment of the men who despised him, the grossest calumnies and the most unnatural con-

tempts against everything west of the Severn. He was but one-third a Welshman, it is true; and most careful he was to spin that thread of his pedigree as fine as the fact would bear; but he was as little suffered to profit by his Norman blood in the distribution of favour or patronage, as our Cromwellian half-breed of the present day, who, after calling the mother that bore him a thief and a harlot, through fifty folios of infamies in a *Quarterly Review*, gets nothing for his self-abasement beyond the credit of lying with the worst grace of any man in Christendom. When Girald's smart retorts on Rice ap Griffin are related to the king, all the court laughing and admiring, "then began the king before them all to magnify and commend the wisdom and the probity of Archdeacon Girald, saying, '*Nisi Wallensis esset*'—were he not a Welshman, he would deserve some splendid promotion.—(*De rebus gestis*, c. ix.) "Yea, in secret with his council, the king would commend Girald extremely; his manners, his modesty, his fidelity, his experience, declaring that '*Nisi de Wallia natus esset*'—were he not a Welshman born, and the kinsman of Welsh princes, especially of Rice ap Griffin, he would advance him to high dignities and great revenues in the church, and make him a mighty man in the kingdom."—(*Ibid.* c. viii.) We know not what better reward the servile parasite should have expected, who could write, for the entertainment of the same King Henry and his court, as Girald has written of his own flesh and blood. From the first eight chapters of the "*De Illaudabilibus*" we extract a few of the more prominent invectives:—

"They (the Welsh) are a faithless people: no oath binds them; no sense have they of faith or truth. Whatever advantage or temporal emolument they can attain to, by the violation of their oaths, that they invariably strive to compass by perjury. They gain their living by larceny, by robbery, by rapine. They pay no regard to the obligation of a truce, if the opportunity of doing a mischief to their adversary presents itself. In war, if their first onset be valiantly met, they are most easily thrown into confusion, and thenceforth trust solely to the protection of flight: at the first blow, more than men—at

the second, less than women. Beyond all other races on earth, they are the most given to the obliteration of boundaries, and the enlargement of their possessions, by the removal of their neighbours' landmarks. In their eating and drinking, given over to gluttony and drunkenness, they observe no decency or moderation: after a long fast, like wolves and eagles (for, like them, they feed on what they can snatch, and that but rarely), especially when they sit at another's table, they delight in gorging themselves to repletion. The crime of incest so enormously prevails amongst them, both great and small, that they have no shame in marrying within the fourth and fifth degree universally, and some of them even within the third. Nor will they take upon them the obligations of marriage till first they make trial of the qualities of the wife, especially of her fecundity. '*Præterea peccatis urgentibus, et præcipuè detestabili illo et nefando, divina ultione tam olim Trojam quam postea Britanniam amiserunt.*' 'They are grown corrupt and abominable in their imaginations; there is none that doeth good, no not one.' He, then, who would subdue this nation, and keep it in peace, must deal in this wise: In the first place, the prince must bear this in mind, that he must give his assiduous and laborious care to the work for, at least, a year. For a nation which neither comes to a pitched battle in the open field, nor waits to be besieged in a fortress, is to be conquered, not by force, but by delay, by diligence, and by wearying out resistance. Wherefore let the prince divide their strength; and by bribes, both paid and promised, let him suborn some of them for the setting of the others by the ears; for they are a race full of mutual hatred and envy. Then, in the autumn season, let him plant well-victualled garrisons in the marches and interior; and, in the meanwhile, by a strict embargo, prohibit all supplies of corn, leather, and salt, which they are wont to obtain forth of England," &c.

But while Girald is thus turmoiling and embroiling himself from Paris to Canterbury, and from Canterbury to St. David's, his uncles, Robert Fitzstephen and Maurice Fitzgerald, his brother Robert de Barry, and his cousins Meiler Fitzmaurice and Raymond le Gros Fitzgerald, have been winning lands and renown in Ireland. The bull of Adrian, that had lain so many years dormant in the record-room at Winchester, has got new hoofs and horns. Instead of visions

of the Holy Land, Heraclius the patriarch, coming to solicit a new crusade, finds Henry's mind occupied wholly with the thoughts of a new kingdom in the Atlantic. Neither the keys of Jerusalem, nor the invitation of the Templars and Hospitallers have the same charm for Henry as the bulletins of de Lacy, and the progress of his Irish castles at Tristledermot and Durrow. He declines to give John to the throne of the Sepulchre: a royal seat has been already provided him nearer home. Heraclius is dismissed, and Girald is commanded to accompany his royal pupil and a deputation of great officers of state, commissioned to establish the English law and constitution in Ireland. On Wednesday, in Easter week, 1185, sixteen years after the first adventure of Fitzstephen, they set sail from Milford Haven, charged with a mighty freight of laws and arms, of arts and letters. But the heart of the archdeacon was full of vexation and disappointment. He was going back into the barbarian outskirts of the world, instead of advancing to the centre of intelligence and power. He had hoped to be carried in the train of a young King of Jerusalem to the seats of ancient learning and the scenes of Divine manifestation; to have completed the contemplations begun at Paris in the cave of Jerome, or the desert of Engaddi: he was compelled to turn his back not only on the allurements of the east, but even on the congenial bustle and intrigue of the civilised west; to take up his lot among a race of men whose consanguinity he blushed to own, whose kindred in Britain he had long hated and often wronged, and among whom he could expect to find nothing congenial to a mind and tastes formed on the most artificial models, in an age of artifice and technicality. But if he could do nothing else, he could promote the interests of the church, by giving such a report of the Scots he was about to visit, as would help to sustain the credit of Pope Alexander, and justify whatever further measures, for their coercion to a better ecclesiastical discipline, it might please the authorities at Rome and London to agree upon. How well he fulfilled his mission in this respect we shall see in another chapter.

THE MYSTERIES OF KANOBA, OR, THE MESMERIC WARREN.*—NO. I.

OF all the developments of Waren, that of Kanoba is the most remarkable, and the most deserving of our attention.

It forms as it were a central link between all the other forms of Waren, which it gathers around it, controls, brings into harmony with itself, or finally absorbs.

We have seen in the previous papers, Waren, sometimes naturally supervening, sometimes invited or brought on by an admixture of artificial stimulants, physical or moral. The Waren of Kanoba, though acting doubtless on many predisposed subjects, is always superinduced by a systematic process. The process itself differs in the hands of different operators; but it is always artificial and always systematic.

This Waren is resorted to for sanatory, for exorcist, and for oracular purposes.

The scenes of possession and exorcism bring vividly before us the daimonic phenomena of ancient Judæa; those phenomena, namely, of convulsive or anomalous physical suffering, or of mental alienation, which were connected in the popular belief—as at this day in India—with a spiritual causality; and those long systematic processes, half physical, half spiritual, practised for the expulsion, or removal of such daimonic evils, by the Jewish *Perierchomenoi*, or exorcists, from the time of King Solomon downward to that of St. Paul, as shown in a former paper; all which tedious and, in great part, superstitious processes, our Lord superseded by a simple act of divine power; employing for the cure of these daimoniacs, as for the healing of the paralytic, the leper, and the blind, and for the raising of the dead, but the energy of his divine volition and the power of his divine word.

Some, however, of the processes pursued, and the effects produced, at the shrines of Kanoba, may remind us

of transactions nearer to our own times and our own homes.

The foreign admixture and disputed origin of this Waren, will suggest the possibility of its having come from that wonderful land [a preserved fragment, perhaps, of its ancient thaumaturgy], whence Judæa borrowed so much—where the descendants of Jannes and Jambres still practise magic in a Mahomedan garb—whence Cagliostro, the forerunner of Mesmer, introduced his mysteries, seventy years ago—whither Colquhoun, in his “*Isis Revelata*,” traces back the origin of Animal Magnetism.

The process is partly mechanical or medical, directed to affect the senses and physical powers; partly mystic, ritual, and thaumaturgic, calculated to act upon his spiritual nature, or, at least, by impressing his imagination, to carry him towards the supernatural and bring on a state of ecstasy.

It is reduced to a regular art or profession, and is practised at public Muthus [*adyti*] or shrines established for the purpose. There are four or five of these Muthus in Bombay; but Puithunu and Mudée, a village near Ahmednuggur, are the great seats of this Waren.

Each of these establishments is under the superintendence of an officiating priest termed Bhuktu [worshipper or devotee]. The Muthu is generally his property; he is the chief hierophant or operator in all the ceremonies; and in these he is assisted by a number of disciples, who have, at some previous period, been brought by him under the influence of Waren, either for the cure of demoniacal possession, or from a desire on their own parts to be gifted with oracular powers. He has also the aid of other parties, who perform the more mechanical parts of the ceremony, such as beating drums, etc. It is to be remarked, that he is not a member of the sacerdotal class of Brahmins who officiate in all the ordi-

* Vide DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE for December, 1849.

nary rites of the Hindoo religion; but a man of one of the lower castes, who has either inherited the office and the Muthu from his father; or a person devoted from his infancy, sometimes before he was born, to the service of the shrine by a vow of his parent; or one of the initiated disciples above alluded to, who has succeeded to the establishment on the death of a childless Bhuktu; or finally, a person, who, having a hereditary Waren, or, having been artificially initiated at one of these shrines, has afterwards chosen to establish a Muthu of his own.

To these Muthus are brought, for exorcism or cure, all those who suffer from any of the kinds of demoniacal possession formerly described, in which number may be included every kind of insanity, delirium, and mental aberration of whatever degree, all epileptic and cataleptic seizures, and, generally speaking, all obstinate and anomalous forms of disease, which baffle medicine, and seem referable to supernatural causes. In some instances of simple exorcism, it is sufficient for the Bhuktu, or one of his more advanced disciples, to throw himself, by contemplation, volition, and a fixed stare, into the state of Waren, and, in the superior power of this Waren, to control and command the exit of the evil spirit from the body of the possessed: in such cases, the latter generally stipulates for terms, asks a particular offering as the condition of his departure, or prays to be allowed to go and take up his abode in some other locality. This curious fact, which will be found in one of the cases hereafter given, taken down by an unimpeachable eye-witness, is strongly illustrative of the narrative in the Gospel, of the dispossession of the demon who gave his name as Legion, and who prayed to be permitted to enter the herd of swine. The stipulations thus made by the evil spirit, are sometimes refused, but sometimes conceded to facilitate the exorcism.

In most cases, however, it is necessary to subject the patients themselves to the influence of Waren, *i. e.*, to superinduce this milder and beneficent form of possession on their frames, and thereby supersede and terminate their demoniacal possession; just as dangerous maladies are sometimes cured, by superinducing antagonist diseases of a more manageable character. Nor

is a single operation always or generally sufficient; on the contrary, it is only by constant repetition of the process, extending frequently over several weeks, and even months, that success is attained, and a cure effected; *the patient himself often dictating, while in Waren, the measures to be pursued.* In most of these administrations, all the present and some of the past patients attend and increase the momentum of the Waren.

But the sufferers above described are not the only parties who resort to the Muthus. As before observed, those who have long ceased to have visitations of their hereditary Waren, come to have it restored by the process of the Bhuktu, and generally succeed in this object. Others, who are of a curious turn of mind, and would pry into the supernatural, get initiated into Waren for the sake of the wonderful powers it is supposed to confer. Many come, as the ancients to the heathen oracles, for advice and the solution of difficulties. For, when any of the disciples or patients is carried to the highest degree of Waren, as a requisite for which, besides the ordinary process at the shrine, previous fasting and continence, at least abstinence from everything illicit, are strictly enjoined, he passes into the oracular state, in which, though awake, he loses his consciousness of self-identity, and answers with a supposed power of insight into the past, the future, and the remote, all questions addressed to him about himself or others; and on these occasions many avail themselves of his powers of vaticination, not only on questions of health, but on all subjects. By the offerings which these questioners and the patients make to the idol, the Muthu is supported.

But who or what is Kanoba?

This is a point of great difficulty, but of no less interest; an inquiry into which may lead to very curious results. Some declare Kanoba to be Krishnu, the Indian Apollo; and the idea is one that is consonant to analogy. If the various Warens of Devee correspond to the afflatus of the Dindymenean mother, Cybele, and the furious presence of Hecate, or the avenging Eumenides, the sanative and prophetic afflatus of Krishnu would respond to that of the Pythian Apollo, god alike of medicine and vaticina-

tion;* though the former attribute latterly became more pre-eminently attached to his son Æsculapius; and thus the Mahratta system would harmonise remarkably with that of ancient Pagan Europe, as thus briefly but distinctly revealed to us in the stanza of Horace which we formerly quoted:—

“NON DINDYMENE, NON ADYTIS QUATIT
MENTEM SACERDOTUM INCOLA PYTHIUS.
Non Liber æque, non acuta
Sic gemitant Corybantes æra,†
Tristes ut iræ —”

The theory of Kanoba being identical with Krishnu, is supported by the fact, that in every shrine there is an image of Balu-Krishnu, or the infant Krishnu.

It is also corroborated by the curious circumstance, that the power of this Waren and the potency of all magical ceremonies in which its inspirati or votaries are concerned, are held to be stronger, and the world of spirits and demons with whom they deal, more easily influenced on the eve of Gokoolu-Ushtumee, *i. e.*, the night, or fraction of a night, which intervenes between the feast of Junmu-Ushtumee, or nativity of Krishnu, and that of Gokoo-

lu-Ushtumee or his manifestation at Gokoolu, than any other night through the year. The kindred superstition which so long prevailed, and still prevails, in Christendon, respecting Hallowmas-Eve, or the night succeeding the feast of All Saints, and preceding the commemoration of All Souls, has been already glanced at; nor need such a correspondence surprise us. A careful examination of some of the principal festivals of Hindooism, and the peculiarities which distinguish their celebration, especially the Hólee, Divalee, and Goodhee Paduwa, leads to a strong presumption, amounting, indeed, almost to a conviction, that they are identical in origin, as they are also very nearly synchronous in time, with the leading feasts of Christian Europe: and this fact, at first so astonishing, becomes easily accounted for, when we recollect that on the subversion of idolatry in the Roman empire, the ecclesiastical authorities consecrated to the memory of persons or events connected with Christianity, those old heathen festivals, which the prejudices and attachments of the people would not allow them to abolish altogether.‡

* The mere fact that these attributes should have been assigned to the one deity, affords ground for supposing that the Vaticination over which he presided was always a consequence of, or connected with, disease.

† At this day the Corybantes exist in Western India. They are a class of eunuchs devoted to Deves, exactly like the mendicant Galli of Cybele, who go about, dressed indifferently in male or female clothes, adorned with garlands of cowries, beating cymbals, dancing in honour of their goddess, and begging, with groans and cries, or immodest language. On festival days, or other great occasions, one of the party always carries a lighted torch in his hand, and the persons and clothes of all are studiously besmeared with oil. They are called BHOOTE or the Devil-like, probably from their hideous and wretched appearance—TRISTES UT IRÆ!

‡ It would seem from the works of Tertullian, that, up to this time, the Christian Church had no feasts, except the Lord's Day, Easter, and Pentecost; since, in his treatises on Idolatry, and on Baptism, he mentions these only as the festivals of the Christians. We mean, of course, great festivals celebrated by the whole Church, not including stations, or visits to the Basilicas or tombs of the Martyrs. In the former work he has the following passage [Oxford Library of the Fathers, Tertullian, Vol. I., p. 240]: “And do we, to whom these [Jewish] Sabbaths belong not, nor the new moons, nor the feast days once beloved of God, celebrate the *feasts of Saturn, and of January, and of the Winter Solstice*, and the Feast of Matrons? For us shall *offerings flow in? presents jingle? sports and feasts roar?*” He then refers those who love such indulgences to the Lord's Day and Pentecost. Would he not rather have referred them to the synchronous festivals of Christmas, the Circumcision, and the Epiphany, had these been then in existence? If, after his time, a number of Pagan feasts became adopted, and hallowed to Christian remembrances, inveterate popular superstitions would but too easily creep in along with them; and, amongst others, the notion of particular nights being favourable to supernatural visitations. Thus we find among the Hindoos, that the USHTUMEEs, or EIGHTHS of each month, are consecrated in the Calendar, in a general manner, to the infernal deities; the eighth of the bright half to DOORGA or DEVÉE; those of the dark, to KALU-BHUIRUVU, the black or infernal Shivu, whence our former acquaintance, Bhuiroba, is a familiar diminutive. But

Finally, the name of Kanoba, though generally written Kanhoba, is actually employed by many of the theosophic poets to designate Krishnu, when sporting as a youth among the herdsmen of Gokoolu ; and, under cover of allusions to these his bucolic pastimes,

they inculcate the whole system of pantheistic mysticism.

In the *Sidorya*, or *Herdsmen's Rural Feast*, by Vishnoodashu Nama, we have the name repeated in every stanza. The following will suffice for an example :—

“KANHOBA sat down on the banks of the Yumoona,
And opened out the herdsmen's bundles on the rocks :

* * * * *

Ah! KANHOBA, thy cows are restive and unruly :
In the shade of the Kulumbu trees they will not sit quietly :
In the depths of the Yumoona they constantly are plunging,
And home when we return, we get scolded by thy mother.
Ah! KANHOBA, pick out thy own cattle, and begone !”

In a well-known Bhoopalee or *Matin Hymn*, by Jeevunu Sootu, the title of Kanha, of which Kanhoba is only an endearing diminutive, is applied to Khrishnu in the third stanza. The three first stanzas of this song, which altogether may serve as a curious specimen of a Pagan hymn, inculcating mystic worship under a pastoral garb, are supposed to be addressed to the infant Krishnu by his foster-mother, Yushoda. These Bhoopalees or *matin hymns*, however, are,

in point of fact, seldom sung by women, but very generally by men ; and are regularly taught to boys as a portion of their morning orisons. They are never sung at any other part of the day, and are always adapted to the Ragu or musical mode called Bhoopu, which is in a minor key, and breathes a wild and pleasing melancholy. Nearly all that we have seen are composed in the *Ovee* metre, and are remarkable as being almost the only lyric pieces that are so :—

CHORUS.

“Arise! arise! dear wearer of the wild-flower garland,*
Fondle thy mother's cheek.
The sun has risen above the orient hills,
The dark night has ended.

the night of the particular EIGHTH day of Ashvinu-light [19th Oct., 1844], which occurs in the *NUVU RATRU*, or great nocturnal festival of DOORGA or DEVEE formerly noticed, has a specialty for these supernatural practices among her worshippers ; and we have seen how her female votaries endeavour, on this occasion, to penetrate the future within the precincts of their apartments. Again, the night of the EIGHTH of Shrivunu-dark [5th September, 1844], on which fall the two jostling festivals of Krishnu, NATIVITY-EIGHTH and GOKOOLU-EIGHTH, between which two days of the religious calendar compressed into one of the civil, an impossible theoretic night ought to occur, is invested by the northern worshippers of Krishnu, and especially by the votaries of Kanoba, with a similar special supernatural influence. Finally, the Kalee-Chutoordushee, or 14th of Ashvinu-dark [9th November, 1844], sacred to Kalee or the BLACK DEVEE, also called NURKU-CHUTOORDUSHEE, or HELL-FOURTEENTH [as is alleged, because Vishnoo slew a demon named Hell on that day, but perhaps rather on account of its infernal character], which is the day preceding NEW YEAR'S EVE of the Suvunt or Vikrama-dityu year, is still more universally invested with this supernatural prestige ; and on this night all dealers in black magic, sorcery, and spells, go out into cemeteries and solitudes, there to pursue their dark rites. There are probably other nights which have similar superstitious notions attached to them, in different localities and among different sects ; but the above are general and well known. In Christendom, we see Hallowmas Eve, New Year's Eve, Christmas Eve, and St. Mark's Eve, connected, more or less, with similar ideas relating to the world of spirits, and the knowledge of the future.

* Vunu-Malee, a favourite title of Khrishnu.

I.

"The cows for their calves are lowing;
 The birds in the trees are pouring forth their notes;
 At the door thy playfellows stand waiting,
 They call for thee, oh! Yudoo-Raya [Prince of the Yudoos],
 Arise! arise! dear wearer, &c.

II.

"Awake! thou, whose colour is the dark purple of the thunder-cloud,*
 My beloved, the delight of my soul!†
 Haste, and look at [thy brother] Buliramu,
 Thou abode of the virtues! thou brother of the meek!
 Arise! arise! dear wearer, &c.

III.

"Arise quickly, my darling,
 Full of perfections! my dark-blue petling KANHA!
 Haste to drink the milk from my bosom,
 And bestow on me thy kisses.
 Arise! arise! dear wearer, &c.

IV.

"Hearing his own mother's voice,
 Shree-Huri [Krishnu] soon awoke;
 He began to suck the breast,
 And all were filled with joy.
 Arise! arise! dear wearer, &c.

V.

"They beheld his form full of perfection‡ and beautiful,
 They saw his brother Buliramu near;
 Yushoda's fortune blossomed forth
 Beholding her son the Lord of life;
 Arise! arise! dear wearer," &c.

Finally, in the following lyric LUM-
 PUDAE, or mystic Hide and Seek, by
 Eka Junardunu, Kanoba is plainly
 identified with Krishnu; and the pas-
 sages marked in capitals, though un-
 doubtedly referable to the omnipre-

sence and omniscience of Krishnu,
 would really seem to contain some
 allusion to the clairvoyance, or uni-
 versal lucidity, which Kanoba's in-
 spirati are supposed to attain:—

"CHORUS.

"KANHOBA! find thy own marks,
 BEHOLD IN THY WHOLE BODY THERE IS VISION.

I.

How, KRISHNU! shall we play Hide and Seek?
 INFINITE EYES ARE IN THY BODY!
 In what place shall we cover thy eyes?
 LO! IN THY WHOLE BODY IS THE FACULTY OF SIGHT.
 Kanhoba! find," &c.

* Megu-Shamu, a favourite title of Khrishnu.

† Atmaramu, soul-delighter, or soul of the soul. Besides its ostensible, the phrase has here a mystic meaning—"soul of my soul" is, in this sense, equivalent to "soul of the universe, which lives and moves in my own soul."

‡ This phrase also has a double mystic sense—viz., the deity manifested with all perfections or attributes, as contradistinguished from that ultimate and inaccessible depth of divine existence, in which there is neither form, part, passion, nor attribute.

But, notwithstanding the weight of argument to be derived from all these circumstances, in support of the identity of Kanoba and Krishnu, there are others of no less force opposed to it.

In the first place, nearly all the learned and better-informed natives deny it; alleging it would be a disgrace to the divinity of Krishnu, to suppose that he personally entered these inspirati, many of whom play such fantastic tricks.

These set down Kanoba, generally, as some sort of devil.

It is alleged by others that Kanoba is the spirit of a Peer or Mahomedan saint, and that his tomb is worshipped to this day at Mudhee, or Mudhee;* that he lived and died there; and that many of the parties connected with the shrines are Mahomedan Faqueers.

There is, in fact, such a mosque and tomb connected with the shrine at Mudhee; but there is a similar mosque and tomb connected with the Muthu of Kanoba at Puithunu, one of the chief places whence the Bhuktus receive their initiation. There may have been a series of these saints engaged in the rites of Kanoba; and those whose tombs are at Mudhee and Puithunu, may have been Mahomedan Faqueers, who, as Bhuktus of Kanoba, first introduced them, or were distinguished for their thaumaturgical exercise of them. The saint at Puithunu may have been a disciple of him at Mudhee, or *vice-versa*; and the name of the power worshipped may easily have passed to the canonized devotee who first introduced the particular rites, or first made them celebrated. But Kanoba could not have been, originally, the name of a mere Mahomedan saint, without some reference to Hindooism, the name is so purely Hindoo in its termination; and the same reasoning will apply to the image of Balu-Krishnu.

A third party allege Kanoba to be neither a god, a devil, nor a saint, but an agatha-dæmon, or beneficent NUMEN; and this NUMEN is sometimes spoken of, as if it were less a PERSON than a THING of INFLUENCE. This

NUMEN is in the shrines—it is *not* Balu-Krishnu, but something *beside* him: not an IMAGE, but a SYMBOL.

It is, certainly, a point deserving of remark, that notwithstanding unquestionable evidence, that the system of Waren existed in Hindooism, as Pythonism did among the Greeks, long before the introduction of Mahomedanism into the country, indeed long before Mahomed was born; and although all the Waren shrines and temples are to this day still dedicated to some Hindoo deity, and the worship and ceremonies almost invariably performed by a Hindoo Bhuktu; it is no less certain that the present system in Kanoba's Muthus exhibits a strange intermixture of Mahomedan magical rites.

The musicians and drum-beaters in these Muthus are, at least, sometimes Mahomedans; and Mahomedan Faqueers are occasionally feasted at the shrines, as well as Bramhins. At Mudhee, indeed, it would appear that the Bhuktu himself is either a Mahomedan, or one of those Faqueers who appear, like Mahomed's own fabled tomb, suspended midway between both creeds.

The use of the Subzah plant, it is believed, is borrowed from Mahomedan magic.

The use of limes and the burning of incense, are common to both systems, and apparently, indeed, to all magic; but they are mentioned in very old Hindoo works on incantation, we believe in the Uthurvun Vedu itself; and are, at least, of as ancient use in India as elsewhere. But certain words shouted in the ears of the patient to excite him,—by the chorus of musicians and initiated disciples,—are clearly Mahomedan. The word DEEN, especially, of which great use is made, is the Mahomedan religious war-cry: though the Hindoo sepoys have of late years adopted it; and, in crossing the bridge of boats built over the Indus, when proceeding on the first Affghan expedition, the whole of the Hindoo Regiments shouted Deen! Deen! It is used in Kanoba's Muthus, exactly as the words Io! and Evohe! were by the priests of Bacchus.

* More correctly, perhaps, Mudhee, that word signifying, in Mahratta, a small Muthu, anchorite's hermitage, or sacred shrine; the village probably deriving its name from that of Kanoba.

Finally, among the different subordinate Warens spoken of, or invoked in these shrines, are some names that are undoubtedly Mahomedan. Thus we have "Sultan," "Sultan Mahomed" and other spirits from the Mahomedan spiritual world, side by side with Vetalu and other Hindoo devils, all harmoniously revolving round and submissive to the Bhuktu, who is possessed by and communicates the Waren of this mysterious god, devil, saint, or agatho-dæmon, Kanoba.

The name of "Sultan Mahomed" is well known in the Egyptian magic.

All these facts have led some of the Bombay Hindoos to imagine, that the whole system of Waren is a modern introduction of the Mahomedans, and nothing more than an engrafting of their magical ceremonies upon some of the forms of the Hindoo worship. But this opinion is clearly erroneous. For, independently of the evidence of books written long before the age of Mahomed* we find a system of Waren, purely Hindoo, now existing under several modifications, in the temples, villages, and families, through the interior of the country, in which no Mahomedan intermixture whatever is traceable, and which is in most instances based upon the worship of some local form of the two great infernal or fatal deities, Devee and Shivu, the Hecate and Pluto-Saturnus of Hindooism. There is, however, a well-known system of Mahomedan magic in India, called Peer Vidya, or the Science of Saints; and the exact system of Egyptian magic, with a boy holding a mirror of ink in his hand, is also practised in Bombay and Hydrabad, under the name of Hazirat or Summoning. It would, therefore, be a conjecture more probable, and more consistent with other facts, that an intermixture of one, or both these Mahomedan systems, with the pure Hindoo system of Waren, had given the present Muthus of Kanoba so mottled a character.

But, if it should appear a reasonable conjecture, that the Mahomedan necromancy itself is but a relic of the

ancient Egyptian magic, which lingered in that country, and was traditionally transmitted, under every change of dynasty and creed, though in a progressively imperfect and corrupted state, and under successive changes of its mythic investiture, according as Epopt, Rabbi, Bishop, or Caliph prevailed,—we should then be able to account most completely for all the anomalies which we meet with in the system of Kanoba. We should be able to understand how the Mahomedan importers of that magic into India, meeting in this latter country a system something like their own, and a divinity, one of whose names resembled that of an ancient numen presiding over Egyptian sorcery, should have boldly claimed this divinity as their tutelary god, under that peculiar name of KANOBA; should have placed beside the Hindoo image of the infant Krishnu the secret emblem of the old Egyptian numen; and should have blended together, around the altar on which this two-fold Kanoba sat, with one aspect Egyptian and the other Hindoo, the Hindoo and the Mahomedan demonology fused into one. And if, upon looking upon the different processes resorted to by the Bhuktus of Kanoba, and the different effects produced upon their disciples, a suspicion should steal upon the mind, that the whole system, though differing in its form and some of its instrumental means, is, in its real nature, identical with that which has recently made so much noise in Europe as Animal Magnetism,—both alike medico-thaumaturgic; although the Hindoo Bhuktu being, like the ancient Egyptian, a priest, carries on all as a solemn religious rite,—yet intermingling in that rite certain physical processes and appliances, and thus unwillingly acknowledging the necessity of the natural to the production of the supernatural; while the European magnetiser, a scientific operator, proceeds altogether under the name of natural science, disclaiming all mysticism,—yet arriving, or at least claiming to arrive, by his natural process, at lucidity, clairvoyance, illumination, and other gifts

* In an old Sanserit work on incantation, containing many sacred spells, we found more than one invoking the WAYOO of certain goddesses to come. WAYOO is the exact Sanserit phrase for Waren, corresponding with *पुन्या*, and signifying SPIRIT—WIND.

hitherto reckoned as belonging to the highest department of the supernatural; — if such a suspicion should arise and grow upon the mind, will not this curious fact be fully accounted for, when, turning back to ancient Egypt,

we find *there* a KANOBA, presiding over magic rites, ecstatic convulsionary dances, lucid dreams, oracles, and thaumaturgic medicine!

But this inquiry we must reserve for a future paper.

DESCRIPTION OF THE WAREN MUTHUS OF KANOBA.

(COMMUNICATED BY AN EYE-WITNESS.)*

The process of infusing Waren is generally performed in small, low-roomed houses, that have but very few windows, and, consequently, are not well ventilated. In the largest room on the ground-floor of the house is placed, in the most conspicuous part, a Mukhuru or tabernacle, which is differently constructed, according to the fancy and means of the Bhuktu, or head of the Muthu. Sometimes it is made of bamboo framework, pasted over with coloured paper; and sometimes of wood, richly ornamented with gold and silver tinsel. Its length and breadth, which are equal, vary from three to six feet; and its height is from six to nine feet. Branches of the Mango and Nimb trees are suspended from the ceiling of the room, at different intervals, particularly over the Mukhuru, which has a number of ostrich eggs hanging from its roof. In the centre of the Mukhuru, and on an elevated position, is placed a brass image of Balu-krishnu, which is surrounded by a number of TAVEEZ [or AMULETS†]; Nada, or twisted cords of worsted of many colours, for tying on the arms; ‡ Padooka, or images of the feet of the deities only; representations of tombs; a Shunku or conch

shell; and the images of the tutelary gods of the Bhuktu. These contents of the Mukhuru are sprinkled over with different kinds of flowers, and the leaves of the Subzah [Hyssop?], the latter of which are considered to be essentially necessary.

Immediately in front of the Mukhuru are placed earthen or metallic vessels, for holding fire to burn frankincense, and for lighting camphor.

The persons desirous of bringing themselves under the influence of the Waren, are prohibited from eating certain fish, such as crabs and others; as also from drinking spirituous liquors, and frequenting the houses of Bayaderas. When the person undergoes the first process in the evening, he is made to fast the whole of the preceding day, and to bathe immediately before going to the Muthu. At seven o'clock, P.M., of the evening fixed for the purpose—Sunday, Wednesday, and Thursday nights being preferred to the others—he is made to sit in front of the Mukhuru, which is brilliantly illuminated on the occasion. The Bhuktu then bathes himself, and, being provided with a serpentine scourge called Koruda, which plays an important part in the subsequent

* For this description and the two cases of exorcism which follow, the writer is indebted to an estimable young friend, Narayun Dinanathjee, first native interpreter to the Supreme Court at Bombay, who has had considerable opportunities of witnessing the scenes which take place within these shrines.

We give these papers, as we have done those of Professor Bal Gungadur Shastree, just as they were communicated to us, instead of altering or embodying them in our own. Documents, coming thus directly from natives themselves, respectable alike from their personal character, their scientific acquirements, and the responsible public appointments they hold, afford a most valuable independent testimony to the existence of these singular transactions. We may add that the proceedings here described belong to the more forcible class of operations. We shall hereafter encounter a Muthu of a different description, where, from the slight glimpse which we can catch of it, it is evident a far more tranquil process is pursued.

† These amulets are of a remarkable character, and will be found hereafter affording an important key to the real nature of these operations.

‡ Scapulars?

operations, he sits by the side of the Mukhuru, applies some of the ashes from the vessel used for burning frankincense to his own forehead, and commences burning frankincense and lighting camphor in front of the new patient. He then exposes a Nada or twisted cord of many colours to the fumes of the frankincense, and, repeating some mysterious words, ties it round the wrist of the patient; takes up a kind of drum called Dhoomka, beats it, and sings a song in a peculiar manner. The old patients join him in beating Dhoomkas, and in singing the song. The patient is now desired to stand just opposite to the image of the god, to untie his hair and cast it loose from his head, to prostrate himself before the god, *concentrate his thoughts*, and *fix his eyes firmly on the image*. If he happens to have no power within himself to concentrate his thoughts, and to fix his eyes on the image for a considerable length of time, the Waren does not enter his body soon. Water is occasionally sprinkled over him, by means of a branch of the Subzah, and the ashes taken from the frankincense-burner are blown towards him by the Bhuktu. His legs then begin to tremble, and the heart to palpitate, a peculiar sensation of heat is felt by him, as also giddiness and a *tendency to sleep*. Sometimes the patient experiences feelings of great exultation; sometimes he is actuated by feelings of great anger, sometimes his spirits are greatly depressed, bordering upon grief, and he commences to weep. At this crisis, the patient feels something stirring up and down, just below the sternum, and it continues there for some time. It is difficult for the Bhuktu to make this sensation rise higher up in the bosom, which is necessary in order to bring the Waren to a higher state. In order to effect this, the Bhuktu blows some ashes against the body of the patient, brings the Subzah close to his nose, orders the Dhoomkas to be beaten loudly, and now and then calls out the words "Ale-goojara-dustera-deen!" the meaning of which we have never been able to learn,* in which he is joined by all his old patients. He

sometimes sprinkles water, and sometimes curds, upon his person, with a branch of the Subzah; and shakes the Koruda several times in his front, commencing from his feet upwards to his head.

If these means fail, the Bhuktu causes one of his old patients of great power, who is sitting there beating a Dhoomka, to fall into the state of Waren, just *by his simple will*. All the old patients in attendance are so much excited by the measures already adopted by the Bhuktu to bring the Waren on the new patient, and are so liable to come under the influence of the Waren themselves, that they are ready, upon the slightest mark of the will of the Bhuktu, to enter into that state. This old patient, after passing into the state of Warren, rushes forward before the image of the god from his seat, and placing himself before the new patient, repeats the process already adopted by the Bhuktu. He blows the ashes, takes up the Koruda in his right hand, shakes it below the eyes of the new patient, puts it round his neck, agitates it with a trembling motion, and directs all his companions in the Muthu to call out "DEEN!" who do so at once with a raised voice, accompanying the cry with the loud beating of their Dhoomkas, and of the Tasas, another kind of drum employed outside the house on the same occasions. This sudden and fearful noise has generally the effect of throwing down the new patient in the state of Waren. Sometimes the old patient does not succeed with all these means, when he shakes the new patient gently backwards and forwards by means of the Koruda put round his neck, and shouts very loudly close to his ears. Sometimes *he presses the points of his fingers upon the sternum* of the new patient, and *moves them upwards and downwards*; sometimes, *he puts his hands round the waist* of the new patient, and *pulls him against his own body*; sometimes entreats, and sometimes commands him to be in the state of Waren.

When even these means are of no avail, the Bhuktu recites some mys-

* The words appear to be used merely as magical gibberish, the parties themselves not understanding them; but they are evidently a corruption of some Mahomedan formula. Monshee Mahomed Yoonoos suggests the following: ALEE GOOZAR-I DUSTOOK-I DEEN! Alee is the founder of the rites of religion.

terious words before the image of the god, and, in the course of this recital, he gets into the state of Waren, and suddenly rushes forward towards the new patient; sometimes with the Koruda in his hand, and puts it round the neck of the patient; and sometimes without it, when he puts his arm round his waist. This movement often has the effect of making the patient fall insensible on the ground. Sometimes the Bhuktu, while reciting some mysterious words, *stares at the image of the god with apparently great rage*, and then *casts on the patient the same stern look*, which, in many cases, is quite sufficient to throw him insensible on the ground. These means failing, which is seldom the case, the Bhuktu holds a lime on the head of the patient, and cuts it vertically with a knife by drawing it backwards and forwards; and breaks a cocoanut in his front, sometimes by striking his clenched fist upon it, and sometimes with a bill-hook. When all these means fail, the operations are adjourned over to another night, preference being generally given to a Thursday. On the day preceding the night, the Bhuktu observes a fast, gives a feast to a number of Bramhins in the morning, offers a sacrifice to the intended Waren, invites some Faqueers in the evening, and makes them say Fatia, or prayers with Mahomedan ceremonies. These ceremonies, however, are not meant for Balu-Krishnu; for, during the time the Faqueers are before the Mukhuru, there is a screen put up in front of the image of this deity, so as to intercept it altogether from their sight. When these ceremonies are over, the new patient, who has been fasting the whole day, and has just bathed himself, is made to stand before the image of the god, and undergoes, in succession, the treatment already described, at the hands of the Bhuktu.

In general the Waren comes more easily on the night of Junmu Ush-tumee, which is also the eve of Gokoolu-Ushtumee, than any other.

When the Waren has taken full possession of the new patient, he feels a motion in his breast upwards, which is the last recollection he has of his natural state. He then falls senseless on the ground. The Bhuktu adopts again in succession the measures described before, to bring the Waren to a higher

stage. Sometimes for several days, months, and even years together, the Bhuktu cannot do to his new patient anything more than to throw him senseless on the ground with a hurried respiration. After an hour or so, when the Bhuktu wishes to restore him to his natural state, he places him before the image of Balu-Krishnu, *lays one of his hands on his neck*, sprinkles cold water upon his body, ties his hair into a knot, and causes the music and the burning of the frankincense and camphor to be stopped.

At a higher stage of the Waren, which can be attained only by the frequent repetition of these means, the patient contorts his limbs, jumps and dances about, claps his hands, and then holds them in that state sometimes over his head, sometimes at his breast, and sometimes between his thighs. He does not listen to any one addressing him, and we hear no other sound from him but that caused by his hurried and violent respiration. After dancing and leaping for some time, he throws himself down on the ground, and lying motionless for a few minutes, he sometimes recovers his senses of his own accord, and sometimes by the assistance of the Bhuktu.

At another stage, which is considered to be higher still, the patient after dancing for some time, squats himself down, with his body, sometimes the whole, and sometimes only a part, in a trembling state, answers any question put to him, holds a regular conversation generally in the Hindoostanee language, and after saying "*I am now going away*," drops senseless on the ground for a minute or half a minute; and then, recovering of his own accord, returns into the natural state. After such return he is wholly unconscious of what he said or did while in Waren. Some Warens do nothing but weep, others laugh, while some dance about with their hands and feet contorted in a peculiar manner.

Every Waren has its peculiar name. When any Waren, such as that of "the Sultan," is well established in the body of any person, he directs, in the course of his dancing, the persons engaged in beating Dhoomkas, who are generally persons connected with the Muthu, to shout in praise of his own name, by saying "Deen Pookaro! Deen Pookaro!" [Shout out

DEEN! Shout out DEEN!] whereupon they all at once shout "Sooltan ke, doste yaron, Deen!" [DEEN to the Sultan, beloved friends!] At this stage of the Waren, the Bhuktu can, at any moment, bring any one of the disciples who are engaged in beating

the drums, under the influence of the particular Waren he is accustomed to, just by Deen-pookar-ing in the name of that Waren, or by his simple volition; when the person at once darts from his seat, and commences dancing about.

CASE OF POSSESSION AND EXORCISM WITNESSED IN ONE OF KANOBA'S MUTHUS.

(COMMUNICATED BY THE SAME.)

One day, while several of the regular patients of a Bhuktu were under the influence of the Waren, and while the usual preliminaries, such as burning frankincense, beating drums, singing, &c., were going on, a strange patient from another Muthu, who had come there as a spectator, suddenly sprang from his seat, gave a great shout, pushed aside all the persons who were already under the influence of the Waren, rushed forward towards the image of the god with great violence, threw himself down on his knees and palms, and remained in that position, evidently under the influence of some Waren or spirit. He then commenced jumping about and contorting all his limbs—at one time clasping his hands together, at another time striking them against the floor with great force. In the meantime, those persons who had been before under the influence of the Waren, were so no longer; being suddenly transferred to their natural state.

The head of the Muthu was greatly enraged at the disturbance thus occasioned by the stranger; and—with the view of extorting from him answers, as to what the name of the spirit which possessed him was, and why it had come there, and ultimately of expelling it—tried very much to excite himself* into the state of Waren, but could not. All his old disciples, too, were seen gazing at the image of the god, evidently with the view of bringing themselves under the influence of the Waren; but, for some time, their efforts proved fruitless. While things were going on in this

manner, one of the long-standing patients or disciples in the Muthu, succeeded in his endeavours; and was suddenly filled by the presence of Waren, which the Bhuktu said was that of Vetalu, a chief servant of Shivu, constituted by him the king of all Hindoo devils. He immediately rushed forwards from those among whom he had been sitting; and, taking some ashes out of the vessel in which frankincense was burning, drew with it an unbroken line round the stranger, and said to him, in a voice of authority: "If you dare go beyond this line, you must suffer the consequence;" which had the desired effect of confining him within the circle. The following dialogue then took place between the man under the influence of the Vetalu Waren and the evil spirit in possession of the stranger:

EVIL SPIRIT—"Let me go; I am desirous of going now."

VETALU WARREN—"No, I will not permit you to go: first tell me who you are."

EVIL SPIRIT—"I am Sultan Mahomed."

VETALU WARREN—"No, you are not Sultan Mahomed. If you will not give me your right name, I will throw upon you these ashes which I hold in my hand, and consume you on the spot."

EVIL SPIRIT—"Do not! do not! I beseech you. I will give you my true name; I am a CHEDA:† do allow me to go."

VETALU WARREN—"Well, go if you can."

EVIL SPIRIT—"I cannot go while

* Is this the *energising* of the Alexandrian theurgy?

† CHEDAS, or TORMENTORS, are a class of devils enumerated in Mahratta demonology. Sultan Mahomed belongs, as formerly observed, to the Mahomedan. Both are familiar to the frequenters of Kanoba's Muthus.

you hold me thus confined ; I beseech you, open a passage for me."

VETALU WARREN.—"I will allow you to go, if you promise never to possess this man again."

EVIL SPIRIT.—"Yes, I pledge my word to it."

The Bhuktu then placed a cocoanut on a part of the line, and said to the stranger—"Well, depart through this cocoanut ; but if you ever dare to

come here again, you shall be cruelly tormented." Upon this, the stranger fell insensible on the ground for some time ; and when he recovered his senses was informed of what had passed ; for he was quite unconscious of it. He was very grateful to the Bhuktu for having expelled the CHEDA, which, he said, had long had possession of him, and was a source of great suffering to him.

CASE OF POSSESSION BY A HEDULEE, OR FEMALE DEVIL, AND ITS EXORCISM BY ONE OF KANOBA'S BHUKTUS.

(COMMUNICATED BY THE SAME.)

In Bombay, two or three years ago, we were witnesses to the following scene. A girl of sixteen suddenly fell down ; her limbs became contorted, and for a time she was utterly speechless. She then complained of being beaten by a woman, who, she said, sat upon her chest, struck her with her clenched fist, and now and then twisted her neck, so as to squeeze out her very soul. The girl described this woman as a tall female, dressed in a yellow garment, having her hair loose, and her forehead besmeared with a red powder called Pinjuru. Neither the writer of this paper, nor any of the other persons who stood round the girl, saw any such woman ; yet, when she was asked where the woman was, she answered—"Here she is, sitting upon my chest, striking me with her clenched fist, and twisting my neck to death." All the persons present immediately concluded that she was possessed by a devil, and a Bhuktu was sent for, who soon made his appearance. Having washed his mouth, hands, and feet, he sat down near the place where the girl was lying, burned frankincense, took some ashes in his hand, and then commanded the girl, or rather the devil in her, to rise and be seated. The girl refused to do so ; but upon the Bhuktu threatening to torment her, by blowing against her some of the ashes he held in his hand, she instantly obeyed his command, and sat up ; with her hands, however, resting upon the floor, and her head hanging down

upon her breast. The following dialogue then took place between the Bhuktu and the supposed Hedulee, or female devil in the girl:—

BHUKTU.—"What is your name ? Take care ! don't give me a false name, or I will torture you."

DEVIL.—"I am a HEDULEE."

BHUKTU.—"Why have you come here ? What business had you here ?"

DEVIL.—"As SHE [meaning the girl herself] was walking in the yard behind the house, arrayed in full dress, I saw HER from the tree upon which I was sitting, and took possession of HER."

BHUKTU.—"Will you go to your own place now ? if you will not, I can make you."

DEVIL.—"I have come here, I like the place, and I don't wish to go away now ; but if you wish to place me in your Devhara [tabernacle of the idol], I will do no harm to any one."

BHUKTU.—"No, no, you shall not be placed in the Devhara : leave this girl forthwith, or I will torment you."

DEVIL.—"Do not, I entreat you, do not ! I am ready to go, if you will promise to give me a goat every year."

BHUKTU.—"No, I will not give you a goat : are you going or not ?"

DEVIL.—"Then give me, at least, a fowl every year, and I will quit this place for ever."

BHUKTU.—"No, you shall not have a fowl either."

She then asked for several trifling things in succession, such as a cocoanut, a betelnut,* &c. ; but, being re-

* We are informed that these devils almost invariably ask, either to be allowed to go back to their own trees—trees being the ordinary lurking places of these beings,

fused every one of them, she was compelled to go away without having received anything. When the HEDULEE left the body of the girl, the latter dropped senseless on the ground; and, after a minute or half a minute, she got up as if she had just awakened

from a deep sleep, and began rubbing her eyes and adjusting her hair and dress. When questioned upon what had passed, she seemed to be quite unconscious of it, but appeared fatigued, and complained of tenderness and soreness in her limbs.

A VISIT TO ONE OF KANOBA'S MUTHUS.

Having obtained permission, with some difficulty, to visit one of the shrines of Kanoba on a Thursday night, the usual weekly night of operations, we drove out about seven in the evening, accompanied by a Bramhin who was acquainted with the Bhuktu, and had some knowledge on the subject of Waren. Our course lay through the thick woods of Girgaum. The sun had gone down; and the moon, already risen, was glinting at intervals through the palm-trees that overshadowed our road. After proceeding for about a mile through the woods, we had to alight, and thread our way on foot, by a narrow path that wound through the cocoanut trees, hemmed in on each side by walls mantled over with green ooze, from the damp vapours that perpetually exhale from a soil daily watered and unvisited by the sun. These, intercepted and condensed in their ascent during the day, by the branches of trees, may be heard, in the night time, again slowly trickling down, like a heavy, dropping rain. The moonlight fell here and there upon our path; and, within the walls on either side of us, we were saluted, as we advanced, by the prolonged and dismal baying of the numerous Pariah dogs who abound in these gloomy woods, otherwise so silent and solitary, and are for ever barking at the passing stranger, or howling at the moon. Occasionally, where the wall had partially crumbled down and left a gap, three or four of these gaunt creatures would appear suddenly upon the breach, and menace our approach, and follow our receding footsteps with angry expostulations at our intrusion upon their

dreary realm—"loca nocte silentia late."

The whole scene, indeed, and the purpose of our journey, brought to our minds, fancifully perhaps, that made by Æneas and the Sibyl, to behold the Stygian or, as Warburton teaches, the Eleusinian mysteries; and, though the black ewe-lamb, "*atri velleris agnam*," slain at the outset to the mother of Eumenides, would belong more appropriately to Devee than to Kanoba, yet the approach, at least, to the shrine of the latter would hold some comparison.

"Ibant obscuro solâ sub nocte per umbram,
Perque domos Ditis vacuas, et inania regna.
Quale per incertam lunam sub luce malignâ
Est iter in silvis.

— Visæque canes ululare per umbram."

After about a quarter of an hour's walk, we came to an opening in the woods, in which there was a straggling hamlet, containing a cluster of houses grouped together in an irregular crescent. The left horn of this terminated in a recess, that seemed a sort of court or farm-yard, where, amid some unyoked carts, a group of cows and bullocks lay quietly reposing and chewing their straw. In front of these was a low building, resembling a large barn or farm-house; and this, our guide informed us, was the Muthu of Kanoba.

Having stepped in to speak a few words to the Bhuktu, our guide returned, and conducted us into a wide, open veranda, which ran along the whole front of the house, and thence, through a narrow passage that struck out of it, straight before us, into a central room, where the owner of the

according to Hindoo notions, or to be placed in the Devhara or tabernacle; the latter request proceeding from the desire to participate in the worship, and share the incense offered to the idols.

mansion civilly received us. Chairs were brought for our accommodation ; and we had now time to observe the place and company into which we had come. The passage, through which we had entered, seemed to pierce the house to about one-half its depth ; and, up to that point, divided it into two unequal parts. On the right hand ran a narrow strip, containing one or two small rooms, occupied, as we found, by tenants : on the left lay the greater part of the anterior portion of the house, devoted to the accommodation of the shrine and its appurtenances. By an open door, facing the passage by which we had entered, we could see into the posterior division of the house, where some women were sitting, as is usual in this country, on the ground, surrounded by flour-mills, winnowing-baskets, earthen vessels containing water or grain, and other implements of household industry. The room where we sat was about twenty-one feet wide, and had been originally about twenty-four feet in length ; but a slip of nine or ten feet had been taken off in the direction of the front, of which nearly two-thirds had been partitioned off into some sort of store-room, and the remaining third formed an open recess communicating with the main room ; so that the Muthu formed really one large oblong, with another smaller oblong running out of it, at right angles, at the farther end.

In this small oblong, or recess, stood the tabernacle of Kanoba. It rested on an altar, or square platform of wood, which stood upon carved feet, or pillars, about sixteen inches from the ground. The tabernacle was a sort of miniature temple, consisting of four pillars supporting an irregular cupola, which, at its summit, shot up into a little minaret. The space between the pillars at the back was entirely filled up ; so as to form a background for the shrine. At the three remaining sides, the upper corners of each square between the pillars were rounded off into an arch of waving lines ; and all the space surrounding the arch, between the pillars and the base of the cupola, was filled up with ornamental net-work : so that the tabernacle appeared like a little temple or Kiosk, with one side built up, and the other three opened into arches. It was about five feet square

at the base, and nearly six feet high, exclusive of the altar and the cupola. The pillars were neatly carved, and crowned with little minarets ; and the whole was richly gilt over.

Around the tabernacle stood five or six massive brazen candlesticks, or, to speak more correctly, pillar-shaped standing lamps. These stood about four feet high : the circular pedestal of each was about seven inches in diameter : mouldings ran along them from the bottom to the top, where each expanded into a star-shaped saucer, for holding the oil and the various wicks. From each point of the radiated circle one of the lighted wicks protruded, sending forth a tongue of light.

In front of the shrine stood a row of censers ; not those pendulous urns which are at present used in the Roman Catholic Church, as formerly by the Magi—

" Here the music of prayer from a minaret swells,
Here the Magian his urn full of perfume is
swinging ;"

but short stands, or pillars, resting on circular pedestals, and crowned with expanding brasiers, which held the burning coals. In a corner of the recess behind the tabernacle leant a pole, supporting a banner of red silk, richly fringed with gold. From the beam which divided the recess from the main room, hung a massive bell, about seven inches in diameter at its orifice : and along the walls of the Muthu were suspended gongs, cymbals, tamborins, and kettle-drums, of various sizes. The space within the tabernacle ascended in a succession of steps, on which, among a crowd of other things, we perceived three images of Balu-Krishnu, covered with wreaths of jasmine. Garlands of the same powerful night-flower hung from pillar to pillar, and nearly smothered the articles within the tabernacle. In the front, on the platform, or altar, lay a large conch shell, with its point sawed off to make it vocal.

Five or six persons were sitting in the room beside the Bhuktu ; two of them, a youth and a boy, his children. The Bhuktu himself was a very stout, powerful man, with a strong, coarse, Triton-like face, one apparently more likely to be imposed upon, than to impose on others. He belonged to the caste of Bhundarees, who are most

commonly employed in tapping the palm tree for its sweet liquor, and afterwards distilling it into spirit, and selling it; but who, latterly, may be found in many other and higher pursuits, as carpenters, writers, lithographic printers,* &c. By trade he was a carpenter; and his house showed evidence of his being in comfortable, though not wealthy, circumstances.

The Bhuktu sat on a low stool in front of the tabernacle, conversing with us, as we sat at the corner of the recess. One of his sons, a youth of about seventeen years, appeared very sickly: his face was wan, and one of his thighs and legs was very much shrunk. We took occasion to inquire what was the matter with him, and, in conversing about his ailment, and offering such advice as we were able to suggest, we succeed in establishing our intercourse on a friendly footing. We now ventured to approach the subject of the thaumaturgic operations, and asked whether he was going to practice to-night. His answer was hesitating and dubious: he said, the other patients had not come: his son, who was the chief disciple, was too ill: he seemed, in a word, to have repented of the permission granted, and to wish to decline civilly, and without appearing to do so. Yet he made no positive refusal; and as he began, soon after, to trim the lamps of the shrine, and to cast camphor and incense on the brasiers, we began to think they were going to commence. This idea was confirmed, when, at some unobserved signal from him, all the persons in the room rose up at once, and repaired to the different musical instruments above-mentioned. One sat down, a little at one side of the tabernacle, with the conch to his lips; another laid hold of the tongue of the great bell overhead; a third held a gong suspended by a string in one hand, and a wooden hammer in the other, raised ready to strike; a fourth took the small, thick, cup-like cymbals, called TALU, used for beating time and for worship: and two or three got drums of different dimen-

sions ready. The Bhuktu himself, however, attracted our chief attention. Rising up from his stool, he seized a MORUCHUL, or long, thick broom of peacock's feathers; such as is commonly borne in India behind royalty, and waved around its head, lest irreverent fly or humming mosquito should visit the cheeks of princes too rudely; and, throwing a heap of incense and camphor on the coals, he cast himself into the attitude of a fencer lunging at an adversary; and extending the peacock broom, like a foil, towards the face of the central image of Balu-Krishnu, remained in that attitude for a few seconds perfectly still. On a sudden, the red flare of the camphor broke forth; the white curling clouds of incense rose up around the tabernacle; and the Bhuktu,—seeming to throw his whole soul into an intense gaze upon the idol,—began to vibrate the MORUCHUL in its face with a rapid, tremulous, flashing motion, produced by an almost imperceptible movement of his wrist, his arm and body remaining all the while perfectly motionless. Simultaneously with the first flash of the feathers in the idol's face, the conch, the bell, the cymbals, the gong, the drums, all began together,—and produced close to our ears a most intolerable and brain-crushing medley of noises; which, growing louder and more rapid every instant, at last compelled us, in order to preserve our senses, to rush out of the house, and seek relief in distance and the open air.

In about eight minutes the noise ceased, and we returned to the Muthu. All had relapsed into their former silence and apathy. The scene which had just taken place, was, the Brahmin informed us, merely the Dhoo-parutee, or usual vesper service to the idol; and we learnt that, owing to the reasons before alleged, no operations were to take place that night. Disappointed in the main object of our visit, and suspecting that there was, at the bottom of all the excuses made, a rooted unwillingness to have a European present, we were anxious to glean at least as much information as

* Gunput Krishnujee, a Bhundaree, has long had a Lithographic press established in Bombay; from which, besides a literary periodical, he has issued a valuable series of Mahratta and Sanscrit works, beautifully executed; especially an edition of the Geeta with five metrical translations or paraphrases, entitled *Geetarthu-Bodhinee*.

we could, in the way of conversation ; and, with this view, sitting down again at the corner of the recess, we entered into friendly discourse with the Bhuktu ; and a desultory conversation ensued, of which we have preserved the following notes.

VISITOR.—How long, friend, have you been a Bhuktu of Kanoba, and what led you to become one ?

BHUKTU.—I have been devoted to Kanoba from my birth. My mother was long barren ; she came to the shrine and made a vow to the god, that, if she had a son, she would devote him to his service ; I was that son ; and from my childhood I have been about the shrine.

VIS.—When did you first experience Waren ?

BH.—It has played in my body from a boy. It came upon me one day during the rites, and has since remained with me.

VIS.—What is the usual night on which your disciples meet ?

BH.—On Thursday night, if disposed to do so ; but they do not meet every Thursday ; only when disengaged, and disposed to rejoice before the god.

VIS.—How is the Waren brought on ?

BH.—It comes on different persons in different manners, according to their devotion and the pleasure of the god. Some old patients at the smell of the incense, the first word of the sacred song, or the first tap of the drum, are in Waren ; some gaze on the idol fixedly, with intense efforts of devotion, and mentally invoke the presence ; thereupon the Waren seizing them, they rush and cast themselves down before the idol ; on some I cast liquid ; or *blow ashes* from the censer ; some *I touch and handle and embrace* ; I draw them to and fro with this scourge ; or *shake it before their eyes* ; *I draw this broom of feathers down before them, quiveringly.*

VIS.—How does the Waren show its presence ?

BH.—In a hundred ways, as the god chooses to play in their bodies. Some leap about ; some laugh ; some cry out ; some dash their heads and limbs on the earth ; some twist their bodies and members about ; — crouching, climbing, or falling down senseless.

VIS.—Do any of them tremble in the head or limbs ?

BH.—*They all tremble ; the Waren comes on with trembling. It begins at the toes and feet, and goes up gradually, till the whole body shakes, and the head.*

VIS.—Does it render them insensible to pain ?

BH.—They dash themselves about and do not feel it. Look at this Koruda ; [here he handed us a formidable scourge, about two yards long, two inches in diameter at the thick end, and gradually tapering off to the lash.] I lash them with this enough to kill other people, and welt their bodies severely ; they do not even feel it.

VIS.—Do they feel fire ?

BH.—They often play with fire and are insensible to it ; *they even eat it.*

VIS.—Do they ever foretell the future ?

BH.—According to the degree of their Waren. The old disciples, who have long had Waren, tell future things, and see things not before them.

VIS.—And what do they gain by thus bringing on the Waren ?

BH.—They become cured of their own devil-maladies, and they cure others ; after initiation, their devotion is sufficient motive ; they delight to be possessed by the god.

VIS.—Do they fall asleep and wake again in Waren ?

BH.—Young patients commonly fall asleep ; and the violent movements of others end in falling insensible.

VIS.—But out of this state, do they awake in Waren, and talk in Waren ?

BH.—Old disciples who have long had Waren, like the Bhuktus, have the Waren constantly at command or in their own power ; [apule swadhina.] Such can be awake in Waren at pleasure, and prophecy.

Some people here came in with messages from out-door patients. The Bhuktu asked a few questions of each ; and, taking up some of the ashes from a censer, muttered some words over them, folded them up in a leaf, and gave them to be taken to the patients. Our dialogue then proceeded.

VIS.—What is it you have been sending ?

BH.—Ashes from before the god.

VIS.—What is it for ?

BH.—The sick will rub it on their foreheads and they will be cured.

VIS.—Is it for demoniac diseases only that you send this ?

BH.—We send it for all maladies ;

if they have proceeded from demoniac influence, this will cure them.

VIS.—And for those violent demoniac possessions accompanied with foaming, convulsions, &c. ?

BH.—Those are sometimes brought here ; sometimes I go to their houses. If violent, I sometimes drive out the devil by lashing them with the Koruad. Sometimes they are driven out easily at once ; sometimes the Waren of Kanoba must be communicated to them ; and they must remain patients a long time before they are cured.

VIS.—Do women see the men under Waren ?

BH.—Women are generally advised to stay away. If the people under Waren see a woman with a black saree on, they leap upon and injure her.

VIS.—And do you, friend, really believe in all this : these supernatural effects of Waren ; these exorcisms ; these cures by mere ashes ?

BH.—Look, sir, at this tabernacle ; these massive brazen lamps ; these various images, vessels and ornaments, some of them very expensive ; for example, this silver umbrella for the idol : well ! not one of these things were provided by me. Every one of them is a grateful tribute from some party, who has had personal experience of the truth of Kanoba. Must there not be reality, where such real and solid evidences are the fruits ?

VIS.—My friend, it is doubtless your interest to believe it real ; where such solid fruits, as you say, are the consequence, it is but too natural.

BH.—Nay, for that matter, I am quite independent. I get fifteen rupees a month as a carpenter, in the Gun Carriage Department. 'Tis devotion, not the hope of gain, that makes me a Bhuktu.

VIS.—What is that red flag in the corner ?

BH.—That is a flag sent to me from Puithunu, from the chief *Gadee* [spiritual throne] there, in acknowledgment of my power as a Bhuktu of Kanoba. We use it on Gokoolu-Ush-tumee. Some of these images and ornaments were also sent me from there.

VIS.—If your powers of cure be real, why cannot you cure that poor boy ? If the god is so propitious to you and him, and enters your persons, and enables you to heal others, why

does he not heal, or enable you to heal him ?

This remark seemed to strike him : he turned and exchanged a look of intelligence with one of his neighbours : and for a moment was silent ; but shortly after, he made the following curious answer :—

BH.—If my son's sickness were a devil-ailment, I could cure him ; but 'tis a bodily disease ; Kanoba's power is against devils.

At the moment, we thought this an ingenious evasion, but, on after reflection, we were struck with the answer, as possibly containing a natural truth in a mythic shape.

His god was not what we consider god, the ALMIGHTY ; but a specific, limited power, or effect, of nature [or super-nature], deified. His reply might, perhaps, be thus correctly translated into the language of medicine :—

“ If my son's complaint were epileptic, hysteric, or nervous, I could cure him by this process ; but, not being so, I am unable.”

We asked him to show us the images of Balu-Krishnu. He handed us one of the largest.

“ And this,” we said, “ is Kanoba ?”

“ No ! that is *not* Kanoba.”

“ Where then is Kanoba ?”

“ There !”

He placed in our hands a strange-looking, bright, copper tube, consisting of a cylinder six or seven inches long and three inches in diameter ; and terminated, at each end, by a cone of the same metal, about three inches long, forming one continued piece with the cylinder : three small rings were attached to the centre, for strings to pass through.

We turned this instrument round and round, expecting to find some image or etching of an idol ; but in vain.

“ Why, friend,” we remarked, “ we can see no Kanoba here.”

“ That,” he replied, touching the tube, “ that is KANOBA.”

“ This, friend,” we observed, after considering it more attentively, “ this is nothing but a gigantic amulet : it is exactly such as the little native children carry tied on their arms, only it is so large.”

“ THAT,” he rejoined, “ is KANOBA : it is CHARGED with KANOBA !”

A flood of light seemed to break upon us as he uttered this. We turned

to examine the interior of the tabernacle more attentively ; and saw alongside of the central Balu-Krishnee five of these tubes, side by side, in a row—all CHARGED with Kanoba ! 'Twas a true Kanobic battery ! The Leyden jar ; the magnetised phial ; and the Kanobised tube would seem, then, to be all modifications of the one principle, the accumulation of secret virtue or power, whether natural or supernatural, in charged vessels. In the Leyden jar, indeed, the power is now acknowledged to be physical : in the Kanobised tube it is viewed as spiritual : in the magnetised phial it seems to hover betwixt the two. But if any such secret as electricity, or electro-magnetism, were known in ancient Egypt, would it not have been regarded and preserved *there* as a mystic, rather than a natural, power ; and thus gradually have generated the idea of accumulating spiritual power in material vessels : as the VIRTUE of metallic magnets has gradually led, in modern times, to the phial of magnetised water ? The strangest thing of all is, that this monster amulet, charged with Ka-

noba, should consist of a central cylinder and two pointed conical extremes. Was this form, which is copied in the greater number of mimic amulets worn by men, women, and children, in Western India, originally derived from any reference to physical magnetism—to the centre of indifference, and the two antagonist polarities ? It may have been so ; and if, as we hope to show hereafter, this shape was undoubtedly borrowed from ancient Egypt, it probably *was* so : though, among those who now use it, the form has survived the reason. Even so, the modern Joshees, or astrologers of India, calculate eclipses by the mechanical use of old formula, the scientific principles of which not one of them understands.

We shall now take farewell of Kanoba for a period. We have much yet to say of his shrines, his Bhuktus, and their disciples ; but our diminishing space warns us to close ; and our readers, too, will probably be glad of a pause. Neither the pastoral nor the mystic rill must be allowed to flow too long.

" Claudite jam rivos pueri, sat prata biberunt."

ROMANCE OF THE PEERAGE.

WE are not sure that the title of this book* adequately expresses its nature or purpose. The word "Romance" will, to a large class of readers, be not unlikely to suggest that the author claims the privileges of a writer of fiction, and that, though the *dramatis personæ* are found in the recorded history of the country, he has yet the same power over their movements as the Greek tragic poet asserted over his Agamemnons and Helens, or as Scott and Bulwer have, in our day, over the obedient shadows of mighty chiefs and gorgeous dames and damosels, whom, having evoked, they compel into their service, not to react the scenes of their former life, but to appear as actors under such other circumstances as imagination may suggest. Mr. CRAIK's is a different purpose—one presenting, perhaps, greater difficulties. His is to exhibit the persons, whom he undertakes to describe, as they actually were; and his power over the characters of his story is limited by what he finds recorded in authentic documents. "The Romance of the Peerage" is a title that, interpreted by the book, would tell us, that the principle of selection to which any particular narrative owes its place in his work, is its being of that class to which, speaking of realities, we should give the epithet of romantic; and that it is taken from that debateable ground between public and private history which may be described as occupied by the Peerage. "It is with facts alone," says Mr. Craik, "that the present work professes to deal—it aspires in nowise to the airy splendours of fiction. The romance of the Peerage which it undertakes to detail is only the romantic portion of the history of the peerage."

The subject is happily chosen. Society in England—nay, everywhere—is essentially aristocratic, and the *family*, not the *individual*, is the first humanising thought—is that which, were it, could it be, absent, man would

be as the beasts of the field or of the forest. The peerage, in the abstract, is but this thought exhibited in the only form in which it can be easily shown. We have no especial veneration for the individuals of which any class is composed; but yet we think, in our day, that the members of the peerage are at least equal to those whom popular suffrage has raised to the rank of legislators. The debates in the Lords are, for the most part, superior to those in the Commons; but it is a mistake to think of the peerage in England as separating men into classes. Truly considered, it is one of the many ways in which the aristocratic element in the constitution becomes practically mitigated. There is scarcely a family in the land, however humble, that, through some or other of its branches, is not connected with the peerage. The instances are numerous of persons who, from the very lowest situations of life, have succeeded in establishing their rights as peers of the realm in virtue of the hereditary principle. Our laws, that know nothing of the de-humanising, left-handed marriages of the German nobility, give to the wife of a peer, no matter what the rank of her parents may be, all the rights which his wife, from whatever rank taken, could possess. To distinguished ability in every one of the recognised professions of civil life, the avenue to the House of Lords is scarcely less open than that of the House of Commons. But we must not be betrayed into a discussion that would lead us far from Mr. Craik's work, and compel an examination of the very principles on which society in England is founded. Were such a discussion possible for us at the moment, we know no writer who has done so much to assist us as Mr. Craik, both in the illustrations which the volumes before us afford, and yet more by the justness of the views which everywhere inspire and animate his

* "The Romance of the Peerage; or, Curiosities of Family History." By George Lillie Craik. Vols. 1 to 3. London: Chapman and Hall, 1849.

work, and of which we find in the third volume a formal exposition. We now advert to the way in which this privileged order is connected with all other classes, for the single purpose of saying, that in the choice of his subject Mr. Craik has been fortunate, having selected one which can scarcely be without considerable interest to almost every one in the community : —

“ The family history of the Peerage has the recommendation for the present purpose of having been much more largely recorded than any other family history ; such alimitation, besides, gives distinctness and manageableness to what would otherwise be a boundless subject. Nor is there any danger that our survey by being thus circumscribed will be confined to a single class of the community, and that the smallest ; there is no one of our ennobled families the history of which can be long pursued without conducting us over the whole field of English society. All of them have been mixed up in every possible way with every rank of the people. In some instances, the oldest and highest of them have gradually sunk, or been suddenly thrown down, to the humblest social position ; in other cases, the stream of descent has flowed for ages in the obscurest channel, and the heir to a coronet has been found in the descendant of generations of peasants or mechanics. Every ancient genealogical tree among us has projected itself over the land, by branch or offshoot, in all directions. Thousands of persons now hidden in the common crowd of the population, are the not remote connexions of the most distinguished houses, or the remnants of lineages that once were among the most honoured in the realm. The romance of the peerage, in this way, often descends to both the middle and the working classes.”

To the peerage itself the work, from its very nature, must be rather injurious in diminishing the kind of *prestige* with which the institution is regarded. The history with which we are occupied is the history of individuals, and it is not possible to think of romance in a life without at the same time remembering, that romance implies a deviation from established order and arrangement. The quiet performance of unostentatious but most important duties is the true distinction of the English nobleman ; but this will not do for romance, and so the selection must be of persons distinguished, and

distinguished for anything rather than the unassuming yet self-asserting good conduct which is the proper attribute of the best specimens of the class which gives its title to the work. The most orthodox historian of the Church will find his heroes in the greatest heretics ; royal societies will listen to full accounts of meteors and unusual phenomena, whom no one would think of enlightening by any statement of the laws of the planetary system ; and in the same way, we should remember that in any such work as that before us, the more irregular, and capricious, and self-willed the course of any man or woman whom Mr. Craik meets in his travels through Peerage-land, far and away, the better for his purpose.

Mr. Craik's work touches upon almost every incident of public interest for a period of about three centuries. Though there is no actual interruption of continuity at any one period of our annals, separating, as by a boundary, our ancestors from ourselves—though the changes of manners at any one period so insensibly blend with that which it precedes, and that which it follows—yet it is certainly true that for all practical purposes we scarce think of a period anterior to that of Elizabeth ; and with that period the first narratives in the volumes before us commence. With the history of a maternal relative of Queen Elizabeth is our first concern ; and she, fortunately for the dramatic unities of Mr. Craik's plot, lived to the age of ninety-five, which may thus be regarded as a fixed moment of time. She had married three times ; and when a woman gives to the world what Southey calls a Harleian miscellany of children by several authors, we have a certain unity of action and of subject, as the three families become, as it were, one, from the fact of their being so as her family. Though there is some shifting of the scenes, the unity of place is, on the whole, pretty well observed ; for the old lady is for some forty-five years, and through two, at least, of her marriages, resident on the same estate ; and that estate, the property of her second husband, and purchased by her third, passed finally to the grandson of her first. That place is not without associations that connect it with our own times ; for it is no other than the manor then and now known by the

name of Drayton. Who has not heard of Drayton Manor?

And who is this "sorceress of the silver locks," and what is the magic by which she has rendered Time powerless? Through that life of about a century strange things have been done by those with whom she was connected, and strange things were often said in which her name was mingled. Those strange things, as far as they are injurious to her, we do not believe; and our reasons for disbelief will appear in the course of this article; but the magic which enabled her to endure so much of marriage, and so much of widowhood—which kept her alive so long, and preserved within her an elastic spirit that rose above every calamity and affliction—was radiant good-temper. Nothing can be more beautiful—nothing that we have ever read exhibits the female character in a truer or more amiable light—than her letters to her son, from which we find in these volumes frequent extracts. But who is this sorceress, unchanged while all things are changing round her? Let Mr. Craik answer:—

"To the generality of my readers the very name of Lettice Knollys will probably be new. Yet she was one of Queen Elizabeth's nearest relations—as near as Mary Stuart, one degree nearer than Mary's son, who inherited Elizabeth's crown. She was the eldest daughter of Sir Francis Knollys, by his wife, originally Catherine Carey, whose mother was the elder sister of Anne Boleyn. Lettice was therefore first cousin once removed to her Majesty. Elizabeth, when she ascended the throne, at the age of five-and-twenty, in 1558, had neither father nor mother, brother nor sister, uncle nor aunt, alive; more than one of these nearest branches the axe had lopt off; the only individuals in existence more nearly related to her than Lettice Knollys, were Lettice's mother and that lady's brother, Henry Carey, soon after created Lord Hunsdon, who were her full cousins by the mother's side; and the Countess of Lennox and Duchess of Suffolk, the daughters of her father's sisters, Margaret and Mary. But these two latter ladies both speedily fell into disgrace, or under suspicion; their blood was too royal, or too red, as the phrase ran; so that her cousins of the Boleyn stock, the Careys and the Knollyses, had all the sunshine of the royal relationship to themselves.

"Sir Francis Knollys, besides being married to her first-cousin, had another claim upon her Majesty's consideration. He was one of the staunchest Protestants she had about her. Not that Protestantism was by any means one of Elizabeth's strongest passions. But in the circumstances it was necessary that she should be as much a Protestant as she could, and also that she should seek or accept the service and support of better Protestants than herself. She had, as it were, married Protestantism, and taken its name. Most of the Court Protestantism of that day, however, was of a somewhat damaged character. Even Cecil had conformed in the preceding reign; and most of the other courtiers and ministers of the new Queen, however zealous professors they had become since her accession, or had previously been in the days of her brother, had, in like manner, deemed it better in those of her sister to go to mass than either to the stake or into exile. But Knollys, who had been in office under Edward, had resigned everything, and, shaking the dust of his native land from off his shoes, had betaken him to where the Gospel light shone full and free in its native land of Germany, whence he had returned, when the darkness passed away at home, a fiercer Protestant than ever. Indeed, like most of the refugees whom this change brought back to England, he was now probably ready for a second Reformation, if such a thing should come in his way. Elizabeth held what had been already done to be quite enough; but there was no danger in the more extreme principles of her cousin Knollys, who was very well contented to accommodate himself to the established order of things for the present. She never employed him in any high capacity; but he was much in her confidence so long as he lived; and, besides giving him the Household appointment, first of Vice-Chamberlain, afterwards of Treasurer, she gratified the vanity, or rewarded the fidelity, of the worthy Puritan by making him a Knight of Garter.

"No account of her that has fallen in my way has mentioned when his eldest daughter was born; but a notice of her age in a letter written in her lifetime, to be afterwards cited, shows it to have been in 1539 or 1540. Questionless the little Lettice would be duly nurtured upon the sour milk of the paternal faith; and, notwithstanding sundry startling or puzzling indications, a soul of Puritanism may have lived in her to the end of her days. The light is not always gone out when it is not to be seen. But, whatever may have been

her condition as to one kind of grace, we cannot reasonably doubt that she was amply endowed with another kind—that she was ‘in outward show elaborate,’ even if she might be ‘of inward less exact.’ Her history would seem sufficiently to prove that ‘the fatal gift of beauty’ had not been withheld from her.

During the life of her father, Lettice became the wife of Walter Devereux, the first Earl of Essex of that name. Mr. Craik’s plan renders it necessary for him to state, with more particularity than, for any purposes of our paper, it is an object to follow, the ancestry of Walter Devereux. His father had married the daughter of the first Earl of Huntingdon, and Walter Devereux was their son. A few weeks before Elizabeth’s accession he had succeeded his grandfather as second Viscount of Hereford. At this time he was but seventeen years of age.

His marriage with Lettice Knollys was, we are told, some time between 1560 and 1565. He was recommended to the notice of Cecil by Sir Henry Sidney, in 1568, and soon afterwards employed by the persons to whom the custody of Mary Queen of Scots had been assigned. He was accused of aiding in the project of marrying Mary to the Duke of Norfolk by Lesley, Bishop of Ross. We have his reply: the offended tone in which he replied to an offensive imputation probably displeased Cecil—“That which the Bishop of Ross hath reported of me is most untrue. For any unfit speech which past from mee, either of the Duke of Norfolk or of the Earl of Leicester, I desire but to have it justified to my face when time shall serve. I have spoken nothing which I will not say again; and yet, that have I not said which might give either of them cause of offence.” This was not a tone which Leicester could endure; and the reply of Elizabeth to the Earl of Huntingdon, Mary’s gaoler, says, “We see no cause that our cousin of Hereford should remain there at Sutbury, but to be in readiness at his own house for our service, if any of you should have need thereof.”

We next find Hereford under circumstances which prove he had little sympathy with Mary or her partisans. The dangerous insurrection which was

known by the name of the Rising in the North, gave him the opportunity of doing good service, which was acknowledged and rewarded by the Queen. Hereford was the lineal representative of the Bouchiers, and on the death of William Parr, Marquis of Northampton, without issue, the earldom of Essex became extinct, and the manor of Braintree, in Essex, reverted to the crown. The Queen bestowed the manor on Hereford, and soon after revived in his person the title of Earl of Essex, which had been borne by the Bouchiers. At the ceremony of his creation, the Queen herself, leaning over him as he bent before her, placed the sword-belt across his shoulder, and the cap and coronet upon his head. Soon after he received the Garter. In the month of January following, he was one of the peers who sat in judgment on the Duke of Norfolk.

We next meet Essex in Ireland. He proposed the reduction of Ulster on condition of being given half the lands which he should rescue from the rebels; and, for the purpose of obtaining money for the adventure, he mortgaged to the Queen, for ten thousand pounds, the lands she had lately given him in Essex. Fuller tells us that he was encouraged in this enterprise by one “that loved his nearest relative better than himself,” and that, in pursuing it, Essex “was sensible that his room was more welcome than his company at court.” In this way Fuller hints at the scandal which already, it appears, made free with the names of Leicester and our heroine, Lettice.

The Irish adventure could not well have been more unprosperous. Fuller amuses himself at Essex’s expense: “He mortgaged his fine estate, and afterwards sold it outright for money to buy a bear’s skin, but when he came to take the bear, he found greater difficulties than he expected.” This purchase and sale of bear’s skins was common enough in Elizabeth’s day, and at later periods of Irish history, and it has never had the slightest success. Essex’s plans for the pacification of the country, as far as we can understand from his letters preserved in the “Sidney Papers,” were judicious, and might have been successful if he and the Lord Deputy—who seems to have regarded his own

power as abridged by Essex's appointment as governor of Ulster—were not engaged in a game of cross-purposes, which defeated everything that Essex attempted. It was in vain that Essex succeeded in the field—he was allowed to reap no fruits of the victory. It was in vain that he sought to effect some good by negociation. He complains of conduct on the part of the Lord Deputy and the council that compromised the honor of the Queen, and made Essex appear to have broken his word with the parties with whom he dealt:—"My lords," he says, writing to the council in Dublin, "I humbly desire you to consider well of this matter. It is somewhat to me (though little to others) that my house should be overthrown with suffering me to run myself out of breath with expenses. It is more, that in the word of the Queen I have, as it were, undone, abused, and bewitched with fair promises, O'Donnell, Mac Mahon, and all others that pretended to be good subjects in Ulster. It is most, that the Queen's Majesty shall adventure this estate [run the risk of losing this kingdom of Ireland], or else subdue rebellion with intolerable charge.

Let my life here be examined by the strictest commissioners that may be sent, I trust that in examining my faults they will allege this for the chief, that I have unseasonably told a plain, probable, honorable, and effectual way how to do the country good.

"For, of the rest, they can say nothing of me but witness my misery by plague, famine, sickness, continual toil, and continual wants of men, money, carriages, victuals, and all things meet for great attempts. And, if any of these have grown by my default, then condemn me in the whole. I pray you, my lords, pardon my earnestness; I think I have reason, that am thus amazed with an over sudden warning, that must take a discharge before I am made acquainted with the matter."

In Essex's letters there is the manliness and directness of purpose that compels our hearts to go with him, and we concur in the feeling which bursts involuntarily from our author, when dealing with this part of his subject:—

"Noble Essex! gentle as brave, and wise as eloquent, one might almost believe that, if thou hadst lived and been allowed to work out thy own will in thy own way, thou mightest have made something even of Ireland and the Irish, and the half-dozen re-conquests of the country, or thereby, that have had to be effected since thy time, with little satisfactory result after all, might have been rendered unnecessary."

There is a letter from Sir Nicholas White, Master of the Rolls in Ireland, which we wish Mr. Craik had seen, in which he speaks of the mischief certain to arise from revoking Essex's commission, and of the course then pursued in the management of Ireland—"There are two things that seem strange to us here, if true—the one the letting of the realm to farm, wherein so many hearts may be alienated from the landlord to the farmer; and the other is the casting up of the earl's enterprise between the fallow and the seed, which will make Ulster desperate, and all the rest doubtful; and truly, if the look not back where the began, and review both the man and the matter, the shall puff up the Irish into incorrigible pride, and pull down the hearts of all good English subjects to a perpetual diffidence of any settled government in this realm. There cannot go out of this land a man with greater fame of honour, nor can come in whose bounty hath deserved more; and if that noble mind, desirous of honour, and so careless of gain, were employed with the association of grave council, I believe God hath ordained him to do great things."

It would seem that after his public employment had ceased, Essex remained for more than a year in Ireland. Craik tells us that he made no effort to rejoin his family; causes for domestic jealousy had not improbably arisen. On his reappearance in England, he had an interview with the Queen, and Ireland was under the government of another Lord Deputy. As Sir Henry Sidney was now the governor, and as Sidney was Essex's first patron, we might expect such an understanding between him and Essex as would have been of good augury for the tranquillity of Ireland. It would not appear, however, that much immediate good resulted. Sidney was married to the sister of Leicester.

Were Leicester's plans and Essex's incompatible in these public matters ; or had the jealousies which interrupted the happiness of Essex's private life extended to everything in which he was concerned ? We know not, but Walsingham seems to have had his misgivings, for, in a letter of instructions to Sidney, adverting to Essex's position, who was now sent to Ireland with the title of "Earl Marshal of Ireland," he tells him :—

"And therefore, good my lord, let your ears be closed against tale-bearers, who make their profit of dissension. That nation [the Irish] as I learn, is cunning in that profession ; and, therefore, it behoveth your lordships both to be very circumspect in that behalf. I pray God that pestilent humour receive no nourishment from hence. When I fall into consideration of the soundness of both your judgments, then I shake off all fear ; but, when I call to mind the cursed destiny of that island, I cannot put off all dread. I hope your own wisdoms, the calling on any of your friends here, and the good ministers about you there, will prevent the malice of such as shall seek any way to slander you."

"He returned to Ireland in the spring of 1576. There he soon found his position worse than ever. He bore up against everything for some months ; but at last, having been suddenly taken ill at his own house in Ulster, on the night of Thursday, the 30th of August, he rapidly grew worse ; and, having two days after come to Dublin Castle, he lay there till he expired, about eleven o'clock on the morning of Saturday, the 22d of September."

Mr. Craik discusses at more length than was necessary, if the mere object were to dispose of the fact, a question which at the time excited much inquiry. It was surmised that Essex's death was the effect of poison ; it occurred at a time so convenient to Leicester, who soon after married his widow, that the report received easy credence—the belief of every one being that Leicester took this mode of removing obstacles of a kind insuperable to ordinary men. The evidence, however, is decisively against the supposition, though it was one which it would appear, during some period of his illness, Essex himself entertained, and which, not to disturb the dying man, some of the persons

about him countenanced. He wrote on his death-bed an affecting letter to Elizabeth, making requests for his son, with which she complied. Mr. Craik has painted the delicacy of thought and feeling exhibited in this letter. He shrinks from alluding to his wife, whose conduct probably had given strong reasons for the scandal that connected her name with Leicester's :—

"The whole letter is beautiful and affecting in the highest degree ; but especially admirable and noble is the delicacy with which one unhappy subject is touched upon. God hath made his poor children fatherless ; and, therefore, he makes his humble suit that it will please her Majesty to be as a *mother* unto them. It is spoken so meekly and tenderly, with such freedom from all bitterness, as to express no reproach, but rather only pity, for her who ought to have been a mother to them. Afterwards, where the mention of the circumstance is necessary to explain the true state of his affairs, he speaks with the same composure of the dower that will have to be paid to his widow out of his son's scanty inheritance. And again, in another passage, he does not hesitate to remind her Majesty that his poor son is her kinsman, although the relationship was through the boy's mother. This is the reality of that Christian forgiveness, the parade of which, even from dying lips, is often no better than a form."

Essex was a man thoroughly honest, but it was not an age in which honesty seems to have been appreciated. In his funeral sermon, preached by a bishop of the day, the preacher finds nothing to tell us of but the nobility of his countenance, "planted by the especial gift of God, even from his mother's womb. . . . I have yet further to speak of his lordship, that I believe there be very few noblemen in England more expert and ready in chronicles, histories, genealogies, and *petigrues* [so the right rev. Welshman writes the word], of noble men and noble houses, not only within the realm, but also in foreign realms, than this noble earl was in his time. He excelled in desecring and blazing of arms, and all skill pertaining thereto ; and, to be short, his understanding and capacity was so lively and effectual, that it reached to all kind of matters that a perfect nobleman shall have to deal

withal in this world." Well done, Bishop Davies, with thy worthy notions of a perfect nobleman! Hereafter we shall have it proved, on thy authority, by some antiquarian of the days to come, that friend Pettigrue's *Dublin Directory* had its commencement in Essex's days. This funeral sermon ought to be quoted in all his advertisements.

Essex's widow—our heroic heroine—soon after married the Earl of Leicester; the rumours of the period had, before Essex's death, represented her as having borne a child to Leicester during her husband's absence in Ireland; a private marriage, immediately after Essex's death, sanctioned the continuance of their intercourse. Lettice's father, however, when he came to learn how matters were, had them publicly married. At this time Leicester was in the highest favour with the Queen; but there were dark reports to which the most incredulous gave some attention. Entire disbelief of the crimes attributed to him does not appear to have been the state of feeling with any one, nor perhaps was there any one who gave them entire credence. The sudden deaths, and often under circumstances of the strongest suspicion, of persons, whose continuance in life was inconvenient to him, gave rise to a phrase of the day, which denominated sudden death by the name of a *Leicester cold*.

Among the higher ranks, "In great Eliza's golden time," to die in one's bed or by any of the usual forms of disease, would scarcely have seemed a natural death. There is not a family mentioned in Mr. Craik's first volume, of which the greater number of persons at all known to history did not lay down their lives on the scaffold. The relentlessness with which, when a verdict, or an attainder by act of parliament, gave the life of an obnoxious individual to some opposing faction, the sentence was executed, rendered the thought of violent death familiar. Of the Queen's own nearest relatives, many had thus pe-

rished. Of many branches of the Howards with whom our author has to deal, the axe had made wide havoc. Leicester's grandfather, father, and brother had been executed. Death in its more peaceful aspects could scarcely in those days have been the daily thought it has since become; and when any circumstances creating the slightest suspicion of foul play arose, the vilest reports were at once believed and circulated. Leicester was married in 1550 to Amy, daughter of Sir John Robsart—the date is mentioned in a memorandum of King Edward the Sixth, who adds, that after the marriages there were certain gentlemen that did strive who should take away a goose's head, which was hanged alive on two cross posts.* In 1560 the death of Amy Robsart occurred.

"The reader perceives already that the real circumstances of this marriage of Dudley with Amy Robsart were altogether different from those out of which the great modern romancist has woven his exciting fiction. Nor was the bride's father an obscure Devonshire knight, as Scott makes him, but the head of a most distinguished family seated in the county of Norfolk. He seems to have been dead when his daughter's marriage took place; and to have died, moreover, in circumstances which forfeited his estates to the crown. Possibly, Northumberland had the recovery of these estates in view when he married his son to Robsart's daughter; and in 1557, in the reign of Philip and Mary, the Lord Robert Dudley had a grant for life of what appears to have been the principal one, called Sedistern, of which accordingly, he retained possession till his death. It then went to the cousin and heir of Amy Robsart, John Walpole, Esquire, of Houghton, from whom it descended to his great-great-grandson, Sir Robert Walpole, the prime minister. Sir Robert Walpole and Amy Robsart! Such are the fantastic conjunctions which family history is continually disclosing. The minister was actually the representative of the heroine of romance, being her first cousin only five times removed."

* In Grose's Dictionary, we have the word GOOSE-RIDING thus explained. "A goose whose neck is greased, being suspended by the legs to a cord tied to two trees, or high posts, a number of men on horseback, riding full speed, attempt to pull off the head, which if they effect, the goose is their prize. This has been practised in Derbyshire within the memory of persons now living—1811.

In the Court of Elizabeth, Leicester appears to have been all successful, and yet the dark suspicions occasioned by the death of his wife at a time that he was supposed to be playing for the hand of Elizabeth or of the French Queen, as Mary of Scots was then called, still clung to him. They are alluded to in a letter of Cecil's, the guarded and designedly ambiguous language of which is scarcely consistent with any other interpretation. They are distinctly mentioned in the correspondence of Sir Nicholas Throckmorton, the English Ambassador in France. They are formally stated in a curious document drawn up by Cecil in 1666, as among his reasons against Elizabeth's marriage with Leicester :—

“1. Nothing is increased by marriage of him either in riches, estimation, power; 2. It will be thought that the slanderous speeches of the Queen with the Earl have been true; 3. He shall study nothing but to enhance his own particular friends to wealth, to offices, to lands, and to offend others; 4. *He is infamed by death of his wife*; 5. He is far in debt; 6. He is like to prove unkind, or jealous of the Queen's Majesty.”

Leicester was the best abused of mankind, and the most unlucky if that abuse had no real foundation in his own crimes; the French Cardinal, Chatillon, after having thwarted some of Leicester's intrigues, is about to embark for the continent—he falls sick at Canterbury, and dies, and straightway he is described as poisoned by Leicester. Throckmorton is on a visit at Leicester's house. “His lungs,” says Leicester, “were perished, but a sudden cold he had taken was the cause of his speedy death.” Other accounts were, that “he had been poisoned by a salad he had eaten at dinner.”

There was another case which affected Leicester's character yet more deeply. Our heroine, Lettice Knollys, had a cousin, Douglas Howard, daughter of William, the first Lord Howard of Effingham, and cousin-german to Anne Bullen; and also to Henry the Eighth's fifth wife. She

was married to John Sheffield, the second Lord Sheffield; but in one of Elizabeth's royal progresses she had the misfortune of meeting Leicester at the Earl of Rutland's; Leicester's triumph over the lady was speedy; and if he was also at the time wooing the Queen, he seems to have been a singularly active fellow at winning ladies' hearts. The royal visit to Belvoir Castle lasted but a few days, but in those few days the conquest was effected. “There is small hope,” says Gervais Hollis, “that she who has once permitted a siege, can hold out.” The paramours plotted the murder of Sheffield, and a letter of Leicester's, dropped accidentally by the lady, and found by the sister of Sheffield, revealed the intention. When Sheffield learned the project, he made his way to London, seeking revenge for the injuries sustained and meditated; but Leicester has already made more work of it before they can meet—“he bribes an Italian physician (whose name I have forgot), in whom Lord Sheffield had great confidence, to poison him; which was immediately effected after his arrival in London.”*

How much or how little of this is true we have no means of conjecturing. That Sheffield died, and died unexpectedly, seems certain. It is equally certain that his widow was soon after the mistress or the wife of Leicester—most probably the mistress—

* She calls it marriage; with that specious name
She veils the sin, and sanctifies the shame;”—

but if marriage, it was certainly clandestine; and Leicester, during the existence of this relation with her, found time to pay attentions to her sister, Frances Howard, and to continue his courtship of Queen Elizabeth. In 1573, Gilbert Talbot, writing to his father, tells us—“Leicester is very much with her Majesty; she shows the same great affection to him that she was wont; of late she has endeavoured to please her more than heretofore. Two sisters now in the court are very far in love with him, as they have been long—my Lady Sheffield and Frances Howard. They, alike striving who shall love him better, are at great wars together; and the Queen

thinketh not well of them, and not the better of him; by this means there are spies over him." Frances Howard was then but nineteen. In due time she married, and died, and was buried in Westminster Abbey; and the inviolable affection of Edward Earl of Hertford, for the many graces, both of mind and body, of this the second of his wives, is recorded in the inscription on a sumptuous monument. Douglas, at the time Talbot was writing, had already borne a son to Leicester. Leicester denied any marriage with her, but acknowledged his paternity. Her narrative, after Leicester's death, was, that having insisted on her marriage with him, and having resisted some arrangements of his to dispose of her in marriage to another, she found her health declining. Her hair and nails beginning to fall off, were symptoms to her imagination that her food had been drugged, and that her life would probably be the sacrifice, if she any longer opposed Leicester's plans. To save herself in the only way which was open to her, from the subtle poisons which, she made no doubt, Leicester had been already administering, she became the wife of Sir Edward Stafford.

The widow of Essex was probably the attraction that separated Leicester from Douglas Howard. But Leicester seems to have had a stronger passion than love—inordinate ambition. The language of the mystical theologian is often scarcely distinguishable from that which expresses the hopes and the raptures of human passion. Leicester lived in a day in which, however ill-regulated the conduct of men might be, none doubted the realities of religion; and we see no reason to distrust Leicester's professions, strangely as they may appear contrasted with his practice. Whatever might be his conduct, or whatever the deceptions he practised on his own mind or the mind of others, there is no doubt that at this period Leicester was regarded as the leading man of the Puritan party; and he did all he could to cultivate what Mr. Craik happily calls "the rhetorical part of religion." What a strange thing is the human heart!—how impossible to detect its hidden springs of action! Was this courting of the Puritans, then a party rising into power but

hypocrisy? We should fear to answer in the affirmative. And yet we are told, that when Leicester and Walsingham abandoned the Puritans, "they did absolutely renounce any further intercession for them, professing that they had been horribly abused with their hypocrisy." If this be Leicester's language, and not Heylin's own, from whom we have it, is his accusation of his brother Puritans of hypocrisy a proof of his own sincerity, when he was to be reckoned as "walking with them?" There is a striking passage in Mr. Craik's book, which well describes the state of society at this time, and the bearing of men's minds on these religious questions with a fervour which, in our peaceful day, can scarcely be brought before us, even with the strongest exercise of imagination:—

"It was a strange, self-contradictory time, difficult to be understood or imagined in our day, when the violent agencies then in operation have long spent their force, and all things have subsided into comparative consistency and decorum. Religion was a mighty power, was indeed universally confessed, and in general undoubtingly believed, to be the thing that was entitled to carry it over all other things. Men, almost without exception, looked upon the truths of religion much in the light in which we now look upon the laws of nature, as evident necessities, escape from which was wholly out of the question. A person would have been held a fool or a lunatic who had appeared to think otherwise. This explains not merely the universal profession of religion, by persons of whatever character or manner of life, but the generally manifest sincerity of the profession. The blight of unbelief had scarcely yet touched men's minds. The common faith, Protestant or Catholic, was as much the sustenance of all alike as the common air. It was in this respect almost as in the palmy days of ancient Paganism, as in Greece in the time of Homer, or, indeed, for ages afterwards, when he who did not discern and acknowledge a present deity in any one of certain common natural occurrences, would have been deemed not to see or hear aright, not to have the proper use of his senses.

"If this had been all, one might envy a time when the earth, thus gorgeously illumined by imagination, and hung with splendours not its own, might be thought to lie so near to the gate, so close

under the crystal battlements, of heaven; and when men, unsubdued by sense, walked so much in the light of the spiritual and invisible, and were exalted and upheld by so much that has now for ever passed away. But the actual effect was considerably different from what a lively fancy might picture it. It would almost seem as if religion had lost, instead of gained, in practical power and efficacy, by being thus universally received and submitted to as a matter of course. In accepting its doctrines with the same dead acquiescence, as we may call it, with which the mind surrenders itself to the propositions of the mathematics, or to any simple physical truth, the less scrupulous spirits of the first age of the Reformation seem many of them hardly to have connected more of sentiment or affection with their religious belief than with their belief in the law of nature, according to which a stone dropt from the hand falls to the ground. They even appear to have considered themselves entitled to treat the religious truth and the physical truth on many occasions in the same way; and, as they could arrest the action of the law of gravitation at any time by the application of some opposing force, in like manner by some analogous contrivance to suspend and neutralise any principle or precept of religion whenever they chose. The principle, indeed, was not to be overturned, or for a moment gainsayed or questioned; but still it was to be kept under management and control, just as if it were a principle of mechanics or chemistry. The fierce and all-absorbing contest between the two rival forms of Christianity had hushed all disputation, had stopped all doubt, all reflection, all investigation about Christianity itself; had made that on all hands be simply taken for granted; and this was the result.

“Above all, there was the mixed and imperfect character of the yet recent civilisation, only showing its green summits here and there from amid the waste. It was a wild confusion of civilisation and barbarism. A century of convulsion and violent change, first a sanguinary and desolating civil war, then a more bitter religious strife, although it may have given an impulse to the social progress of the country at some points, could not but have retarded or paralysed it at others. Nor could a generation which had sprung out of such a time grow up without retaining much of its half-savage spirit. Even the external and material civilisation of this age was the most startling display of incongruities and incompleteness—the most curious patchwork of

cloth of gold and frieze. And that was but a type or emblem of its mental and moral civilisation, which in like manner everywhere betrays its volcanic origin by such intermixtures and combinations as seem to us in the present day all but incredible, unintelligible, and impossible.”

Leicester, though married, never actually abandoned the hope of the Queen's hand. There appears to have been always some mystification as to the fact of his marriage. In a letter to Burghley we find him alluding to it, and evading any distinct acknowledgment—“Her Majesty, I see, is grown into a very strange humour, all things considered, towards me, however it were true or false, as she is informed, the state whereof I will not dispute. Albeit I cannot confess a greater bondage in these cases than my duty of allegiance oweth. . . . As I carried myself almost more than a bondman many a year together, so long as one drop of comfort was left of any hope, as you yourself, my lord, doth well know; if being acquitted and delivered of that hope, and by both open and private prohibitions and declarations discharged, methinks it is more than hard to take such an occasion to hear so great a displeasure for. . . . I have lost both youth, liberty, and all my fortune reposed in her.”

“Surely these expressions can bear only one interpretation. Can the hope in which Leicester here speaks of having worn away his life, till he had been wholly acquitted, delivered, and discharged of it, be any other than the hope of marrying Elizabeth? The matter of which her Majesty had been informed, and with regard to which he will not dispute whether what she had heard be true or false, is, of course, his marriage with Lady Essex.”

The fortunes of Penelope Devereux, the daughter of our heroine Lettice, by Essex, and for whom her father had, on his deathbed, expressed the hope that she might become the wife of Sir Philip Sidney, next engage Mr. Craik's attention; but the history of that lady makes a good story in itself, which, as we shall tell it at some other time, must not now interrupt us. We almost wish that Mr. Craik had made it a distinct nar-

rative; as it is not always easy to see our way clearly through the varied episodes, among which, without the utmost watchfulness, we are likely to be misled from the true path. Our eye must fix itself on the old motionless sphynx, while Time circles round her. Lettice Knollys alone unchanged—husbands and children, and husbands' children and grandchildren, nay, great grandchildren, playing their social parts in life—marrying clandestinely, and escaping the bonds of marriage publicly—still fading rapidly from the observer's eye—one fixed point it is well to have; and this our heroine very conveniently furnishes.

We have said that Leicester did not at any time quite abandon the hope of becoming Elizabeth's husband. For this purpose, no doubt, were the festivities at Kenilworth devised, which are well described by writers of Elizabeth's day, and which all our readers know through Sir Walter's romance. With the story of Leicester's first wife Sir Walter has connected, in the exercise of the undisputed rights of fiction, many incidents of Leicester's latter days. The true story is well told by Mr. Halpin, in his very interesting and very beautiful examination of a passage in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, which he thinks was suggested to Shakspeare by his having been an eyewitness of the splendid pageants exhibited on the occasion.

We have the scene clouded, and "the princely pleasures" cut short, by some transient fit of ill-temper on the part of the Queen; who, however, soon resumed her wonted cordiality towards him. It is scarce possible to think that Elizabeth regarded Leicester with anything of the feeling that is called love. We are not sure that Gregorio Leti has not hit the mark, when he makes Elizabeth confess to the ladies of her court, "that she had not loved the Earl of Arundel but for motives of religion; nor the Earl of Leicester, but on account of the obligations she owed him; nor the Earl of Somerset, but on principles of policy; and to be better served by a number of favourites, and making use of their reciprocal jealousies to attach them all the more firmly to her ser-

vice; but that she had never truly loved any except the Earls of Devonshire and Essex." When Leicester was spoken of as aspiring to her hand, she answered in a passion—"Dost thou think me so unlike myself, and so unmindful of my royal majesty, that I would prefer my servant, whom I have myself raised, before the greatest prince in Christendom, in choosing of a husband?"*

Elizabeth's vexation, when she discovered Leicester's marriage was but temporary. It was not greater than she was in the habit of exhibiting whenever any marriage took place in the court circle. A burst of fretful impatience—a strong expression of anger and indignation at the fact of a marriage, which, in any way in which it can be viewed, was most disgraceful to the parties contracting it, was all that exhibited Elizabeth's feeling; and warmth of temper is rather to be inferred from her conduct, than warmth of affection. In a few days he stood as high in the royal favour as ever; and, as Mr. Craik observes, his reputation continued unaltered with the general public. Radcliffe, Earl of Sussex, died early in 1583. He was no friend of Leicester's; and on his deathbed he bad his friends "beware of the gipsy—he will be too hard for you; you know not the beast as I do." What can Sussex mean by giving the name of gipsy to Leicester? It was at the time interpreted into Leicester's employing the secret arts of witchcraft or medicated potions, in which a degraded and dreaded tribe were supposed to deal; and the old story of Leicester's employing poison to rid himself of an enemy was generally believed. It is strange with what pertinacity this impression of Leicester's character seized on the universal public mind. If there were anything like reasonable grounds for the imputation, the evidence has not come down to our times. In the case of Mary Queen of Scots, there can be no doubt that Walsingham wrote officially to Sir Amyas Poulet and Sir Drew Drury, in whose custody Mary was, that Elizabeth regarded it as "a lack of zeal in her service that they did not find some way to shorten the life of that queen, consi-

* Camden's "Elizabeth"

dering the great peril she is in hourly, so long as that queen should live." It is equally certain, that though the letters have been preserved, anxiety was expressed by Walsingham that they should be destroyed. When the Babington conspiracy was first detected, Leicester was in the Low Countries; but is stated to have written from thence advising that Mary's life should be silently taken away by poison, and to have sent a divine to satisfy Walsingham of the carefulness of such a course. On Leicester's return, he was understood to have continued to give the same advice. Walsingham, on the pretence of illness, absented himself from the deliberations in which her execution was determined on, and Leicester was also absent. They both endeavoured to satisfy James that they were not parties to the act. So did Elizabeth. It was sought to throw the whole responsibility of the act on the Secretary of Council. But Walsingham's communications with Mary's gaolers were made at the very time of his pretended sickness. The letters were first printed by Hearne, in the notes to his "Robert of Gloucester," and are to be found in Kippis's *Biographia Britannica*, article DAVISON.

We wish that the writer of an article such as this, in a popular magazine, could adopt the convenient division of his subject into chapters, and thus avoid the effect of abruptness; as before dismissing Leicester from the scene, it would be desirable to introduce to our readers a person with whom they must become acquainted, if they follow the future fortunes of Lettice Knollys. Christopher Blount, destined to be the last of the husbands of this polyandrian lady, had, in early life, been the pupil of Cardinal Allen. He had served in the Low Countries under Leicester, and after Leicester's final return to England, Blount had been knighted by Lord Willoughby, who succeeded Leicester as Captain-General of the English forces; but there was a stage of Blount's life that followed at a long interval his residence with Allen at Louvain, and interrupted his military service in the Netherlands, which his friends and his enemies were alike willing to pass over

in silence. and which Mr. Craik tells us has escaped every writer who has hitherto dealt with his biography.

Blount had been mixed up in the Babington conspiracy, whether as an associate in their plans with the party who were endeavouring to rescue Mary, or a spy of Walsingham, which seems the more probable motive of his conduct, and that of the government, who kept his name studiously concealed. Mary's agent, Morgan, in writing to her, speaks highly of Blount—as "a tall gentleman, and valiant . . . of an ancient house." He describes him as "of kin to Leicester. Blount and his brother being both Catholics, are forced to fawn upon Leicester, to see if thereby they can live quiet." Morgan makes arrangements for a correspondence in cypher being carried on between Mary and Blount. It does not, however, appear by any means certain that such ever took place. Morgan's letters did not reach Mary for many months after they were written. She appears to have been distrustful. She speaks to Morgan of a letter that she says seemed to have been intended to be sent her by means of Blount; but "the letter being an unknown hand, without subscription of the name thereto, I am not assured whence it came, Blount himself being now with Leicester." Of these letters, through some treachery of her agents, or some system of espionage not perfectly explained, Walsingham obtained copies, and every one of them were deciphered before they were allowed to fall into Mary's hands. Blount seems, from everything we know of him, to have been a restless, intriguing character. At what time, or under what circumstances, he first became acquainted with the wife of Leicester, we have no means of knowing; but from a passage in Camden's "Elizabeth," there can be little doubt that Leicester's jealousy had been awakened, and that he "had sent a person into Holland to murder him."*

The fluctuations of Elizabeth's power towards Leicester were such as to baffle all calculation. That Leicester played for the crown of England, and that his first thought was to obtain it

* Camden's "Elizabeth," 632. Craik, vol. i. p. 189.

through a marriage with Elizabeth, scarcely admits of a doubt. That he had long given up that precise means of obtaining the object, is, we think, equally certain. His marriage was acknowledged; and though we know little of his domestic life, he not only observed the ordinary courtesy due to his wife, but was described as affectionate in his conduct and bearing to her. As far as a clue can be discovered to his purposes, it would seem that he contemplated destroying, if he could, the claim of the Stuarts to the crown after the death of Elizabeth; and the circumstances in which he found himself rendered this hope by no means one improbable of attainment. Elizabeth's contract of marriage with the Duke of Anjou was signed in July, 1581. The Netherlands had thrown off the Spanish yoke, and elected Anjou their sovereign, believing that they were electing the husband of the Queen of England. Anjou, after a successful campaign in the Netherlands, returned to England. The Queen placed a ring on his finger in presence of the whole court—this looked like being in earnest. All England was convulsed at the thought of the bright occidental star thus shooting from its sphere. What was to become of the hope of the Reformation? Was Elizabeth to wed a Popish prince? Was England to become the slave of France? Maids of honour wept, and told Elizabeth of Philip and Mary, and how an English queen abjectly lost all authority in her own realm, and sacrificed the love of her subjects, and died of a broken heart. Was this cruel scene to be again repeated? The marriage was delayed and delayed. The Queen accompanied him to Canterbury—besought him to return speedily—"and the business slept." On arriving in the Netherlands, Anjou found that all real power was in the Prince of Orange—that his was but a nominal sovereignty, having no basis whatever but the belief, now fading away, of his being to become the husband of Elizabeth. While they were engaged with discussions arising from this strange state of facts, the Prince of Orange was assassinated, and Anjou was suspected of the murder. Papers found in the assassin's pocket disproved the imputation; but Anjou endeavoured to seize the prin-

cipal places of strength in the Netherlands, and garrison them with French soldiers. The Flemings discovering his attempt, deprived him of the sovereignty. His death soon after followed. The Netherlands offered their crown to Elizabeth. She refused, but sent Leicester with six thousand men to their aid. He was made Governor-General of the Netherlands, with absolute power. This was done, no doubt, with the purpose of gratifying Elizabeth; she was, however, displeased at a proceeding, the effect of which was likely to render her subject independent of herself. Both in military and civil matters, Leicester was a most inefficient governor. The difficulties in which Elizabeth was placed by the case of Mary Queen of Scots, caused Leicester to be summoned home. On his return to the Netherlands, he found the Spaniards in possession of the fortresses which he had placed in the hands of Stanley and York, and which they had betrayed. When Leicester was finally recalled to England, he felt the prudence of first procuring from the Queen a general pardon for all things done in the Netherlands.

The Dutch writers say that but for Elizabeth's attention being engaged by preparations against the Armada, Leicester would have been brought to trial. Whether in his efforts to obtain an independent sovereignty in the Netherlands, he may not have done something inconsistent with his allegiance to England, or become liable to be plausibly accused of so doing, we have no means of determining. English writers describe him as seeking to make himself an independent prince, for the purpose of removing one of the objections to his marriage with Elizabeth. His existing wife seems not to have been taken into account as an obstacle that could be of any long continuance. Our own impression is, that he had long abandoned all thoughts of becoming king consort of England; but we think it by no means unlikely that he contemplated, with the aid of the Protestant party, of whom he was regarded as the acknowledged leader, the total exclusion of the Scottish family from the crown, and that either as regent, or possibly as king, under some testamentary appointment of Elizabeth, he might become practically

sovereign. The disturbance introduced into all men's minds on the subject of hereditary right by the anomalies of Henry the Eighth's marriages, was enough to encourage such hopes, after all, scarcely more wild than those of his father, when he sought to place the crown on the head of Lady Jane Grey. Whatever might be the ultimate object of Leicester's ambition, no subject ever stood so high in the favour of his sovereign as he now did. It would seem that his presence was at any time enough to dispel whatever clouds disturbed his august mistress's serenity. She now appointed him her lieutenant-general. "He shall," said she, "be in my stead, than whom never prince commanded a more noble or more worthy subject."*

"So infatuated was she that, soon after this, at his own request, she agreed to create him her Lieutenant-General for England and Ireland, thus in fact putting the entire government of the kingdom into his hands; but here, according to Camden, Burleigh and the Lord Chancellor Hatton interfered with the strongest representations against such an appointment at such a crisis, and the letters-patent, which had been already drawn out, were stopped. On this Leicester left the court for Kenilworth: but stopping on the journey at a house which he had at Cornbury, in Oxfordshire, he died there after a short illness, on the 4th of September—within seven or eight miles of where Amy Robsart had met her death almost that very day eight-and-twenty years before. If the commonly received date of his birth may be relied upon, he had just doubled his years since then.

"What if the wife of his youth was avenged by the hand of the wife of his age? It has been averred that so it was."

Leicester's will divided as equally as he could, such property as he could dispose of, between his wife and his son, by Douglas Howard. To Lettice Knollys the gift could have been of little value, for Leicester died encumbered with debt; but there seem to

have been reasons which compelled her to immediate act. She administered to his will two days after his death, and she married Christopher Blount in her first year of widowhood. This precipitate marriage gave occasion to attributing to her and Blount the removal of Leicester. The report that he died by poison was so general, that the privy council examined into the matter. At the time of their investigation, suspicion fell on other people, and the inquiry came to nothing. In "Drummond's Conversations with Ben Johnson," the countess is mentioned in connection with the matter, but without the imputation of guilt:—"The Earl of Leicester gave a bottle of liquor to his lady, which he willed her to use in any faintness; while she, after his return from court, not knowing it was poison, gave him, and so he died."† This falls in with Naunton's account. Another statement, found in Bliss's edition of "Wood's *Athenæ Oxonienses*," describes Blount as her favoured lover before Leicester's death; tells of Leicester's jealousy having been excited, and that Blount and the countess, finding Leicester plotting against the life of Blount, resolved to get rid of him. "The countess"—Bliss quotes from a manuscript by some unknown author, written in the sixteenth century—"provided a cordial, which she had no fit opportunity to offer him, till he came to Cornbury Hall, in Oxfordshire, where the earl, after his gluttonous manner, surfeiting with excessive eating and drinking, fell so ill, that he was forced to stay there. Then the deadly cordial was propounded unto him by the countess. As Mr. William Haynes, sometime the earl's page, and then a gentleman of his chamber, told me, who protested he saw her give that fatal cup to the earl, which was his last draught, and an end of his plot against the countess, and his end of his journey and of himself."

At the period of Leicester's death, our heroine's eldest son, Robert De-

* Speech at Tilbury.

† In the Hawthornden manuscripts is the following epitaph "of the earl of Leicester," probably communicated to Drummond by Ben Johnson:—

"Here lies a valiant warrior, who never drew a sword—
Here lies a noble courtier, who never kept his word—
Here lies the earl of Leicester, who governed the estates,
Whom the earth could never living love, and the just heaven now hates."—

vereux, the second Earl of Essex of that name, was about twenty years of age. Essex had been educated in Cambridge, by Archbishop Whitgift. On leaving it, he lived for some time in retirement in South Wales, and was with difficulty won to leave his retreat. From the time of his coming to court he was received into favour by the Queen. In 1585 he accompanied Leicester to Holland, and distinguished himself in the siege of Zutphen, where Sir Philip Sidney lost his life. On his return, when a Spanish invasion was threatened, Essex was made Governor of the Horse, and received the Garter. The distinctions which he obtained during Leicester's life were, probably, owing to him. We are told of jealousies, and that the dark suspicions connected with his father's death were not without some effect on the son; but that such existed is scarcely consistent with the known facts of the case—with Leicester's early and anxious care of his stepson's interests—with the kindly mention of him in his will, and with the exceedingly affectionate terms on which, through life, Essex and his brother lived. In the year after Leicester's death, Essex married the daughter of Walsingham, Sidney's widow; and we have the Queen enraged—as Mr. Craik, in telling of her fury on this or some such occasion, says, “everybody's marriage seemed to vex her”—but she soon recovered her temper, and bore with equanimity what could not be helped. We cannot follow Essex in those parts of his story that more properly belong to the general history of the country; but that Elizabeth's affection was of a very capricious character, may appear from the fact, that in some discussion on the subject of Ireland, she, provoked by his turning his back on her, gave him a box on the ear, and bade him go and be hanged. He clapped his hand on his sword, and swore a great oath that he neither could nor would put up an affront of that nature, nor would have taken it at the hands of Henry VIII. himself. Saying this, he left the court. The scene was one which Camden has described—would that we had it from some more graphic hand; still Camden was a cautious writer, and his information is generally from the best sources. The

Lord High Admiral interposed—Essex's wrath but boiled the higher. The Lord Keeper, in a letter (which letter exists to our day), quoted Seneca, and showed how much pleasanter it ought to be to receive chastisement when innocent than if guilty—that, in either case, submission was necessary: the guilty submits to Justice, the innocent to Fortune. Essex was not, as when he abode in his solitudes of South Wales, a pen-sive Cambridge student: he had been to courts of kings, and thought little of Seneca for many a year. Every piaculum suggested by the Lord Keeper but seemed to irritate the sore and aggravate the disease. He ask a pardon! as the Lord Keeper implored of him—he *stoop to her anger for the present!* which was the Lord Keeper's phrase. “No—no; there is no tempest,” said Essex, “so boisterous as the resentment of an angry prince. The Queen is of a flinty temper. He well knew what was due to him as a subject, an earl, and Grand Marshal of England; but he did not understand the duties of a drudge, or a porter. To own himself a criminal would be to outrage truth, and the author of Truth.” Such was his raving letter; but it did not stop here. The box which his Queen gave him was, if Camden be right, with the palm of her hand, on the ear, his back being turned to her at the time. That he did sustain some personal injury from the Queen is certain, from his letter, for he says his “body suffered in every part of it from the blow given him by his Prince, and that it would be a crime in him to continue in the service of a queen who had given him so great an affront. Did not Solomon say, that ‘he is a fool who laughs when he is stricken?’” Essex, however, suffered himself to be persuaded to ask the Queen's pardon. It was granted; but from that day, those who watch the smiles and frowns of kings, and describe themselves as knowing human nature, date the ruin of Essex. The evidence of facts is, we think, against them; and, little as such insults can be forgiven by minds of ordinary cast, we think that there was that both in Elizabeth and Essex which renders it probable that, when the storm blew over, there was no remaining element of mischief in either mind, lurking there, and watching its

opportunity to do mischief. The scene is almost that of an overgrown schoolboy rebelling against his Queen and governess.

Their squabble was about Ireland, the government of which has been, at all times, the perplexity of England. Elizabeth had wished to send Sir William Knollys, Essex's uncle, to govern that strange country. Essex recommended Sir George Carew. He probably wished to keep his uncle in England, and get rid of Carew.* The termination of the dispute was one that no one could expect—Essex himself went there. Instead of telling of his difficulties, which it would not be possible to explain without going into the case at greater length than either the time we can now command, or the nature of the book we are reviewing would justify, we shall quote a few lines of Essex in a letter to the Queen:—

“From a mind delighting in sorrow
—from spirits wasted with passion—
from a heart torn in pieces with care,
grief, and travel—from a man that
hateth himself and all things that keep
him alive, what service can your Ma-
jesty expect, since my service past de-
serves no more than banishment and
proscription to the cursedest of all
islands. It is your rebel's pride
and succession must give me leave
to ransom myself out of this hateful
prison—out of my loathed body—
which, if it happen to, your Majesty
shall have no cause to dislike the fa-
shion of my death, since the course of
my life could never please you.

“Happy if he could finish forth his fate
In some haunted desert, most ob-
scure

From all society—from love and hate
Of worldly folk; then should he sleep
secure:

Then wake again, and yield God ever
praise—

Content with hips, and haws, and bram-
ble-berry;

In contemplation passing out his days,
And change of holy thoughts, to make
him merry;

Who, when he dies, his tomb may be
a bush,

Where harmless Robin dwells with
gentle Thrush.

“Your Majesty's exiled servant,
“ROBERT ESSEX.”†

This letter was written before Essex had actually set out for his government. In March, 1598-9, his commission as Lord Lieutenant passed the Great Seal. The annalists of the period tell us, that when he was leaving the city, the weather was fair, but before he reached Islington there was a heavy storm of rain, with thunder and lightning. At sea, too, the weather was bad, and those who looked for signs in the heavens, when they ought to have looked to the earth to see why the English government of Ireland was not successful, read nothing but disaster in the frowning sky. Essex was not more fortunate in Ireland than his father had been. His men were not seasoned to the climate. The Queen would have him attack Ulster, where Tyrone had sought to throw off the English yoke. The Irish Council insisted that he should first quell some disturbances in Munster; and as this gave Essex a good opportunity of exercising his troops in what he thought a less dangerous service, he adopted this course. The Queen was displeased, and peremptory orders came from England that he should march into Ulster. Before these orders could be obeyed—before, indeed, they arrived—Essex had learned that his raw troops, commanded by Sir Henry Harrington, had been routed by the O'Briens. What the circumstances were we cannot precisely learn; but the fury of Essex was unbounded, and he caused the remains of these troops to be decimated. This relentless course, we think, disproves the accusation which his enemies at the time were circulating against Essex—that his object was not to make war on the Irish enemies, but to be at the head of an army which would enable

* Since writing the above, we have met a confirmation of our views of Essex's motives on this occasion:—“Note here how much will a man benefit his enemy provided he doth put him out of his own way. My Lord of Essex did lately want Sir George Carew to be Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, rather than his own uncle, Sir William Knollys, because he had given him some cause of offence; and by thus thrusting him into high office, he would remove him from court.”—*Extracts from Sir John Harrington's Papers, printed in Nicholls' Progresses of Elizabeth*, vol. iii. p. 250.

† Kippis, B. B., who quotes the letter from the Harleian Manuscripts.

him to command England. Such a course as he adopted must have made him most unpopular with the army. That he intended, however, to return to England with a portion of his army, and was with difficulty dissuaded from it by his friends, appears certain; and to his having this purpose in his mind is attributed his having made a truce with Tyrone, instead of actively prosecuting the war against him. We ought to say that Essex, like most unsuccessful agents, wrote exceedingly good letters; and that if the Irish have not to this day been well governed, it is not for want of admirable state-papers saying how the thing may be easily done. A sharp letter from the Queen irritated Essex, and he left his Irish government at sixes and sevens, and hurried to England. His arrival was wholly unexpected. We must give the scene, as Mr. Craik has done, from the narrative of Rowland White:—"On Michaelmas Eve, about ten o'clock in the morning, my Lord of Essex lighted at Court-gate in post, and made all haste up to the presence, and so to the privy-chamber, and stayed not till he came to the Queen's bedchamber; there he found the Queen newly up, the hair about her face; he kneeled, kissed her hand, and had some private speech with her, which seemed to give him great contentment; for, coming from her Majesty to go shift himself in his chamber, he was very pleasant, and thanked God, though he had suffered much trouble and storms abroad, he found such a sweet calm at home." White, who was in the palace at the time, expresses surprise at Essex's boldness in thus making his way to her, "she not being ready, and he so full of dirt and mire, that his very face was full of it." He left her and returned in an hour, and was again graciously received. In the afternoon he again went up to the Queen; but then all was changed, "for she began to question him for his return, and his leaving all things at a great hazard." On the evening of the same day he was placed under arrest, and within a few days committed to the custody of the Lord Keeper. The Lord Lieutenant's flight from Ireland was followed by a cloud of the obscene birds of prey, fugitives from the devoted island. His sudden return from Ireland, says

White, "brings all sorts of knights, captains, officers, and soldiers away from thence. The town is full of them. Most part of these gallants have quitted their commands, places, and companies, not willing to stay there after him, to the great discontentment of her Majesty. The disorder seems to be greater than stands with the safety of that service." The offence was one which was not easily forgiven. Essex remained for eleven months a prisoner—for a considerable part of the time in the Lord Keeper's house, and afterwards in his own. We have in Mr. Craik's book an account of the various efforts made in his favour by the members of his own family:—"My Lady of Essex is a most sorrowful creature for her husband's captivity; she wears all black, of the meanest price." She comes to the court all in black, "her dress not being altogether of the value of five pounds," and the Queen refuses to see her. A splendid New-year's gift is sent by her to Elizabeth; no answer is returned. Essex's mother tries the Queen's heart by a similar bribe—her "New-year's gift is very well taken." His sister, Lady Rich, writes letters to the Queen, and is rash enough to allow copies of the letters to be circulated. She is commanded to keep her house. He at last receives his liberty.

All this is told in most interesting detail by Mr. Craik. There is a passage in Sir John Harrington's papers, which Mr. Craik has not adverted to, that would serve to prove that at the time Essex's conduct was attributed to actual madness—and this, and this alone, would furnish an explanation of his subsequent course. Essex had entreated Harrington to express to Elizabeth his sorrow and contrition for the offences he had committed. "I thought," says Harrington, "that charitie should begin at home, and sail with a fair wind, as it was not likely to be a prosperous voyage. I had nearly been wrecked on the Essex coast, as I told the Queen. I had heard much on both sides, but the wiser he who repeateth nothing hereof. Did either know what I know either to have said, it would not work much to contentment or good liking. It resteth with me in opinion, that contrition thwarted in its career doth speedily lead on to madness. Herein I am

strengthened by what I learn in my Lord of Essex, who shifteth from sorrow and repentance to rage and rebellion as suddenly as well proveth him devoid of good reason or right mind. In my last discourse [with him] he uttered strange words, bordering on such strange designs, that made me hasten forth and leave his presence. Thank heaven! I am safe at home; and if I go in such troubles again, I deserve the gallows for a meddling fool. His speeches of the Queen become no one who hath *mens sana in corpore sano*. He hath ill-advisers, and much evil hath sprung from this source. The Queene well knoweth how to humble the haughty spirit—the haughty spirit knoweth not how to yield; and the man's soul seemeth tossed to and fro like the waves of a troubled sea."

If Harrington wished to describe actual insanity, what stronger language could he use? It is impossible to resolve his words into metaphor. He thought Essex mad: the return from Ireland could not be regarded as the act of a sane man; the wild purposes indicated in conversation were regarded by Harrington as outbursts of a disordered mind. It would have been well for Essex that the salutary restraint which deprived him of liberty had been longer continued. That restraint was removed at the close of August; and in the following February "he threw himself," says Mr. Craik, "into the mouth of open-jawed destruction, by the most frantic attempt recorded in history." On Sunday, the 8th of February, he rushed, at the head of a few partisans—Blount, his stepfather, being of the number—through the city of London, shouting out "For the Queen, for the Queen!" The citizens did not know what to make of it: they thought Essex and she were at last friends, and that this strange scene was some proclamation enacted by her wish. The object was an attack on the Queen's palace, with the intention, on his part, of becoming possessed of her person. The rebellion commenced and ended on the same day. Before a month was at an end Essex was tried and executed.

Essex, when dying, seemed to be strongly under the influence of religion. His repentance of his treason seemed to be, and no doubt was sin-

cere; but the strange confessions he made, implicating in his treason persons of all ranks, and most opposite politics, could scarcely have been true.

We believe him to have been living, for three or four of the latter years of his life, under delusions of so strange a kind as—though it would be impossible to contend that the insanity was such as not to leave him a responsible agent—to deprive his testimony against others of any value whatever. He denied, and we believe with truth, that he had any design against the Queen's life. His own he thought in danger from the plots of some of the leading persons about the court; and to this fear he referred his attempt. His stepfather, Blount, who was executed a few days after Essex, describes himself as having dissuaded Essex from some wild plots a few years before, but denied all knowledge of the objects of the wild movement in which he yet participated. He was summoned, he said, by the Earl, to London, on matters connected with the Earl's property, the management of parts of which was in his hands. His request, that he should be executed by decapitation, was complied with, in recognition of the military rank he had borne, when he had served under Essex in Ireland.

Lettice Knollys survived her husband and her son for many a long year. She lived to witness much of the eventful life of her grandson, the third Earl of Essex, of the name of Devereux. In one of Rowland White's letters we find the marriage of that grandson mentioned. He married the last Lady Frances Howard, one of Lord Suffolk's daughters, to the great contentment of Lady Leicester. How little do mensee the future! It was scarce possible that a marriage should have been celebrated under circumstances more auspicious than those which augured happiness to the boy of fourteen and the girl of thirteen, who then were giving themselves away. The festivities at court, where the marriage was held, were of unusual brilliancy. They are minutely described by Ben Jonson, who, in a most elaborate, yet most graceful drama, *The Masque of Hymen*, lavished his richest poetry in announcing the blessings which all after ages were to derive from the union. Alas for human hopes and for prophecies of

the poets! The young Earl went to finish his education abroad; the lady remained in the court, where her father was chamberlain. Her position was not without danger; and when the Earl returned, after a few years, to claim his wife, he found that her affections were fixed on Robert Carr, Viscount Rochester. The hope of escape from the conjugal yoke was suggested to the lady by her husband's being, soon after his arrival, attacked by a malignant small-pox. He recovered; and she tried the effect of sorcery—her magic failed. Then came an invocation of more potent fiends, the rulers of the ecclesiastical courts; and, in violation of every principle on which such cases are determined, and to the disgrace of every one connected with the matter, the marriage was pronounced null and void. The sentence of nullity was had on the 16th September; and on the 26th she was married to Carr. "She was married in her hair," as it was expressed, "that is, with her hair flowing in ringlets on her shoulders, the customary attire of a maiden bride."

The old countess lived to see her grandson, at the age of thirty-seven, again venture into the matrimonial noose, with scarcely a more prosperous event. But we cannot, at present, follow Mr. Craik through any further chapters of his romantic history. The old lady died on Christmas-day, 1634. For the last forty-five years of her life she had lived at Drayton Bassett.

"She and Blount seem to have taken up their residence here upon their marriage; and here she died forty-five years after. Drayton Bassett, lying about a couple of miles to the south of Tamworth, had been in ancient times the domain of the Lords Basset, but had latterly fallen to the crown, by which a long lease of it had been granted in the reign of Henry the Eighth; this lease Leicester had acquired, and left, as appears by his will, to his wife; and Sir Christopher Blount is supposed to have afterwards purchased the fee. The old manor-house which he and the Countess had inhabited, and in which she continued to reside throughout her third widowhood, was still standing towards the end of the last century. There is a

view of it in Shaw's *Staffordshire* from a sketch taken in 1791. The mansion, Shaw remarks, was at this time 'a curious specimen of the occasional simplicity of our ancient nobility in their houses It was principally of wood and plaster, with a rude old hall, hung round with portraits, stags' heads, &c.; and quadrangular, with several side staircases, like an old college, and the rooms mostly small.' It seems to have consisted only of a ground floor with a low attic, and has the appearance of a farm-house or cottage rather than a manor-house. On the death of the Countess of Leicester, Drayton Bassett descended to her grandson, the Earl of Essex; and on his death it was inherited by his elder sister, Frances, Marchioness of Hertford. She devised it to her grand-daughter, the Lady Frances Finch, wife of Sir Thomas Thynne, afterwards created Viscount Weymouth; from him it descended to the first Marquis of Bath, by whom it was sold to Messrs. Peel and Wilkes, about sixty years ago; and the spot, so long the residence of the old Countess, is now the property and the well-known seat of the Right Hon. Sir Robert Peel, baronet."

We have said little through this article of the delight which we have received from many parts of Mr. Craik's work. The style is, throughout, pure and unaffected—often rising into dignity, and always earnest and eloquent when sympathy is awakened by anything generous in sentiment or act. The evidence for every statement in the volume is examined with the most scrupulous care. Indeed Mr. Craik has impressed us with so strong a conviction of the entire good faith in which his investigations are conducted, and of his disregard of mere hearsay, that we shall feel more gratified if, in the future portions of the work, he gives us the results of his inquiries, without exhibiting his authorities in as great detail as he is in the habit of giving them. The work is one which will add greatly to the interest with which history—properly so called—is read, as rendering us personally acquainted with the actors in its principal scenes. Mr. Craik's book deserves the high praise of being most accurate, most instructive, most truthful.

THE MYSTERIOUS LODGER.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART I.

ABOUT the year 1822 I resided in a comfortable and roomy old house, the exact locality of which I need not particularise, further than to say that it was not very far from Old Brompton, in the immediate neighbourhood, or rather continuity (as even my *Connemara* readers perfectly well know), of the renowned city of London.

Though this house was roomy and comfortable, as I have said, it was not, by any means, a handsome one. It was composed of dark red brick, with small windows, and thick white sashes; a porch, too—none of your flimsy trellis-work, but a solid projection of the same vermilion masonry—surmounted by a leaded balcony, with heavy, half-rotten balustrades, darkened the hall-door with a perennial gloom. The mansion itself stood in a walled enclosure, which had, perhaps, from the date of the erection itself, been devoted to shrubs and flowers. Some of the former had grown there almost to the dignity of trees; and two dark little yews stood at each side of the porch, like swart and inauspicious dwarfs, guarding the entrance of an enchanted castle. Not that my domicile in any respect deserved the comparison: it had no reputation as a haunted house; if it ever had any ghosts, nobody remembered them. Its history was not known to me: it may have witnessed plots, cabals, and forgeries, bloody suicides and cruel murders. It was certainly old enough to have become acquainted with iniquity; a small stone slab, under the balustrade, and over the arch of the porch I mentioned, had the date 1672, and a half-effaced coat of arms, which I might have deciphered any day, had I taken the trouble to get a ladder, but always put it off. All I can say for the house is, that it was well stricken in years, with a certain air of sombre comfort about it; contained a vast number of rooms and closets; and, what was of far greater importance, was got by me a dead bargain.

Its individuality attracted me. I grew fond of it for itself, and for its associations, until other associations of

a hateful kind first disturbed, and then destroyed, their charm. I forgave its dull red brick, and pinched white windows, for the sake of the beloved and cheerful faces within: its ugliness was softened by its age; and its sombre evergreens, and moss-grown stone flower-pots, were relieved by the brilliant hues of a thousand gay and graceful flowers that peeped among them, or nodded over the grass.

Within that old house lay my life's treasure! I had a darling little girl of nine, and another little darling—a boy—just four years of age; and dearer, unspeakably, than either—a wife—the prettiest, gayest, best little wife in all London. When I tell you that our income was scarcely £380 a-year, you will perceive that our establishment cannot have been a magnificent one; yet, I do assure you, we were more comfortable than a great many lords, and happier, I dare say, than the whole peerage put together.

This happiness was not, however, what it ought to have been. The reader will understand at once, and save me a world of moralising circumlocution, when he learns, bluntly and nakedly, that, among all my comforts and blessings, I was an infidel.

I had not been without religious training; on the contrary, more than average pains had been bestowed upon my religious instruction from my earliest childhood. My father, a good, plain, country clergyman, had worked hard to make me as good as himself; and had succeeded, at least, in training me in godly habits. He died, however, when I was but twelve years of age; and fate had long before deprived me of the gentle care of a mother. A boarding-school, followed by a college life, where nobody having any very direct interest in realising in my behalf the ancient blessing, that in fulness of time I should “die a good old man,” I was left very much to my own devices, which, in truth, were none of the best.

Among these were the study of Voltaire, Tom Paine, Hume, Shelly, and the whole school of infidels, poetical as

well as prose. This pursuit, and the all but blasphemous vehemence with which I gave myself up to it, was, perhaps, partly reactionary. A somewhat injudicious austerity and precision had indissolubly associated in my childish days the ideas of restraint and gloom with religion. I bore it a grudge; and so, when I became thus early my own master, I set about paying off, after my own fashion, the old score I owed it. I was besides, like every other young infidel whom it has been my fate to meet, a concealed coxcomb. A smattering of literature, without any real knowledge, and a great assortment of all the cut-and-dry flippancies of the school I had embraced, constituted my intellectual stock in trade. I was, like most of my school of philosophy, very proud of being an unbeliever; and fancied myself, in the complacency of my wretched ignorance, at an immeasurable elevation above the church-going, Bible-reading herd, whom I treated with a good-humoured superciliousness which I thought vastly indulgent.

My wife was an excellent little creature, and truly pious. She had married me in the full confidence that my levity was merely put on, and would at once give way before the influence she hoped to exert upon my mind. Poor little thing! she deceived herself. I allowed her, indeed, to do entirely as she pleased; but for myself, I carried my infidelity to the length of an absolute superstition. I made an ostentation of it. I would rather have been in a "hell" than in a church on Sunday; and though I did not prevent my wife's instilling her own principles into the minds of our children, I, in turn, took especial care to deliver mine upon all occasions in their hearing, by which means I trusted to sow the seeds of that unprejudiced scepticism in which I prided myself, at least as early as my good little partner dropped those of her own gentle "superstition" into their infant minds. Had I had my own absurd and impious will in this matter, my children should have had absolutely no religious education whatsoever, and been left wholly unshackled to choose for themselves among all existing systems, infidelity included, precisely as chance, fancy, or interest might hereafter determine.

It is not to be supposed that such a

state of things did not afford her great uneasiness. Nevertheless, we were so very fond of one another, and in our humble way enjoyed so many blessings, that we were as entirely happy as any pair can be without the holy influence of religious sympathy.

But the even flow of prosperity which had for so long gladdened my little household was not destined to last for ever. It was ordained that I should experience the bitter truth of more than one of the wise man's proverbs, and first, especially, of that which declares that "he that hateth suretyship is sure." I found myself involved (as how many have been before) by a "d——d goodnatured friend," for more than two hundred pounds. This agreeable intelligence was conveyed to me in an attorney's letter, which, to obviate unpleasant measures, considerably advised my paying the entire amount within just one week of the date of his pleasant epistle. Had I been called upon within that time to produce the Pitt diamond, or to make title to the Buckingham estates, the demand would have been just as easily complied with.

I have no wish to bore my reader further with this little worry—a very serious one to me, however—and it will be enough to mention, that the kindness of a friend extricated me from the clutches of the law by a timely advance, which, however, I was bound to replace within two years. To enable me to fulfil this engagement, my wife and I, after repeated consultations, resolved upon the course which resulted in the odd and unpleasant consequences which form the subject of this narrative.

We resolved to advertise for a lodger, with or without board, &c.; and by resolutely submitting, for a single year, to the economy we had prescribed for ourselves, as well as to the annoyance of a stranger's intrusion, we calculated that at the end of that term we should have liquidated our debt.

Accordingly, without losing time, we composed an advertisement in the most tempting phraseology we could devise, consistently with that economic laconism which the cost per line in the columns of the *Times* newspaper imposes upon the rhetoric of the advertising public.

Somehow we were unlucky ; for although we repeated our public notification three times in the course of a fortnight, we had but two applications. The one was from a clergyman in ill health—a man of great ability and zealous piety, whom we both knew by reputation, and who has since been called to his rest. My good little wife was very anxious that we should close with his offer, which was very considerably under what we had fixed upon ; and I have no doubt that she was influenced by the hope that his talents and zeal might exert a happy influence upon my stubborn and unbelieving heart. For my part, his religious character displeased me. I did not wish my children's heads to be filled with mythic dogmas—for so I judged the doctrines of our holy faith—and instinctively wished him away. I therefore declined his offer ; and I have often since thought not quite so graciously as I ought to have done. The other offer—if so it can be called—was so very inadequate that we could not entertain it.

I was now beginning to grow seriously uneasy—our little project, so far from bringing in the gains on which we had calculated, had put me considerably out of pocket ; for, independently of the cost of the advertisement I have mentioned, there were sundry little expenses involved in preparing for the meet reception of our expected inmate, which, under ordinary circumstances, we should not have dreamed of. Matters were in this posture, when an occurrence took place which immediately revived my flagging hopes.

As we had no superfluity of servants, our children were early obliged to acquire habits of independence ; and my little girl, then just nine years of age, was frequently consigned with no other care than that of her own good sense, to the companionship of a little band of playmates, pretty similarly circumstanced, with whom it was her wont to play. Having one fine summer afternoon gone out as usual with these little companions, she did not return quite so soon as we had expected her ; when she did so, she was out of breath, and excited.

"Oh, papa," she said, "I have seen such a nice old, kind gentleman, and he told me to tell you that he has a par-

ticular friend who wants a lodging in a quiet place, and that he thinks your house would suit him exactly, and ever so much more ; and, look here, he gave me this."

She opened her hand, and shewed me a sovereign.

"Well, this does look promisingly," I said, my wife and I having first exchanged a smiling glance.

"And what kind of gentleman was he, dear?" inquired she. "Was he well dressed—whom was he like?"

"He was not like any one that I know," she answered ; "but he had very nice new clothes on, and he was one of the fattest men I ever saw ; and I am sure he is sick, for he looks very pale, and he had a crutch beside him."

"Dear me, how strange!" exclaimed my wife ; though, in truth there was nothing very wonderful in the matter. "Go on, child," I said ; "let us hear it all out."

"Well, papa, he had such an immense yellow waistcoat!—I never did see such a waistcoat," she resumed ; "and he was sitting or leaning, I can't say which, against the bank of the green lane ; I suppose to rest himself, for he seems very weak, poor gentleman!"

"And how did you happen to speak to him?" asked my wife.

"When we were passing by, none of us saw him at all ; but I suppose he heard them talking to me, and saying my name ; for he said, 'Fanny—little Fanny—so, that's your name—come here child, I have a question to ask you.'"

"And so you went to him?" I said.

"Yes," she continued, "he beckoned to me, and I did go over to him, but not very near, for I was greatly afraid of him at first."

"Afraid ! dear, and why afraid?" asked I.

"I was afraid, because he looked very old, very frightful, and as if he would hurt me."

"What was there so old and frightful about him?" I asked.

She paused and reflected a little, and then said—

"His face was very large and pale, and it was looking upwards : it seemed very angry, I thought, but maybe it was angry from pain ; and sometimes one side of it used to twitch and tremble for a minute, and then to grow quite still again ; and all the time he

was speaking to me, he never looked at me once, but always kept his face and eyes turned upward ; but his voice was very soft, and he called me little Fanny, and gave me this pound to buy toys with ; so I was not so frightened in a little time, and then he sent a long message to you, papa, and told me if I forgot it he would beat me ; but I knew he was only joking, so that did not frighten me either."

"And what was the message, my girl?" I asked, patting her pretty head with my hand.

"Now, let me remember it all," she said, reflectively ; "for he told it to me twice. He asked me if there was a good bedroom at the top of the house, standing by itself—and you know there is, so I told him so ; it was exactly the kind of room that he described. And then he said that his friend would pay two hundred pounds a-year for that bedroom, his board and attendance ; and he told me to ask you, and have your answer when he should next meet me.

"Two hundred pounds!" ejaculated my poor little wife ; "why that is nearly twice as much as we expected."

"But did he say that his friend was sick, or very old ; or that he had any servant to be supported also?" I asked.

"Oh! no ; he told me that he was quite able to take care of himself, and that he had, I think he called it, an asthma, but nothing else the matter ; and that he would give no trouble at all, and that any friend who came to see him, he would see, not in the house, but only in the garden."

"In the garden!" I echoed, laughing in spite of myself.

"Yes, indeed he said so ; and he told me to say that he would pay one hundred pounds when he came here, and the next hundred in six months, and so on," continued she.

"Oh, ho! half-yearly, in advance—better and better," said I.

"And he bid me say, too, if you should ask about his character, that he is just as good as the master of the house himself," she added ; "and when he said that, he laughed a little."

"Why, if he gives us a hundred pounds in advance," I answered, turning to my wife, "we are safe enough ; for he will not find half that value in plate and jewels in the entire house-

hold, if he is disposed to rob us. So I see no reason against closing with the offer, should it be seriously meant—do you, dear?"

"Quite the contrary, love," said she. I think it most desirable—indeed, most *providential*."

"Providential! my dear little bigot!" I repeated, with a smile. "Well, be it so. I call it *lucky* merely ; but, perhaps, you are happier in your faith, than I in my philosophy. Yes, you are *grateful* for the chance that I only rejoice at. You receive it as a proof of a divine and tender love—I as an accident. Delusions are often more elevating than truth."

And so saying, I kissed away the saddened cloud that for a moment overcast her face.

"Papa, he bid me be sure to have an answer for him when we meet again," resumed the child. "What shall I say to him when he asks me?"

"Say that we agree to his proposal, my dear—or stay," I said, addressing my wife, "may it not be prudent to reduce what the child says to writing, and accept the offer so? This will prevent misunderstanding, as she may possibly have made some mistake."

My wife agreed, and I wrote a brief note, stating that I was willing to receive an inmate upon the terms recounted by little Fanny, and which I distinctly specified, so that no mistake could possibly arise owing to the vagueness of what lawyers term a parole agreement. This important memorandum I placed in the hands of my little girl, who was to deliver it whenever the old gentleman in the yellow waistcoat should chance to meet her. And all these arrangements completed, I awaited the issue of the affair with as much patience as I could affect. Meanwhile, my wife and I talked it over incessantly ; and she, good little soul, almost wore herself to death in settling and unsettling the furniture and decorations of our expected inmate's apartments. Days passed away—days of hope deferred, tedious and anxious. We were beginning to despond again, when one morning our little girl ran into the breakfast-parlour, more excited even than she had been before, and fresh from a new interview with the gentleman in the yellow waistcoat. She had encountered him suddenly, pretty

nearly where she had met him before, and the result was, that he had read the little note I have mentioned, and desired the child to inform me that his friend, *Mr. Smith*, would take possession of the apartments I proposed setting, on the terms agreed between us, that very evening.

"This evening!" exclaimed my wife and I simultaneously.—*I* full of the idea of making a first instalment on the day following; *she*, of the hundred-and-one preparations which still remained to be completed.

"And so Smith is his name! Well, that does not tell us much," said I; "but where did you meet your fat friend on this occasion, and how long is it since?"

"Near the corner of the wall-flower lane (so we indicated one which abounded in these fragrant plants); he was leaning with his back against the old tree you cut my name on, and his crutch was under his arm."

"But how long ago?" I urged.

"Only this moment; I ran home as fast as I could," she replied.

"Why, you little blockhead, you should have told me that at first," I cried, snatching up my hat, and darting away in pursuit of the yellow waistcoat, whose acquaintance I not unnaturally coveted, inasmuch as a man who, for the first time, admits a stranger into his house, on the footing of permanent residence, desires generally to know a little more about him than that his name is Smith.

The place indicated was only, as we say, a step away; and as yellow-waistcoat was fat, and used a crutch, I calculated on easily overtaking him. I was, however, disappointed; crutch, waistcoat, and all had disappeared. I climbed to the top of the wall, and from this commanding point of view made a sweeping observation—but in vain. I returned home, cursing my ill-luck, the child's dulness, and the fat old fellow's activity.

I need hardly say that *Mr. Smith*, in all his aspects, moral, social, physical, and monetary, formed a fruitful and interesting topic of speculation during dinner. How many phantom *Smiths*, short and long, stout and lean, ill-tempered and well-tempered—rich, respectable, or highly dangerous merchants, spies, forgers, nabobs, swindlers, danced before us, in the

endless mazes of fanciful conjecture, during that anxious *tête-à-tête*, which was probably to be interrupted by the arrival of the gentleman himself.

My wife and I puzzled over the problem as people would over the possible *denouement* of a French novel; and at last, by mutual consent, we came to the conclusion that *Smith* could, and would turn out to be no other than the good-natured valetudinarian in the yellow waistcoat himself, a humorist, as was evident enough, and a millionaire, as we unhesitatingly pronounced, who had no immediate relatives, and as I hoped, and my wife "was certain," taken a decided fancy to our little Fanny; I patted the child's head with something akin to pride, as I thought of the magnificent, though remote possibilities, in store for her.

Meanwhile, hour after hour stole away. It was a beautiful autumn evening, and the amber lustre of the declining sun fell softly upon the yews and flowers, and gave an air, half melancholy, half cheerful, to the dark-red brick piers surmounted with their cracked and grass-grown stone urns, and furnished with the light foliage of untended creeping plants. Down the short broad walk leading to this sombre entrance, my eye constantly wandered; but no impatient rattle on the latch, no battering at the gate, indicated the presence of a visiter, and the lazy bell hung dumbly among the honey-suckles.

"When will he come? Yellow waistcoat promised *this evening*! It has been evening a good hour and a half, and yet he is not here. When will he come? It will soon be dark—the evening will have passed—will he come at all?"

Such were the uneasy speculations which began to trouble us. Redder and duskier grew the light of the setting sun, till it saddened into the mists of night. Twilight came, and then darkness, and still no arrival, no summons at the gate. I would not admit even to my wife the excess of my own impatience. I could, however, stand it no longer; so I took my hat and walked to the gate, where I stood by the side of the public road, watching every vehicle and person that approached, in a fever of expectation. Even these, however,

began to fail me, and the road grew comparatively quiet and deserted. Having kept guard like a sentinel for more than half an hour, I returned in no very good humour, with the punctuality of an expected inmate—ordered the servant to draw the curtains and secure the hall-door; and so my wife and I sate down to our disconsolate cup of tea. It must have been about ten o'clock, and we were both sitting silently—she working, I looking moodily into a paper—and neither of us any longer entertaining a hope that anything but disappointment would come of the matter, when a sudden tapping, very loud and sustained, upon the window pane, startled us both in an instant from our reveries.

I am not sure whether I mentioned before that the sitting-room we occupied was upon the ground-floor, and the sward came close under the window. I drew the curtains, and opened the shutters with revived hope; and looking out, saw a very tall thin figure, a good deal wrapped up, standing about a yard before me, and motioning with head and hand impatiently towards the hall-door. Though the night was clear, there was no moon, and therefore I could see no more than the black outline, like that of an *ombre chinoise* figure, signing to me with mop and moe. In a moment I was at the hall-door, candle in hand; the stranger stepped in—his long fingers clutched in the handle of a valise, and a bag which trailed upon the ground behind him.

The light fell full upon him. He wore a long, ill-made, black surtout, buttoned across, and which wrinkled and bagged about his lank figure; his hat was none of the best, and rather broad in the brim; a sort of white woollen muffler enveloped the lower part of his face; a pair of prominent green goggles, fenced round with leather, completely concealed his eyes; and nothing of the genuine man, but a little bit of yellow forehead, and a small transverse segment of equally yellow cheek and nose, encountered the curious gaze of your humble servant.

"You are—I suppose"—I began; for I really was a little doubtful about my man.

"Mr. Smith—the same; be good

enough to show me to my bed-chamber," interrupted the stranger, brusquely, and in a tone which, spite of the muffler that enveloped his mouth, was sharp and grating enough.

"Ha!—Mr. Smith—so I supposed. I hope you may find everything as comfortable as we desire to make it——"

I was about making a speech, but was cut short by a slight bow, and a decisive gesture of the hand in the direction of the staircase. It was plain that the stranger hated ceremony.

Together, accordingly, we mounted the staircase; he still pulling his luggage after him, and striding lightly up without articulating a word; and on reaching his bedroom, he immediately removed his hat, showing a sinister, black scratch-wig underneath, and then began unrolling the mighty woollen wrapping of his mouth and chin.

"Come," thought I, "we *shall* see something of your face after all."

This something, however, proved to be very little; for under his muffler was a loose cravat, which stood up in front of his chin and upon his mouth, he wore a respirator—an instrument which I had never seen before, and of the use of which I was wholly ignorant.

There was something so excessively odd in the effect of this piece of unknown mechanism upon his mouth, surmounted by the huge goggles which encased his eyes, that I believe I should have laughed outright, were it not for a certain unpleasant and peculiar impressiveness in the *tout ensemble* of the narrow-chested, long-limbed, and cadaverous figure in black. As it was, we stood looking at one another in silence for several seconds.

"Thank you, sir," at last he said, abruptly. "I shan't want anything whatever to-night; if you can only spare me this candle."

I assented; and, becoming more communicative, he added—

"I am, though an invalid, an independent sort of fellow enough. I am a bit of a philosopher; I am my own servant, and, I hope, my own master, too. I rely upon myself in matters of the body and of the mind. I place valets and priests in the same category—fellows who live by our laziness, intellectual or corporeal. I am a

Voltaire, without his luxuries—a Robinson Crusoe, without his Bible—an anchorite, without a superstition—in short, my indulgence is asceticism, and my faith infidelity. Therefore, I shan't disturb your servants much with my bell, nor yourselves with my psalmody. You have got a rational lodger, who knows how to attend upon himself."

During this singular address he was drawing off his ill-fitting black gloves, and when he had done so, a bank-note, which had been slipped underneath for safety, remained in his hand.

"Punctuality, sir, is one of my poor pleasures," he said; "will you allow me to enjoy it now? To-morrow you may acknowledge this; I should not rest were you to decline it."

He extended his bony and discoloured fingers, and placed the note in my hand. Oh, Fortune and Plutus! it was a £100 bank-note.

"Pray, not one word, my dear sir," he continued, unbending still further; "it is simply done pursuant to agreement. We shall know one another better, I hope, in a little time; you will find me always equally punctual. At present pray give yourself no further trouble; I require nothing more. Good night."

I returned the valediction, closed his door, and groped my way down the stairs. It was not until I had nearly reached the hall, that I recollected that I had omitted to ask our new inmate at what hour he would desire to be called in the morning, and so I groped my way back again. As I reached the lobby on which his chamber opened, I perceived a long line of light issuing from the partially-opened door, within which stood Mr. Smith, the same odd figure I had just left; while along the boards was creeping towards him across the lobby, a great, big-headed, buff-coloured cat. I had never seen this ugly animal before; and it had reached the threshold of his door, arching its back, and rubbing itself on the post, before either appeared conscious of my approach, when, with an angry growl, it sprang into the stranger's room.

"What do you want?" he demanded, sharply, standing in the doorway.

I explained my errand.

"I shall call myself," was his sole reply; and he shut the door with a crash that indicated no very pleasurable emotions.

I cared very little about my lodger's temper. The stealthy rustle of his bank-note in my waistcoat pocket was music enough to sweeten the harshest tones of his voice, and to keep alive a cheerful goodhumour in my heart; and although there was, indisputably, something queer about him, I was, on the whole, very well pleased with my bargain.

The next day our new inmate did not ring his bell until noon. As soon as he had had some breakfast, of which he very sparingly partook, he told the servant that, for the future, he desired that a certain quantity of milk and bread might be left outside his door; and this being done, he would dispense with regular meals. He desired, too, that, on my return, I should be acquainted that he wished to see me in his own room at about nine o'clock; and, meanwhile, he directed that he should be left undisturbed.

I found my little wife full of astonishment at Mr. Smith's strange frugality and seclusion, and very curious to learn the object of the interview he had desired with me. At nine o'clock I repaired to his room.

I found him in precisely the costume in which I had left him—the same green goggles—the same muffling of the mouth, except that being now no more than a broadly-folded black silk handkerchief, very loose, and covering even the lower part of the nose, it was more obviously intended for the sole purpose of concealment. It was plain I was not to see more of his features than he had chosen to disclose at our first interview. The effect was as if the lower part of his face had some hideous wound or sore. He closed the door with his own hand on my entrance, nodded slightly, and took his seat. I expected him to begin, but he was so long silent that I was at last constrained to address him.

I said, for want of something more to the purpose, that I hoped he had not been tormented by the strange cat the night before.

"What cat?" he asked, abruptly; "what the plague do you mean?"

"Why, I certainly did see a cat go into your room last night," I resumed.

"Hey, and what if you did—though I fancy you dreamed it—I'm not afraid

of a cat; are you?" he interrupted, tartly.

At this moment there came a low growling mew from the closet which opened from the room in which we sat.

"Talk of the devil," said I, pointing towards the closet. My companion, without any exact change of expression, looked, I thought, somehow still more sinister and lowering; and I felt for a moment a sort of superstitious misgiving, which made the rest of the sentence die away on my lips.

Perhaps Mr. Smith perceived this, for he said, in a tone calculated to reassure me—

"Well, sir, I think I am bound to tell you that I like my apartments very well; they suit me, and I shall probably be your tenant for much longer than at first you anticipated."

I expressed my gratification.

He then began to talk, something in the strain in which he had spoken of his own peculiarities of habit and thinking upon the previous evening. He disposed of all classes and denominations of superstition with an easy sarcastic slang, which for me was so captivating, that I soon lost all reserve, and found myself listening and suggesting by turns—acquiescent and pleased—sometimes hazarding dissent; but whenever I did, foiled and floored by a few pointed satirical sentences, whose sophistry, for such I must now believe it, confounded me with a rapidity which, were it not for the admiration with which he had insensibly inspired me, would have piqued and irritated my vanity not a little.

While this was going on, from time to time the mewing and growling of a cat within the closet became more and more audible. At last these sounds became so loud, accompanied by scratching at the door, that I paused in the midst of a sentence, and observed—

"There certainly is a cat shut up in the closet?"

"Is there?" he ejaculated, in a surprised tone; "nay, I do not hear it."

He rose abruptly and approached the door; his back was towards me, but I observed he raised the goggles which usually covered his eyes, and looked steadfastly at the closet door. The angry sounds all died away into a low, protracted growl, which again

subsided into silence. He continued in the same attitude for some moments, and then returned.

"I do not hear it," he said, as he resumed his place, and taking a book from his capacious pocket, asked me if I had seen it before? I never had, and this surprised me, for I had flattered myself that I knew, at least by name, every work published in England during the last fifty years in favour of that philosophy in which we both delighted. The book, moreover, was an odd one, as both its title and table of contents demonstrated.

While we were discoursing upon these subjects, I became more and more distinctly conscious of a new class of sounds proceeding from the same closet. I plainly heard a measured and heavy tread, accompanied by the tapping of some hard and heavy substance like the end of a staff, pass up and down the floor—first, as it seemed, stealthily, and then more and more unconcealedly. I began to feel very uncomfortable and suspicious. As the noise proceeded, and became more and more unequivocal, Mr. Smith abruptly rose, opened the closet door, just enough to admit his own lath-like person, and steal within the threshold for some seconds. What he did I could not see—I felt conscious he had an associate concealed there; and though my eyes remained fixed on the book, I could not avoid listening for some audible words, or signal of caution. I heard, however, nothing of the kind. Mr. Smith turned back—walked a step or two towards me, and said—

"I fancied I heard a sound from that closet, but there is nothing—nothing—nothing whatever; bring the candle, let us both look."

I obeyed with some little trepidation, for I fully anticipated that I should detect the intruder, of whose presence my own ears had given me, for nearly half an hour, the most unequivocal proofs. We entered the closet together; it contained but a few chairs and a small spider table. At the far end of the room there was a sort of grey woollen cloth upon the floor, and a bundle of something underneath it. I looked jealously at it, and half thought I could trace the outline of a human figure; but, if so, it was perfectly motionless.

"Some of my poor wardrobe," he muttered, as he pointed his lean finger in the direction. "It did not sound like a cat, did it—hey—did it?" he muttered; and without attending to my answer, he went about the apartment, clapping his hands, and crying, "Hish—hish—hish!"

The game, however, whatever it was, did not start. As I entered I had seen, however, a large crutch reposing against the wall in the corner opposite to the door. This was the only article in the room, except that I have mentioned, with which I was not familiar. With the exception of our two selves, there was not a living creature to be seen there; no shadow but ours upon the bare walls; no feet but our own upon the comfortless floor.

I had never before felt so strange and unpleasant a sensation.

"There is nothing unusual in the room but that crutch," I said.

"What crutch, you dolt? I see no crutch," he ejaculated, in a tone of sudden but suppressed fury.

"Why, *that* crutch," I answered (for somehow I neither felt nor resented his rudeness), turning and pointing to the spot where I had seen it. It was gone!—it was neither there nor anywhere else. It must have been an illusion—rather an odd one, to be sure. And yet I could at this moment, with a safe conscience, *swear* that I never saw an object more distinctly than I had seen it but a second before.

My companion was muttering fast to himself as we withdrew; his presence rather scared than reassured me; and I felt something almost amounting to horror, as, holding the candle above his cadaverous and sable figure, he stood at his threshold, while I descended the stairs, and said, in a sort of whisper—

"Why, but that I am, like yourself, a philosopher, I should say that your house is—is—a—ha! ha! ha—HAUNTED!"

"You look very pale, my love," said my wife, as I entered the drawing-room, where she had been long awaiting my return. "Nothing unpleasant has happened?"

"Nothing, nothing, I assure you. Pale!—*do* I look pale?" I answered. "We are excellent friends, I assure you.

So far from having had the smallest disagreement, there is every prospect of our agreeing but too well, as you will say; for I find that he holds all my opinions upon speculative subjects. We have had a great deal of conversation this evening, I assure you; and I never met, I think, so scholarlike and able a man."

"I am sorry for it, dearest," she said, sadly. "The greater his talents, if such be his opinions, the more dangerous a companion is he."

We turned, however, to more cheerful topics, and it was late before we retired to rest. I believe it was pride—perhaps only vanity—but, at all events, some obstructive and stubborn instinct of my nature, which I could not overcome—that prevented my telling my wife the odd occurrences which had disturbed my visit to our guest. I was unable or ashamed to confess that so slight a matter had disturbed me; and, above all, that any accident could possibly have clouded, even for a moment, the frosty clearness of my pure and lofty scepticism with the shadows of superstition.

Almost every day seemed to develop some new eccentricity of our strange guest. His dietary consisted, without any variety or relief, of the monotonous bread and milk with which he started; his bed had not been made for nearly a week; nobody had been admitted into his room since my visit, just described; and he never ventured down stairs, or out of doors, until after nightfall, when he used sometimes to glide swiftly round our little enclosed shrubbery, and at others stand quite motionless, composed, as if in an attitude of deep attention. After employing about an hour in this way, he would return, and steal up stairs to his room, when he would shut himself up, and not be seen again until the next night—or, it might be, the night after that—when, perhaps, he would repeat his odd excursion.

Strange as his habits were, their eccentricity was all upon the side least troublesome to us. He required literally no attendance; and as to his occasional night ramble, even *it* caused not the slightest disturbance of our routine hour for securing the house and locking up the halldoor for the night, inasmuch as he had invariably retired before that hour arrived.

All this stimulated curiosity, and, in no small degree, that of my wife, who, notwithstanding her vigilance and her anxiety to see our strange inmate, had been hitherto foiled by a series of cross accidents. We were sitting together somewhere about ten o'clock at night, when there came a tap at the room-door. We had just been discussing the unaccountable Smith; and I felt a sheepish consciousness that he might be himself at the door, and have possibly even overheard our speculations—some of them anything but complimentary, respecting himself.

"Come in," cried I, with an effort; and the tall form of our lodger glided into the room. My wife was positively frightened, and stood looking at him, as he advanced, with a stare of manifest apprehension, and even recoiled mechanically, and caught my hand.

Sensitiveness, however, was not his fault: he made a kind of stiff nod as I mumbled an introduction; and seating himself unasked, began at once to chat in that odd, off-hand, and sneering style, in which he excelled, and which had, as he wielded it, a sort of fascination of which I can pretend to convey no idea.

My wife's alarm subsided, and although she still manifestly felt some sort of misgiving about our visitor, she yet listened to his conversation, and, spite of herself, soon began to enjoy it. He stayed for nearly half an hour. But although he glanced at a great variety of topics, he did not approach the subject of religion. As soon as he was gone, my wife delivered judgment upon him in form. She admitted he was agreeable; but then he was such an unnatural, awful-looking object: there was, besides, something indescribably frightful, she thought, in his manner—the very tone of his voice was strange and hateful; and, on the whole, she felt unutterably relieved at his departure.

A few days after, on my return, I found my poor little wife agitated and dispirited. Mr. Smith had paid her a visit, and brought with him a book, which he stated he had been reading, and which contained some references to the Bible which he begged of her to explain in that profounder and less obvious sense in which they had been cited. This she had endeavoured to

do; and affecting to be much gratified by her satisfactory exposition, he had requested her to reconcile some discrepancies which he said had often troubled him when reading the Scriptures. Some of them were quite new to my good little wife; they startled and even horrified her. He pursued this theme, still pretending only to seek for information to quiet his own doubts, while in reality he was sowing in her mind the seeds of the first perturbations that had ever troubled the sources of her peace. He had been with her, she thought, no more than a quarter of an hour; but he had contrived to leave her abundant topics on which to ruminate for days. I found her shocked and horrified at the doubts which this potent Magus had summoned from the pit—doubts which she knew not how to combat, and from the torment of which she could not escape.

"He has made me very miserable with his deceitful questions. I never thought of them before; and, merciful Heaven! I cannot answer them! What am I to do? My serenity is gone; I shall never be happy again."

In truth, she was so very miserable, and, as it seemed to me, so disproportionately excited, that, inconsistent in me as the task would have been, I would gladly have explained away her difficulties, and restored to her mind its wonted confidence and serenity, had I possessed sufficient knowledge for the purpose. I really pitied her, and heartily wished Mr. Smith, for the nonce, at the devil.

I observed after this that my wife's spirits appeared permanently affected. There was a constantly-recurring anxiety, and I thought something was lying still more heavily at her heart than the uncertainties inspired by our lodger.

One evening, as we two were sitting together, after a long silence, she suddenly laid her hand upon my arm, and said—

"Oh, Richard, my darling! would to God you could pray for me!"

There was something so agitated, and even terrified, in her manner, that I was absolutely startled. I urged her to disclose whatever preyed upon her mind.

"You can't sympathise with me—you can't help me—you can scarcely compassionate me in my misery! Oh,

dearest Richard! some evil influence has been gaining upon my heart, dulling and destroying my convictions, killing all my holy affections, and—absolutely transforming me. I look inward upon myself with amazement, with terror—with—oh, God!—with actual despair!”

Saying this, she threw herself on her knees, and wept an agonised flood of tears, with her head reposing in my lap.

Poor little thing, my heart bled for her! But what could I do or say?

All I could suggest was what I really thought, that she was unwell—hysterical—and needed to take better care of her precious self; that her change of feeling was fancied, not real; and that a few days would restore her to her old health and former spirits and serenity.

“And sometimes,” she resumed, after I had ended a consolatory discussion, which it was but too manifest had fallen unprofitably upon her ear, “such dreadful, impious thoughts come into my mind, whether I choose it or not; they come, and stay, and return, strive as I may; and I can’t pray against them. They are forced upon me with the strength of an independent will; and oh!—horrible—frightful—they blaspheme the character of God himself. They upbraid the Almighty upon his throne, and I can’t pray against them; there is something in me now that resists prayer.”

There was such a real and fearful anguish in the agitation of my gentle companion, that it shook my very soul within me, even while I was affecting to make light of her confessions. I had never before witnessed a struggle at all like this, and I was awe-struck at the spectacle.

At length she became comparatively calm. I did gradually succeed, though very imperfectly, in reassuring her. She strove hard against her depression, and recovered a little of her wonted cheerfulness.

After a while, however, the cloud returned. She grew sad and earnest, though no longer excited; and entreated, or rather implored, of me to grant her one special favour, and this was, to avoid the society of our lodger.

“I never,” she said, “could under-

stand till now the instinctive dread with which poor Margaret, in *Faust*, shrinks from the hateful presence of Mephistopheles. I now feel it in myself. The dislike and suspicion I first felt for that man—Smith, or whatever else he may call himself—has grown into literal detestation and terror. I hate him—I am afraid of him—I never knew what anguish of mind was until he entered our doors; and would to God—would to God he were gone.”

I reasoned with her—kissed her—laughed at her; but could not dissipate, in the least degree, the intense and preternatural horror with which she had grown to regard the poor philosophic invalid, who was probably, at that moment, poring over some metaphysical book in his solitary bed-chamber.

The circumstance I am about to mention will give you some notion of the extreme to which these excited feelings had worked upon her nerves. I was that night suddenly awakened by a piercing scream—I started upright in the bed, and saw my wife standing at the bedside, white as ashes with terror. It was some seconds, so startled was I, before I could find words to ask her the cause of her affright. She caught my wrist in her icy grasp, and climbed, trembling violently, into bed. Notwithstanding my repeated entreaties, she continued for a long time stupified and dumb. At length, however, she told me, that having lain awake for a long time, she felt, on a sudden, that she could pray, and lighting the candle, she had stolen from beside me, and kneeled down for the purpose. She had, however, scarcely assumed the attitude of prayer, when somebody, she said, clutched her arm violently near the wrist, and she heard, at the same instant, some blasphemous menace, the import of which escaped her the moment it was spoken, muttered close in her ear. This terrifying interruption was the cause of the scream which had awakened me; and the condition in which she continued during the remainder of the night confirmed me more than ever in the conviction, that she was suffering under some morbid action of the nervous system.

After this event, which I had no hesitation in attributing to fancy, she

became literally afraid to pray, and her misery and despondency increased proportionably.

It was shortly after this that an unusual pressure of business called me into town one evening after office hours. I had left my dear little wife tolerably well, and little Fanny was to be her companion until I returned. She and her little companion occupied the same room in which we sat on the memorable evening which witnessed the arrival of our eccentric guest. Though usually a lively child, it most provokingly happened upon this night that Fanny was heavy and drowsy to excess. Her mamma would have sent her to bed, but that she now literally feared to be left alone; although, however, she could not so far overcome her horror of solitude as to do this, she yet would not persist in combating the poor child's sleepiness.

Accordingly, little Fanny was soon locked in a sound sleep, while her mamma quietly pursued her work beside her. They had been perhaps some ten minutes thus circumstanced, when my wife heard the window softly raised from without—a bony hand parted the curtains, and Mr. Smith leaned into the room.

She was so utterly overpowered at sight of this apparition, that even had it, as she expected, climbed into the room, she told me she could not have uttered a sound, or stirred from the spot where she sat transfixed and petrified.

"Ha, ha!" he said, gently, "I hope you'll excuse this, I must admit, very odd intrusion; but I knew I should find you here, and could not resist the opportunity of raising the window just for a moment, to look in upon a little family picture, and say a word to yourself. I understand that you are troubled, because for some cause you cannot say your prayers—because what you call your 'faith' is, so to speak, dead and gone, and also because what *you* consider bad thoughts are constantly recurring to your mind. Now, all that is very silly. If it is really impossible for you to believe and to pray, what are you to infer from that? It is perfectly plain your Christian system can't be a true one—faith and *prayer* it everywhere represents as the conditions of grace, acceptance, and salvation; and yet your Creator will not *permit* you either to

believe or pray. The Christian system is, forsooth, a *free* gift, and yet he who formed *you* and *it*, makes it absolutely impossible for you to accept it. *Is it*, I ask you, from your own experience—is it a free gift? And if your own experience, in which you can't be mistaken, gives its pretensions the lie, why, in the name of common sense, will you persist in believing it. I say it is downright blasphemy to think it has emanated from the Good Spirit—assuming that there is one. It tells you that you must be tormented hereafter in a way only to be made intelligible by the image of eternal fires—pretty strong, we must all allow—unless you comply with certain conditions, which it pretends are so easy that it is a positive pleasure to embrace and perform them; and yet, for the life of you, you can't—physically *can't*—do either. Is this truth and mercy?—or is it swindling and cruelty? Is it the part of the Redeemer, or that of the tyrant, deceiver, and tormentor?"

Up to that moment, my wife had sat breathless and motionless, listening, in the catalepsy of nightmare, to a sort of echo of the vile and impious reasoning which had haunted her for so long. At the last words of the sentence his voice became harsh and thrilling; and his whole manner bespoke a sort of crouching and terrific hatred, the like of which she could not have conceived.

Whatever may have been the cause, she was on a sudden disenchanted. She started to her feet; and, freezing with horror though she was, in a shrill cry of agony commanded him, in the name of God, to depart from her. His whole frame seemed to darken; he drew back silently; the curtains dropped into their places, the window was let down again as stealthily as it had just been raised; and my wife found herself alone in the chamber with our little child, who had been startled from her sleep by her mother's cry of anguish, and with the fearful words, "tempter," "destroyer," "devil," still ringing in her ears, was weeping bitterly, and holding her terrified mother's hand.

There is nothing, I believe, more infectious than that species of nervousness which shows itself in superstitious fears. I began—although I could not bring

myself to admit anything the least like it—to partake insensibly, but strongly, of the peculiar feelings with which my wife, and indeed my whole household, already regarded the lodger up stairs. The fact was, beside, that the state of my poor wife's mind began to make me seriously uneasy; and, although I was fully sensible of the pecuniary and other advantages attendant upon his stay, they were yet far from outweighing the constant gloom and frequent misery in which his protracted sojourn was involving my once cheerful house. I resolved, therefore, at whatever monetary sacrifice, to put an end to these commotions; and, after several debates with my wife, in which the subject was, as usual, turned in all its possible and impossible bearings, we agreed that, deducting a fair proportion for his five weeks' sojourn, I should return the remainder of his £100, and request immediate possession of his apartments. Like a man suddenly relieved of an insufferable load, and breathing freely once more, I instantly prepared to carry into effect the result of our deliberations.

In pursuance of this resolution, I waited upon Mr. Smith. This time my call was made in the morning, somewhere about nine o'clock. He received me at his door, standing as usual in the stealthy opening which barely admitted his lank person. There he stood, fully equipped with goggles and respirator, and swathed, rather than dressed, in his puckered black garments.

As he did not seem disposed to invite me into his apartment, although I had announced my visit as one of business, I was obliged to open my errand where I stood; and after a great deal of fumbling and muttering, I contrived to place before him distinctly the resolution to which I had come.

"But I can't think of taking back any portion of the sum I have paid you," said he, with a cool, dry emphasis.

"Your reluctance to do so, Mr. Smith, is most handsome, and, I assure you, appreciated," I replied. "It is very generous; but, at the same time, it is quite impossible for me to accept what I have no right to take, and I must beg of you not to mention that part of the subject again."

"And why should I take it?" demanded Mr. Smith.

"Because you have paid this hundred pounds for six months, and you are leaving me with nearly five months of the term still unexpired," I replied. "I expect to receive fair play myself, and always give it."

"But who on earth said that I was going away so soon?" pursued Mr. Smith, in the same dry, sarcastic key. "I have not said so—because I really don't intend it; I mean to stay here to the last day of the six months for which I have paid you. I have no notion of vacating my hired lodgings, simply because you say, *go*. I shan't quarrel with you—I never quarrel with anybody. I'm as much your friend as ever; but, without the least wish to disoblige, I can't do this, positively I cannot. Is there anything else?"

I had not anticipated in the least the difficulty which thus encountered and upset our plans. I had so set my heart upon effecting the immediate retirement of our inauspicious inmate, that the disappointment literally stunned me for a moment. I, however, returned to the charge: I urged, and prayed, and almost besought him to give up his apartments, and to leave us. I offered to repay every farthing of the sum he had paid me—reserving nothing on account of the time he had already been with us. I suggested all the disadvantages of the house. I shifted my ground, and told him that my wife wanted the rooms; I pressed his gallantry—his good nature—his economy; in short, I assailed him upon every point—but in vain, he did not even take the trouble of repeating what he had said before—he neither relented, nor showed the least irritation, but simply said—

"I can't do this; here I am, and here I stay until the half-year has expired. You wanted a lodger, and you have got one—the quietest, least troublesome, least expensive person you could have; and though your house, servants, and furniture are none of the best, I don't care for that. I pursue my own poor business and enjoyments here entirely to my satisfaction."

Having thus spoken, he gave me a sort of nod, and closed the door.

So, instead of getting rid of him the

next day, as we had hoped, we had nearly five months more of his company in expectancy; I hated, and my wife dreaded the prospect. She was literally miserable and panic-struck at her disappointment—and grew so nervous and wretched that I made up my mind to look out for lodgings for her and the children (subversive of all our schemes of retrenchment as such a step would be), and surrendering the house absolutely to Mr. Smith and the servants during the remainder of his term.

Circumstances, however, occurred to prevent our putting this plan in execution. My wife, meanwhile, was, if possible, more depressed and nervous every day. The servants seemed to sympathise in the dread and gloom which involved ourselves; the very children grew timid and spiritless, without knowing why—and the entire house was pervaded with an atmosphere of uncertainty and fear. A poorhouse or a dungeon would have been cheerful, compared with a dwelling haunted unceasingly with unearthly suspicions and alarms. I would have made any sacrifice short of ruin, to emancipate our household from the odious mental and moral thralldom which was invisibly established over us—overcasting us with strange anxieties and an undefined terror.

About this time my wife had a dream which troubled her much, although she could not explain its supposed significance satisfactorily by any of the ordinary rules of interpretation in such matters. The vision was as follows.

She dreamed that we were busily employed in carrying out our scheme of removal, and that I came into the parlour where she was making some arrangements, and, with rather an agitated manner, told her that the carriage had come for the children. She thought she went out to the hall, in consequence, holding little Fanny by one hand, and the boy—or, as we still called him, “baby”—by the other, and feeling, as she did so, an unaccountable gloom, almost amounting to terror, steal over her. The children, too, seemed, she thought, frightened, and disposed to cry.

So close to the hall-door as to exclude the light, stood some kind of vehicle, of which she could see nothing

but that its door was wide open, and the interior involved in total darkness. The children, she thought, shrunk back in great trepidation, and she addressed herself to induce them, by persuasion, to enter, telling them that they were only “going to their new home.” So, in a while, little Fanny approached it; but, at the same instant, some person came swiftly up from behind, and, raising the little boy in his hands, said fiercely, “No, the baby first;” and placed him in the carriage. This person was our lodger, Mr. Smith, and was gone as soon as seen. My wife, even in her dream, could not act or speak; but as the child was lifted into the carriage-door, a man, whose face was full of beautiful tenderness and compassion, leaned forward from the carriage and received the little child, which, stretching his arms to the stranger, looked back with a strange smile upon his mother.

“He is safe with me, and I will deliver him to you when you come.”

These words the man spoke, looking upon her, as he received him, and immediately the carriage-door shut, and the noise of its closing wakened my wife from her nightmare.

This dream troubled her very much, and even haunted my mind unpleasantly too. We agreed, however, not to speak of it to anybody, nor to divulge any of our misgivings respecting the stranger. We were anxious that neither the children nor the servants should catch the contagion of those fears which had seized upon my poor little wife, and, if truth were spoken, upon myself in some degree also. But this precaution was, I believe, needless, for, as I said before, everybody under the same roof with Mr. Smith was, to a certain extent, affected with the same nervous gloom and apprehension.

And now commences a melancholy chapter in my life. My poor little Fanny was attacked with a cough which soon grew very violent, and after a time degenerated into a sharp attack of inflammation. We were seriously alarmed for her life, and nothing that care and medicine could effect was spared to save it. Her mother was indefatigable, and scarcely left her night or day; and, indeed, for some time, we all but despaired of her recovery.

One night, when she was at the

worst, her poor mother, who had sat for many a melancholy hour listening, by her bedside, to those plaintive incoherences of delirium and moanings of fever, which have harrowed so many a fond heart, gained gradually from her very despair the courage which she had so long wanted, and knelt down at the side of her sick darling's bed to pray for her deliverance.

With clasped hands, in an agony of supplication, she prayed that God would, in his mercy, spare her little child—that, justly as she herself deserved the sorest chastisement His hand could inflict, He would yet deal patiently and tenderly with her in this one thing. She poured out her sorrows before the mercy-seat—she opened her heart, and declared her only hope to be in his pity; without which, she felt that her darling would only leave the bed where she was lying for her grave.

Exactly as she came to this part of her supplication, the child, who had grown, as it seemed, more and more restless, and moaned and muttered with increasing pain and irritation, on a sudden started upright in her bed, and, in a thrilling voice, cried—

“No! no!—the baby first.”

The mysterious sentence which had secretly tormented her for so long, thus piercingly uttered by the delirious, and, perhaps, dying child, with what seemed a preternatural earnestness and strength, arrested her devotions, and froze her with a feeling akin to terror.

“Hush, hush, my darling!” said the poor mother, almost wildly, as she clasped the attenuated frame of the sick child in her arms; “hush, my darling; don't cry out so loudly—there—there—my own love.”

The child did not appear to see or hear her, but sat up still with feverish cheeks, and bright unsteady eyes, while her dry lips were muttering inaudible words.

“Lie down, my sweet child—lie down, for your own mother,” she said; “if you tire yourself, you can't grow well, and your poor mother will lose you.”

At these words, the child suddenly cried out again, in precisely the same loud, strong voice—“No! no! the baby first, the baby first”—and immediately afterwards lay down, and fell, for the

first time since her illness, into a tranquil sleep.

My good little wife sat, crying bitterly, by her bedside. The child was better—that was, indeed, delightful. But then there was an omen in the words, thus echoed from her dream, which she dared not trust herself to interpret, and which yet had seized, with a grasp of iron, upon every fibre of her brain.

“Oh, Richard,” she cried, as she threw her arms about my neck, “I am terrified at this horrible menace from the unseen world. Oh! poor, darling little baby, I shall lose you—I am sure I shall lose you. Comfort me, darling, and say he is not to die.”

And so I did; and tasked all my powers of argument and persuasion to convince her how unsubstantial was the ground of her anxiety. The little boy was perfectly well, and, even were he to die before his sister, that event might not occur for seventy years to come. I could not, however, conceal from myself that there was something odd and unpleasant in the coincidence; and my poor wife had grown so nervous and excitable, that a much less ominous conjuncture would have sufficed to alarm her.

Meanwhile, the unaccountable terror which our lodger's presence inspired continued to increase. One of our maids gave us warning, solely from her dread of our queer inmate, and the strange accessories which haunted him. She said—and this was corroborated by her fellow-servant—that Mr. Smith seemed to have constantly a companion in his room; that although they never heard them speak, they continually and distinctly heard the tread of two persons walking up and down the room together, and described accurately the peculiar sound of a stick or crutch tapping upon the floor, which my own ears had heard. They also had seen the large, ill-conditioned cat I have mentioned, frequently steal in and out of the stranger's room; and observed that when our little girl was in greatest danger, the hateful animal was constantly writhing, fawning, and crawling about the door of the sick room after night-fall. They were thoroughly persuaded that this ill-omened beast was the foul fiend himself, and I confess I could not—sceptic as I was—bring myself absolutely to the belief that he

was nothing more than "a harmless, necessary cat." These and similar reports—implicitly believed as they palpably were by those who made them—were certainly little calculated to allay the perturbation and alarm with which our household was filled.

The evenings had by this time shortened very much, and darkness often overtook us before we sate down to our early tea. It happened just at this period of which I have been speaking, after my little girl had begun decidedly to mend, that I was sitting in our dining-parlour, with my little boy fast asleep upon my knees, and thinking of I know not what, my wife having gone up stairs, as usual, to sit in the room with little Fanny. As I thus sate in what was to me, in effect, total solitude, darkness unperceived stole on.

On a sudden, as I sate, with my elbow leaning upon the table, and my other arm round the sleeping child, I felt, as I thought, a cold current of air faintly blowing upon my forehead. I raised my head, and saw, as nearly as I could calculate, at the far end of the table on which my arm rested, two large green eyes confronting me. I could see no more, but instantly concluded they were those of the abominable cat. Yielding to an impulse of horror and abhorrence, I caught a water-croft that was close to my hand, and threw it full at it with all my force. I must have missed my object, for the shining eyes continued fixed for a second, and then glided still nearer to me, and then a little nearer still. The noise of the glass smashed with so much force upon the table called in the servant, who happened to be passing. She had a candle in her hand, and, perhaps, the light alarmed the odious beast, for as she came in it was gone.

I had had an undefined idea that its approach was somehow connected with a designed injury of some sort to the sleeping child. I could not be mistaken as to the fact that I had plainly seen the two broad, glaring, green eyes. Where the cursed animal had gone I had not observed: it might, indeed, easily have run out at the door as the servant opened it, but neither of us had seen it do so; and we were every one of us in such a state of nervous excitement, that even

this incident was something in the catalogue of our ambiguous experiences.

It was a great happiness to see our darling little Fanny every day mending, and now quite out of danger: this was cheering and delightful. It was also something to know that more than two months of our lodger's term of occupation had already expired; and to realise, as we now could do, by anticipation, the unspeakable relief of his departure.

My wife strove hard to turn our dear child's recovery to good account for me; but the impressions of fear soon depart, and those of religious gratitude must be preceded by religious faith. All as yet was but as seed strewn upon the rock.

Little Fanny, though recovering rapidly, was still very weak, and her mother usually passed a considerable part of every evening in her bedroom—for the child was sometimes uneasy and restless at night. It happened at this period that, sitting as usual at Fanny's bedside, she witnessed an occurrence which agitated her not a little.

The child had been, as it seems, growing sleepy, and was lying listlessly, with eyes half open, apparently taking no note of what was passing. Suddenly, however, with an expression of the wildest terror, she drew up her limbs, and cowered in the bed's head, gazing at some object; which, judging from the motion of her eyes, must have been slowly advancing from the end of the room next the door.

The child made a low shuddering cry, as she grasped her mother's hand, and, with features white and tense with terror, slowly following with her eyes the noiseless course of some unseen spectre, shrinking more and more fearfully backward every moment.

"What is it? Where? What is it that frightens you, my darling?" asked the poor mother, who, thrilled with horror, looked in vain for the apparition which seemed to have all but bereft the child of reason.

"Stay with me—save me—keep it away—look, look at it—making signs to me—don't let it hurt me—it is angry—Oh! mamma, save me, save me!"

The child said this, all the time clinging to her with both her hands, in an ecstasy of panic.

"There—there, my darling," said my poor wife, "don't be afraid; there's nothing but me—your own mamma—and little baby in the room; nothing, my darling; nothing indeed."

"Mamma, mamma, don't move; don't go near him;" the child continued wildly. "It's only his back now; don't make him turn again; he's untying his handkerchief. Oh! baby, baby; he'll *kill* baby! and he's lifting up those green things from his eyes; don't you see him doing it? Mamma, mamma, why does he come here? Oh, mamma, poor baby—poor little baby!"

She was looking with a terrified gaze at the little boy's bed, which lay directly opposite to her own, and in which he was sleeping calmly.

"Hush, hush, my darling child," said my wife, with difficulty restraining an hysterical burst of tears; "for God's sake don't speak so wildly, my own precious love—there, there—don't be frightened—there, darling, there."

"Oh! poor baby—poor little darling baby," the child continued as before; "will no one save him—tell that wicked man to go away—oh—there—why, mamma—don't—oh, sure you won't let him—don't—don't—he'll take the child's life—will you let him lie down that way on the bed—save poor little baby—oh, baby, baby, waken—his head is on your face."

As she said this she raised her voice to a cry of despairing terror which made the whole room ring again.

This cry, or rather yell, reached my ears as I sat reading in the parlour by myself, and fearing I knew not what, I rushed to the apartment; before I reached it, the sound had subsided into low but violent sobbing; and, just as I arrived at the threshold I heard, close at my feet, a fierce protracted growl, and something rubbing along the surbase. I was in the dark, but, with a feeling of mingled terror and fury, I stamped and struck at the abhorred brute with my feet, but in vain. The next moment I was in the room, and heard little Fanny, through her sobs, cry—

"Oh, poor baby is killed—that wicked man has killed him—he uncovered his face, and put it on him, and lay upon the bed and killed poor baby. I knew he came to kill him. Ah, papa, papa, why did you not come up before he went?—he is gone,

he went away as soon as he killed our poor little darling baby."

I could not conceal my agitation, quite, and I said to my wife—

"Has he, Smith, been here?"

"No."

"What is it, then?"

"The child has seen *some* one."

"Seen whom? Who? Who has been here?"

"I did not see it; but—but I am sure the child saw—that is, *thought* she saw *him*;—the person you have named. Oh, God, in mercy deliver us! What shall I do—what shall I do!"

Thus saying, the dear little woman burst into tears, and crying, as if her heart would break, sobbed out an entreaty that I would look at baby; adding, that she herself had not courage to see whether her darling was sleeping or dead.

"Dead!" I exclaimed. "Tut, tut, my darling; you must not give way to such morbid fancies—he is very well, I see him breathing;" and so saying, I went over to the bed where our little boy was lying. He was slumbering; though it seemed to me very heavily, and his cheeks were flushed.

"Sleeping tranquilly, my darling—tranquilly, and deeply; and with a warm colour in his cheeks," I said, rearranging the coverlet, and retiring to my wife, who sat almost breathless whilst I was looking at our little boy.

"Thank God—thank God," she said quietly; and she wept again; and rising, came to his bedside.

"Yes, yes—alive; thank God;" but it seems to me he is breathing very short, and with difficulty, and he looks—*does* he not look hot and feverish? Yes, he *is* very hot; feel his little hand—feel his neck; merciful heaven! he is burning."

It was, indeed, very true, that his skin was unnaturally dry and hot; his little pulse, too, was going at a fearful rate.

"I do think," said I—resolved to conceal the extent of my own apprehensions—"I do think that he *is* just a little feverish; but he has often been much more so; and will, I dare say, in the morning, be perfectly well again. I dare say, but for little Fanny's *dream*, we should not have observed it at all."

"Oh, my darling, my darling, my darling!" sobbed the poor little woman, leaning over the bed, with her hands locked together, and looking the very picture of despair. "Oh, my darling, what has happened you? I put you into your bed, looking so well and beautiful, this evening, and here you are, stricken with sickness, my own little love. Oh, you will not—you cannot, leave your poor mother!"

It was quite plain that she despaired of the child from the moment we had ascertained that it was unwell. As it happened, her presentiment was but too truly prophetic. The apothecary said the child's ailment was "suppressed small-pox;" the physician pronounced it "typhus." The only certainty about it was the issue—the child died.

To me few things appear so beautiful as a very young child in its shroud. The little innocent face looks so sublimely simple and confident amongst the cold terrors of death—crimeless, and fearless, that little mortal has passed alone under the shadow, and explored the mystery of dissolution. There is death in its sublimest and purest image—no hatred, no hypocrisy, no suspicion, no care for the morrow ever darkened that little face; death has come lovingly upon it; there is nothing cruel, or harsh, in his victory. The yearnings of love, indeed, cannot be stifled; for the prattle, and smiles, and all the little world of thoughts that were so delightful, are gone for ever. Awe, too, will overcast us in its presence—for we are looking on death; but we do not fear for the little, lonely voyager—for the child has gone, simple and trusting, into the presence of its all-wise Father; and of such, we know, is the kingdom of heaven.

And so we parted from poor little baby. I and his poor old nurse drove in a mourning carriage, in which lay the little coffin, early in the morning, to the churchyard of ——. Sore, indeed, was my heart, as I followed that little coffin to the grave! Another burial had just concluded as we enter-

ed the churchyard, and the mourners stood in clusters round the grave, into which the sexton was now shovelling the mould.

As I stood, with head uncovered, listening to the sublime and touching service which our ritual prescribes, I found that a gentleman had drawn near also, and was standing at my elbow. I did not turn to look at him until the earth had closed over my darling boy; I then walked a little way apart, that I might be alone, and drying my eyes, sat down upon a tombstone, to let the confusion of my mind subside.

While I was thus lost in a sorrowful reverie, the gentleman who had stood near me at the grave was once more at my side. The face of the stranger, though I could not call it handsome, was very remarkable; its expression was the purest and noblest I could conceive, and it was made very beautiful by a look of such compassion as I never saw before.

"Why do you sorrow as one without hope?" he said, gently.

"I *have* no hope," I answered.

"Nay, I think you have," he answered again; "and I am sure you will soon have more. That little child for which you grieve, has escaped the dangers and miseries of life; its body has perished; but he will receive in the end the crown of life. God has given him an early victory."

I know not what it was in him that rebuked my sullen pride, and humbled and saddened me, as I listened to this man. He was dressed in deep mourning, and looked more serene, noble, and sweet than any I had ever seen. He was young, too, as I have said, and his voice very clear and harmonious. He talked to me for a long time, and I listened to him with involuntary reverence. At last, however, he left me, saying he had often seen me walking into town, about the same hour that he used to go that way, and that if he saw me again he would walk with me, and so we might reason of these things together.

It was late when I returned to my home, now a house of mourning.

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.—NO. LVII.

JOHN HOGAN.

It must be confessed that for the last quarter of a century Ireland's contributions to the statesmanship and oratory of the great councils of the empire have exercised but slight influence over the policies of cabinets, and almost as rarely held captive the rapt attention of the senate. During that period no native-born Irishman of commanding talents (unless we except "the Duke") has filled any prominent post in administration, and few but will own that the triumphs of Grattan, and Plunket, and Croker, in the loftiest flights of eloquence, have been but feebly parodied by the most successful declamations of our flashiest modern parliamentary rhetoricians. Into the complicated and humiliating causes of this admitted degeneracy it is beside our present purpose to inquire; our more agreeable task in this paper being to establish by one more proof, that in the department of the fine arts (as in literature, science, and arms) Ireland has greatly exalted her reputation during the last two reigns, and under the gracious sceptre of Victoria. Our sculptors, painters, and architects vindicate nobly, indeed, the genius of the old land. In the sister country they carry off their full proportion of prizes, and we boast of enumerating at home, even in distracted and impoverished Ireland, no inglorious catalogue of gifted workmen, whose labours challenge admiration from all possessors of "the delicate aerial faculty."

The most eminent, at least, of these living fames are already sufficiently familiar to the readers of THE UNIVERSITY, and we feel that the new year cannot be more auspiciously inaugurated than by introducing and making known more extensively amongst his own people, than circumstances have yet permitted, the name and principal claims to distinction of a countryman entitled to take rank with the foremost of our celebrities.

Little known in Ireland outside a very contracted circle, by no means remarkable for a monopoly of true taste—hardly at all in Great Britain—almost wholly unappreciated and unpatronised by the titled and wealthy of either country, JOHN HOGAN has carved out for himself, in his Roman studio, a continental celebrity that must render the story of his progressive development interesting to every admirer of genius—how intensely interesting should be the narrative of his struggles and self-discipline to ourselves, who claim kindred with the haughty and enthusiastic Dalcassian master?

Full time, too, this debt should be paid, whilst yet his powers are in full vigour, and a generous recognition may cheer him on to bolder attempts than he has yet essayed—may nerve him for grander accomplishments than he has yet achieved. A sensitive race they are, these artists, and seldom their greatness ripens to full perfection under the cold shade of neglect. HOGAN has already arrived at the meridian of life, the premonitory gray tinge above his brow indicates the approach of the climacteric—he has fairly won the crown—let him be proclaimed.

A very sufficient idea of our great man's personal appearance may be derived from the happy sketch on the opposite page. Somewhat above the middle height—well knit—of sinewy, muscular proportions, his physical exterior reflects no discredit on "the sod;" and be it remarked, that a strong and lithe frame is almost an indispensable element of success in this department of the arts. The features are striking and finely chiselled, and are surmounted by a full, clear eye, and lofty open forehead. The *contour* altogether harmonises admirably with one's preconceived idea of the fitness of things. You see him, *en blouse*, and chisels in hand, in an attitude of contemplation during a moment's pause from labor—beside him his favourite, and perhaps most remarkable work, "The Drunken Faun."

Taking into account the rigid manners of the last century, there is something not a little romantic in the antecedents of Hogan's parentage.

Sometime in the year 1795, Richard Gumbleton, of Castle Richard, near

Tallow, in the county of Waterford, a country gentleman, well-connected, and of good estate, became struck with the idea, which before and since has bitten too many of his order—that the paternal mansion would be all the better, on the score both of commodiousness and appearance, by the addition of a wing, constructed after his own plans. In the prosecution of this design, he engaged the services of an intelligent young master-builder, then resident in Tallow, by name, John Hogan, a man of sober carriage and self-respecting habits, and who possessed considerable knowledge, both professional and of a more general character, beyond what was then usually found in members of his class. This John Hogan was peculiarly “handy” in devising novel and ingenious applications of mechanical skill and power—a talent inherited from ancestors who had for generations followed the occupation of millwrights, with much provincial fame, along the Blackwater and Suir, and throughout the mountain regions of North Tipperary and Clare; amidst whose romantic scenery, Mr. Petrie finds the tribe honourably settled, early in the seventeenth century, at Arderony, a few miles north of Nenagh. The map appended to the “Annals of the Four Masters,” shows us the Hogans thickly sown on the western bank of the Shannon, especially in the barony of Tulla, where their hereditary constructive faculty was not likely to rust for want of exercise, there being at that period numerous rude manufactories carried on in the district of friezes, coarse cloths, iron implements, &c., of which some vestiges are still to be seen. Numerous traditions of the Hogans, their wonderful cunning in machinery, and not a few of their exploits with the “alpeen” and the “hurly,” are still to be gathered on the secluded shores of Lough Graney (“Lake of the Sun”), in the parish of Feakle; but the name is almost extinct in these parts, the family having, “*agmine facto*,” emigrated southwards about the middle of the last century.

The father of the subject of our sketch was not long in conciliating the friendship, as well as confidence and esteem of Mr. Gumbleton. His conduct was correct and upright, and his manners, though plain and unpretending, bore about them the unmistakeable stamp of nature's gentility, so that he came at last to associate with the domestic circle of Castle Richard, on a footing which approached as near perfect equality as the punctilious usages of society in these times rendered possible. Nor was this partial adoption into Mr. Gumbleton's family of the young artisan without results, in the last degree, material to our narrative.

Whilst the works were yet in progress, there came on a visit to the castle a fair cousin of the mistress of the mansion, Miss Frances Cox, of Dunmanway, a young lady not yet out of her teens, and who had been for many years an orphan. Her father, Richard, was grandson of Sir Richard Cox, the eminent lawyer and active politician of the reigns of William and Anne, under the former of which monarchs he filled the office of Lord Chief Justice of Ireland, from which he was promoted to the seals, under Anne. Sir Richard was a man of lofty ambition, which was amply gratified in his exaltation to the distinguished posts to which he was successively raised by his own merits, and the favour of two able and discriminating sovereigns; but he was no money-grubber, and having lived splendidly, as became his rank in the state, bequeathed only a moderate fortune to his descendants. There is a picture of this Sir Richard, who played no undistinguished part in the public affairs and dark intrigues of the stirring and memorable epoch in which he flourished, in the Chapel of Trinity College, of which *Alma Mater* he had been a distinguished student. His posterity subsided into average country squires; and of Richard Cox, the grandson, there is nothing to be recorded but that he hunted, shot, served on the grand jury, and signed committals; entertained, and was entertained in turn; ate with an appetite, and slept with a good conscience—after the mode of the Corkagian gentry sixty years ago, ere yet Political Economy and Free Trade had confiscated their broad acres.

The wife of this gentleman—a Miss Browne, of the house of Coolcower—was a woman of great beauty and accomplishments. Both parents dying whilst their daughter, Frances, was still a child, the care of her education devolved upon an uncle—a younger brother of her father's—who transferred the irksome duty to one or another of the female relatives of the family, so that no wonder the young gentlewoman yearned for a home of her own, and was unconsciously predisposed to hearken to the soft whisperings of manly love.

By whatever mysterious affinities the heart-lone lady and the busy artificer were mutually attracted, the upshot of their stolen interviews in the pleasant summer evenings was an attachment too powerful even for the conventionalities of that stiff age to overcome. Disregarding the menaces and expostulations of her angered kindred, Frances Cox became, in 1796, the wife of John Hogan; and for twenty-five years of a wedded life, not unchequered by vicissitudes incident to her husband's station, fulfilled the duties of an exemplary wife and mother, not merely without repining at her self-chosen lot, but with a cheerful and pious contentment that won a blessing upon her comparatively humble, but ever decently-ordered home. After the first outburst of wrath at the *mesalliance* had expended itself, the Gumbletons (whose castle was yet unfinished) relented, and consented to permit the presumptuous builder to complete his contract. The other branches of the family, with one consent, erased the name of Mrs. Hogan altogether from their respective editions of the genealogical tree, and never afterwards held intercourse with her—a privation she bore with laudable Christian resignation, seeking and finding her consolations in the Word of God, and the fulfilment of her household duties. The repudiation extended to a refusal of payment of her marriage portion of two thousand pounds; and her husband, either too proud to place his motives in an equivocal light, or despairing of being enabled to assert his rights against such powerful adversaries, wisely forbore to ruin himself by legal proceedings for its recovery.

JOHN HOGAN, the third child and eldest son of this marriage, was ushered into "this breathing world" at Tallow, in the month of October, 1800; and in a few months afterwards the father was induced by some tempting offers to transfer his household gods to Cork, then in the very zenith of the transient commercial prosperity of which evidences are still to be traced in the deserted stores and warehouses of "the beautiful citie." Immediately on his arrival, the elder Hogan obtained employment, and was enabled by the labour of his hands to bring up his family, which increased to four daughters and two sons, in a creditable and respectable manner, till they no longer required his assistance.

Of the future sculptor there is nothing to be recorded for the first eight or nine years of his existence, save that he grew apace, a hardy boy, full of fire, activity and wilfulness. About this period, he experienced the first great trial of life, in his removal from the knee of a fond mother, and the association of affectionate sisters, to the less genial atmosphere and companionship of a public school. Though Cork possessed then, as now, many excellent educational establishments, Hogan's parents preferred to send the child to his birthplace, Tallow, to the care of a Mr. Cangle. Many of his pupils fill respectable stations in society; and to some, at least, of our readers, the name of his son, David R. Cangle, a barrister recently deceased, of highly promising abilities, will be familiar. Perhaps there mingled some instinctive feelings of pride in this banishment from home of the mechanic's son, since in Cork it was hardly possible he could frequent a first-class school without being occasionally exposed to disparaging observations from the children of professional and mercantile *magnates*. Under the roof of Mr. Cangle, Hogan remained about three years, during which he acquired a fund of solid information in all those branches of instruction which were congenial to his natural tastes. For classical literature he showed little aptitude, but his knowledge of history was extensive. He acquired a beautiful style of penmanship; was amongst the best proficient in arithmetic and mathematics, branches of education which formed the characteristic features of the school. In the hours of relaxation he was remarkable amongst his playmates for a daring disregard of danger, and a haughty assertion of superiority, which involved him in many pugilistic encounters, from which he oftenest came out victorious. With Mr. Cangle he was a great favourite from first to last, a regard which he cordially reciprocated; and it was with much regret on both sides that the master and scholar parted finally in 1814, when the elder Hogan recalled his son to Cork, deeming it at length full time to take thought for the young man's permanent settlement in life.

Amongst not the least effective causes of the commercial depression of Ireland was the absurd prejudice which, up to a very recent period, limited the area of "respectability" to the aristocracy of acres, arms, and what are termed, *par excellence*, "the genteel professions." The canons of exclusiveness held it an

indispensable passport to good society that, wanting an estate or an epaulette, you should earn largely, or at least starve elegantly, by law, physic, or divinity. The family of a great merchant was now and then admitted within the sanctuary ; but as a general rule, industrial occupations were banned ; and the *soi-disant* "highest circles" were too faithfully imitated by the minor professional coteries downwards, in ignoring the claims to free social intercourse of all families to whose heads the red book denied the privilege of writing themselves "esquires" or "gentlemen."

Probably, from some sense of her own uneasy position in this respect, and not uninfluenced by maternal longings to restore her children to the rank her own love-match had forfeited, Hogan's mother was anxious, above all things, that her eldest-born should enter upon a career which, in time, should enable him to exalt his horn amongst her disdainful kindred ; and after some opposition from the more practical and less ambitious father, who held cheap the ancestral glories of the house of Cox, and regarded his own bench to the full as honourable as the bench from which the great Sir Richard had, generations ago, fulminated decrees, the point was gained (as when was domestic controversy otherwise decided?) by the persevering mother ; and, accordingly, in his sixteenth year, the subject of our memoir was placed in the office of Mr. Michael Foote, a solicitor in large practice, with a view of being ultimately admitted a member of the honourable corps of gentlemen attorneys.

But truly hath Shakspeare written it—

"There is a Providence doth shape our ends,
Rough-hew them how we may."

Already an unconscious neophyte of Art, and soul-disturbed with vague visions of impalpable images ever and ever presenting themselves in new forms of grace, to challenge his limning, no wonder the reluctant copyist manifested early and decided symptoms of disgust at the mechanical drudgery of inscribing, on interminable paper or sheepskin, the prolixities of Doe, Roe, Thrustout, and Company. Every moment that could be stolen from the day's dull work was occupied in sketching, chiefly architectural fancies, and copies from such execrable prints of the contemporary events of the war as were exhibited in the shop windows, there being hardly any other types accessible to the aspiring draughtsman.

This idle propensity (as it seemed to him) of young Hogan, could not long escape the vigilant observation of so methodical a man of business as Mr. Foote, and numerous were the wise saws and solemn admonitions (more in kindness, however, than in anger) impressed on the truant clerk ; but the well-spring of genius had gushed upwards irrepressibly, and the torrent could no longer be dammed, nor turned into other channels than those designed by the Creator.

In this life of restless dissatisfaction with his daily toil, sweetened only by the few moments of perilous enjoyment which he could now and then snatch to contemplate some half-finished outline which, at the first sound of the dreaded footstep, he was compelled to thrust into the most secret recess of his desk, Hogan spent two weary years ; yet not wholly without encouragement and sympathy. A friend and client of Mr. Foote's, Dr. Coghlan, a physician in good practice, and not a little eccentric in his habits, accidentally discovered the young draughtsman one day at his desk absorbed in his labour of love, to the neglect of his proper business. He praised the sketches, faithfully kept the secret, and seldom afterwards visited the office without rewarding, with a bright crown-piece, what he, doubtless, regarded as the innocent amusements of a clever, wilful boy.

A purer gratification was derived from the fine appreciation of these early efforts by his only brother Richard, a born artist like himself, whose premature death, a few years afterwards, cut short a career that promised fair to rival the fame of our most celebrated painters. To describe how eagerly Hogan panted to escape from the thralldom of the desk, and with what well-meant persuasions and rebukes his mother, father, and friends encountered his reiterated petitions for release, would be but the repetition of a tale common enough in the early history of men marked out to accomplish great things after some fashion of their own. At length a fortunate accident supplied the desired opportunity,

and enabled the young artist, at one bound and for ever, to turn his back on the cheerless chambers of "Ladye Law," to revel, for the remainder of his life, in the bright shapes of which he had already begun to outline the dim conceptions. And soon afterwards this emancipation was followed by an event memorable in the annals of Cork and of Ireland, which exercised a material influence on the destinies of more than one of our greatest living Irish artists. A new gaol was about to be built on the banks of the Lee; and the contract was taken by the eminent house of Deane, of which the principal was and is Mr. (now Sir Thomas) Deane. Hogan the elder was in the employment of the firm, as foreman, and the talents of the son were already well known to Mr. Alexander Deane, a younger brother of Sir Thomas. The architect (Mr. Robinson of Dublin) having sent down his plans and specifications, there was a difficulty about finding a competent person in Cork to copy them within the time (not more than a fortnight) when the works should be commenced. In this embarrassment young Hogan was sent for, on a Sunday evening; and the reader may guess with what trembling delight he half-distrustingly consented to assume the responsibility pressed upon him by patrons who could naturally have but a doubtful faith in powers yet but little developed, and wholly unacknowledged out of his own limited circle of confidants. He yielded at last to their solicitations; and working night and day, with a fixed resolve to succeed, executed his task within the allotted time, in a manner to challenge the wonder and admiration of his employers.

After so brilliant a *coup d'essai* in his self-chosen profession, it was but a matter of course that Mr. Deane should be anxious to retain in his service so useful and ready an assistant; and, accordingly, bidding a kind, but by no means a sorrowful, farewell, to honest, plodding Michael Foote, Hogan exchanged the grey-goose quill for more apt tools, and was received into the office of Mr. Deane, with the design of becoming, in the fulness of time, an architect. Once enlisted, his industry was indefatigable. There was nothing too laborious or too delicate from which he restrained his hands. Into the mystery of every detail of the craft he penetrated with enthusiasm. He sketched, modelled in clay, and, in short, was ever ready and ever eager to be usefully employed. After some months' probation, Mr. Deane, who was perfectly capable of appreciating his unwearied strivings after self-improvement, and whose liberal nature loved to encourage modest deserving, supplied him with his first set of chisels, and at last, in his nineteenth year, Hogan became wedded to the vocation of his destiny, and became—a Sculptor.

One of his earliest carvings in wood, with the highly prized implements of his new calling, was a remarkably beautiful study of foliage, forming the cornice of a shop front still, or lately to be seen, in Patrick-street, Cork; but his works were legion, and hardly one but was remarkable for some striking originality in conception or execution. Several specimens in relief are in the possession of Sir Thomas Deane, by whom they are highly prized, not more for the circumstances under which they were produced, than for their intrinsic merit. A figure of Minerva, nearly the size of life, executed for an Insurance Company, retains its place on the South Mall; and perhaps the most extraordinary achievement of the still self-taught artist, an exquisite female skeleton, in hard wood, from which Dr. Woodroffe lectured his pupils still exists, with many other studies of different parts of the human frame, to attest the good use to which the industrious student applied his tools.

In these not distasteful but obscure labours, Hogan might have lingered on for years, or for life, without winning more than a narrow local reputation for cleverness, had it not been for the fortunate circumstance already alluded to, which opened up to his ambition a new vista, and gave concentration, development, and direction to the stirring impulses of his soul; and the still more auspicious accident which threw him in the way of a man with intellect to comprehend his genius, and a warmth of heart which generously advocated his claims upon the public, till they were recognised by an amount of encouragement which enabled him to prosecute his studies in the capital of art.

In the year 1818, the magnificent collection of casts from the antique, presented to the Prince Regent by the Pope at the close of the war, was trans-

ferred to the Cork Society of Arts, then recently established. The good citizens proved themselves, for some time, not unworthy of so signal a good fortune. The statues were well cared for at first, and became the inspiration of men whose names will for ever be associated with the grandeur of British art; but the enthusiasm collapsed, and after long years of neglect, during which this magnificent collection was repeatedly in imminent danger of being dispersed by the auctioneer's hammer, it is only within the last few months that they have been made again available for instruction.

Immediately after their arrival in Cork, in 1818, the *furor* was unexampled. All ranks and conditions of people crowded to see "the nine days' wonder." A few who *had* real eyes in their heads lingered in the apartment, came again and again, drank deeply of the grace and beauty which floated around the glorious shapes of the mythology—young and nameless they were then—the two Hogans, John and Richard; Forde, the Angelo of Ireland; Maclise, Scottowe, Buckley, Keller, and others, some of whom yet live in honor—but, alas! the majority, and these the most promising, were undone by too devoted vigils in prosecution of their ideal worship. So perished Forde and Richard Hogan, still mere youths, and of all that brilliant galaxy there remain but Maclise and the subject of our sketch to vindicate the glorious promise of the Cork school.

Hogan continued a constant student in the rooms of the Society for about three years, and at the same time a regular attendant on the lectures of Dr. Woodroffe, to whose teachings he is indebted for the extraordinary anatomical correctness by which his works are distinguished. During this period he terminated his connexion with Mr. Deane, and in 1822, executed on his own account for Dr. Murphy, Roman Catholic Bishop of Cork, about forty figures of saints in wood, each about three feet and a-half in height, which form the principal ornaments of the North Chapel. The eaglet had now sufficiently impeded his wing, and pined for a wider and loftier flight.

By one of those fortuitous coincidences which tempt the most sceptical to believe in a special providence, it happened that, in the autumn of 1823, the late William Paulett Carey, a name well known in the literature of art, and a connoisseur of acknowledged judgment, visited Cork, and there fell in with a carving of Hogan's, which at once attracted his admiration. Pursuing his inquiries respecting the artist who was capable of producing a work of such high finish and chaste conception, he was introduced to the young man, and having minutely scrutinised both his finished performances, and his studies from the antique, pronounced him at once a true genius, and determined to set forth his merits in a prominent light before the public, with the object of procuring him the means of completing in Italy an education already so creditably advanced.

Following up this noble impulse, Mr. Carey addressed several letters to the Cork newspapers, in which he earnestly pleaded with the wealthier citizens on behalf of their gifted young townsman, and besought them to furnish him with the means of residing for three or four years in the Eternal City. The eloquent advocate had the mortification of finding his appeals unheeded; but still he did not despair. At his suggestion, Hogan wrote to Sir John Fleming Leicester, afterwards Lord De Tabley, frankly stating his case, and accompanied by some specimens of his carvings. A kind and warm-hearted reply, from this noble-minded patron of art, enclosed twenty-five pounds, to which the Royal Irish Institution added one hundred pounds, and the Dublin Society, twenty; about as much more was contributed by some friends. Lord De Tabley's kindness did not terminate in the mere pecuniary gift. He furnished him with letters to Chantrey and Sir Thomas Lawrence, and, best of all, gave him a commission for a statue in marble, to be commenced whenever he should feel his powers competent to the trial. This truly benevolent man had never even seen the object of his bounty, and did not live to enjoy the delighted satisfaction so generous a nature must have derived from his signal success. In 1823, Hogan left Cork to embark upon that troubled sea—the world. His gentle and excellent mother had died the death of the righteous two years before, and the premonitory symptoms of consumption were already painfully noticeable in the failing strength of his beloved brother Richard—indications sadly verified in his death, about eighteen months subsequently. Tearing himself, by a strong

effort, from the embraces of his family, he proceeded on his journey by way of London, where the unknown Irish lad had little reason to congratulate himself on the cordiality of his reception by Lawrence or Chantrey; the former of whom gave him, indeed, a formal letter to the celebrated Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire, then on her death-bed in Rome. By the latter he was dismissed with frigid politeness, and a suave regret that "he had no acquaintance in Italy."

Arrived in the capital of art, the long-desired home of his aspirations, Hogan found himself without a solitary friend or patron. The gay duchess had paid the debt of nature; and so he stood alone amidst the glorious monuments of ancient and mediæval art, with nothing to distract his attention from the grand object of his sojourn. Undoubtedly this was propitiously ordered; and his very ignorance of the language, which for some time prevented him from forming acquaintances amongst the native artists, contributed to his success by the necessary isolation into which he was thrown. The days and nights were incessantly devoted to study—profound, continuous, most searchingly analytic. Public and private galleries were haunted for months, by the pale thin student, with an assiduity that augured well for his future fame. At length, after a residence of more than a year, he resolved to try his virgin chisels upon marble.

The idea was caught up casually in the streets, where, in the noonday heat, he observed a peasant boy, attended by his pet goat, enjoying their *siesta*. Such was the origin of "The Shepherd Boy," Hogan's first work in marble, and which heintended as a present to Mr. Deane, but was compelled by the pressure of the *res angusta domi* to part with it to the late lamented Lord Powerscourt—no mean judge, and a liberal patron. His lordship, on completing the purchase, having expressed his intention of grouping it with a Cupid by Thorwaldsen, one of that great sculptor's latest works, Hogan remonstrated with the true modesty of genius; and perhaps the encouraging reply, that "he need not fear the comparison," was not the least satisfactory portion of the recompence.

A very fine cast of this beautiful group (the original is at Powerscourt), the gift of Hogan to the late Lady Morgan, and which subsequently passed into the hands of Mr. Stewart Blacker, was presented by that gentleman to the Royal Dublin Society, and may be seen in the hall leading to the Sculpture Gallery and School of Design.

Our artist, now master of a studio in the "Vicolo Degl' Incurabili," previously occupied by Canova, of whose more spacious saloons in the "Vicolo St. Giacomo" he subsequently became the occupier, bethought him that he might venture upon a work for his munificent patron, Lord de Tabley. The subject having been left to his own discretion, he selected it from Gessner's well-known "Death of Abel;" and, confident in his own powers, ventured to overstep his instructions, which limited him to a figure half the size of life. Anticipating an agreeable surprise, he resolved to execute a full-life figure; and bending his whole soul to this labour of grateful acknowledgement, succeeded in producing a figure which is a model of grace and solemn beauty. EVE, shortly after her expulsion from the garden, lights, in her melancholy wanderings, upon a dead dove, and is startled into awe by this scarce comprehended proof that the sentence of mortality pronounced by the offended Creator, is, indeed, a fearful reality. The profound grief and timid surprise depicted in those lovely features surpass all description. Alas! the generous heart they were designed to thrill was cold before the statue could reach England; and it lay for several years unopened in its case, at the family seat in Cheshire, till, on the marriage of the present peer, the long-hidden beauties were revealed on the occasion of a general re-decoration; and this master-piece of art forms now the principal ornament of the noble mansion.

The story of the next work in order of execution, "The Drunken Faun," is not a little curious. At an evening party of artists, whilst Hogan was engaged upon the "Eve," there arose a controversy whether it was possible to produce anything perfectly original in sculpture. Gibson, the most eminent British artist in Rome, warmly sustained the negative. Hogan dissented; when Gibson somewhat sneeringly retorted, "Then perhaps *you* can produce an original work!" Stung by the sarcasm, barbed, perhaps, as it was, by the significant looks of the bystanders, Hogan unhesitatingly accepted the challenge; nor did

he lay his head upon the pillow that night until he had hit upon the idea which he laboured diligently and in silence to embody. The statue, when at last the impetuous and now triumphant Irishman permitted it to be seen, was hailed with enthusiasm, and at once fixed Hogan's position as an artist of immortality. The venerable Thorwaldsen could not contain his admiration, but exclaimed, on seeing it, "*Avele fatto un miracolo ;*" and the *fiat* of the great father was ratified by the applause of dilettanti and artists of all nations ; nor—to his credit be it spoken—was Gibson backward in his congratulations on the accomplishment of the "impossible" feat. This *chef d'oeuvre* was never executed in marble, nor copied. The original was presented, in 1829, to the Royal Irish Institution ; and, on the demise of that body, passed into the possession of the Royal Dublin Society. Mr. Hogan applied, two or three years since, for permission to remove it to Rome, in order to its being copied in marble, with some improvements, undertaking to return the original, or a cast of the new work, within a specified time. A bond was executed on these terms, but, after going to some expenses, he was ultimately refused the favour. The model is much injured by inartistic whitewashings ; and it is to be hoped a more generous spirit coming into the souls of the Society will inspire them to offer facilities to the artist to perpetuate his grand conception in more durable material.

Hogan's first visit to his native land, and the earliest exhibition of any of his works in this country, was in 1829, when his "Dead Christ," a life size figure in relief, was exhibited in College-street. This was purchased for Clarendon-street Roman Catholic Chapel, and is now under the high altar. A copy, but with the figure in considerably higher relief, and in other respects greatly improved, adorns one of the chapels in Cork. This visit gave Hogan reputation at home, and he returned with several orders, principally from Roman Catholic ecclesiastics. His chisel was henceforth in constant requisition, and each subsequent visit to Ireland, of which he made three or four, added to his fame and elicited new commissions. The most striking of his productions we shall briefly describe, our space not admitting of more lengthened criticism.

First, we may mention his noble monument to Dr. Doyle, the celebrated "J.K.L.", which is thus spoken of by one in every way so much more competent than ourselves to do justice to the greatness of a brother artist, that we prefer to adopt Dr. Petric's vivid and generous words :—

"There is scarcely a point in which it can be viewed in which it is not equally effective and striking. The subject, as a sculptural one should be, is of the most extreme simplicity, and yet of the most impressive interest—a Christian prelate in the act of offering up a last appeal to heaven for the regeneration of his country, which is personified by a beautiful female figure, who is represented in an attitude of dejection at his side. She is represented as resting on one knee, her body bent and humbled, yet in her majestic form retaining a fulness of beauty and dignity of character ; her turret-crowned head resting on one arm, while the other, with an expression of melancholy abandonment, reclines on and sustains her ancient harp. In the male figure which stands beside her in an attitude of the most unaffected grace and dignity, we see a personification of the sublime in the Episcopal character. He stands erect, his enthusiastic and deeply intellectual countenance directed upwards imploringly, while with one hand he touches with delicate affection his earthly mistress, and with the other, stretched forth with passionate devotion, he appeals to heaven for her protection.

"Such is the touching poetical sentiment embodied in this work, which, considered merely as a work of art, has merits above all praise. In the beauty of its forms, its classical purity of design, its simplicity and freedom from affectation or mannerism, its exquisite finish and characteristic execution, and its pervading grace, truth, and naturalness, it is beyond question the finest production of art in monumental sculpture that Irish genius has hitherto achieved ; and, taken all and all, is, as we honestly believe, without a rival in any work of the same class in the British empire."

To the admiration excited by this group, Hogan himself attributes his spontaneous and wholly unexpected election into the Institute of the Virtuosi of the Pantheon—an honour which he had regarded as beyond his hopes, inasmuch as no name of a native of the British Islands was ever before inscribed on the

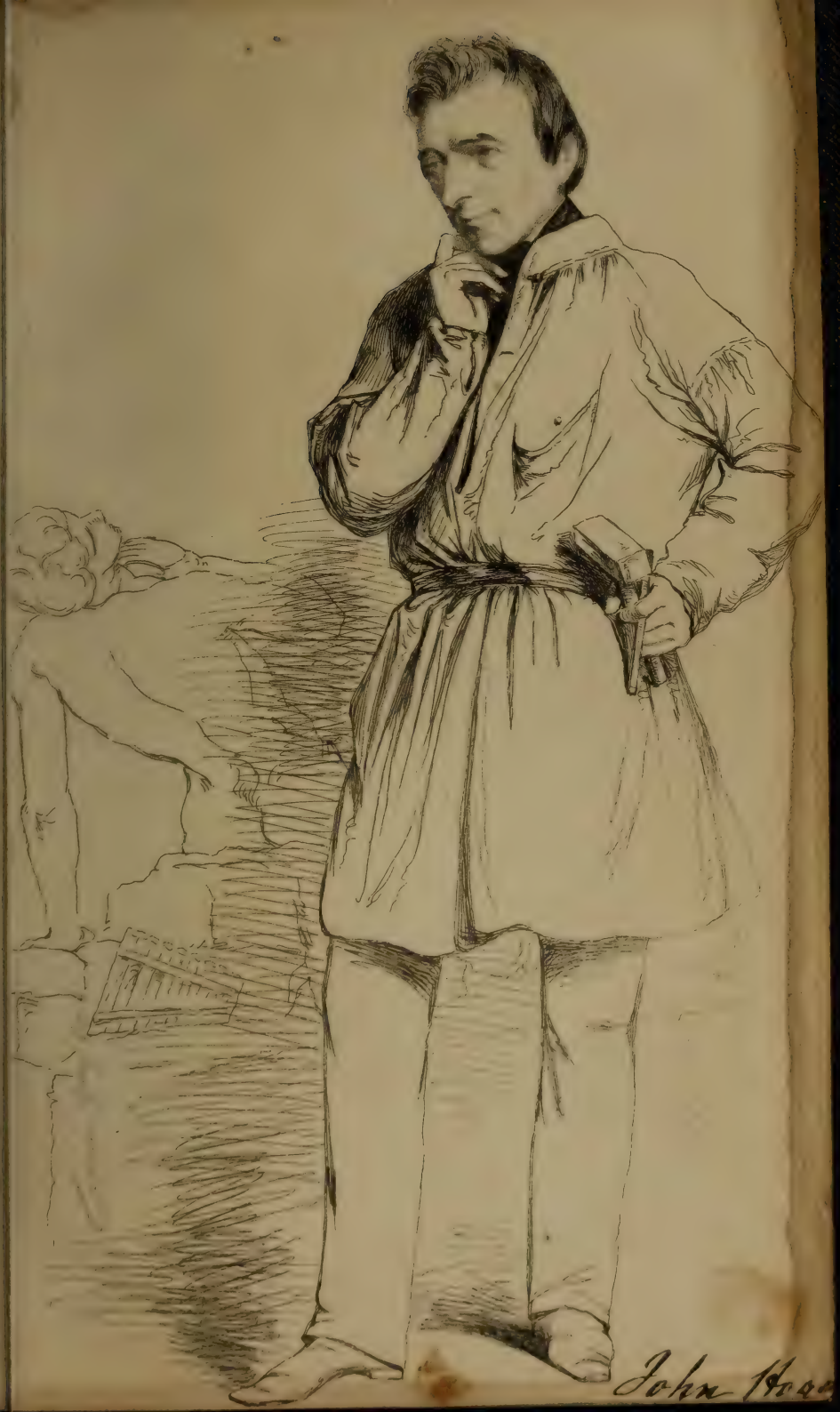
sacred roll. This is the oldest society of the kind in Europe, and the most scrupulously select, having been founded early in the fifteenth century, and numbering amongst its celebrities the most illustrious names in the three great divisions of art; the society consisting of forty-five members, chosen in equal proportions from amongst the most eminent sculptors, painters, and architects. Considerable endowments are attached to the institution, and the members are entitled to wear a gorgeous uniform, somewhat resembling the full dress of a captain in the British navy, on the buttons of which are represented the implements of art, the compass, chisel, and pencil, with the motto, "*Florent in domo Domini.*" To be invested with this uniform, worn by Raphael, and a host of the great masters, and to take his seat amongst the living fathers of his profession in their periodical assemblies, is the loftiest goal at which the ambition of any continental artist can aim. Hogan received his diploma in 1836, from the hands of the president, the celebrated Signor Fabris, the intimate personal friend of Gregory XVI., and now director of the Vatican and of the Museum of the Capitol. The prize gift was presented in a most flattering address. Nor was this the only recognition of the superiority of the stranger artist by the critical authorities of Rome. The *Pieta* (now in Francis-street Roman Catholic Chapel) won the rare honour of being engraved in the *Ape Italiana*, the standard critical publication of Italy, accompanied by a most eulogistic paper from the elegant pen of the acknowledged arbiter of merit, the Marquese Melchiori. From that moment no name stood higher in the Eternal City.

It is surely marvellous that the number and excellence of his works scattered throughout the country have not challenged at an earlier period the patronage of the aristocracy of his own land. Our own city is crowded with them: the statue of THOMAS DRUMMOND, in the Royal Exchange; the noble figure of Bishop BRINKLEY, on the staircase of the University Library, in his professor's robes, with one hand clasping the Bible, the other resting on the globe; the exquisite HIBERNIA, with a wolf-dog at her feet, and holding a medallion of Lord Cloncurry, in the possession of that venerable nobleman, at Maretimo, for whom he likewise executed a beautiful monument to the unmarried daughter of John Philpot Curran, in the Church of St. Isidore at Rome; the beautiful alto relievo of the "Deposition from the Cross," in the convent of Rathfarnham; and that of the "Nativity," in Dalkey.

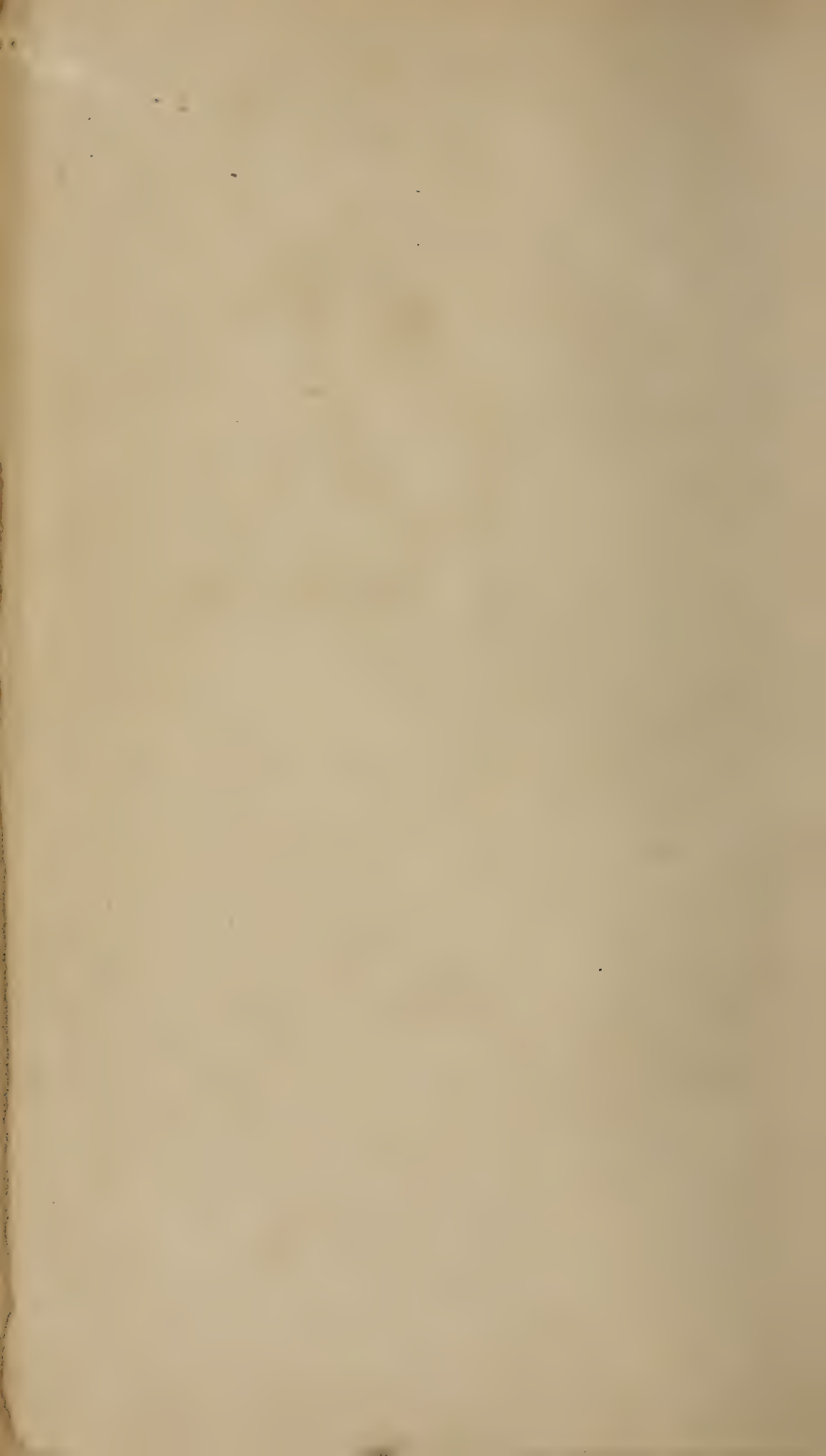
In Cork, his colossal statue of WILLIAM CRAWFORD, in the Savings' Bank, has elicited the warmest commendations from the Munster dilettanti. In Father Mathew's cemetery is a delightful figure of an angel; at Skibbereen a splendid monument, in relief, to the memory of Dr. Collins, Roman Catholic Bishop of Cloyne; and another, in the Cathedral of Cloyne, to Bishop Brinkley. Blackrock Church, near Cork, boasts of one of his most striking works, an alto relievo, consecrated to the memory of another eminent citizen of Cork, William Beamish, of Beaumont. The subject is illustrative of "the day of the voice of the seventh angel, when the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised." (Rev. xi. 7.) The conception and execution of this magnificent idea attest at once the range of his inventive faculties, and the diligent care with which he elaborates the minutest details of his subject.

We have left ourselves to speak last of the colossal figure of O'CONNELL, in the Royal Exchange, a masterpiece of the sublime in sculpture. In none of his other works has Hogan been more successful, either in the employment of his accessaries—the marvellous freedom and grace of drapery, for which he stands unrivalled—or the faultless correctness of his anatomy. But this work has the loftier merit of stamping the character of the great tribune in his grandest passion mood. The arm boldly extended, as in defiance—the proud scorn seated on the massive brow, and playing over the mobile features—present O'Connell to our imaginations as he appeared on some great though rare occasions during his turbulent career. A more striking and characteristic likeness of the great agitator may be traced in a bust executed at the request of Dr. Miley, of Marlborough-street, and in the possession of that reverend gentleman. The brow is wreathed with oak leaves, and an imperial dignity is cast over the whole expression.

It must, however, be evident that, fully as his hands have been engaged, our



John Hoo



artist has hitherto been presented with rare opportunities of soaring into those regions of pure ideal, in which an exuberant fancy, chastened by a cultivated classic taste, would find most congenial exercise. His works insensibly recal us to the golden age of sculpture, when the artist's toil had nobler inspirations than the grudging guineas of personal or vicarious vanity.

Hogan, our readers will say, ought to be, by this time, a rich man. Unfortunately the truth is otherwise. For the greater portion of his labours he has been but scantily requited. Some have involved him in positive loss; and on too many occasions he has been treated in a niggardly, and even dishonest spirit. We prefer to be silent on these points, though the temptation is strong to expose the shabbiness which plunders the unworldly artist of his guerdon. Hogan found it difficult more than once to restrain his indignation, and only household necessities restrained him from pulverising the finished work. Alas! who amongst us is not sometimes compelled to repress his internal fires that the domestic kettle may not grow cold!

During the convulsions which agitated the continent last year, even the peaceful artist denizens of the Eternal City were compelled to keep ward and watch alternately for the Pope and the triumvirs; and Hogan, with the rest, was forced to assume the uniform of a National Guard. Feeling comparatively little interest in the settlement of a dispute which concerned not a great deal one who looked forward to a tomb in his own island birthplace, no wonder our artist embraced the first opportunity of escape from the scene of turmoil. The patrons of Art having dispersed, in all directions, to safer retreats, there were few visitors to the studios, save grim collectors of subsidy, and occasional cannon-balls. A Scotch artist, who succeeded Hogan in the occupancy of his old premises on the "*Vicolo Degl' Incurabili*," was disturbed at breakfast one fine morning during the siege, by the unwelcome intrusion of a Gallic twenty-four pounder, which clean perforated the opposite walls of his apartment, making, in its progress, smithereens of his tea and toast. Such hints are not to be disregarded; and, accordingly, Hogan, with his Roman wife and seven children, bade an adieu to the city of the Cæsars, and is now amongst us, we sincerely trust for good and all, a citizen of our Irish metropolis. This must depend, in a great measure, on ourselves, for Hogan retains his Roman studio—the immediate purpose of his present sojourn in Ireland being to complete and superintend the erection of two unfinished works in monumental sculpture, which, judging from what we have seen of them in their present stages of advancement, promise to excel every former production of his chisel. The first is an alto relievo, of the unusual dimensions of seven feet square, designed to commemorate the useful virtues of the late Peter Purcell, Esq., the distinguished patron of Irish agriculture. The deceased is represented as having fallen into the slumber of death whilst engaged in his favourite pursuits. He reclines against the stump of a tree, whilst the genius of agriculture, personified by a beautiful boy, extends the palm-branch to the expiring philanthropist. Nothing can be finer than the easy outline and chaste drapery of the principal figures. This massive work has just arrived at the artist's studio, Wentworth-place. A number of other works in progress are daily expected, amongst which is the statue of the late Justin Foley Macnamara, Titular Bishop Elect of Cloyne, in his sacerdotal robes—at his feet an angel, bearing a reversed mitre. May our illustrious countryman, crowned with wreaths—won in glorious competition with the most formidable rivals the nations of the earth send forth to contest the palm in the metropolis of art—escaped the perils of climate, and sea, and warfare, long be spared, to enjoy a more heart-cheering appreciation at home—to gather, amongst his own kith and kin, new, and no longer barren laurels.

IRISH POPULAR SUPERSTITIONS.*

CHAPTER IV.

REMINISCENCES OF THE WEST.—THE WELSHES.—THE THIVISH OR FETCH.

HELL OR CONNAUGHT—THE WEST—ITS PRESENT AND FORMER CONDITION; HOPES FOR ITS FUTURE; DEPOPULATION—SECRET SOCIETIES—THE RIBBONMEN—PEELERS AND BARONY CONSTABLES—A MILITIA MAJOR—PADDY WELSH THE FISHERMAN, HIS LIFE, DOINGS AND DEATH—THE BLOOD OF THE WELSHES—THE THIRD DREAM—TREASURE-SEEKING—BALLINTOBER CASTLE, ITS CAPTURE IN 1786—SANDY O'CONNOR—THE WIDOW'S SON AND THE FETCHES—ROSCOMMON IN 1823—A GLADIATORIAL EXHIBITION—THE GALLOWES—LADY BETTY, A FEMALE EXECUTIONER—THE LAST RECORDED GIBBETING—THE CIVILISING EFFECTS OF WHIPCORD AND LEAD—THE RIGHT HONOURABLE.

"In Ireland, a Fetch is the supernatural fac-simile of some individual which comes to insure to its original a happy longevity or immediate dissolution; if seen in the morning, the one event is predicted; if in the evening, the other."—*Banim*.

"To Hell, or Connaught!" was a malediction well known and often expressed in the North and East fifty years ago; the choice of localities being generally left to the person entrusted with the mission. We have not ventured to explore the former, for although the way thither is clearly defined by the ministers of all religious sects in this country, the return is not so easy. Connaught, however, as the other alternative, we have tried, and are now to the fore to offer some reason for its supposed contiguity to a more tropical region.

What the country west of the Shannon has been heretofore, may be conjectured by observing, even cursorily, what it is at the present moment; and the estimate, of a portion of it at least, has been tolerably well defined in the late bidding for the Connemara estates, when, despite the puff preliminary in the invitation of a Viceroy; the puff collusive in the speech of a London Lord Mayor, and the puff direct in the eloquent "setting up" of the first auctioneer of the day, before an auditory almost choking with a plethora of wealth—little more than half their intrinsic value was offered. The *Quarterly* knew better than any of them, and was just out in time to save the London millionaire from risking his fifty or sixty thousand pounds in the dillick, sloake and carrigeen moss on the rocks and cliffs, from Roundstone to

Slimehead, or in growing flax upon the serpentine and granite of the twelve pins of Bennabola. But what's the use in going over the same story, and ringing the famine and fever, and poor-law desolation in your ears, good Christians, again;—Sure I told you how it was with all Ireland, in May and June last, when I discoursed you on the same subject as the present; and if you want to know how Connaught is now, I can but tell you that it is ten times worse—only that the people (and more is the wonder) are honester, more peaceable, and although given a trifle to lying, bear starvation with less grumbling than in any other part of the world where human beings are subjected to the like misery, and have so long suffered from the same demoralising influences.

No one will buy in Connaught now—it is said they cannot. Why? Certainly English capitalists, some of them of great name, who have lately visited this country, have assured us that it was not the ill-conditioned state of the peasantry—nor the desolate appearance of the country—nor the debts due by the landlords, nor the want of title, or the defect of drainage—nor of means of access—nor even the low price of corn—nor the danger to life or property:—all these could be calculated upon; their probable losses and profits summed up; and when a "view" was made of the whole, it would be found to be just

* Continued from Vol. XXXIII., No. CXCVIII., for June, 1849.

worth, like any other property, so many years' purchase, and would bring its proper price in the market; but it was the taxation which they dreaded, the poor-law taxation of which they could form no estimate, even for the next couple of years—a taxation, which, it is feared, may soon increase to such an extent as to exceed the fee-simple value of the land. Well, this is all very true; but this taxation is to feed the people—will it not increase as the population increases? Yes, but the population *will not, cannot increase under the present circumstances.* Already it has been thinned to an extent almost unparalleled under any condition of the country, as will be proved when the next census is taken upon the 6th June, 1851. We now speak of the West, with which we have been long familiar, and we venture to assert that, within two years from the present, the numbers which will have taken advantage of poor-law relief, and who must consequently be a burden upon the land, will have reached, if not passed, the maximum; and as the numbers requiring relief either within doors or without, shall be thinned and decreased, so ought the taxation to lessen also: unless the officials continue to blind the public to an extent hitherto unknown.

We lately made a tour of the West after an absence of twelve years. What have we seen—what was the impression made upon us in passing through districts with which we have been long familiar? this—that until the late potato failure and consequent famine, there must have been immense agricultural improvement going forward even in Connaught; for although we passed over miles of country without meeting the face of a human being, and seldom that of a four-footed beast, and though we came, in some places, hot upon the smoking ruins of a recently unroofed village, with the late miserable inmates huddled together and burrowing for shelter among the crushed

rafters of their cabins; and although there were large tracts of land untilled and untenanted—still, with the traces of cultivation far beyond what we remembered in former times, passing under our eyes; with improved drainage—in many places rendering the former swamp a meadow—with the dark patches of green crops creeping up the sides of the valleys—with the turnip and the parsnip surrounding the cottage, where, alone, the potato had a footing previously; and, with large tracts of bog reclaimed wherever there was an improving and, consequently, a wise and humane as well as thriving landlord*—we could not but feel that the appearance of the country, generally, had improved since 1837. But, to the subject of the depopulation.

Thousands of the peasantry have died annually since 1846, over and above the annual standard of mortality, which, in Ireland, according to the only data yet accessible, did not, upon an average, exceed two per cent. at the utmost. Thousands upon thousands of the best and most productive of the population have emigrated; and among those who remain, and who have eked out a most miserable existence without the walls of the poorhouse, the births, as a natural consequence of the unhappy condition in which the country has been, have been lessened to an extent scarcely credible; and marriages—as the priests know to their cost—have fallen off beyond the remembrance of any former time. The few still standing out among the peasantry, clinging with delusive hope to the potato, and still holding on, in chronic starvation, to two acres and a-half of ill-tilled land; with that longing for liberty—but, alas! not for independence—which makes the Irish peasant rather die than quit his native hearth; those supported upon public works, where such exist, or who have been receiving from the, as yet, unpauperised land-

* No better proof of this could be adduced than the present condition of the tongue of land—part of the Barnah property, in Connemara, running in from Ballinakille bay to the shores of Kylemore Lake, and now in the possession of Mr. Graham. On one side of it is the Ballynahinch estate, and on the other the Renville—both worse off than they were ten years ago—while this tract, which we remember red bog and heathy moor, is now growing corn and green crops, and has several snug homesteads upon it.

lord fivepence a-day, "without mate or drink," for the few months of spring and harvest, will all have been driven into the poorhouse before the beginning of 1852; while those who can muster the price of their passage to New York, either by honest accumulation or by robbing their landlords of the crops, will likewise have emigrated.

Let us go into the poorhouses, and walk through the day-wards, and yards, and workshops. We see there two classes: the worn-down peasantry, with broken constitutions, spectres of men and women, listlessly stalking about—moody, unoccupied; brooding over miseries past; without hope for the future; fit recipients, mentally and corporeally, for all the contagious influences necessarily attendant upon the accumulation of such a crowd of human beings: we feel assured, upon looking at them, that the great majority will never number another year. For the other section of this class—the boys and girls, and young men and women—many of them intelligent, and with good constitutions, now growing up in the workhouses, and acclimatised to them: we feel that something must be done by legislative enactment, either to provide for them in the colonies, or to transplant them again throughout the unpopulated districts, or to hire them out as farm-servants, their legitimate and proper calling, before two years elapse: or land must be taken by the poor-law authorities on which to employ them. And, as we stated on a former occasion, the day will come, and it is not far distant, when, unless all Ireland be converted into a grass-farm, the farmer must go to the workhouse to seek labourers for his harvest.

But there is another portion of the poorhouse which we have yet to visit—the hospital. Here, whether it be a temporary shed, or the ordinary ward accommodation, as we pass down the long room, between the rows of beds, and cast our eyes on the thirty or forty human beings arranged on each side of us, a glance practised to disease assures us, that ere to-morrow's sun has set, many of the miserable beings through whom we have passed will have ceased to feel the burning fever or the wasting dysentery: their corpses will lie in the dead-house. The doctor who accom-

panies us will confirm our remarks. The wards are almost always full—some recent cases from without, others occurring among the broken-down paupers in the house—rapidly filling up the vacancies which every four-and-twenty hours produce. In truth, the mortality which has taken place during the last three or four years, and which is still going forward, to a certain extent, in the poorhouses of Ireland, is beyond belief. We have no desire that it should now be made known. No doubt it will be published at the proper time, and in the proper place. It is not for the sake of exciting angry feelings against these institutions that we write: we believe that, under the circumstances, the mortality has not been greater there than might have been expected; but we have made these statements because we have witnessed what we relate, and because the sum of our inquiries and observations assures us, that the number of persons requiring poor-law relief will begin to decrease to an extent of which no idea can, at present, be formed, after a very few years. And then, with an Irish protectionist representation—for *that we shall have*—taxation will not fall as heavily nor with that uncertainty which the Irishman who sells, or the Englishman who would buy land, now imagines.

Why the rulers of the west, if they have not earned for it the adage, "To Hell or Connaught," have, at least, assisted to keep up, and, in part, to deserve, the malediction, may be gleaned from the sequel to the following tale, which, while it serves to illustrate a peculiar Irish superstition, details an historical fact, known at this very hour to hundreds where the circumstance occurred, and the proofs of which—in all save the supernatural appearances, probably the result of an excited imagination—are undeniable, and could be produced.

The reader acquainted with Irish local history may form some idea of the state of Connaught at the period to which this tale refers, and the barbarous condition of the country at the time, when we tell him, that it was many years after some of the gentry of Mayo, having overpowered the guards, broke into the jail of Castlebar, and attempted to assassinate one of the prisoners, whom they left for

dead.* And it occurred a few years before one of the members for the county of Galway, a magistrate and a deputy lieutenant, was tried, sentenced, and imprisoned many months, for heading a riotous armed mob, marching off with them several miles through a neighbouring town, and taking illegal and forcible possession of an acre of bog, whereby several persons were severely injured, and the peace of the realm disturbed.† And it was about this time, or shortly after it, when a gentleman, then residing not far from the town of Roscommon, abducted a drove of pigs from a neighbouring magistrate with whom he happened to be dining: for which crime he was transported for life—a life he, after a long space of time, forfeited to the offended laws of a penal colony. Not many years ago, his son—who had been a cabin-boy at the battle of Navarino—proved in the public courthouse of Leitrim, that he was the rightful heir to the estates of a man who had then but recently filled the office of high sheriff of the county, but whom a jury believed to be a supposititious child, the son of a pipe-maker!‡ But it was a good many years subsequent to this time (though some of the witnesses are still living) when a lady of rank and consequence, belonging to the same province, paid a high price for a window in Green-street, from which, it is said, she, along with her daughter, witnessed the execution of the *gentleman* who murdered the husband of the one and the father of the other, by deliberately walking up to him, and shooting him through the head, as he

was saluting him previous to their fighting a duel.§ Strange to say, we, several years ago, received the account of this horrid transaction from the second of the murdered man, the late Major Plunket of Kinnaird, on the very spot where the Rev. Mr. Lloyd was lately murdered. Major Plunket had been a general of the rebel army in 1798, was expatriated to Bath, but was allowed to return to Ireland in 1828 or '9, in order to support the conservative and high-church candidate for his native county!

Verily, we have been a peculiar people, in Connaught; and, shall we not add, zealous of bad works. These little, but truthful memorabilia may, however, serve to remind some of our friends of whom, and of what times we write.

Connaught generally, and Roscommon in particular, was the scene of one of those paroxysms of outrage, the result of secret association, that in different localities, and at divers times, have affected the Irish peasantry, sometimes for one object, sometimes for another; a war against tithes, or, more properly speaking, tithe proctors, or against landlords and agents, or on account of con-acre, or to aid in getting emancipation or repeal—often without any cause that even the people themselves could assign. Hence arose the Hearts-of-Steel, Caravats, and Shanavests, the Croppies, Defenders, White-Boys, Right-Boys, Peep-o'-Day Boys, Carders, Hacklers, Trashers, Rockites, Ribbonmen, Terry-Alts, and Molly-Maguire's.

Some idle malcontent, labouring under the smart of a real or supposed

* See the trial of the celebrated George Robert Fitzgerald, in 1786; and "of Timothy Brecknock, James Fulton, and others, for the procurement of, and for the murder of Patrick Randal M'Donnell and Charles Hickson; and also the trial of John Gallagher and others, for an assault on George Robert Fitzgerald, in the Gaol of Castlebar." Dublin: printed by P. Byrne. See also "The Life of George Robert Fitzgerald," in this Magazine, for July, August, and September, 1840.

† The Battle of the Bog occurred in 1837, at Oughterard, between some of the tribe of the "Ferocious O'Flaherties," of Il-Iar Connaught, and the retainers of Ballynabinch—Thomas Martin, M.P. and J.P., the last male descendant of "Nimble Dick," having led the van.

‡ See the trials of Keon v. Keon, in Roscommon, Leitrim, and Galway, from 1828 to 1833.

§ See the trial, in Dublin—to which place the venue was changed—of Mr. Keon, for the murder of Mr. Reynolds, on the 16th October, 1787.

|| One of the cards or hackles, with spikes on it an inch and a-half long, which used to be hammered into the back, and then dragged down along the spine, is still in the collection of antiquities of a gentleman in Mullingar.

grievance; some mere pecuniary speculator, or some tatterdemallion obliged, for crimes of his own, to be "on the run," and seek shelter in a different county, has frequently stirred up a hitherto peaceable peasantry to band themselves under a secret society; to meet in ribbon lodges; to assume certain nicknames; to organise and arm; to have secret signs and passwords, by which the initiated might be recognised at fair or market, when a grip of the hand, or a nudge of the elbow, the way in which a man carried the tail or skirts of his *big coat*; hitched up the waistband of his breeches; lifted his glass, or knocked his quart upon the public-house table, when he wanted more drink; the manner in which he cocked his hat, or handled his blackthorn, or some casual or apparently unimportant word thrown out in passing the way, as "God save you," or the time of day, or the ordinary salutation among the lower orders, were all used as a means of recognition.

There is a freemasonry—a craft or mystery in all this which, quite independent of other objects, possesses a charm for the human mind; and this alone will gain proselytes at all times and among all classes, descending from the magi and heathen priests of old through the illuminati of later days, down to the various secret societies, or bodies possessing secret signs, symbols, or passwords, among the educated classes at present, either recognised by the law or connived at by the officers of justice.

We repeat it, there is a charm in this state of things which has lured many a young and innocent peasant into the snare of designing men. Besides these there are the evil disposed at all times—the revengeful of the lower classes, the timid, and the wavering, who will each, for their respective motives, join any illegal society which may start up in their vicinity. Where and when we allude to, murder, and crimes of such debasing nature, formed no part of the ribbon system. Agrarian outrage was not known. There was no famine; the people were well fed and comfortably clothed; there were no harsh evictions, such as are now recorded daily; neither had the clearing system then come into full operation; drunkenness was not rife; but too

frequently the cruel and unmeaning practice of haughing cattle marked the progress of the epidemic. Some Manchester delegate generally commenced the work; the village schoolmaster wrote out and copied the regulations; oaths were administered; the peaceable and well-disposed were compelled, under fearful penalties, to join; the people assembled on some neighbouring hill, or on a lonesome road, at dead of night; an old pensioner drilled, marched, and counter-marched the corps; and, yet, though the system of military training has been so long resorted to by Irish insurgents, we cannot record an instance in which it has been of the slightest use to those so trained.

The peasantry now became cautious, reserved, and gloomy. Faction-fights ceased at fairs and markets; men drank in the backs of tents and in the upper rooms of public houses, and conversed in low tones, and generally in Irish. Ill-spelled rockite notices, signed "Lif-tinint Starlight," or "Corporlar Moonbame," were posted on public places. Abducting horses and riding them in the "cavalry," during the entire night, upon some embassy to a distant part of the country, and then leaving them in a pound, with a notice to the owner of their whereabouts, was continually resorted to. But the grand feature of the ribbonism of that day was of a dramatic nature. Decorations and processions chiefly characterised the Connaught disturbances about the years 1823 and 1825. The men wore white shirts outside their clothes, or displayed scarfs or shawls of some kind, and invariably had white bands on their hats, and were otherwise adorned with ribbons of as many colours as could be procured, tied upon their hats and arms, like the Spanish contrabandista—as if to form the better mark for the soldiers with whom they might come in contact—and all dressed in their best attire for these nightly promenades.

It was really a sort of melo-dramatic exhibition. Those who wore cut paper round their hats, as wren-boys, when they grew up to be young men decorated themselves with ribbons and white shirts to act the May-boys—and, as mummers, painted their faces and went through the Christmas pantomime with old rusty swords.

These were the mechanists, stage-managers, wardrobe-keepers, dressers, scene-shifters, and "property" manufacturers of the Roscommon ribbon-men. There was a frolic and a spirit of rude enterprise and adventure in meeting thus attired with an old gun or a yeoman's rusty halbert, of a November night, and marching, by moonlight, to the sound of the fiddle or bagpipes, though what end was to be obtained thereby, the great majority of them neither knew nor cared. The people had long been taught that there was no law or justice for the poor man, unless his master was a magistrate or, what would be still better, had an "ould family grudge" with an opposing magistrate, or that the priest would interfere in his behalf. That Irishmen were ill-treated, and got no fair play, was well known, and that it was right to do something for O'Connell and Emancipation, and to put down the tithe-proctors, was believed to be a most meritorious act, and for "the good of the country." But what was to be ultimately obtained by these organisations, either by themselves or others, they had no very distinct idea. The people were, generally, the dupes of others, for what purpose we have no desire now to discuss.

Unfortunately there was, and still is, but little work for the Irish cottager or small farmer from the beginning of November till the end of

February; and what little there might be done, partly from ignorance and partly from apathy, he does not do; so, except when he went to the fair or the market, or was compelled to go to the bog for a *clieve* of turf, or had occasion to *put a fuce** on a pit of potatoes, he slept most of his days and went out with "the boys" at night.

To oppose this state of things there were the local magistrates, and in the larger towns the military; but except when brought for any special purpose, and to attack a large collection of the people, these latter were of little use in subduing insurrection. The usual class of spies and informers soon began to ply their trade, and one of the first acts of the magistrates was to prevent or disperse all merry-makings and amusements of the people. Tents and *standings*† were pulled down at an early hour, public-houses cleared and all assemblies dispersed; hurlings and football playing, which generally took place on Sundays or holidays, were strictly interdicted, but the ire of the authorities was chiefly directed against *cakes*‡ and dances. When information was obtained with respect to the locality of one of these, thither the magistrate with his posse committatus repaired, broke into the assembly, dispersed the merry-makers, spilled the whiskey, danced on the fiddle, and carried off to the nearest blackhole or guard-room the owners of the house.§ Really the only available or permitted amusements

* "To put a face" on anything means to begin, or broach; as to commence the removal of a ridge of potatoes, or a stack of hay, or a clump of turf.

† "Standings," the covered booths or open-air shops, in which "soft goods" are exhibited at fairs and markets. Every method of displaying merchandise, even that of a basket or a stall, was stiled a standing: from the ass-cart propt with a barrel and covered over with a patch-work quilt stretched on bent rods, underneath which sat, on hunkers, the owner, surrounded with her ware, skallions, tin porringers, and remnants of checks, and "Ready-me-daisys"—to the regularly boarded shop covered over with canvas or sail-cloth, in which corduroys, book-muslins, and fancy prints were displayed. Many a splendid future has been commenced in one of these.

‡ Cakes, the peasants' balls and suppers. See chap. i, for May, 1849, p. 544.

§ We have just received the following from a distinguished member of the Connaught bar:—

"Bryan Kyne was a justice of the peace for three counties. He was tried before Baron Smith, in Roscommon, at the summer assizes of 1830; and the case against him was, that he went, on a Sunday evening, to the cabin of an old man, who lived by fiddling for the country people, as they danced; and who had a crowd of them assembled, and engaged at that amusement, on a Sunday evening, which Kyne thought he should disperse. On his entering the cabin, he seized the fiddle, and desired the dancers to disperse, which they did at once, without a murmur. He had a gun in his hand; and when, by their voices, as they moved away from the cabin, he judged that they were yet within shot, he levelled his gun in the direction they were taking towards their homes, and injured several of them. The princi-

were wakes and funerals—on which account some of the latter were mock. The only available force were the old barony constables—generally superannuated pensioners—from the yeomanry or militia, always Protestants, and most of them fosterers, *cleivins*, old servants, or hangers-on of the magistrate—dressed in long blue surtout coats, with scarlet collars, buckskin breeches, and rusty top-boots. Each of these old men was mounted, and carried a heavy cavalry sword, his only weapon, for he was seldom fit to be entrusted with any other. Two or three of these *fogies* might be seen at fairs, patterns, and markets, riding up and down to keep the peace, which, as soon as the superintending magistrate had gone to dinner, they generally broke by getting gloriously drunk. This the people usually bore, however, with good humour, seldom injuring the constable, but affording themselves much amusement by *welting* with shillelachs and blackthorns their crusty nags, which, knowing perfectly what was about taking place, immediately commenced *lashing*, as if aware that the time was come for the farce, although during the previous portion of the day they remained as sober as their masters.

So daring had the ribbonmen become that, although several had already been transported from the dock, and others had been whipped at carts'-tails, large bodies of the insurgents approached the small towns in the night time, committing several petty outrages: pulling down pound-gates and letting out the cattle, beating drivers and warning process-servers; so that the quiet

and loyal inhabitants had to form themselves into corps, which 'appointed watches and had patrols guarding their houses. Just then Peel's Act came into force, the first Peelers, under the command of the redoubted Major —, entered Connaught, and here our story commences.

The Major, who took no inconsiderable part in the fearful drama which shortly after followed, had originally belonged to a celebrated militia regiment, of one of the midland counties, that was the first to run out of Castlebar on the approach of the French, but having stopped to take breath at Hollymount, and the men having refreshed themselves with some of the claret purloined from the cellars of the neighbouring gentry, they became suddenly seized with a fit of *nationality*! and turning their coats inside out, they erected, in the demesne of Lehigh, a pole crowned with a cap of liberty, round which they drank, danced, and sang till morning's dawn, when many of those who were able to march, or even to stagger, retraced their steps to join Humbert. These renegades made, however, but a bad business of it afterwards at Ballinamuck, and their subsequent *liberality* provoked the parody upon the well-known air of "Croppies lie down;" so spirited a quick-step, that we greatly regret it is still remembered as a party tune.

"Oh! the Longford militia walked into Athlone,
And the first tune they play'd was let croppies
alone;
Croppy get up for you're long enough down,
We'll thrash all those orange dogs out of the town.
Down, down, Orange lie down."

Paddy Welsh was a roving blade—peculiar in everything, in habits, in temper, in thought, in appearance, in expression, but especially in gait—one of the class known only to those well acquainted with the peasantry of this country—thoroughly and peculiarly Irish. By trade—Oh! Paddy had no trade—he was not a tradesman, if by

that term is meant a sober mechanic, following his special calling from week's end to week's end—Sundays, holidays, whole Mondays, and half Saturdays excepted—in pulling wax-ends, thickening hats, or stitching frieze, turning hacks and pears, or in building walls, plaining planks, hooping churns, or shoeing horses. No, he could, it is true, per-

pal witness was a very decent-looking youth, about twenty. He took off his shirt, and shewed his back to the judge and jury, as he stood on the table in the public court; and although it was nearly six months after the transaction, it exhibited a shocking appearance of carbuncles and cicatrices. Kyne was convicted, and transported for life."

form each and all of these feats at a pinch just as well as many, and better than some of those that had served their time to the trade; but he had no genius for such common, continuous, everyday avocations. Neither was he an agriculturist; he held land it is undeniable, and had a snug house upon it built by his own two hands, but that was for the wife and children, and the farm was generally tilled by the woman of the house, "the little boy," and an occasional hired servant, with a lift now and then from a neighbour or two at the sowing and digging of the potatoes. Neither was he a trader or a dealer, at least as a legitimate calling. Sometimes when pigs were "looking up," he jobbed upon a few slips from market to market, and maybe turned a pound into a thirty-shilling note thereby, but pig-jobber he was not.

If Paudeen Brannagh (Anglice, Patrick Welsh) had any special calling more than another—he was a hackler, as was his father before him; from whom he inherited (all the poor man had to leave) the best tempered pair of hackles in the country. With these Paddy, in his younger days, when flax was much grown in Connaught, and before he became an adept at another line of life, might be seen traversing the country, his little hackle boxes, resembling creepy stools, slung across his shoulders, one hanging behind and another before, and seeking occupation wherever there was "flax a-breaking".*

Though Paddy was not a tradesman, nor a labourer, nor a dealer, nor any

great scholar either, he was an artist—a thing by the way he never heard of—uneducated brute! He knew nothing of the "holiness of art," nor the purifying effects of art, nor the religious influence of art; the likes were never heard of in Connaught in those days. There was no definition of such in the old whity-brown-papered, Tommy-and-Harry-illustrated, rough-cast-covered, Universal Spelling Book, nor in "The Genteel Letter-writer and Young Gentleman's True Principles of Politeness," sewed up into the back of it. Where would he hear of it? He was an artist, nevertheless, a fisherman, the best we ever met, and that is a great saying. For knowing where to find trout, when and how to get them, what to rise them with, and how to play and kill them, we never met his equal. He had other accomplishments, to be sure;—he was a good shot, and could creep upon a flock of grey plover—driving an old cow or a horse before him, to screen him from the wary birds—with any other man in the barony. He wasn't a bad fiddler either, particularly at a *rousin'* tune,—"*Moll in the Wad*," "*Rattle the Hasp*," "*The Grinder*," or any of the classic, but now almost forgotten, airs of Connaught. He could feed, and clip, and spur, and "hand" a cock with any man that ever stood in the pit of an Easter Monday. There wasn't a *pile* nor a *stag* in the three parishes but he knew its whole seed, breed, parentage, and education. Barring Patt Magreevy, he was the greatest authority on such matters from "the Barony"†

* After the flax had been steeped in the bog-hole, and bleached on the *anough*, it was taken home, kiln-dried, and in process of time broken, preparatory to being hackled, scutched, and spun into yarn; all which processes were the result of household manufactory. The flax was generally broken by men; a large stool, such as that used for a table in the peasant's cabin, was everted and laid flat on the floor. The operator sat down behind it, with a leg across each end; placed the sheaf of dried flax along the stool, holding it into the fork of the legs, and with a long stout beetle broke up the outer husk or cuticle of the fibre, preparatory to its removal, by being drawn through the hackle pins. As several persons were generally engaged in the operation at a time, the noise produced thereby was quite deafening, and hence the common expression in Connaught, indicative of great uproar—it was like "flax a-breaking."

† The Barony of Athlone is always styled, in Roscommon, *the Barney*, and contra-distinguished from the rich plains, which are called *the Maghera*. The county Roscommon was famed for cock-fighting in former days, particularly upon Easter week. At the last exhibition of this kind which we witnessed, among the sports got up to commemorate the coming of age of a noble lord, afterwards murdered in England, some of the white silk dresses and snowy muslins of the ladies who assisted to form the ring were sadly disfigured with the blood of the dying cocks which fluttered about the pit.

to Sliebe Bawn, and no *main* was ever fought without his presence; but latterly he didn't like to have the subject *evened* to him, by reason of a false accusation made against him, by an enemy, some years before, of having stolen, out of the county Sligo, a game chicken that had been hatched in a scald-crow's nest—but enough of that.*

Like St. Patrick's aunt, Misther Welsh “undherstuddistillin’,” though he seldom undertook the office of illicit distiller; but whenever anything went wrong with the ordinary manufacturer, when the burnt beer had too great a tack, or the wash rose into the still-head, or ran through the worm, he knew what to do with it, and could keep it down with a dead chicken, or something worse; and he was famed for making the best *lurrogue* or luteing, to keep in the liquor in an old, leaky still, of any other person in the seven parishes; but we repeat, he was not by trade a distiller.

Paddy was great at a wake, where his arrival was hailed as would be that of Strauss or Lanner in a folks-ball at the Sperl or Goldenen Piern, at Vienna, for nobody knew the humours of that festival beyond Paudeen Brannagh. He could tell them how to slap,† and play forfeits, and shuffle the brogue, and rehearse “the waits;” or he could sing the “Black-Stripper,”‡ and “Nell Flaherty's Drake,” or repeat a rhan. The young, and those unconcerned in the mournful spectacle, welcomed him

with lod applause; even those in grief would smile through their tears, and the nearest relative of the deceased would exclaim—

“Oh, thin musha Paddy, you *summahawn*, bad cess to you, is it here you're coming with your tricks, and we in grief and sorrow this night?”

“Hould your whist, sthore ma chree, sure it's for that I stept over, just to keep ye from thinking, and to anose the colleens. Never mind till you see how I'll dress the garlands, and curl the paper for you coming on morning;” for this was one of Pat's accomplishments. He could assist the women to lay out the corpse; but in case of the death of a young unmarried person, he could peel, and dress with cut paper, the sally wands to be carried at the funeral, and could shape the white paper gloves which were to hang on the hoops—the principal decoration of the garland, that was to be placed in the middle of the grave. Full of fun and frolic as he was, he was always doing a good turn, and everybody said, “there is no harm in life in him.”

Paddy stood five feet nothing in his stocking feet—no, not that either—in his barefoot; first, because he never had feet to his stockings; and secondly, because if he put both feet to the ground, he would be nearly six inches lower than the standard we have assigned to him; for, by some natural defect, his left leg was so much shorter than his right. To commence

* Among the many popular superstitions attendant upon the breeding and rearing of game fowl, it was believed that if an egg was extracted from a hawk's, or raven's, or a hooded crow's nest, and a game egg placed therein, that nothing could beat the bird so reared—that it always partook of the carnivorous propensity and indomitable courage of its nurse and the foster family with which it had been brought up.

† Among the humours of a wake, the *small play* of slapping was one of the most popular. The person who was doomed, as a forfeit, to the infliction, had to stand with his hand laid upon the flat of his back, which each person in the game gave the severest blow with the palm which they were able. We shall take up the subject of the wake games when considering the ceremonials attendant upon death, and would, in the meantime, be glad to receive from our friends some information upon the subject.

‡ Allegories were not confined to the learned in Ireland. The Bleeding Iphigenia, or the history of Cyprus, or the beautiful expressive song of the Wild Geese, which were intended and adapted for the reading population, had their types among the lower orders in such songs as the “Black Stripper,” which signified a poteen still. This song was made by a poor poet near Elphin, upon the celebrated St. Lawrence, the gauger, of Strokestown, the most noted still-hunter in Connaught for many years. It was for a long time the most popular ballad throughout Roscommon and Leitrim, and you heard it as frequently wherever there was an assemblage of the people, as but a little while ago our ears were assailed with “Rory O'More.”

with his lower extremities, which were the most remarkable feature about him, we must inform our readers that he wore neither brogues, pumps, shoes, nor galouches, boots, Hessians, tops, nor Wellingtons; but a pair of short laced buskins, made by a brogue-maker, which caused all the difference to the wearer in the matter of economy.*

He was vain (who is not?) and consequently never attempted the *knees* and long stockings, but clad his nether man in corduroys, or *borogue*, a sort of coarse, home-made linen, formed of twilled tow-yarn. His only other garment—at least the only other one which we could discover that he wore for many years, was an old whitish, drab-coloured, double-caped great-coat, the long skirts of which, first rolled into a sort of twisted rope, were then tucked up below the small of his back, where they formed a sort of male bustle, which, with his fiddle stuck under it, and the acquired set of an eager and habitual fisherman, gave him an extraordinary angular appearance. A sharp, shrewd countenance, prominent nose and cheek-bones—small, keen grey eyes, expressive of naturally great, as well as long practised observation—a face which would have exhibited as many freckles as a turkey's egg, but that it was, particularly in summer-time, too much tanned and sunburned to let them be seen, exhibited at once hardihood and cunning. The peculiar chestnut hue of his face, the result of constant exposure to wind and sun, descended, like a gorget, to about the middle of his chest, over a remarkably prominent throat, in which, if Paddy inherited his peculiarity of a remarkably projecting larynx from mother Eve, more than half of the apple must have stuck in her throat.† Whiskers he had none; but scanty beard, and scarcely a vestige of eyebrow. To

make up, however, for the want of hair upon this portion of his face, he possessed a peculiar power over the part whereon it should have grown; for he could elevate it—particularly toward the outward side—halfway up his forehead and temples, and again depress it so as almost completely to obscure his eye. Although his face was thus devoid of hair, he possessed a plentiful head of tow-like wool, of a yellow, sandy colour, which was generally surmounted by an old glazed hat, rather battered in the sides, and invariably encircled during the fishing season with casting-lines and trout flies. Oh! what a business it was for some of the young tyros to engage Paddy in conversation about the effects of the last flood, or whether there was too much rain overhead, or how long the dry weather would last, or when the green-drake would be out, or to get him to tell the story of the otter that seized the trout he was playing under the bridge of Balloughoyague, while the others, creeping carefully round, examined what hackles, and foxes, or fiery-browns, and hares' ears he had last been fishing with. The genteel part of Paddy was his hand. No lady of gentle blood, or pure aristocratic descent, ever possessed a more delicate finger, or a finer touch. Signs on him, he was the boy that could mount a Limerick on a stout bristle, and mix the colour, strip a hackle, or divide a wing with e'er an angler in Connaught. The real wonder about Paddy was his extraordinary powers of progression. Although a *boccough*, no one could beat him "at the long run" on the road, and as to crossing a country, we could never tell how he got over the fences, or passed the drains, but he was always as soon as his companions.

Some folks accused Paddy of being a poacher; but this we stoutly deny.

* The difference between a brogue and a shoe does not altogether consist in the strength of the material. Like a brogue, a shoe might be made very strong, and be unbound. A brogue is generally made of what is called kip—a sort of thin cowhide, and is always unbound and unlined; but the grand difference between it and a shoe consists in the sole and welt being sewn on with a thong of leather, instead of a wax-end. The two trades were quite distinct a few years ago.

† There is a popular impression that the peculiar prominence on the front of the throat which some persons, particularly those of red or sandy hair, exhibit, is a remnant of a deformity transmitted to us from Eden; as it is believed that a piece of the apple stuck in Eve's throat, where it ever after remained, an eye-sore and a curse. In some localities it is said the bit stuck, not in Eve's, but in Adam's throat.

He would go any distance to destroy a net, or inform upon the owner of one; but wherever manual dexterity or adroitness were called in question, he had no qualms as to the means employed. Thus, if Paddy was sauntering by the river of a hot, bright, calm summer's day, when no trout in its senses would rise, and that he saw a good lump of a fish standing, or balancing itself, in a still pool, or lying in the shade of a weed or a rock, he at once set off after a neighbouring cow, which he soon inveigled into a ditch, or pinned in a corner, that he might pull a lock of hair from her tail, with which, fastened upon the end of a long switch, he soon formed a snare, slipped it adroitly over the gills of the unsuspecting fish, and in an instant lifted it out of its native element; or, if that was not attainable, he would walk into the stream, even to his middle, in the hope of *tickling* the trout under a stone.

Paddy's residence was on the banks of the Suck, in the gentle fords and long deep retches of which, between Ballymoe and Castlecoote, through the deep alluvial pastures of Roscommon, he plied his skilful angle between spring and summer, and in winter shot great quantities of duck, teal, and widgeon. His house was approached by a deep, narrow *boreen*, generally so wet and muddy, that one had to walk on the top of the ditch, on either side more frequently, than traverse the gully beneath. The mansion being placed on the side of a hill, required but three walls, the back being dug out of the bank. This, however, made but little difference in the material, for the remaining walls were formed of tempered yellow clay, generally called *doub*, mixed with chopped straw. It was comfortably thatched, and the ridge fastened down with a sort of back-bone, about four inches thick, and a foot broad, of the same materials as the walls. Out of this rose the wicker frame-work of the

chimney, well plastered, both within and without. Upon the hip of the roof, to the right of the doorway, grew a luxuriant plant of house-leek, to preserve the house from fire, and the inmates from sore eyes. Upon the threshold was nailed an ass's shoe, to keep off the fairies, and preserve the milk; and on the lintel was cut a double triangle, like what the free-masons have adopted for one of their mystic signs, in order to guard the children from the evil eye; for Paddy adhered with great pertinacity to the customs of the good old times, when it was difficult to say how much of our religion was Christian, and how much Pagan.

Having crossed the causeway, which led over the sink or dung-pit which stood in front, and entered the cabin, the visitor would find a much neater and more comfortable residence than outward appearance would lead him to expect. Out of the back wall was dug a small shallow excavation, crossed by shelves, which served for a dresser, in which some snow white noggins, and divers jugs, bottles, and pieces of old-fashioned crockery were displayed. To the right of the door was the domicile of the pig, with above it the roost, and a couple of odd-looking mat-work bags, with apertures in the sides for the hens to lay in. The wattling couples and rafters of the roof were of a varnished jet, from long exposure to the turf smoke, setting off to advantage the wheaten straw, St. Bridget's crosses,* stuck here and there throughout

* St. Bridget's cross hung over door,
Which did the house from fire secure."

Around the bed, which was a fixture, was hung from the roof a thick straw matting, with a small aperture in it to gain access to the interior, over which hung a phial of holy water, and a bit of blessed palm. This was Paddy's own couch,

* Upon St. Bridget's Night, 2nd February, a small cross made of wheaten or oaten straw, of a peculiar form, which it would be impossible to describe without some pictorial representation, is made by the peasantry, and stuck somewhere in the roof, particularly over the door and in the angles. These resemble somewhat the Maltese cross. As a new *crussogue* is set up every anniversary of St. Bridget, and as they are carefully preserved, they act as an almanack to tell the age of the house. The lines quoted above are from the old poem of "Hesperis Neso-Graphia," 1791.

and within it was hung his gun, and the most valuable of his fishing gear. The room, which was separated by the chimney and a low partition from the rest of the house, we need not enter, for all is darkness there. Throughout the small but snug dwelling, were to be seen various articles expressive of the owner's more especial calling—rods, landing-nets, fish-baskets; and night lines, stowed carefully away in the roof.

Besides the "man of the house," the inmates consisted of, first, his wife, a tall, dark, strapping, "two-handed" woman, pushing for forty, or, as some said, upon the wrong side of it; but having become a mother at eighteen, she showed the wear and tear of married life more, and took less pains to conceal it than many a spinster of fifty. It was looked upon as an event fraught with benefit to the human race, and to their immediate neighbourhood in particular, when Paddy carried off his bride; for Peggy was a Welsh too, and as a family might fairly be expected, and everybody knows that the blood of the Welshes, as well as that of the Keoghs and Cahills, beats anything living, except that of a black cat's tail or his lug, for the cure of the wild-fire, the gossips hoped that a Welsh, by father and mother, would soon be able to eradicate the disease from the whole country side.*

The result of this marriage was a son and a daughter—the former of whom, partaking of the dark complexion, and tall, slight figure of the mother, was now a handsome youth,

just stretching into manhood; the latter, who took after the father, was a year younger than her brother. As Paddy was not much at home, but lived chiefly by the river side, or among the houses of the neighbouring gentry, his son Michel—or Michaul-[†] as he used to be called when a boy—generally looked after the affairs of the little farm, but occasionally accompanied the father upon his piscatorial excursions, particularly when the May-fly was out in early summer, and Paddy required an assistant at the cross-line.[‡] The boy was of rather a romantic turn—quiet, taciturn, and thoughtful—much given to fairy lore, of which both father and mother possessed not only a plentiful stock, but peculiar powers of narration. There was not a rath nor forth in the whole country side, but Michel knew the legend of it. He believed in the good people, and the leprehauns, and pookas, and banshees, and thivishees or fetches, with as unwavering a faith as he did in Father Crump's power to turn a man's hair grey, or twist his head on his shoulders, or old Friar Geoghegan's ability to wallop the devil out of a madman with a blackthorn;§ then, he knew the history of Ballintober Castle, and the story of the Well of Oran, and how, if a man lifted the sacred stone which stands beside it, all Ireland would be "drowned" in no time.

His father, though no great scholar himself, determined to have learning for his child; and many a half-crown, which Paddy got for a bo-

* This is one of the most widely-spread superstitions in Ireland. Cutaneous erysipelas is known to the people, under the various names of the rose, wildfire, St. Anthony's fire, *tene fiadh*, the sacred fire, or *tinna Diadh*, God's fire, the *sacer ignis* of ancient authors—and is believed to be cured by the means specified in the text, or by having the part rubbed with a wedding-ring, or even a gold ring of any description. There is another form of this malady, of a more fatal nature, which is believed to be the result of a blast, and is called the *fiolm*, or *felloon*, for the cure of which some most extraordinary practices are still in vogue. These we shall describe on another occasion.

† Michel, Micheleen, or Michaul-[†] Mickey, Myke, and Michaul, are all synonyms for Michael.

‡ This method of fishing is used with a natural fly, the *libellula*, or green drake, with murderous effect, upon the flat, calm pools in the Suck. There are two rods employed, one on each bank, the wheel line joined in the centre; and from this depends one or more casting-lines, or droppers, about five feet long. To these are attached the flies, which, by the cross line being kept taut, can be dropped with unerring precision wherever a trout is seen to rise.

§ Friar Geoghegan, whose feats in necromancy, the laying of spirits, beating of devils, and casting of charms, and other mysteries of the black art, are still well remembered in the counties of Mayo and Roscommon, was a degraded Franciscan.

dough trout at some of the neighbouring houses, went to Tim Dunlavy for a quarter's schooling for the little boy, who could soon not only read and write tolerably well, but had gone through the "*coorse o' Voster*" as far as "*Tret and Tare*;" and there is no knowing to what pitch of learning he might have arrived, nor for what sacred office he might have been prepared, had his mother had her will, and his father been more agriculturally inclined; but, as neither of these benign influences beamed upon him, he was soon obliged to relinquish such pursuits for the more profitable ones of setting potatoes and footing turf. Still his literary predilections remained, and these he indulged whenever he had an opportunity. It was one of the great inducements to young Welsh to accompany his father a fishing, that during the dull hours of the day, from twelve till two, when "the rise" had gone off the trout, and Paddy was taking a smoke, or lying asleep on the grass till a "curl" would come on the calm waters, that he could learn off the "*Battle of Aughrim*, or the *Fall of St. Ruth*," or the "*Battle of Ventry Harbour*," out of one of his father's fly-books.

Young Michel was an object of special respect among the people, from the happy circumstance of his descent and birthright. A Welsh by both father and mother was not to be found everywhere, and of this the boy was rather proud; and, when even yet a child, never winced under the operation of having his thumb bound tightly with a woollen thread, and the point pricked with a needle, to extract the blood with which the afflicted person was touched.

What between the produce of the little farm, Peggy's industry, and the matter of eggs and chickens, and Paddy's earnings, which though very irregular, were often considerable, the family were well enough to live, and might, people said, have made more of themselves if all that was told of Paddy's doings was truth. It was said he had found a crock of gold in one of the towers of the old bawn of

Ballintober, which was not more than a mile and a-half distant from his cabin, and where Paddy and his son were often seen in the twilight, looking, they said, for moths and wall-flies among the old ivy, or bats and starlings to manufacture fishing materials; at least so he said, but the people thought otherwise. We often endeavoured to worm the story out of the cunning angler; but, drunk or sober, he was always on his guard, and generally passed it off with a joke, or—

"Sure, Master Willie, you don't give into the likes—'tis only ould women's talk. It's myself that would be glad to own to it if I got the goold, and not to be slaving myself, summer and winter, by the river's brink as I am."

"Yes, but Paddy, they say you made the attempt at all events. Cannot you tell us what happened to you?"

"Oh, then, it's only all *gollymoschought*.—But that's mighty fine parliament your honour has in the little flask; 'tis a pity it doesn't hould more, and the devil a tail we are rising to keep up our spirits."

"Come now, Paddy, since you know very well it will be quite too bright and dull these two hours to stir even a roach, let alone a trout;—don't you perceive there isn't a cloud in the sky, and I can see the bottom as plain as my hand; look, even the cows have left off feeding;—just stick the rods, and lie on your face in the grass there, and tell us all about the night you went to look after the money in the old bawn. Do, and you'll see I'll squeeze another mouthful out of the cruiskeen."

"Well, but you're mighty cute and disquisitive after ould stories and pishogues. I suppose I may as well be after telling it to you while the breeze is getting up; but keep an eye to the river, awourneen, and try could you see e'er a rise; and be sure you don't miss a gray *coughlin* or a *morrow*, if e'er a one flies past you; we'll want them comin' on evening. But don't be tellin on me, nor let on at the *big house** that I tould you the likes at all. Sure the mistress 'ud never

* The big house, or *Teach mor*, is the term applied by the people to the residences of the gentry, except when they are of great extent or beauty, and then "the court" is the word made use of. Old castles or ancient enclosures are styled *bawns*.

forgive me for puttin' such things in your head; and maybe it's Father Crump she'd be after repatein' it to the next Sunday he dines in Dundarmot; and if she did, troth I wouldn't face him for a month of Sundays. Maybe it's to Ball, or to St. John's Well he'd send me for my night walkin'."

"Oh, never fear, I'll keep your secret."

"Well, then, awourneen, to make a long story short, I dramed one night that I was walkin' about in the *bawn*, when I looked into the ould tower that's in the left hand corner, after you pass the gate, and there I saw sure enough a little crock, about the bigness of the bottom of a pitcher, and it full up of all kinds of money, goold, silver, and brass. When I woke next mornin' I said nothin' about it, but in a few nights after I had the same drame over agin, ony I thought I was lookin' down from the top of the tower, and that all the flures wor taken away. Peggy knew be me that I had a drame, for I wasn't quite asey in myself; so I ups and tells her the whole of it when the childer had gone out. 'Well, Paddy,' says she, 'who knows but it would come true, and be the makin' of us yet; but you must wait till the drame comes afore you the third time, and then sure it can do no harm to try, anyways.' It wasn't long till I had the third drame, and as the moon was in the last quarter, and the nights mighty dark, Peggy put down the *grisset** and made a lock of candles; and so, throwin' the *loy* over my shoulder, and giving Michaeleen the shovel, we set out about twelve o'clock, and when we got to the Castle it was as dark that you wouldn't see your hand before you; and there wasn't a stir in the ould place, barrin' the owls that wor snorin' in the chimley. To work we went just in the middle of the flure, and cleared away the stones and the rubbish, for nearly the course of

an hour, with the candles stuck in pataties, resting on some of the big stones a wanside of us. Of coorse, sorra word we said all the while, but dug and shovelled away as hard as hatters, and a mighty tough job it was to lift the flure of the same buildin'. Well, at last the *loy* struck on a big flag, and my heart riz within me, for I often hard tell that the crock was always covered with a flag, and so I pulled away for the bare life, and at last I got it cleared, and was just lifting the edge of it when —— was that a trout I heard lep there abroad?"

"No, Paddy, you know very well it wasn't. Go on with your story. Didn't you see a goat with four horns and terrible red eyes, sitting on the flag, and guarding the gold. Now tell the truth."

"Oh, what's the use in tellin' you anything about it; sure I know by your eye you don't believe a word I am sayin'. The dickens a goat was sittin' on the flag; but when both of us were trying to lift the stone, my foot slipped, and the clay and rubbish began to give way under us. 'Lord be-tune us in harm,' says the gossoon; and then, in the clapping of your hand, there was a wonderful wind rushed in through the dureway, and quinch'd the lights, and pitched us both down into the hole, and of all the noises you ever heard it was about us in a minute. *Ma-num san Deowl!* but I thought it was all over with us, and sorra wan of me ever thought of as much as crossin' myself; but I made out as fast as I could, and the gossoon after me, and we never stopped runnin' 'till we stumbled over the wall of the big intrance, and it was well we didn't go clane into the moat. Troth, you wouldn't give three hay-pence for me when I was standin' in the road—the *bouchal* itself was stouter—with the wakeness that came over me. *Och—millia murdher*; I wasn't the same man for many a long day; but that was nawthin' to the

* Grisset, a small narrow metal pan on three legs, used for melting grease and dipping rushes in. Sometimes a fragment of an old pot is employed for the same purpose. The tongs are made red hot, and if there is no kitchen-stuff at hand a bit of fat of any kind is squeezed between the hot blades of the tongs into the grisset or its substitute, and the rushes, peeled of their outer green bark, all except one narrow stripe, are drawn through the melted grease, and laid across the stool to set. In order to permit the grease to exude with greater freedom, all the old fashioned country pairs of tongs were made with holes in the flat of the blades.

turmintin' I got from every body about findin' the goold, for the shovel that we left after us was dishcovered, and there used to be daelers and gintlemen from Dublin, antirarians, I think they call them, comin' to the house continnully, and axin' Peggy for some of the coins we found in the ould castle.

"There now, you have the whole of it—wet the landin'-net agra, and run after that beautiful green-drake that's just gone over us, while I see whether there is anything left in the bottle."

The popular opinions with respect to hidden treasure are, that they are generally under the guardianship of spirits, who assume various hideous shapes to affright mortals who seek to discover them. Sometimes the good people interfere, and some of their special favourites are, under their guidance and permission, enabled to obtain possession of the hidden gold; but it is strictly imposed upon those to whom the secret is revealed, either in the form of a dream or as a direct revelation, that they must seek the treasure at a particular time; not utter a word during the search, and keep the secret of its discovery for seven years after. Several of the great lake serpents and water-cows of our Irish Fairy Mythology, are supposed to guard treasures; in some instances black cats are similarly employed.

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The ruins of Ballintober Castle are amongst the most magnificent in Connaught, and are memorable as the last stronghold of the O'Conors. The castle, which stands on an elevated ridge by the road side, above the little village of Ballintober, four miles from Castle-reen, consists of a quadrangular enclosure, 270 feet in length, and 230 feet in breadth,* with four flanking towers, and one upon each side of the great entrance, the whole surrounded by a deep fosse, portions of which still retain water. Mr. Weld has remarked upon the strong resemblance which the towers of this castle bear to some of those in Wales. "No one tower, it

is true," he says, "is comparable to the Eagle Tower at Caernarvon. Nevertheless the south-west tower at Ballintober is a superb piece of architecture; and, for its general effect, amongst the most imposing remains of antiquity that I can call to recollection in Ireland." In the southern wall, which is only divided by the moat from the adjoining road, there are a number of large oval apertures, which, from their being nearly closed with ivy of immense growth, look, at first view, like windows. Such, however, they were not. Their history is well known to a few of the old people in the neighbourhood, and is connected with a circumstance so little known that we cannot forbear here relating it.

About the end of the last century, the family of O'Connor *Donn* or *Dun*, the lineal descendants of the Connaught monarchs, consisted of Dominick O'Connor of Clonalis, who lived in princely style, and his brothers Thomas and Alexander, besides some females of the family. In the year 1786, a will, said to have been made by Hugh O'Connor, an ancestor of this line, was discovered accidentally between the leaves of a card-table, which had been screwed together for a great number of years, and had lain among the effects of Lord Athenry. This document—by which it appeared that the castle and estate of Ballintober, which had long before passed from the O'Connor family, had not been included in the original confiscation of their estates—by some means found its way into the hands of Alexander O'Connor, a man of very eccentric habits, and not over-strong mental capacity, who resided in a cabin at a village called Creglaghan, and who was till the day of his death, which took place at a very advanced age, called by the people, "Masther Sandy." This man, though dressed little better than a peasant, and living in the fashion which we have described, was looked up to by the people as a prince of the royal line of Roderick, the last monarch of Ireland, and he was certainly descended from Cathel Crovdereg, his brother. Sandy determined to profit

* See account of this castle in "Weld's Statistical Survey of the County Roscommon"; also views of it in the book styled, "Grose's Antiquities."

by the circumstance of the will; and taking advantage of the lawless and disturbed condition of the country at the time, and his remote position from the seat of government and power, collected, in a few days, an army—if such a term can be applied to an undisciplined armed mob—and took possession of Ballintober Castle, which he commenced to fortify, and even procured one or two cannon, which he placed at the entrance. They drove the neighbouring cattle within the enclosure, set up a still-house, gave the “hight of good living” to all the pipers and fiddlers that came to them, and ate, drank, danced, and caroused for some weeks, until the attention of the government was directed to the circumstance, by the matter being discussed in the Irish House of Commons, when troops and a park of artillery were sent down to dislodge the insurgent chief. Upon the news of their approach, O’Conor and his followers immediately fled; but the army having arrived within cannon shot of the castle, and seeing it deserted, fired some shots at it from the neighbouring eminence of Ballyfinnegan hill. It was these shots which made the apertures to which we have alluded.*

* * * * *

The spring of 1823 had passed by, and with the early summer appeared a partial outbreak of the Irish fever, which annually bursts into a flame about May or June. Paddy Welsh was one of its first victims. He went out, as usual, to wet his rod in one of the neighbouring brooks, then swollen with a recent night’s rain; but he soon had to return with a shivering and a pain in his back, which he well knew foreboded “the sickness.” For a few days he endeavoured to shake it off, but without effect. Cures of various kinds were had recourse to, to avert the impending fever. One of his neighbours, a mighty knowledgeable woman, scraped some clay from the floor

just within the threshold, because it was hallowed by the frequently-repeated “*Go mannee Dia in sho,*” “God save all here,” pronounced over it, as the foot of the stranger trod it on entering the house; and heating it in a skillet, she put it into the leg of a coarse worsted stocking, and applied it to the small of his back. It was of no avail: he had to take to his bed, from which he never arose. The fifteenth day saw him a corpse—his wife a widow—his children orphans. He was waked and buried with all due honour and solemnity; and, more than that, he was long lamented by ourselves and many others. Peace to his ashes! He was one of the quaintest companions, and the most astute fisherman that frequented the banks of the Suck for many a long year; and should any of our angling friends ever visit the locality we have described, and inquire after *Paudeen Brannagh*, they will hear a recital of fishing wonders and exploits such as modern scepticism might be unwilling to receive. During our own boyhood, when watching his practised hand throwing a red-hackle, or a black-and-orange, over the very nose of a trout, under an impending bank on the opposite brink of the river, with his light whip-rod springing from the very wheel, and at least five-and-thirty yards of line out—or listened with gaping avidity to the doctrines which he enunciated, as he stood upon his longer leg, supporting himself with the handle of the landing-net, complacently viewing our efforts to imitate his casting—or as we leaned over the back of the chair whereon he sat, with his feathers and silks, and various coloured dubbings, and bits of skins, and the numerous *matériel* for manufacturing his flies, on the little table before him, in the doorway of his snug cabin, and heard him descant upon their several virtues, and how each was obtained—how he scaled a high demesne-wall, at the risk of his neck, to get a bit of the topping of

* The writer of this article remembers, when a child, hearing Alexander O’Conor give an account of his seizure of Ballintober, and has often conversed with persons who witnessed the progress of the rebel army from Creglagghen to the old castle.

See the *Gentleman’s Magazine* for February, 1786, and the Journals of the Irish House of Commons of that date. See also an account of the transaction in the DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE for July, 1840, p. 9.

that golden pheasant, and took a hackling excursion all the ways to Carlow, to get that jay's wing—robbed a church-steeple of its community of starlings for their feathers—how he stole that bit of macau out of the tail of a showman's bird while he kept him engaged in conversation—how he learned the secret of dying pig's-down from a travelling tinker; and of tempering hooks, by shaking them in a leather bag over the fire, like the Limerick

O'Shaughnessy—all this we say, together with the inexhaustible fund of legend, song, and superstition, which he possessed, made us, from a very early period, look up to him with admiration, almost approaching to reverence; and we greatly fear that the remembrance of these days would induce us to linger in the company of our old friend and preceptor longer than our readers—if not brothers of the gentle craft—might be willing to listen to us.

The summer had glided imperceptibly into autumn, and the great bulk of the crop having been gathered in, and the long nights and short days of early winter approaching with unusual rapidity, the time was propitious for those who stir up rebellion among the people to ply their special craft; and ribbonism, such as that we have alluded to in the commencement of this chapter, soon sank deep and spread wide throughout the peasant and small-farmer class of the hitherto peaceful barony of Ballintober. Those who took no part in the night-walkings, or secret meetings, were compelled to contribute a sort of black mail for the furtherance of "the cause;" and wherever a gun, or any description of fire-arms, or any sort of weapon, was known to exist, thither a nocturnal visit was made, and the inmates of the house were compelled to deliver it up, and get soundly thrashed if they did not do so with alacrity.

Hitherto the ribbonmen and their captains had, partly in remembrance of the many kindly offices rendered to them by our former acquaintance, the fisherman—the lively planxies he had played at their weddings, or the droll humour he had shown at their mothers' wakes; with what effect he repeated the rosary as their fathers' corpse was carried three times round the grave-yard of Baslick, and what a world of money he had gathered at the gentlemen's houses when he acted Beelzebub in the Christmas mummers; and how many a hook he had mounted for them when they went, of a Sunday morning, a-fishing for perch in the deep still pools of the Lara; or, perhaps, respecting the grief of the wife and orphans—they had left the Widow Welsh's house undisturbed, although it was

well known that the old French fusee, with the velvet-and-silver-mounted cheek-piece, "to make it kick asey," was still in the cabin, and that Michel was now of age to take part in the councils as well as the standing army of the country. But as the disturbance and the disaffection spread wider in the neighbouring districts of Mayo and Galway, men appeared at the lodges and marshalled the people, who were strangers to the feelings we have alluded to, and paid no respect to either "widdies" or orphans.

After his father's death, young Welsh's natural thoughtfulness and reserve seemed rather to increase. He appeared more wrapt within himself, was more than ever given to reading and to wandering alone by the old forts, through the ruined castles, and by the ancient grave-yards in the neighbourhood. Still, this in nowise interfered with his daily work. He had clamped the turf, and pitted the potatoes, and stacked the lock of corn, and was mending the thatch with as much, if not greater, energy than before. Neither were his family affections in any degree weakened by his peculiar state of mind. He was as dutiful to his mother and as affectionate to his sister Biddy as ever, but still it was evident that he was not as hearty as in days gone by. Men of such like temperament feel any sudden mental shock, or any great violence done to the affections, more than persons of greater vivacity of disposition; for although they do not exhibit the same active show of grief, it invariably sinks deeper in their souls, and remains longer graven into their memory: while they want that power of resilience within themselves to shake off their despondency,

and are, from want of habit, unaccustomed to society and, consequently, unable to take advantage of that influence which it, along with the soothing effects of time, generally exerts in assuaging sorrow.

The death of his father had evidently preyed on the young man; his favourite haunts, during the long summer evenings just past, had been among the ruins of the old bawn, where he so often went in earlier times, with his father, to catch moths and look out for wall-flies; or he lingered by the river's banks (although he never fished) to watch the large evening trout as, with deep sullen plunge, it roved through the still deep pools in quest of prey, and to listen to the well-known sound of the heavy fish as, without splash and scarcely with any noise, it sucked down the gnats and night-flies from the surface, in the dark shadows of the overhanging bushes, while the wide-spreading circles from the broken water spread out and intersected each other in all directions, as if oil had been dropped upon the limpid bosom of the stream. Here he would sit or walk, during the still, calm hours before moonlight, after the light laughing gull had skimmed gently and gracefully over the meadows—when the bat wheeled and circled over his head, and the corncrail had commenced its nightly serenade—long after the cuckoo had got hoarse with mocking, and the only discordant sound was the night-owl's shriek, as it flapped its light feathery wings in noiseless flight along the hedgerows. The not-unfragrant smell of the *baton*, or burning land in the distance, mingled with the perfume of the meadow-sweet; and, now and then, the sharp, interrupted bark of the colley in the far off village, came echoless upon the ear over the broad flat pastures of the surrounding country. What his musings were we know not—companions he had but few—friends, such friends as one opens their heart to in these balmy hours of witching eve, he had none. With the exception of his mother and sister, he was alone—yes,

alone in the world; but he knew it not, he felt it not; it was the result of the peculiar temper of the mind within him—the circumstances in which he was placed—all the external surroundings of the man.

If he passed the cross-roads during the dance of a Sunday evening, he rested without any shyness for a while among the crowd, and kindly, if not cordially, returned the greetings of his neighbours; and if some sprightly lass stepped up to him, and, curtsying before him, said, “Michel, agra, I am dancin’ to you,” the pale, dark-haired youth did not refuse the offered hand; he danced, and did it well, and gave the piper a penny, and his partner, if she were willing, a *goithera*,* and share of a naggin. But the moment he got an opportunity he slipped away, and the people said, “Poor boy, he takes on wonderfully since his father's death; but sure he was always in the lonesomes, and fonder of discomfiting himself than any body else.”

November had come. The mornings sharp and foggy, the days bright and sunny, and the evenings cold and raw, but the middle and later hours of night so bright, that “you'd pick pins in the stubbles” when the ground became crisp with a light frost. The month wore on. It was Saturday, and Mick, having finished putting the last *scollop* in the patches of thatch with which he was mending the roof, and the last *bobbin* in the *rigging*, got down off the ladder, and, about three o'clock in the afternoon, sauntered over to the bawn of Ballintober, and climbed (a favourite amusement of his) to the top of one of the highest towers of that beautiful ruin. From thence he enjoyed a most extensive prospect, over a gently undulating, but generally flat country, chiefly grass-lands, with tracts of bog intervening, particularly towards the river. The landscape was interspersed with snug villages, with their long, low, drab-coloured cabins, surrounded, however, with well-stocked haggards; and, here and there, extensive plantations of young firs and larch, distinguished by their dark green

* *Goithera*, a local name for a sort of soft, flat cake, made without barm, not unlike the *bag* of Ulster. It is hawked about by the gingerbread seller and itinerant confectioner, who, with a knife dipped in a mug of treacle, gives the cake an upper varnish of the sweet fluid as soon as it is purchased.

and bright yellow hues, stretching along the hill-sides from the groves of fine old timber in the adjoining valleys, marked the progress of improvement, and pointed out the residences of the wealthy country gentlemen—the old English settlers, high in birth—some of the ancient Milesian stock—and the monster graziers of Roscommon; all happy compared with present times—the landlord rich, the peasant comfortable. What would we see now if we looked over the same scene? Not one of those mansions tenanted;—whole acres of that patriarchal timber felled, to supply those necessities to the owners which they in former times dealt with liberality to their dependants, their tenants, and to the neighbouring poor;—many of those houses roofless, some of them converted into poor-houses;—the villages recognised only by the foundations of the cabins, and the few alder and whitethorn bushes that linger by their sites, and which seem like spirits presiding over the reigning desolation;—the population dead—starved, uprooted, or swept off by the pestilence—its remnant lingering on its sickly existence in the workhouse, or planted by the waters of the Ohio and the Mississippi. But, contemplating the present aspect of the place, we are ourselves falling into the reverie in which we left the fisherman's son.

Droves of long-horned, reddish-coloured bullocks, the largest and fattest in Ireland, cropt in huge mouthfuls the deep, rank "aftergrass," as if conscious that the day was passing, and that the hour of evening meal, before they were driven into the enclosure of some old castle or bare paddock for the night, was drawing near. Large flocks of fat wethers quickly nibbled the short herbage that intervened between the recently-formed sandpits and irregular patches of dark green furze, or whins, that studded over the vast tracts of upland. Now and then the sharp report of the fowling-piece from the margin of the bog rose the snipe, which, as it changed its resting-place or feeding-ground, emitted a quick, shrill cry, as of distress. Long, forked trains of wild geese, high overhead, telling by their distant whistling

note their great elevation, presaged a severe winter; the large grey gulls quietly sailed across in noiseless course from the Suck, to rest for the night in some of the blue *flashes* of water with which the country was interspersed, or to take their evening meal at the great Turlough of Carrowkeel; and enormous clouds of lapwing and starlings, almost darkening the air, appeared in the horizon, and careered, and wheeled, and rose and fell, separated and gathered together again, as if directed by the trumpet note of some presiding general, who regulated their movements before they encamped for the night.

The pale but well-defined moon, looking almost translucent in the remaining daylight, was high in the washy sky; the sun was settling towards the west, bright but watery; long, slanting rays shot down through broken apertures in the sluggish, muddy clouds, lighting up with peculiar brightness the patches of red bog, or russet potato-field, on which they fell. The pale, reddish-yellow streaking of the west was blurred and dappled with the vapours that exhaled from the over-saturated *curraghs** and swamps that stretched away towards the confines of Mayo and Galway. The lengthened shadows of the old towers, and even of the long curtain walls of the Castle, had crossed the still and stagnant moat, and the branching ivy, as it rustled and waved to and fro with the evening wind, threw fantastic shadows on the greensward of the common which surrounded the ruin.

It was getting cold and gloomy. Michael slowly descended by the old winding staircase, looking out from the windows of each story as he passed down; and when he stood in the great court, or enclosure of the castle, the gloom there appeared the greater, from his having so lately enjoyed an extensive prospect from his elevated position. The cold, grey light paled in through the long, irregular apertures in the massive walls, and the stillness was most startling. As he walked slowly and meditatively across the court, towards the entrance leading to his home, he suddenly stopped op-

* *Curragh*, unreclaimed land—a sedgy, tufted, and quagmirish marsh.

posite one of the embrasures, put his hand to his face, quickly passed it over his eyes, and the cold drops burst forth, and stood in dew upon his face; his heart ceased for a few moments to act, and then beat with quick, rapid, and irregular, but audible motion. He quailed in every member, a slight shivering passed over his frame; his lips remained apart as his jaw fell, and a choking feeling of want of air seized him by the throat—it was with difficulty he could maintain his standing. Still, there he gazed—his eyes set, but riveted on the fringed opening in the wall. He took off his hat, raised his right hand, and devoutly crossed himself on the forehead, shoulders, and breast. His lips moved, but he uttered no audible sound; he approached the situation of the object of his terror, and walked again slowly backwards, still keeping his eyes fixed on the spot. At last the noise of some sheep clattering over a loose part of the wall diverted his attention; and when he looked again, his breath came more freely. The sight of the shepherd and his dog, now following the sheep, seemed to nerve him sufficiently to leave the spot, and he hurried homeward, downcast and unstrung.

Evidently something appeared to him either in reality or in imagination, which had given no ordinary shock to his nervous system. His face was ghastly pale, and its expression was that of one who had suffered intense pain; and the suffering, though but for a few minutes, had left its traces still deeply lined into his countenance. The lips—those uncontrollable dial-plates of the mind—yet quivered, though they were compressed until the blood had almost left them. The lip's emotion is unmanageable—no actor can imitate it. The angles of the mouth were drawn slightly downward; the forehead deeply seamed; the eyes were wild, and did not appear to move in unison; the voice, as he returned the salutation of a neighbour in crossing the moat, was hollow and slightly tremulous; and his limbs moved quickly, but rather irregularly. Every now and then he gulped, as if swallowing large draughts of air; and as he proceeded homewards, sometimes slowly, and then almost at a run, he occasionally turned sharply round, as if to see whether there was not

some one following him. At each angle of the road, at every tree, he stopped to examine; and he carefully avoided the few persons that happened to be in his path, until he got to the *boreen* leading to his house. Here at the end of the lane he rested; and leaning his back against the ditch, endeavoured to compose himself, and arrange his features for the meeting with his family, for he was himself conscious that some great change must have passed over him; and as he walked up the lane, a deep sigh escaped him, and he exclaimed aloud—"O, Queen of Heaven, what will become of my poor mother and Biddy?"

It was almost dark as young Welsh "drew over" a stool, and sat moodily looking into the fire, at his mother's hearth. She plied her wheel without remark, and his sister was busily engaged in straining the potatoes on the *skeib* for their evening meal. Neither of them remarked any thing unusual in his manner or appearance, and his custom of passing in and out without exchanging a word, had nothing novel in it. "The little girl" placed the table opposite the fire, and put a rushlight in the long wooden scone beside it, and then laid down the *murphys* and the drop o' milk in the noggin; for it is not unusual for all the members of a small Irish peasant family to drink out of the same vessel, although each apportions a certain part of the brim to their special use. The mother pushed her wheel to one side, drew near the table, and looking at the haggard face of her son, she uttered a suppressed scream, and exclaimed—

"Saints in heaven, Michauleen jewel, what's come over you at all, at all?—does anything ail you, *ma lannou bocht*? You look as if you'd seen what wasn't right."

"Troth, then, mother dear, you are not far from it; I'll never be the same man again—it's all over with me."

Peggy threw her arms round her brother, and, while the big sobs burst from her, she entreated him to tell them what had happened to him, or whether anybody had vexed him.

"Oh no, the sorra vex. I'm neither sick nor sore, for the matter of that; but I know I'm done for, anyhow; and 'tisn't for my own sake I care, but to be after lavin' you and my mother al

alone, and without any one to look after ye. Mother," said he, gazing steadfastly upon the pale, anxious face that was bent upon him, "I've seen the *thivish*. I stud face to face with my fetch this blessed evening, straight forinst me in the bawn of Ballintober. There it was in the gap in the ould wall, as like me as if I stud before a lookin'-glass. Whatever I did, it did the same; and I thought it might be one of the boys making game of me, till I blessed myself; but it never riz a hand, and then I knew it was the *thivish*. It was well I didn't *fall out of my standing*. Mother, I'm a gone man, and I thought as much this many a day." And the swimming eyes refused longer to hold the scalding fluid which now ran down his care-worn cheeks.

The family were silent for some minutes, awe-struck by the sad warning,

The night fell dark and windy, the stars were but transitorily revealed, as the dark masses of clouds passed under them; and by ten or eleven o'clock the whole country seemed locked in deep repose—the dogs being carefully housed, and the lights extinguished in every homestead. To suppose, however, from this, that tranquillity prevailed, would be a great mistake.

So long as the peace of the country rested with the magistrates, barony constables, and local civil corps, there was no general rising of the ribbonmen; but the new police, or Peelers, had just entered Connaught, and a party of six and a sergeant having been then located in the village of Ballintober, it was considered an aggression on the liberty of the subject, with which the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act could bear no comparison. It was accordingly arranged in ribbon conclave that the police barrack should be attacked upon this very night, and its inmates put to the—pike or the fire. For this purpose reinforcements from the ribbonmen of distant parts of the neighbouring counties were to meet those of the vicinity, in a field called the Stone Park, not far from the old castle. One of these parties—that from the county Galway—passing over the ford of the Suck,

in which they all more or less believed. At last, the mother said—

"Michauleen, *sthore ma chree* that you were, never mind it; don't give in to the likes. I often hard tell of people that saw fetches, and never a hurt came on them."

"Thrue for you, mother, but that was in the morning; or maybe it was some one else's fetch they saw."

Still, though she endeavoured to calm his fears, it was evident from the anxious countenance with which she frequently regarded him, that the loving mother's mind was not at rest upon the subject; but she struggled to suppress, if she could not quite conceal, her agitation, and strove to direct his attention to other matters. At length she persuaded him to take a drop of spirits in a warm drink, and to go to bed, as she was sure some sickness was over him.

just opposite Welsh's cabin, and not being influenced by any feelings of sympathy towards the widow and her melancholy son, knocked at the door, and awaking up the inmates, not only took possession of the old fusee, but peremptorily demanded the attendance of Michael upon their midnight excursion.

As we advance towards the climax and catastrophe of this tale, the simple truth presses stronger upon us than any imaginative description we could give, although "founded upon fact." We have, therefore, no desire to linger at this part of our narrative for the purpose of describing the mother's entreaties and the sister's agony, as this poor young man was hurried from his quiet home by lawless ruffians, with whose faces none of the inmates of that sequestered spot were acquainted. It is unnecessary to recite the deep blasphemous execrations, the harsh menace, the rough usage, or coarse ribald jokes with which the females were assailed, as Michael Welsh was forcibly decorated with the insignia of a ribbonman on his own floor.

Upon the spot specified were collected several hundred ribbonmen, armed with every description of missile or weapon that was possible to procure—old rusty firearms, several of which would not go off, and if they

did, it would be with greater danger to the person who held them than to those against whom they were pointed—bayonets on the tops of poles, scythe-blades fastened into stout sticks pitchforks, a few old swords and halberts, and a trifle of pikes remaining over since '98. Even those who could not procure such weapons had armed themselves with stout alpeens, and all bore more or less about them the badges of that lawless society. Some oaths were administered to the hitherto uninitiated, but the direct purpose of their assembling was known only to the leaders. The wavering, the young, and the timid, and among these Michael Welsh, were placed in the centre; and the party moved on silently towards the neighbouring village.

The police, as is generally the case on all such occasions, had timely intimation of their intended visit. The barrack was a thatched cabin, and, consequently, not tenable for a moment after it was set on fire. The police-serjeant, an old Waterloo man, was not long in coming to a decision as to the course he should pursue for the safety of himself and his men. To remain where he was, was death—to retreat into some of the neighbouring towns he thought dishonourable: so he at once evacuated his barrack, and, during the darkness of the night, retreated into the neighbouring ruin. Here he distributed his six men in two of the apertures which we have described in the south-western wall of the old castle. The night was particularly dark, and the great depth of the wall, as well as the surrounding ivy, would have completely concealed them, even had the night been one of bright moonlight. The road leading toward the barrack lay along this wall, but separated from it by the castle moat. When they had remained here about two hours, their attention was attracted to the irregular tread of the approaching multitude. On they came in silence; their white shirts and ribboned hats visible even through the darkness. When about a third of the party had passed, the police fired into the throng from their place of concealment. It was

unnecessary to repeat the volley: a panic seized the multitude, who, throwing aside their arms, rushed in tumultuous terror wherever a means of escape opened. In a very few minutes the road was as quiet and as unoccupied as it had been half-an-hour before. Several groans were heard from the wounded or the dying, who were carried off by their friends. The police remained still within their entrenched fort; and two of the party were sent off across the fields, into the neighbouring town of Castlereagh, for the large police force stationed there at that time.

The grey of the morning gave sufficient light to distinguish the surrounding objects, as the magistrates and a large body of police arrived on the spot. Upon the road lay on its back the dead body of a young man, cold and stiff; the upturned face calm as that of those whose death has been sudden and immediate; the white shirt, which was worn outside the clothes, dabbled with blood, and soiled with the heavy footmarks of those who must have passed over the body in their flight. Upon examination it was found that two balls had entered the chest. The body was that of Michael Welsh. Around it lay, scattered on all sides, the weapons which had been thrown down. More than a dozen decorated hats, and several shoes, also lay about; and traces of blood were discernible in several places besides that occupied by the corpse. A low wall, which formed the road boundary on the side opposite to the moat, was levelled for about twenty yards, such was the impetuosity with which the multitude had rushed headlong on every side, in escaping from the deadly fire.*

During the day the body of the unfortunate man was placed in a cart, along with the ribbon insignia found upon the road, and carried to the county town, where a meeting of magistrates was immediately held, under the direction of the militia major to whom we have already alluded, and who then commanded the peelers of the district.

* More persons than Michael Welsh were shot that night; two died of their wounds subsequently. A medical man, a near relative of the writer's, attended some of the wounded; they were not natives of the vicinity, but had come from a great distance in the County Galway.

There was but a small gathering at the chapel of Ballintober upon that Sunday; the great majority of the peasantry had either fled or were in concealment. A panic and a gloom seemed to have entered into the hearts of all; and good old Father Crump's exhortation from the altar, after mass, upon the virtues of peace and quietness—for he was too mild and too good to denounce any one—was addressed to women and the few old people from the immediate vicinity.

* * * * *

The old gaol of Roscommon stood, and, although now converted to other purposes, still stands, in the marketplace, in the centre of the town. It is an exceedingly high, dark, gloomy-looking building, with a castellated top, like one of the ancient fortresses that tower above the houses in many of the continental cities. It can be discerned at a great distance; and, taken in connexion with the extensive ruins of O'Connor's Castle, in the suburbs, and the beautiful abbey upon the other side of the town, seems to partake of the character of the middle-aged architecture. The fatal drop was, perhaps, the highest in Ireland. It consisted of a small doorway in the front of the third story, with a simple iron beam and pulley above, and the *lapboard*, merely a horizontal door hinged to the wall beneath, and raised or let fall by means of a sliding-bolt, which shot from the wall when there was occasion to put the apparatus of death in requisition.

Fearful as this elevated gallows appeared, and unique in its character, it was not more so than the finisher of the law who then generally officiated upon it. No decrepid wretch, no crime-hardened ruffian, no secret and mysterious personage, who was produced occasionally disguised and masked, plied his dreadful trade here. Who, think you, *gentle* reader—who now, perhaps, recoils from these unpleasant but truthful minutiae—officiated upon this gallows high?—a female!—a middle-aged, stout-made, dark-eyed, swarthy-complexioned, but by no means forbidding-looking woman—the celebrated Lady

Betty—the finisheress of the law—the unflinching priestess of the executive for the Connaught circuit, and Roscommon in particular, for many years. Few children born or reared in that county thirty, or even five-and-twenty, years ago, who were not occasionally frightened into “being good,” and going to sleep, and not crying when left alone in the dark, by *huggath a’ Pooka*, or, “here’s Lady Betty.”

The only fragment of her history which we have been able to collect is, that she was a person of violent temper, though in manners rather above the common, and possessing some education. It was said that she was a native of the County Kerry, and that by her harsh usage she drove her only son from her at an early age. He enlisted; but, in course of years, returned with some money in his pocket, the result of his campaigning. He knocked at his father’s door, and asked a night’s lodging, determined to see for himself whether the brutal mother he had left had in any way repented, or was softened in her disposition, before he would reveal himself. He was admitted, but not recognised. The mother, discovering that he possessed some money, murdered him during the night. The crime was discovered, and the wretched woman sentenced to be hanged, along with the usual dockful of sheep-stealers, Whiteboys, shop-lifters, and cattle-houghers, who, to the amount of seven or eight at a time, were invariably “turned off” within four-and-twenty hours after their sentences at each assizes. No executioner being at hand, time pressing, and the sheriff and his deputy being men of refinement, education, humanity, and sensibility, who could not be expected to fulfil the office which they had undertaken—and for which one of them, at least, was paid—this wretched woman, being the only person in the gaol who could be found to perform the office, consented; and, under the name of Lady Betty, officiated, unmasked and undisguised, as *hangwoman* for a great number of years after; and she used also to flog publicly in the streets, as a part of her trade.* Numerous are the tales related of her exploits, which we

* This history of Lady Betty we have received from persons who were perfectly acquainted with her during her long residence in Roscommon.

have now no desire to dwell upon. We may, however, mention one extraordinary trait of her character. She was in the habit of drawing, with a burnt stick, upon the walls of her apartment, portraits of all the persons she executed.

Before daybreak upon the Monday morning after Michael Walsh was shot, several labourers, surrounded by a guard of police, might be seen erecting two tall scaffolding poles in the market-square, opposite the gaol. When this was completed, the cart containing the body of the fisherman's son, with the redoubted Lady Betty sitting in it, emerged from the back entrance to the gaol; and, having reached the gibbet, the body, with the assistance of some of the gaol officials, was hoisted by her ladyship to the top of the poles, which stood about six or eight feet apart; and from these the body was suspended by the hands, in that attitude which nations are accustomed to adore!! Upon the head was tied one of the decorated hats, on which was pasted a placard with the word "RIBBONMAN" written upon it. The breast was bare—the wounds exposed. When the day broke, the inhabitants of Roscommon had this spectacle before their eyes, placed there by order of the governor of the district.

The rain soon came down in torrents, and continued to pour all day. Every spout and eve-course gave forth its rill; the dirty streets ran seas of mud; several of the shops remained closed, and few of the respectable classes were to be seen in the streets; old ladies took to their beds, and young ones made preparations for a hasty departure to the metropolis; reports of the most exaggerated description were circulated upon all sides, and large bodies of military arriving from Athlone and Galway, strengthened the apprehensions of the timid, and confirmed the reports of the alarmists. The magistrates met in conclave all day, and it was expected that something wonderful was to take place next morning.

Around the gibbet stood a guard of military and police, and upon one of the kerb-stones of the adjoining street sat two females, who occasionally uttered the wildest strains of grief that the Irish cry, particularly when uttered by

those in the position of the mother and sister of the gibbeted corpse, is capable of expressing.

During the night the rain cleared off; towards morning a smart frost set in, and after it, the sun rose large, red, and blushing through the misty air; but soon the fog cleared off, and the same brightness which shines equally on the just and the unjust lit up the old castles, and gaols, and abbeys, and houses, and threw its slanting rays by the open doorways of the long, low cabins, and evoked a reeking steam from all the dunghills in the dirty lanes of Roscommon. Hundreds of the peasantry might be seen approaching the town from all directions. Magistrates and country gentlemen, armed to the teeth, with the light frost hanging in whitish spray upon their hair and whiskers, and clouds of vapour steaming from every mouth and nostril, arrived in gigs and taxicabs. Some great spectacle, of which a rumour had gone abroad, was evidently expected. Towards noon the town was thronged with people; every window was occupied; many climbed to the house-tops; wherever footing or elevation was to be obtained, thither crowded some of the anxious throng. There was no ribald jesting—even neighbours scarcely exchanged a greeting; sullen anger, fierce determination, savage revenge, brooded over the mass, and was fearfully depicted in every face. If we said from twenty to thirty thousand people filled the streets of Roscommon that day we should not exaggerate. That beautiful regiment of dragoons, "The Green Horse," with their bright helmets and flourishing horsetails, paraded the streets, and parties of foot soldiers and police took up positions in different parts of the town.

About noon, the gibbeted body was taken down, placed in a sitting position in a cart, the arms extended, and tied to pitchforks, the back supported by a plank; around the body were arranged, as in an arm-trophy, the various guns, and pikes, and scythes, and other weapons, which had been taken from the ribbonmen for some time past; and on several of those were placed the hats picked up on the battlefield of Ballintober. This sad spectacle led the procession; after it,

advanced slowly three horses and cars, and to the tailboard of each car was bound a man, naked to the waist, who had been sentenced to be flogged three times through the towns of Roscommon, Strokestown, and Castlereagh, but the execution of whose sentence had, until then, been deferred, in the hope that the country would have remained quiet. Lady Betty, for some reason, did not officiate upon this occasion. One of the men was flogged by a Sicilian boy—the others, by drummers belonging to regiments then in the province.

The military lined the streets; the procession moved through the long straggling town. The *ere* was brought up by a cavalcade of magistrates, chiefly on horseback; in the centre of this part of the procession rolled slowly on, to “flogging pace,”

an open chariot, in which sat the Major, who ordered and directed the proceedings—we have no desire to describe him—and by his side lolled a large, unwieldy person, with bloated face and slaving lip—the ruler of Connaught, the sheriff at George Robert Fitzgerald’s execution—the great gauger-maker of the west—the Right Honourable.

Let us drop the curtain. If this was not Connaught, it was Hell.

We have only to remark that the scene, with all its horrors, would have been repeated in two of the other towns of the county, but for petitions to government from some of their inhabitants.

Well—it was a frightful spectacle, horrifying and demoralising; but it completely put an end to ribbonism in that district for many a year.

STANZAS IN DEJECTION.

Think of those days, when Life was fresh and young,
When all looked bright to our enraptured gaze;
When, like the Lark, our Hope still upward sprung!
Think of those days!

Think of those days when, thrilling with delight,
We first perused the poet’s deathless lays,
Confessed the sway of Genius, and its might;
Think of those days!

Think of those days, when every friend we deemed
Candid in censure, generous in praise,
When nought of coldness or deceit we dreamed;
Think of those days!

Think of those days when, nought of sordid cares
Knowing, their mention chilled us with amaze;
When Grief’s fell power we owned not—nor Despair’s—
Think of those days!

Think of those days, when Death to us appeared
A name—a shadow that eludes the gaze—
A thing to be believed in, not be feared—
Think of those days!

Think of those days! Alas! the words are vain;
We cannot call back years and youthful ways.
Life draws us onward in a darkening train—
Farewell, bright days!

BORNEO AND THE PIRATE SYSTEM.

WITH that important and most interesting division of the globe lying east of the straits of Malacca, comprehended under the title of the Indian Archipelago, the names of two Europeans are intimately connected—that of Sir Stamford Raffles, who, thirty years ago, founded the settlement of Singapore, which has since become so great an emporium of trade—and that of Sir James Brooke, who has appeared before us as the herald of civilisation in the Indian Archipelago. It is not easy, we acknowledge, for those who come wholly unaccustomed to a discussion of the subject, to perceive how one island, distant from us so many thousand miles, comparatively small in extent, can possibly exert any very startling influence upon civilisation. The name of Borneo suggests as yet, though knowledge concerning it is rapidly increasing, no great associations, upon a cursory glance at the matter. It is supposed by the generality to be an obscure, unhealthy island, inhabited by wild tribes and ignorant savages; that vast uninhabited swamps and marshes extend far into the interior, where, having penetrated, barrenness and sterility meet the gaze. Hence the wonder which has been raised in the minds of some by the well-deserved praise lavished upon Sir James Brooke, for having been the first to clear the mist of superstition from the eyes of a vast population, and for freeing a trade formerly trammelled by odious restrictions, engendered by causes it will be our business hereafter to glance at.

It is not Borneo alone, rich as it in reality is, whose civilisation and commerce we covet. It must be remembered that Pulo Kalamantan is only one out of a vast chain, that millions of fellow-creatures crowd in innumerable islets; that in their unknown interior they possess incalculable stores of wealth, consisting of the richest and rarest products of the earth—spices, gums, ivory, ebony, trepang, edible birds'-nest—a taste for which is rather increasing than diminishing—mother-of-pearl, tortoiseshell, gold, corn, timber, and tobacco. And

it must not be forgotten that through these material means—by exchanging the products of the town of Manchester, and the hardware of Birmingham, for such stores as the natives can offer in return—we are enriching and benefiting ourselves, while we afford to them the means of happiness and comfort; that we are linking in the bonds of social unity scattered and warlike tribes, and breathing over their isles the purifying and ennobling influence of the Gospel. What British heart would not feel a thrill of pleasure at hearing, in a temple among mangrove woods, from the lips of once untutored savages, the voice of thanksgiving and praise swelling up to the true God, instead of wild chants and superstitious invocations addressed to unknown deities?

When we last quitted the subject, Sir James Brooke had only just departed to take up his position as the authorised governor of Labuan, and the public mind has since been greatly occupied by anxious anticipations of all that he was destined to accomplish. But, though the hearts of enlightened and benevolent men accompanied him when he left our shores, there were not a few who, setting aside the commercial and trading benefits to be derived from our connexion with the Indian Archipelago, losing sight altogether of the incalculable advantages we were bestowing upon the natives, sought, for specious purposes, to undermine the position of the Rajah, and to cast out doubts concerning the wisdom and the policy of establishing a governor, or forming so distant a settlement at all. To question the importance of the scheme, to disseminate false views concerning the climate and capabilities of Labuan and Borneo, were among the innocuous shafts hurled at the great and glorious scheme of freeing commerce in the Indian seas, and imparting to the natives the blessings of an enlightened civilisation. The *Straits Times* must be regarded as one of the organs of this home party, since it seeks every convenient opportunity to spread the most alarming of all reports—that

Labuan is only another and yet more fatal Sierra Leone—that parents who despatch their children, in government appointments, to that distant colony, are wilfully consigning them to premature graves—that officers, when they quit the shores of England for that destination, may bid them an eternal farewell. But the experience of all who have ever visited the island, and the positive testimony of those now residing upon it, convince us that it is only a wilful disregard of all the rules which apply equally to every eastern country, and a persevering indulgence in habits of intemperance, that can render Borneo or Labuan unhealthy. We speak not at random, or from casual information which we may have amassed from reading the productions of interested parties, but from the certain knowledge of one now forming part of the infant settlement, and even from that of Sir James himself. The best proof that can be urged in favour of the climate is the fact, that, with the exception of one or two trifling attacks, he has enjoyed uninterrupted health during his sojourn in the island. It is true that much draining will be required before either Borneo or Labuan can become perfectly secure for all constitutions; but, previous to any attempts at draining, it is very certain that abstaining at once from exposure to the night air, and from all intemperate habits, was a guarantee of health to those who were located in Sarawak or Labuan.

Borneo itself is so lovely an island that some have conjectured it to have been the scenes of many of the tales in the “Thousand-and-One Nights’ Entertainments,” whose beauties wandering Arab adventurers have treasured up in their bosoms and carried back to their native cities, where they have spoken rapturously of the wild and romantic scenery of the woods and hills. Approaching it from the sea, a line of undulating shore, clothed with the rich verdure of the mangrove and beautiful shrubs, makes its appearance. But on drawing nearer you perceive a slip of beach covered with fine sand, bounded by a hedge of the arroe-tree, resembling our fir. Broad rivers yield their waters to the ocean, glancing up whose openings you perceive a rich vegetation bending over the edge of the placid streams, giving them the ap-

pearance, in the clear bright sun, of long narrow lakes fringed with the deepest green. The beauty of these magnificent rivers, wandering down through rich scenery, from the slopes of the mountains of the interior, may readily be conceived by those who have at all studied the varied aspects under which nature develops itself in the Eastern Archipelago. The dense jungle, the tall trees, the occasional glimpses of mountain scenery, the fertile plain, and the villages raised high above the banks, inhabited sometimes by a wild but peaceful tribe, but sometimes forming the secluded haunts of the pirate, who, with his countless wealth, leads for some months in the year a quiet life in his well-secured home, are objects of varied interest. Ranges of mountains intersect the island, now advancing to, now receding from the sea, all clothed with rich verdure and containing within their bosoms treasures of inestimable value, such as gold, iron, tin, &c. &c. Nor has Borneo yet yielded one-half it is capable of yielding, if properly cultivated; and this lovely spot, with its broad lakes, its rich pasture-lands, its glittering possessions, is only, on a larger scale, a sample of the tree-fringed isles that constitute the remarkable group known as the Twelve Thousand Islands. Had we the proper space we could realise before the mind of our readers spots unequalled for beauty on the surface of the habitable globe, little gems clustering round the parent-chain which sweeps along through the waters of the Eastern Seas. To penetrate one by one into them, to become acquainted with their habits, manners, and customs, to discover their capabilities for trade, and in one word, to spread civilisation throughout the whole length and breadth of the Indian Archipelago; such is, we boldly affirm, our object, nor will England desist, we feel assured, whether it be now, or in the progress of time, until the design be accomplished. There is no other nation on the face of the globe capable of peacefully subduing the inhabitants of the Archipelago; and having taken the first steps, it would be sheer madness to retreat, thus leaving the natives, with the taste of a more enlightened state, in a more hopeless condition than ever. It is like showing the starving man a morsel of bread and snatching

it rudely away from his grasp. The expense of the settlement at Labuan has been another great cause of grief to the anti-Bornean party, who set the outlay of a few thousands against the millions hereafter to be realised by removing the restrictions from commerce. The first and paramount duty of Sir James Brooke is to sweep the seas of those vast buccaneering hordes by which they are infested, and this object he has ever had steadily in view. But all the inestimable advantages which trading vessels have already derived from the partial abolition of piracy from the intricate channels of the Indian Seas, are detracted and deteriorated from by the economical humanitarians, who, to save the government (allowing they have so praiseworthy an object in view), the expense of keeping up a settlement in Labuan, would sacrifice entirely the welfare of the inhabitants, and the benefit we directly receive from connexion with the Archipelago. It is utterly impossible so niggardly a system can obtain a very firm hold upon the minds of any but the most ignorant and blinded by prejudice. Those who properly understand the danger to which trade was exposed from the audacious hardihood of the piratical hordes, will consider no expense too great to render it secure and easy. It was not, as has been by some asserted, one single ship occasionally assailed, nor one crew now and then murdered, but whole native fleets, hurrying to the annual fairs, were utterly destroyed by these lawless freebooters. Amongst the numerous industrious races inhabiting the islands, are whole tribes devoted to the exciting pursuit of piracy. It must not be supposed that they constitute a handful of men, whose haunt is some secluded or unknown isle, whence they issue occasionally on a piratical expedition, as some writers, in the intensity of their ignorance, would have the world believe, but a vast and organised body, whose numbers have not yet been correctly ascertained, who boldly put forth to sea at certain periods of the year in large boats, well manned and armed, and with cruel determination, spreading like a vast web through the intricate channels of the Eastern Seas to attack and plunder every vessel that comes within their reach. Not satisfied

with cruising in the immediate neighbourhood of their haunts, they set sail on long voyages during several months in the year, after which they return laden with rich stores to their homes. Incapable of fear, they scorn to envelope their movements in secrecy, but in the face of day lie in the open sea in wait for the first trading vessel, no matter to what nation it belongs, when, sometimes to the sound of music, and yells of defiance, they bear down upon the richly-laden ship, surround her, massacre the crew, and after rifling her of her stores, sink, or leave her drifting tenantless upon the sea. Sometimes the pirate fleet, with its swift noiseless boats, steals stealthily down through the tree-shadowed waters of the narrow channels, and beneath the shelter of the jungle rests its oar until the dead of night. A peaceful village has been seen in the evening-light clustering upon the beach on its raised platforms. The labour of the day is over, the song of the Dyak maiden floats on the air, the voice of children at their play makes a low murmur, the father leans from the long balcony running across the front of the little community of houses; groups are busy here and there. Early they retire to rest, and perfect silence broods over the scene. The bright moonbeams play upon the waves, dotted with isles as far as the eye can reach; an undulating surface of jungle stretches interminably away in the background. Scarcely has the serenity of sleep stolen upon the spot, when the waters around the shore are disturbed by the movement of many keels, that cut the waves and produce a rippling murmur, unheard, save by the cruel marauders intent upon their prey. A hundred krisses are unsheathed as they set their foot on shore, and a loud yell of triumph bursts from their lips, as they find themselves secure upon the village platform. In hopeless fear, the wretched victims fly to arms—the cry of despair from the mother, who, in dying perceives her little one borne away from her arms—the shriek of the maiden struggling with her captor—all mingle confusedly with the groans of the dying, and the loud yells of the pirate, who, krissing the aged, carries away into hopeless captivity the maiden and the child. As a last act, a burning brand is applied to the frail tenement, and

soon a mass of forked flames rise into the air, while the buccaneering fleet again put to sea, and steer away before any alarm is given to the surrounding country. The morning sun rises upon a heap of black and smoking ruins.

Such scenes are of frequent occurrence in the Indian Archipelago. The burning of villages, the massacre of women and children are the constant practices of the freebooters wherever they steer their course. Whole villages are constantly destroyed in this way; and while the natives of the Twelve Thousand Isles continue to be exposed to their attacks, it will be our duty to persecute their pirates, until we entirely exterminate them from these seas.

Where do the pirates dwell? Not on some obscure island, as we have before remarked; but their homes are scattered far and wide over the Archipelago. No one coming abruptly upon the rude-built and strong villages inhabited by these men could for one moment imagine the inhabitants to be the same who, at certain periods of the year, scour the seas on expeditions of depredation and murder. The utmost taste presides over the disposition of their gardens and houses; the height of rude luxury is displayed, and many of the productions of our own land have been found scattered in their dwellings, standing sometimes on perches raised forty feet above the ground. Their wives and families are decked with every savage ornament; and while they remain at home, the freebooters appear to forget the daring exploits of the sea, in the peaceful enjoyments of domestic comforts. The life of the pirate, if investigated, would be found to be one of singular romance and variety; but that of the less ferocious sea gipsys, skimming by day with their white-sailed prahus, over the ocean, and clustering by night near the shore, possesses in the highest degree the attributes of romance. At some future period, perhaps, we may enter upon a description of their career, with that of the domestic life and habits of the pirates. Our business is now wholly with the more active operations carried on in the Indian Archipelago. The suppression

of the widely-extended system of piracy is not an object to be accomplished in a single day, though it is to be hoped that since the direction of the scheme is entrusted to the able hands of Sir James Brooke, it may be accomplished in a much shorter period than it otherwise would have been. A great deal of culpable negligence, however, has been manifested by the authorities in the affair, in not at all times furnishing Sir James Brooke with a sufficient force to repel the attacks of the buccaneers. At one period, while it was well known that a pirate fleet, twelve hundred strong, was cruising about the Indian seas, our settlement at Labuan was left in the following position:—"There was the Maeander barge without any crew, being left in the charge of two men. Next, the Ranee steamer, with an engineer and stoker, two boys and two carpenters. Then came the Jolly Bachelor, a government private boat, manned from the Maeander with six men. And to complete the list, there was a small body of marines, of whom eighteen only were fit for active service."* Such was the force which Sir James Brooke was to bring against a numerous and well-prepared hostile fleet, had they been attacked. This, however, is an instance which, though of frequent occurrence in the past history of the Governor of Labuan, will, we trust, not again occur.

We shall endeavour to give a brief outline of what has been accomplished in the Archipelago during the past year. Not the least important is the expedition to Borneo, undertaken for the purpose of conducting a treaty with the Sultan, who, it will be remembered, treacherously murdered his own relations, and was once actuated by the most unconquerable hatred of Great Britain. The interest awakened by the prospect of the expedition in the little settlement at Labuan was great, as, to most of those composing it, the scenes in which they were engaged were perfectly new, and they were naturally desirous of availing themselves of every opportunity of penetrating as far into the island as possible. The party consisted of Sir James Brooke, four or five officers, a

* Private Letter.

guard of five marines, and twenty-two sailors—distributed through the Jolly Bachelor, the Maeander's barge, and another boat, and the steamer itself. Borneo river boasts of magnificent scenery, with beautiful undulating hills on either bank, very low, and covered with brushwood and diminutive jungle. When arrived at the city, an exciting scene presented itself in the busy market, which is held on the water. Hundreds of boats, paddled by women, with large umbrella hats, clustered in groups, starting at the steamer and its companions, and all sharing in apprehensions, immediately communicated through the whole, that the Europeans were come solely for the purpose of seizing on the capital, in return for the clandestine connexion of the Sultan with the pirates, which, though denied by some, is incontestably proved. The interview held with the Sultan was of an extremely interesting nature, the greatest respect being shown to the Rajah. Into details upon these points it is impossible at present to enter; suffice it, that the object of the expedition was accomplished. A treaty with the Sultan was ratified; letters requesting the return of the relatives of Muda Hassim were obtained, and the Sultan had been induced to dispatch letters to all parts of his dominions, authorising the natives to trade freely with Gabnar, from which they have hitherto been restrained by fear. Sir James Brooke also obtained from the old chieftain a promise to send down three hundred labourers, to work at the draining of Labuan; and the expedition returned home perfectly well satisfied with what it had achieved, and were soon busily engaged in making preparations for a similar visit to Sooloo, in order to conclude a treaty with the Sultan of that place, or, in the event of a failure in that object, to chastise the notorious pirates who infect it. That group of islands, it is well known, constitutes the haunts of numerous piratical hordes. The Balanini issue from hence, and it is, therefore, most important that some check should be imposed upon their proceedings, either by treaty or otherwise. The Dutch had it in their design to seize upon the whole group, and the fact is established by all the recent lucubrations

of their journalists, as well as their intense disappointment at the reception the Rajah met with. They equipped a formidable expedition against the pirate Sultan of Sooloo, arrived at his capital, and summoned him to terms, but were welcomed with defiance and contempt. They next endeavoured to enforce their arguments by a succession of broadsides; but the Dutch vessels were no match for the storm of round shot, grape and canister, which fell like hail from the pirate batteries, and were compelled, with disgrace, to seek refuge in the open sea. And yet we now find them complaining, that on their subsequent visit to the Sultan the natives showed them anything but a pleasant aspect. Nor was it to be expected that people, going with warlike demeanour, and rough, rude manners, should be received as friends. The whole policy of the Dutch in the Indian Archipelago is marked by anything but a conciliatory spirit, and with this known character, it was not to be anticipated that they should meet with a welcome in the Sooloo isles. The very way in which the Dutch plenipotentiary set about his business was hostile. M. Grenovius despotically informs the Sultan, that if he will not perform an impossible act within three days, he shall consider him at enmity with the Netherlands government. This impossibility was to deliver up, probably, a phantom captive who, the Dutch asserted, was detained in captivity by the Sultan. Into these matters, however, we cannot further enter at present, than to observe, that from the mild and forbearing tone adopted by the Sultan on other occasions, we think the account the Dutch minister gives of his reception was grossly exaggerated. For our own part, we had not to form a fresh alliance, but to renew those friendly relations formerly subsisting between the Suloos and the British government. One word more with respect to the Dutch. Their object is to obtain an extensive trade in every island with which they establish relations, and to taboo whole countries—hiding their products until they find it convenient to use them for their own exclusive enrichment. With England the opposite path has ever been taken. To throw open the ports to the free trade of all nations, and to

benefit the whole of mankind, such has been her policy. The most notorious pirates, it is well known, inhabit the Sooloo group; but no method for curtailing their power could possibly have been taken better than opening up a friendly intercourse with the native power, who, linked with us, would find it his interest to subdue, as far as possible, those wild and restless spirits who inhabit his dominion, and with whom he is linked. Large pirate communities are established in villages and towns in the group, who possess an extraordinary amount of riches. Constituting, as Sooloo does, one of the most important of the many pirate haunts, we gain an immense advantage by establishing a friendly treaty with the Sultan.

On the 23d of May, then, this expedition, which has given offence to so many persons, started for Sooloo in the *Nemesis*, which had on board Sir James Brooke and suite, and experienced, at every place where they stopped the greatest attention and marked distinction. At Kimanis, one of the most picturesque of the Bornean villages, they put in to take in provisions. Situated in a secluded spot, a series of magnificent landscapes sweep round it. The houses are substantial and well built; all who have ever visited it, describe it as one of the most charming villages near the coast. Our readers who are familiar with the events which formerly took place in Borneo, will recollect it was here that the Pangaran Usop and his brother were overtaken and slain, after the massacre of Muda Hassim. He was buried near the town. The tomb stands upon an eminence, in an extremely picturesque situation. They were strangled in a house near at hand, and are said to have met their death quietly, and with resignation.

In the first island belonging to the Sooloo group, Cagayan Sooloo, they found the people at first much disposed to prevent their landing; but on a demonstration of peaceful intentions, some of the party were allowed to go on shore and examine the aspect of the country. A fine meadow land spread for a considerable distance over this beautiful little island, until it was lost in the jungle. On advancing, they found a fresh water lake, forty feet above the level of the sea, from which

it was divided only by a narrow wall of sand-stone. A superstitious belief prevented the natives from venturing near its waters. On examination it was discovered to be of considerable depth, surrounded by lovely scenery, down to the very edge of the water, while the soil of the island was fertile, and the climate agreeable and soft. Advancing further, the expedition speedily arrived at Sooloo, no less remarkable for the rich verdure of its landscapes than the other portions of the group. It is impossible not to experience a feeling of some regret when we behold spots so unequalled in beauty in the possession of lawless and savage tribes, who, however rich in worldly possessions, are yet wholly unable to turn them to the best advantage, even for themselves. The *Nemesis* reached Sooloo on the 27th May, firing a salute of twenty-one guns as she entered the bay, and next day Sir James, accompanied by a portion of his suite, landed and paid a visit to the Sultan, by whom he was very cordially received. After the customary interchange of civilities, Sir James addressed the assembled Datus in the Malay language, and informed them of the purpose for which he had made this friendly visit to their island, concluding by handing them the treaty for their examination and approval, after which he retired. All their proceedings were conducted in the midst of perfect quiet and order. The room in which the audience took place, was, according to the custom of the Sooloos, crowded with some hundreds of persons; but the most profound silence prevailed while the Sultan and Datus were engaged in considering, one by one, the articles of the treaty. A very short time sufficed to show that it was one to which they could unanimously agree, and, accordingly, the Sultan and Datus with one voice proclaimed their willingness to sign it. The next evening, without any parade or ceremony, Sir James again visited the Sultan; the audience-chamber was, as usual, thronged with the native population—some armed with krisses and sumpitans, while all were decorated in the most fantastic manner, their wild eyes gleaming with satisfaction and curious delight upon the English Rajah, who pleased them exceedingly by his frank manner and open bearing. Once his

very name was a terror to the inhabitants of Sooloo; but his late visits completely altered their conception of his character.

The conversation which ensued upon the ratification of the treaty was of the most friendly nature. Chocolate and sweetmeats were handed round, and the sitting was prolonged to a very late hour. The chiefs showed themselves not only willing but eager to enter into friendly relations with the British, and the expedition returned shortly afterwards to Sarāwak, perfectly well pleased with their visit, just in time to prepare for a hostile demonstration against the Sarebas and Sakarran pirates, the most troublesome of all the buccaneering hordes. The proceedings which had taken place with respect to these tribes have been, we are aware, of much debate, and the conduct of Sir James has been strongly animadverted upon by persons, whose sole excuse for the conduct they pursue is the perfect ignorance they exhibit with respect to the real facts of the case. They assert that the Sakarrans are not pirates, but a peaceful tribe of men; when it is well known that there is no safety on the high seas from them; that all nations, all tribes, all ages are equally in danger from their attacks. To these facts the whole population of Banjar, the Dutch residents and officers, the English at Sarāwak, the Malays of Sarāwak, Samaharahan, Sadong, Linga, Kaluka, Siriki, Rejang, &c., &c., with many other rivers, bear testimony. They are perfectly aware of the atrocities committed by the Sakarrans, and unanimously concur with the British government in desiring their extermination. Sir James has been charged with blood-thirsty propensities, and desirous of shedding innocent blood. We remember the expression used some time since by one of the anti-Bornean party about the sentimental puffing of Sir James, but it shrewdly strikes us that the term sentimental is far more applicable to those who will defend the cause of a cruel and murderous race of men like the Sakarrans and Sarebas, but are capable of experiencing no sympathy with the unfortunate natives, who daily fall victims to their reckless depredations. Within the short space of six months four large fleets were

devastating the coast, and six hundred lives were sacrificed; therefore, the recent proceedings against pirates, by all who know anything of the matter, must be regarded in the light rather of a defensive than aggressive act. However this may be, Sir James, immediately on his return from Sooloo, prepared for his attack against the Sakarrans, who had been committing various atrocities deserving summary punishment. They had visited a part of the Sarāwak territory in a foray for human skulls, and carried off seventy heads. Information was brought in that a large pirate fleet, of ninety-eight vessels, had sailed towards the Rejang. Properly to understand the operations that took place, we must recall to our readers' recollection the position of the several rivers up which it was necessary to divide our forces. There are in Borneo four streams, running nearly parallel, upon the banks of which it was supposed likely pirates would assemble—viz., the Kanowit, Rejang, Sarebas, and Sakarran.

Numerous means of escape were afforded them, since the Kanowit is a branch of the Rejang; and the Lipat branch of the Kaluka also afforded them egress in case of necessity. Some months had been expended in preparing for this expedition, which was by far the most important ever yet fitted out against the pirates. The brigs *Albatross* and *Royalist*, along with the *Nemesis* and seven European boats, were the force to be employed. To distribute these in the best possible position was now the care of the Rajah. He dispatched the *Royalist* to anchor up the Batang Lupar, opposite the Linga branch, to protect the Balow village. The Rajah himself, with twenty-five native prahus and two European cutters, was to watch the Kaluka; while the *Nemesis*, with five European and nearly forty Dyak boats, assisted by the little *Ranee*, was sent to blockade the Sarebas, for which point it was supposed the pirates would make in their return from the Rejang; and when they should perceive the steamer with its large force, it was naturally conjectured they would make for the Kaluka, two miles further. In attempting to regain their haunts, they would encounter the war-steamer and her allies, which were to follow them immediately; so that the chances were

the whole fleet would be destroyed. The plan was concerted with the utmost ability, thus proving that Sir James possessed an intimate knowledge of the foe against whom he was moving. They had started from Sarāwak the 24th of last July, and on the 31st the boats sent out to reconnoitre gave notice of the approach of an immense fleet of the enemy.

The sun was then setting behind the hills, and imparted to the scene a singularly picturesque appearance. At a little distance from the mouth of the Kaluka, in perfect stillness, the Rajah and his company lay on the waters motionless, waiting for the proper moment to take their stand. At length, fearing lest the *Nemesis* might not receive the intelligence, he fired a rocket into the air, and then moved forward so as to spread his force along the entrance of the stream. No sooner had he taken up his position, than a dark mass, formed by the enemy's advancing fleet, was perceived a-head. Another rocket was fired—a signal answered by the natives with a fierce yell of defiance to the advancing foes—and again the same silence as before brooded over the scene. The sun had set; and the moon, partially obscured by clouds, rose upon the scene, now became one of interest. On either hand rose the shores, covered with dark jungle, contrasting strangely with the glittering and slightly-agitated waters, shining like silver between the prahus, crowded with men, silently, anxiously, with their arms prepared, watching the signal for the fight. Suddenly from the sea burst a fierce yell of defiance from thousands of throats, mingled with the sounds of martial music, and occasional firing of artillery. Perceiving the reception they were likely to encounter at the mouth of the Kaluka, they made a sudden rush towards the Sarebas, while their yells gradually subsided into an indistinct murmur. The *Nemesis* now fired a rocket, and displayed a blue light, to announce that she was prepared; and a brisk encounter followed. The pirates divided on perceiving that there was little chance of escape; and Commanders Everest and Willmehurst, from the *Albatross* and *Royalist*, pushed forward, each in command of a well-armed cutter, to meet the enemy, while a discharge of rockets and guns poured

forth over the waves, now distinctly visible, from the fact that the moon was partially obscured, and darkness hung over the sea. The scene was now one of great excitement: at every moment the sound of heavy cannon boomed upon the air, and rapid volleys of musketry followed one upon the other, illumining the surrounding scene with a vivid though evanescent glare. Never had those waters witnessed a similar display of British power and determination. The *Nemesis* now advanced straight upon the enemy's fleet, and rolled in her broadside of grape, and canister, and round shot, from her heavy 32-pounders. The European boat, under Captain Farquhar, pressed forward and endeavoured to close with the foe, but were unable to effect this, owing to the low water near the shore; but, instead, they drove the enemy towards Sandy Point, from whence they were once more compelled to retire. The encounter every moment grew more desperate, and the anxiety increased as to the eventual issue of the contest, though our officers, it may be presumed, felt pretty secure in the consciousness that they should be enabled to overcome the wild tribes, however hardy and relentless they might be, and accustomed to warfare upon the seas. The foe were well provided with arms; they were brave and determined, and attacked us with the utmost vigour and ferocity. But owing to the bad practice of their gunners their fire was very inefficient. The destructive fire poured from the *Nemesis*, and the other boats, at length sent some of their vessels stern foremost down into the ocean, with all on board; others blew up into the air; some were blown to atoms, and the pirates themselves, struck down by hundreds, so that the sea was literally crimsoned with their blood; and when the panic seized them, and they ran their prahus hastily ashore, and escaped into the jungle, the waves were strewn with wrecks and floating corpses. The next morning it was discovered that the enemy had lost about ninety boats, and more than six hundred men in the engagement, while on our side not above six were shot. The rumour states that about two thousand were slain; but if we estimate the loss at about half we shall probably arrive nearer

to the true state of the case. The Rajah then moved up the Pakan, and we shall give the account of his proceedings there from an unpublished letter, written by one of the party engaged in the attack. We were unable to insert our correspondent's account of the former affair, in his own words, from the extreme length to which they extended. The following, however, will, in his terse and graphic language, convey some idea of the next proceedings of the Governor of Labuan:—

“Senawal,” Sept. 21st, 1849.

“My dear V——.—I promised in my last letter to write you some account of the deaths of Bunsu and Tajong, two young Dyak chiefs, who were very great favourites of ours. I must fulfil my promise, however, now, and I know of no better way than copying that day's proceedings from my journal.

“August, &c.—We were to start at three o'clock in the morning, but a forward movement was not made till nearly six o'clock. We had not proceeded very many miles, when a felled tree gave notice of the enemy being aware of our approach. Slow and heavy work it is to cut through trees; for the timber severed near the earth, falling into the river, blocks up one side, while the thick branches form an almost impenetrable barrier on the other. No sooner was one cut through than another presented itself; and this work continued till past ten o'clock. Sometimes we advanced a quarter of a mile, then only a few yards, encountering sometimes large trees, sometimes small; but whether small or great, very tiring work. Had the fleet not been crushed outside, had the Sarebas many muskets, they might have killed half our force before we could have got at them, for the heavy jungle would have effectually sheltered them. As it was, we kept a good look out, rifle in hand, ready to fire on the first sign of an enemy. At length we came to a tree at least a yard in diameter. For some time the axes were at work, but little progress being made, it was at last determined to march overland, so we fell back a little and breakfasted.

The plan that was arranged was this—Callong, Bunsu, and Tajong, the three eldest sons of the Orang-Kaya, of

Lundu, were with their men to lead the way, open the path, and remove the dangers—(these are sharp pieces of bamboo stuck in the ground so as to inflict very severe wounds)—while a strong party of Malays were to protect them. The Europeans and native force to follow, while an adequate force remained to protect the boats. On the left bank of our position, a thick jungle reached the water's edge—on the right, the ground, partially cleared, presented thick clumps of bamboos, and rose into a little hill. The marines and sailors were landed, and collected in a body on the top. Everything was in active preparation. Some of us had returned to the boats, to get completely ready, when suddenly a distant yell—a volley of musketry—shouts and cries—a bustle on the summit of the hill—the English forming into line—told that something of importance had happened. We rushed on shore. At first no explanation could be given of the alarm. Some cried, ‘Callong is dead’—others, Bunsu—others, Tajong; some that all three were killed; when the return of a Dyak, bearing a wounded man, gave the first intelligence. He said they were ahead, when a party of the Sarebas dashed out, and killed a great many. He himself was severely wounded. He believed that all the young chiefs were dead; he was sure that one was. The return of the headless trunk of Bunsu, and the frightfully mangled body of Tajong, told the dreadful news. However, Callong, the eldest, and my favourite, had escaped. Bunsu, when quite young, was the first of the Lundus that came to meet the Rajah when he visited their tribe. He brought the Rajah a white cork, and giving it to him, the young lad said, ‘It is the only thing I have to present, pray accept it.’ He was a quiet, modest fellow, with the most amiable temper, but as brave as a lion. Tajong was a fine bold fellow, but too arrogant and boastful.

“Not knowing the strength of the enemy, and wishing to be prepared, the Europeans were ordered to fall back a little, and form a line on the summit of the hill. This slightly retrograde movement began to produce a panic among some of the natives, who imagined the Europeans were retreating, and they commenced shouting and

rushing to their boats. At first I thought that the enemy in overpowering force were advancing, but the Rajah, speaking quietly to the men as they passed, laughingly said, 'Don't be afraid, let us advance.' This had its immediate effect, and they followed him in crowds. Quiet being restored, we heard some account of the skirmish. The clearing party had advanced some hundred yards into the bamboo jungle, when Tajong, high-spirited but rash, pushed on a-head, and was followed by his elder brother. Over-confident, they were almost unarmed, and without their fighting-jackets, and had advanced with a few men beyond immediate support. Tajong and Bunsu were stooping to feel for ranjos, when, from behind a thick bamboo clump, out dashed a party of the enemy, and cut them down before they could draw parangs. Calong, seeing his danger, dashed back, and was saved; and the immediate advance of the Malays, who poured in a volley, saved those that were wounded, and inflicted some loss upon the Sarebas. It was a melancholy hour for the old Orang-Kaya of Lundu, the father, who was but a little way behind. He felt proud of his sons, but especially proud of Tajong; yet first could only find vent for his grief in bitter revilings of those whom he accused of deserting his boys. He retired with his tribe to the boats, and sent Calong to the Rajah, to request permission to return and bury his children. The surviving son came. In a subdued voice he said, 'I have lost my two younger brothers.' 'Tell the Orang-Kaya,' said the Rajah, 'not to grieve; his sons died like brave men.' A proud, though faint smile of satisfaction was for a second visible; public praise from such lips was to them the greatest comfort. Unwilling to allow his brothers' death to pass unrevenged, Calong intended to return after burying them near the steamer. At first he wished to remain, but his father dissuaded him. One would have thought that the measure had been full, but another event was still to happen to fill it to overflowing. The Ranee little steam-tender had been left some distance down, and a cutter, bearing the dead body of a sailor, arrived at the same time that the Lundu boat passed. There was little bustle in the steamer: a rope caught the hammer of a musket, left

cocked by shameful carelessness; it went off; the ball passed between two of the officers, grazed a boy, struck the Orang-Kaya's son-in-law, killing him on the spot, and finished by burying itself in the heart of a Malay. The old man, completely overcome, burst into a flood of tears; and, holding up his fingers to the officers, could only say, 'Three sons in one day,' and continued his melancholy journey. From him the enemy could expect no mercy; twelve of the fugitives from the fleet fell by the hand of the Lundus, in their passage down the river. It would be of little use to enter into the rest of the day's proceedings. The Sarebas were disturbed by rockets, and some spies in the trees got peppered. I had a shot or two at a fellow who perseveringly showed himself at the top of a tree, reconnoitering our movements. The distance (two hundred yards) was too great to tell whether it had any effect or not. I hope I shot him; it would lessen their triumph over the head of Bunsu, which they carried off, otherwise I care not for firing except in an engagement. If the enemy came in my way, I should fire and kill; otherwise there is no pleasure in knowing that you have drilled a hole through a man with a rifle-bullet."

The party then returned, and navigated the Rejang river for a hundred and fifty miles, burning and destroying the houses and property of 2000 people.

We have given a brief outline of the late proceedings against the pirates of the Indian Archipelago; and our hope is, that no one, after perusing an account of the atrocities perpetrated by them, will suffer their minds to be biassed by a single feeling of sympathy for their well-merited fate. They had returned, gorged with plunder, from one of their expeditions, after destroying whole villages, and lading their prahus with cargoes of unhappy slaves. On board one of the prahus the headless trunk of a woman was found, whom they had probably massacred in their resentment. Such is one instance, out of a hundred similar which we could describe; and it is such harrowing and inhuman barbarities that, in our opinion, justify Sir James Brooke in the active and decisive measures which he has so boldly adopted.

IRISH THEATRICALS.

IF any of our readers have been in the habit of reading the Irish provincial journals, they cannot fail to have observed that, within the last twelve months, the amusement of private theatricals has been resorted to in various parts of Ireland. The military have been the chief promoters of this brilliant diversion, but they have received help from the civilians, and in demure Belfast, as well as at pleasure-seeking Cork, the histrionic art has been exhibited of late by amateurs, whose efforts to please have been, on the whole, very successful.

That the Irish would not only be partial to theatrical amusements, but that they would also excel in mimetic representations, are almost obvious from their plastic nature and mercurial temperament. Whatever ethnologists may decide upon the social qualities of Celts and Saxons, it is very certain that the Gaelic temperament is peculiarly fitted to artists, and especially to those who wear the sock and buskin. The Irish have been extremely prolific in actors of superior excellence. Quin and Macklin stood in the front rank of the histrionic art, and were excelled only by Garrick. Both Mossop and Spranger Barry were actors whose talents were honoured with marked applause. Of famous and beautiful actresses, from the days of the brilliant Woffington, Ireland, can boast several. Mrs. Clive and Mrs. Abington were Irish; Miss Farren (afterwards Countess of Derby) was daughter of a Cork apothecary, who dwelt in those "groves of the pool" celebrated by the facetious Millikin; Mrs. Glover, that most accomplished actress, whose humour is thoroughly "racy of the soil," is an Irishwoman. Last of all, we can point to the pathetic and beautiful O'Neill—the ornament of her profession and her sex. Besides these, a whole list of secondary talents—not to be spoken of with slight—can be named, from the days of Woodward to that of Hudson, as proving the success of Irish talent on the stage. It is asserted that Charles Kean is a native

of Waterford; and it is believed that Ireland has a claim to one of his parents, as likewise in the case of Macready, whose father was an Irishman. It is worthy of remark, that the greatest boast of the British stage, Garrick, was of French extraction (Carrique), his grandfather having been the first of his family settled in England; and certainly "Little Davy," in his cormorant vanity and prodigious ingenuity—his perpetual sparkle, and social pleasantry—was thoroughly a Frenchman.

The great number of Irish who have attained to excellence on the stage, is one of the most remarkable facts we know in the social history of our people. The difficulties which Irish actors had to encounter are not easily described, and nothing but genuine excellence could have put them in the rank which they attained. Amongst the difficulties in their way, we need only advert to the dreaded "Irish brogue." A coarse and bad method of speaking is detected sooner on the stage, than either at the bar or in the pulpit. In a mimetic exhibition, the histrionic artist is necessarily more exposed to personal criticism than the political orator or the divine, simply because his main business is to address the ear and eye—the poet whose words he declaims being the real speaker to the understanding of the audience; whereas in the senate, a vigorous debater, even with harsh and grating tones like Mr. Sheil, will not fail to please his audience, by means of the matter of his speech, presented vividly, with brilliancy of diction and strength of dialectics.

Could all the training of the best elocutionists enable an actor with the voice of Mr. Sheil to be tolerated on the stage? No! the very gods in the galleries would mimic his discordant tones. Or, to illustrate the point in another way, take the case of Henry Marston, now playing in Phelps's company at Sadler's Wells. Marston has some capital points as an actor; his conceptions are clear, and he has the plasticity required by the stage; but

his voice is hideous. It is gastric, and disagreeable to the last degree, and prevents him attaining that rank in his profession which his mental qualities and knowledge of the stage would otherwise enable him to reach.

Thus, with the aversion of English audiences to the Irish brogue, and with the peculiarity of Irish declaimers generally speaking more vehemently than is required, one might have supposed that the Stage—the calling of all others most exposed to ignorant and flippant criticism—the Stage, which every apprentice and squat citizen supposes himself competent to dissert upon—would have been the last place wherein Irish talent would have received *from English audiences* the reward of applause.

And yet we might feel assured that a people like the Irish would be prolific in theatrical artists. Suppleness and strength are the qualities most required for the Stage. There must be that plastic element which easily assumes a variety of forms, and there must exist, in conjunction with it, that extraordinary strength of frame which enables the actor to endure the arduous and protracted fatigues of the profession. The rarity of finding persons who unite muscular strength with mercurial volatility, is the reason why there have been so few great actors. The great actor and the great orator must each be strong and sensitive; and sturdiness is seldom united with sensibility. Garrick had both qualities to a high degree; so had Mrs. Siddons and Miss O'Neill. In the Irish people generally there is a certain physical union of these opposite qualities of strength and susceptibility; and in this respect they are not unlike the ancient Greeks, to whom divers writers have assimilated their psychological as well as physiological character. Hence results the number of eminent Irish actors and actresses; and to a similar cause might be assigned the number of Irish orators.

The materials for a history of the

Irish stage exists in a great variety of miscellaneous writers; but though the matter is abundant, the history of the Stage in Ireland, like the narrative of our country's public fortunes, is desultory in its nature. "Hitchcock's* View of the Irish Stage," bringing it down to 1774, and published in 1788, is authentic and circumstantial, but it is a dull chronicle, and written in a bad style, that of a mere theatrical underling, who looked up to actors, not as great artists, but as great personages. It is, however, a work of very decided value, and has one great merit—its impartiality. It is at once free from adulation and abuse, and is perspicuous, if not pleasing. Victor's† two volumes are trivial and tedious, not containing any valuable matter. In the second volume of the "Transactions of the Royal Irish Academy," there is an essay on the history of the Irish stage by Cooper Walker, which is made much use of in the first chapter of Hitchcock's work, but the essay itself is brief and incomplete, and not very interesting except to the mere antiquarian. But the most fertile source of information about the Irish Stage is to be found in the numerous lives of actors. Carlyle has said that the only lives worth reading in English literature, are those of actors—that "vagabond" and amusing race of adventurers—and to some extent he is right. There is nothing more remarkable in the lives of the actors than the very large space which is devoted to Ireland in those recollections of their lives, and the strong impression made on them by Ireland and the Irish. One of the most amusing of them exclaims "Ireland, the precious soil consecrated to every actor's memory, by the dearest and merriest remembrances! Ireland, the proverbial green spot in the arid desert of the unfortunate comedian!"‡

So large is the space occupied by the Irish in the memoirs of the actors who have treated of their adventures, that any one writing a history of this

* "An Historical View of the Irish Stage, to the close of the Season of 1788." By Robert Hitchcock. It is dedicated to the Earl of Grandison, and a long list of subscribers' names is in the first volume.

† "History of the Theatres of London and Dublin from 1730." By Mr. Victor, ex-manager T. R. D. London 1761.

‡ "Bernard's Recollections," vol. i. p. 222.

country, from 1688, should make reference to their memoirs for sketches of manners and society in the past century. The life of O'Keeffe* is particularly valuable in this respect, and abounds in curious and minute particulars of society in Ireland, and the style has internal evidence of authenticity. The work seems to have been jotted down by an amanuensis, from the talk of O'Keeffe, when he had grown blind, while his mental faculties were thrown back upon his memory of the past. There is a natural and simple air through those two volumes which gives them much interest, and takes them entirely out of the class to which Barrington belongs. His picture of Ireland, at p.p. 118, 119, is extremely curious; and even though fancy lent its hues the picture is not devoid of reality.† Michael Kelly's Memoirs‡ published in the same year as O'Keeffe's, were by no means of such value. With the exception of two or three particulars of some interest about Sheridan, they contain no valuable matter, and must be treated as mere book-making. "Bernard's Recollections," already quoted, are written with far more literary talent than the works of Kelly or O'Keeffe. The style is occasionally very racy, and the two volumes are throughout brisk and readable, though here and there an air of Joe Millerism is too glaring. "Galt's Lives of the Play-

ers" is a dull work, on a most delightful subject; but occasionally there is a strong and clear summary of the merits of the various artists treated of. § Cibbers "Apology for his Life" stands at the head of theatrical biography, and will for ever preserve its author's name. It is written in a style of charming ease, and sprightly gracefulness, and would give its author a literary fame, even if he had never written *The Careless Husband*. There is one sentence in it which, for genuine eloquence of style, for strong sentiment and suitable diction, may be placed against any to be found in Temple, Bolingbroke, or Addison. It is when Cibber, after describing Betterton, and lamenting his inability by words to convey to his reader an adequate idea of the old actor, finely breaks forth:—"Pity it is that the momentary beauties flowing from a harmonious elocution cannot, like the graces of poetry, be their own record; that the animated graces of the player can live no longer than the instant breath or motion that present them, or at best can but faintly glimmer through the memory of a few surviving spectators." Moore, in his life of Sheridan, observes that the sentiment expressed in the sentence we have quoted, would not receive additional grace if it were put in verse.

In the forty-sixth volume of the

* "Recollections of the Life of John O'Keeffe, written by Himself." London: 1826.

† There is now living in this city a venerable gentleman whose recollection of past times in Ireland is of singular freshness and accuracy. We allude to Sir Richard Kellett—the oldest member of the Irish baronetage—now in the 89th year of his age, and in the perfect possession of all his intellectual faculties—a polished gentleman of the old school—whose conversation at once interests and instructs.

‡ "Reminiscences of Michael Kelly." 2 vols. London, 1826.

§ "Lives of the Players." By John Galt, author of "Annals of the Parish." 2 vols. London: 1831. In this work, containing pp. 315 and 318, not less than thirty-six performers are treated of—from Betterton to Mrs. Siddons; but in epitomising their lives, the spirit has entirely evaporated, and a twaddling vein of sentiment runs through what is little better than a hackney compilation. In some cases he is flagrantly unjust—as when he attempts to damn the reputation of Arthur Murphy as a man of "respectable mediocrity." There are a class of mongrel critics who, because Arthur Murphy was neither a Johnson in criticism, a Sheridan in the drama, or a Burke in eloquence, think right to assault his memory. No true lover of literature or the drama could speak of Murphy's name otherwise than with respect. His Widow Belmour in the *Way to Keep Him* requires first-rate talents; and it would be difficult to name a female part in English comedy requiring a greater range of powers in an actress for its true representation. His translation of Tacitus will always remain a standard work; and as a piece of writing, is far the best our literature possesses of prose translation from the classics. It is at once smooth and spirited, and is as fair an interpretation of the great original as could be exhibited in English idiom.

Edinburgh Review there is an Essay on the Private Theatricals of Europe, by Moore. It contains much far-fetched and curious reading, and glitters with the *bizarrierie* of the writer's prose style. But the essayist gives only three pages to the subject of Irish theatricals. The essay, however, is very pleasing, and well merits reprint, with certain other of the brilliant writer's prose compositions.

We could, indeed, wish that the "General History of the Stage" had fallen into the hands of one competent to do justice to it. But to the history of the Stage one may apply the keen remark made by Gibbon, where he laments the fate of history:—"Malheureux sort de l'histoire! Les spectateurs sont trop peu instruits, et les acteurs sont trop intéressés pour que nous puissions compter sur les récits des uns ou des autres" ("Miscellaneous Works," vol. iv. p. 410).

The history of the Stage might be made an admirable work, but it would require far other powers than those of a Knight or Collier (and we mention those names with great respect). The mere archæology of the Stage could be easily supplied by inferior writers; but to treat of the Stage and its connexion with society, and do justice to the various merits of the actors and actresses who thrilled audiences, and, by incomparable gestures and inimitable tones, gave at once dignity and music to worthless verses, filling up, by their genius, the deficiencies of a feeble dramatist—to paint in few and burning words the triumphs of a Garrick, a Siddons, an O'Neill—without falling into the literary trick of mere fancy portraiture—to be consecutive in the history of the art, and graphic in the sketching of the artists—to unite the judgment of the critic with the narrative powers of the historian—would, indeed, require superlative literary talent, and demand the union of two natures which often exist apart from each other, the *scholar* and the *stylist*. The author who could write a correct history of the stage would be able to write the history of the world; and he would, probably, if conscious of his powers, disdain to be a Tacitus of the Theatre. He would seek, as he might say, "a higher subject." And

yet, let our readers mark the words of Burke, upon a history of the Stage. The passage which we quote is not in his general works, but it is to be found in the preface to Malone's work on the Stage. That author cites it from a private letter of his illustrious friend and correspondent:—

"A history of the Stage is no trivial thing to those who wish to study human nature in all shapes and positions. It is of all things the most instructive to see, not only the reflection of character and manners at different periods, but the modes of making these reflections, and the manner of adapting it at these periods to the tastes and dispositions of mankind. The Stage, indeed, may be considered as the republic of active literature, and its history as the history of that state. The great events of political history, when not combined, without the same helps towards the study of the characters and manners of men, must be a study of an inferior nature."

Probably no author, ancient or modern, would have made such a historian of the stage as Voltaire. He had the rare union of the narrative faculty joined to critical acumen, and he also possessed the happy art of popularising without vulgarising—one of the greatest and rarest of literary arts. The matter, also—the airy and animated subject of the theatre—would have admirably suited the lightness and gaiety of his sparkling pen. Scott's agreeable work, "The Lives of the Novelists," might lead us to think that Sir Walter could have done justice to a long dramatic history; but his mind was more pictorial than critical, and he had not that love of the drama which would have induced him to devote years to a work on the subject. There is amongst our living authors of celebrity one who possesses rare powers for a historian of the Stage; and, in common with all the literary world, we would rejoice to hear of his devoting his remarkable talents to a history of the Stage in these islands. An admirable actor, he is also an able essayist, and a charming biographer. Of all living men, no one could do such justice to that subject as the accomplished author we refer to—Mr. Forster—the best biographer of two men of the most dissimilar types, Oliver Crom-

well and Oliver Goldsmith—men who had nought in common with each other save their Christian names!

The history of the stage in Ireland commences in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, when the ball-room of Dublin Castle was converted into a theatre, in which the nobility were the principal performers. The fashionable play of the time, *Gorboduck*, was acted at the Castle on her Majesty's birth-day; but until the reign of Charles I. no regular theatre was established in Dublin.

In 1635, while Lord Strafford was Governor, John Ogilby, the early translator of Homer, was master of the revels, and he erected, at his own expense, a theatre in Werburgh-street, which cost him £2,000. Itinerant players of merit were invited by him to this theatre. Shirley, the popular dramatist of that time, and a great friend of Ogilby, wrote the *Royal Master*, for the Dublin Theatre; and Henry Burnet, an Irishman, wrote *Langartha*, the last play ever acted in Werburgh-street.*

When the rebellion broke out the theatre was closed by an order from the Lords Justices, and it never after was opened. After twenty years Ogilby's friends procured for him a renewal of the patent, and the nobility and gentry entered into a subscription to build a new theatre. Smock-alley, then called Orange-street, was the spot fixed on: a place, by its central situation, peculiarly adapted for such a purpose. The foundation was quickly laid, and the work advanced with such rapidity as to be ready for representations in the same year, 1662. A

tragedy called *Pompey*, from the French of Corneille, was then acted at that theatre. The translation was by Mrs. Catherine Phillips, the famed Orinda, termed by her cotemporary poets the English Sappho. We hear also of another of this lady's translations from the same author, called *Horace*. Neither of those pieces were acted in England till after her death in 1664, near two years later than their performance here. The new theatre had been built in haste, and nine years after its erection it fell and killed several persons. The drama was again interrupted in Dublin; and after the Battle of the Boyne "no players could be found in Dublin to express the joy of the citizens, and commemorate the event by a theatrical representation." The citizens themselves formed a company for that purpose, and performed in the repaired theatre of Smock-alley, to which the public were gratuitously invited. Amongst the gentlemen amateurs of this private and unprofessional company, was the celebrated Robert Wilks, the first brilliant name in Irish histrionic annals.

The history of the stage in Ireland properly commences with the time of Wilks, and may be divided into five periods. I. The days of Farquhar and Wilks. II. The time of Manager Sheridan and Peg Woffington. III. The days of Mossop and Barry. IV. The period of private theatricals from 1775. V. The days of Miss O'Neil.

I. Born at Rathfarnham in 1670, and the grandson of an English judge, Wilks received a liberal education, and was placed as principal clerk, or what we would now call *private secretary*, under Secretary Southwell.

* "Hitchcock," vol. i. p. 10; and "Walsh's Dublin," vol. ii. p. 108.

† "Her Majesty's players" have always been a loyal body, retaining a traditional recollection of the manner in which their profession was treated in an age of disloyalty and cant. It would appear that the theatre suffers from convulsion as much as any institution. Dryden says—

"For colleges on bounteous kings depend,
And never rebel was to arts a friend."

It was mentioned once, in presence of Dr. Johnson, that *successful rebels* might be favourable to literature and the fine arts. But since the revolution of 1848, the theatres are nearly deserted in Paris, and the theatrical profession was never in so great distress. An age of passionate excitement is injurious to the arts. Literature, painting, and the drama pall upon public nerves jaded with frenzied passions. The years 1831 and 1832, in England, were disastrous to the actors, authors, and artists. With the fall of agitation in this country we may predict, that an age of education and intellectual development will follow, and that the diffusion of literature will be an element in our Irish society.

The account given of Wilks by Hitchcock is very meagre, and not enough to satisfy curiosity. It appears that he first acquired a taste for the stage by hearing an actor of the name of Richards rehearsing his parts; and he was well known in his private theatrical propensities before he publicly played Othello. It is not a little curious that the revivers of theatrical amusements in Dublin were chiefly officials in Dublin Castle. Mr. Ashbury, who happened then to be in Dublin, was the only professional actor in the body, and from his experience seems to have been manager of the company in which Wilks became so famous.*

As an actor, Wilks was successful both in tragedy and comedy, but he excelled chiefly in the latter. His Sir Harry Wildair was, according to Cibber, the best acted part that ever the English theatre had to boast of; whilst Davies, in his "Dramatic Miscellanies," says, that his Prince of Wales was one of the most perfect exhibitions of the theatre. "He threw aside," he tells us, "the libertine gaiety of Hal with felicity, when he assumed the princely deportment of Henry. At the Boar's Head he was lively and frolicsome. In the reconciliation with his father, his penitence was ingenuous, and his promises of amendment were manly and affecting. In the challenge with Hotspur, his defiance was bold, yet modest; and his triumph over that impatient and imperious rebel was tempered by generous regret." The part of Buckingham, in *Henry the Eighth*, was rendered, as performed by him, one of great importance. His delicate manner of addressing ladies, was equalled by no actor of his own time; and hence his Castalio and Hamlet were particularly admired. "To beseech gracefully," says Sir Richard Steele, speaking of Wilks as a tragedian, "to approach respectfully, to pity, to mourn, to love, are the places

wherein he may be said to shine with the utmost beauty."

Wilks had a tall, erect person, pleasing aspect, elegant address, good sense and diligence, and so tenacious a memory, that in all the parts which he performed for forty years, he rarely changed, it is said, or misplaced an article in any one of them. "I have been astonished," says Cibber, to see him swallow a volume of froth and insipidity in a new play, that we were sure could not live above three days, though it had been recommended to the stage by some good person of quality." But he carried his professional zeal still further, if the following anecdote be correct:—Having a part in a new comedy to study, in which he found a particular speech very difficult to get by heart, he persuaded the author to cut it out altogether; but on going home from the rehearsal, he thought it such an indignity to his memory, that anything should be considered too hard for him, that he made himself perfect in the speech, although he knew it was not to be spoken!

The distinguishing feature of Wilks's private character was generosity; innumerable instances of which have been related, not only of purse, but of heart. He enabled Farquhar to come to England, by giving him ten guineas, although at the time he was in narrow circumstances himself; and when that eminent dramatist was again in distress, presented him with twenty guineas, as an inducement to him to write a comedy, the fruit of which liberality was, the celebrated *Beaux Stratagem*, on the third night of which the author died of a broken heart. Wilks was one of those who assisted the unfortunate Savage; and it is worthy of remark, that, when he obtained from his reputed mother the sum of sixty guineas, she assured Wilks that Savage was not her son; but was palmed upon her for the child which she had put out to nurse.

* According to the testimony of his schoolfellow, Daniel O'Bryan, Robert Wilks was born in 1666, in Meath-street, Dublin, where his father carried on the business of a stuff weaver. Bellchambers, however, in his edition of the life of Colley Cibber, says, "the ancestors of this great comedian were seated at Bromsgrove, in Worcestershire, where Judge Wilks, his grandfather, raised a troop of horse at his own expense, for the service of Charles the First, in whose cause the family suffered so much, that the father of Robert, with his wife, and the scanty remains of an ample fortune, removed to Dublin; near to which, at a place called Rathfarnham, the comedian was born, in the year 1670."

O'Bryan speaks of the amours of Wilks, but says that they were few; and, indeed, his partiality for a married life, and his uniform kindness in all his domestic relations, proved, that libertinism was neither his choice nor his habit. His "gaiety of humour," says Galt, "was without that carelessness of others' feelings, which is too often associated with light-heartedness; nor does his life afford any support to the opinion of the satirist, that those who have themselves drunk deeply of distress, are apt to look with disgust, rather than pity, on the sufferings of others."*

The performance of *Othello* by Wilks with much success proved a means of reviving the taste for dramatic exhibitions in Dublin, and presented a favourable opportunity of establishing the theatre. On the death of Mr. Ogilby, in 1672, the patent, together with the post of master of the revels, was given to Mr. Ashbury, by the interest of the Duke of Ormond.

Of Mr. Ashbury's sway over the Irish stage, in whose annals he figures as the second manager, no very full account is preserved. Hitchcock gives a slight account of his personal history,† from which we learn that he was born in London, in 1638, of a respectable family, and received a classical education at Eton School. After the death of his father, his friends procured him a pair of colours in the army, under the Duke of Ormond, with whom he first visited this kingdom, in the last year of Oliver Cromwell's administration. During the war he had several opportunities of signalising himself; particularly when Governor Jones was seized in the Castle of Dublin, and secured in favour of Charles II. His merit soon raised him to the rank of lieutenant of foot, and shortly after, the Duke of Ormond, then Lord Lieutenant, with whom he was in considerable favour, made him one of the gentlemen of his retinue, and

deputy master of the revels under Mr. Ogilby.

Judging that there was a favourable opportunity, Mr. Ashbury applied to several of the nobility and gentry to promote the re-establishment of the stage, and receiving very great encouragement, he repaired to London, to try what forces he could muster. His success there was beyond his expectation. He returned with a number of capital performers, particularly the well-known Mrs. Butler, an actress of great repute, and a prodigious favourite with King Charles II. This monarch had honoured her, by naming her christian name Charlotte, and, as she grew up, recommended her to the theatre, to which she proved a valuable acquisition. She was not only a good actress, but an excellent singer and dancer. Her forte chiefly consisted in comic characters. But she was by no means confined to one line: for, with an elegant air, a sweet-toned voice, and a correct pronunciation, she sustained many parts in serious comedies with much reputation. In characters of humour, she was gay, lively, and entertaining, and her *Constantia* in the *Chances* was allowed, by Cibber, who saw them both, to be superior to Mrs. Oldfield's.

The circumstance which proved the cause of her engaging with Mr. Ashbury may serve to show us the humble state of the London theatres at that time. Mrs. Butler, though at the head of her profession, had a salary of no more than forty shillings per week; and it was in a fit of disgust at not being able to obtain an increase of ten shillings, that she listened to Mr. Ashbury's proposals! With her were engaged Mr. Wilks, and Mr. Estcourt, who had not as yet appeared on any stage, and was only known as a mimic.

With such a company, and with the skill in dramatic affairs which Mr. Ashbury was allowed to have possessed, he could not fail of success.

* It is where Johnson praises Wilks in his virtues that he takes occasion to utter a tirade against the players, whose profession he says makes almost every man "contemptuous, insolent, petulant, selfish, and brutal." (Murphy's "Johnson's Lives of the Poets," vol. ii., p. 293.) This charge of Johnson is unjust. From the times of Wilks to those of J. P. Kemble, actors have had numbers of worthy persons amongst them.

† Hitchcock, vol. i., p. 21.

He opened with *Othello*, March the 23d, 1692, the day of proclaiming the end of the Irish war, and continued performing for several seasons with the highest credit and profit. Many performers of eminence visited Dublin during this period; amongst the men, the names of Wilkes, Dogget, Keen, Norris, Griffith, Tresusis, Estcourt, and afterwards Elrington, stand in high estimation. His principal ladies were Mrs. Ashbury, his own wife, an excellent figure, and good actress, particularly in tender characters in tragedy, and elegant ladies in comedy; Mrs. Knightly, Mrs. Smith, Mrs. Schoolding, Mrs. Hook, besides the above-mentioned Mrs. Butler.* Mrs. Butler is mentioned in the "Whimsical Miscellany," to which Swift contributed. We learn from the second edition of Mr. Wilde's very remarkable work "The Closing Years of Dean Swift's Life," pp. 133-4, that there is a copy of verses in the "Whimsical Miscellany," with the heading—"From Mrs. Butler, the player in Ireland, to Mrs. Bracequill, her correspondent in Dublin."

The earliest copy of an Irish play-bill that we know of being preserved is printed by Hitchcock, and we present it here, the date assigned to it being 1695:—

THE COMICAL REVENGE; OR, LOVE IN A TUB.

Lord Bevil	Mr. Schoolding.
Lord Beaufort	Mr. Buckley.
Colonel Bruce	Mr. Booth.
Louis	Mr. Keen.
Sir Frederick Frolic	Mr. Wilkes.
Dufay	Mr. Bowen.
Sir Nicholas Cully	Mr. Norris.
Wheedle	Mr. Estcourt.
Palmer	Mr. Tresusis.
Graciana	Mrs. Knightly.
Aurelia	Mrs. Ashbury.
Mrs. Rich	Mrs. Hook.
Letitia	Mrs. Harrison.
Mrs. Grace	Mrs. Martin.
Jenny	Mrs. Schoolding.

Farquhar, though not an actor of eminence, has, by his writings, so "racy of the soil," conferred so much honour upon himself and his country, that his life cannot be silently passed by in treating of the Irish theatre.

He was born in Derry, in the year 1678, and entered into the University of Dublin, 1694. His father, dying soon after, he was left at full liberty to follow his own inclinations: when, by

the interest of Mr. Wilks, who was his particular friend through life, he was recommended to the manager of Smock-alley, in 1695, who engaged him at the low salary of twenty shillings per week. His first appearance was in *Othello*, in which he gained some applause. But he seemed not by nature to have been intended for the stage. His voice was weak and he was subject to a timidity which precluded all boldness of exertion, and which his utmost efforts could never overcome. However, with the recommendations of a graceful person, and a judicious delivery, he remained for some time on the stage, and was tolerably well received. How long he might have continued in this line we know not, but an unlucky accident, which happened in 1697, put a period to his performing. Being to play Guyomar in the *Indian Emperor*, who kills Vasquez, and having forgot to change his sword for a foil, he wounded Mr. Price, who acted Vasquez, dangerously, though not fatally. The impression which this accident made on a mind very sensitive, and the reflection on what might have been the consequences, determined him to relinquish a profession which might, perhaps, expose him to similar mistakes in future. He resolved, therefore, to comply with the frequent solicitations of his friend, Mr. Wilks, who knew that the bent of his genius was much more inclined towards writing than acting. Accordingly, having obtained a free benefit from Mr. Ashbury, ever a friend to merit, he set off for London with the rough copy of *Love and a Bottle*. This piece was brought out, shortly after, with great success, and was soon succeeded by another, *The Constant Couple*, which, in 1700, had a run in London of fifty-three, and in Dublin of twenty-three nights.

In 1704, he again visited Dublin, when his finances, like those of most authors, being low, and failing in a subscription for his works, he obtained leave from the Duke of Ormond, Lord Lieutenant (being at that time in the army), to perform his own *Sir Harry Wildair* for a benefit. This attempt, though it augmented his finances, by bringing him in a hundred pounds, proved no increase to his theatrical

* Hitchcock, vol. i., pp. 21-23. "Walsh's Dublin" vol. ii., p. 1109.

reputation. He did not acquit himself at all to the satisfaction of his friends. His fate, indeed, seems to have been similar to that of many excellent dramatic authors, whose acting is by no means equal to their writing, and who are incapable of representing what they themselves compose.

Involved in debt by the expenses of an increasing family, he solicited the patronage of the Duke of Ormond who advised him to sell the commission he had received from the Earl of Orrery, and promised him a captaincy of dragoons. The expedient which this suggestion offered he unfortunately adopted, and with the proceeds paid his debts; but the duke neglected his promise. The disappointment preyed upon the mind of poor Farquhar, and hastened his end. The friendship of Wilks was in this crisis exerted for his advantage, and by his cheering he was induced to undertake the composition of *The Beaux Stratagem*; but Death stood in derision at his elbow, and only spared him till he had finished his task. He died in April, 1707, before he had completed half of his natural course, being then scarcely thirty years of age.

During *The* rehearsal of the *Beaux Stratagem*, written under such circumstances, though his fatal hour was felt to be coming, his gaiety was never dimmed. He even sported with his suffering. For one day when Wilks, who often then visited him, said that Mrs. Oldfield thought he had dealt in the piece too freely with the character of Mrs. Sullen, in giving her to Archer without a proper divorce, he replied, with his wonted playfulness—

“I will, if she pleases, solve that immediately, by getting a real divorce, marrying her myself, and giving her my bond that she shall be a real widow in less than a fortnight.”

But with all that seeming disregard of his peril and inevitable doom, the feeling of the anxious parent was agonising his heart. Among his papers, after his death, Wilks found the following touching note addressed to himself:—

“DEAR BOB,—I have not anything to leave thee to perpetuate my memory but two helpless girls; look upon them sometimes, and think of him that was, to the last moment of his life, thine,

“GEORGE FARQUHAR.”

This appeal to Wilks was not in vain, and was regarded with the tenderness and generosity of his character. He kindly showed to the orphans all proper attention, and when they became fit to be put out into the world, he procured a benefit for them from the theatre. Nevertheless, the fate of Farquhar's family was melancholy. His wife died in the utmost indigence; one of the daughters married a low tradesman; and the other was living, in 1764, in great poverty; but happily her mind found her situation almost congenial, for she had no pleasure or pride in the celebrity of her father, and was, in every respect, fitted to her humble condition.

The following character of Farquhar, written by himself, addressed to a lady, though imbued with the lively spirit that scintillates in his comedies, has something in it extremely pathetic:

“My outside,” said he, “is neither better nor worse than my Creator made it; and the piece being drawn by so great an artist, it were presumption to say there were many strokes amiss. I have a body qualified to answer all the ends of its creation, and that is sufficient.

“As to the mind, which in most men wears as many changes as their body, so in me it is generally dressed like my person, in black. Melancholy is its everyday apparel, and it has hitherto found few holidays to make it change its clothes. In short, my constitution is very splenetic, and yet very amorous; both which I endeavour to hide, lest the former should offend others, and the latter incommode myself. And my reason is so vigilant in restraining these two failings, that I am taken for an easy-natured man with my own sex, and an ill-natured clown by yours.

“I have very little estate but what lies under the circumference of my hat; and should I by mischance come to lose my head, I should not be worth a groat; but I ought to thank Providence that I can by three hours' study live one-and-twenty with satisfaction to myself, and contribute to the maintenance of more families than some who have thousands a-year.

“I have something in my outward behaviour which gives strangers a worse opinion of me than I deserve; but I am more than recompensed by the opinion of my acquaintance, which is as much above my desert.

"I have many acquaintances, very few intimates, but no friend—I mean in the old romantic way: I have no secret so weighty but what I can bear in my own breast; nor any duels to fight but what I may engage in without a second; nor can I love after the old romantic discipline. I would have my passion, if not led, yet at least waited on, by my reason; and the greatest proof of my affection that a lady must expect is this—I would run any hazard to make us both happy, but would not for any transitory pleasure make either of us miserable.

"If ever, madam, you come to know the life of this piece, as well as he that drew it, you will conclude that I need not subscribe the name to the picture."

"As a player," says Mr. Galt, "his merits were obviously of an ordinary stamp; for although he left the stage in early life, he does not appear to have felt within himself the consciousness that he was able to excel. He was one of those men of genius, who deserve the epithet of bright rather than splendid. In the choice of his subjects, the sprightliness of his dialogue, and the life of his characters, his contemporaries appeared, by their reception of his works, to have thought him highly estimable, but posterity objects to the licentiousness of some of his scenes—a fault he inherited from the taste of his age; still the reader that considers his youth, talents, and misfortunes, will sigh over the memory of one who has extended the scope of jocund pleasures."⁴

Amongst the Irish actors contemporary with Wilks and Farquhar was Doggett, whose name is annually recalled to public recollection by the rowing-match amongst the London watermen for the coat and badge left by the actor to the best handler of a pair of sculls. He was born in Castle-street, Dublin, about the year 1670; and made his theatrical *debut* in that city. Meeting with but little encouragement, he went over to England; and, after having played a short time with a company of strollers, was engaged at Drury-lane, where he appears to have performed, with great applause, the part of Solon, in the *Mar-*

riage Hater, in 1692. Fondlewife, in the *Old Bachelor*, and Ben, in *Love for Love*, were two others of his earliest and best characters; the latter play, indeed, is said to have been written by Congreve for the express purpose of giving scope to Doggett's peculiar style of acting. On the opening of the new theatre, in Lincoln's Inn Fields, by Betterton, Doggett removed thither, and continued with the manager's company when it was removed to the Haymarket. Doggett's last appearance on the stage was in the *Wanton Wife*, for the benefit of Mrs. Porter: he died at Eltham, in Kent, whither he had retired upon a comfortable independence, on the 22nd of September, 1721. The coat and badge annually rowed for on the 1st of August, was left by Doggett to mark his veneration for the house of Hanover; that day being the anniversary of its accession to the throne. Doggett is described as a smart, lively, little man, of great natural intelligence, but somewhat peculiar in his opinions, and insufferably obstinate in maintaining them. Steele, in the *Tatler*, calls him the best of comedians. He was a faithful copier of nature, and was judicious enough to decline every part to which his abilities were not well adapted. He is famed for the exactness with which he dressed his characters, and also in colouring the different degrees of age—a circumstance which led Sir Godfrey Kneller to tell him, one day, that he was a better painter than himself. "I," said Sir Godfrey, "can only copy nature from the originals before me, while you vary them at pleasure, and yet preserve the likeness."

Ashbury died in 1720, and he was succeeded by his son-in-law, Thomas Elrington, who was the second manager of the Irish stage. The former manager had been Master of the Revels in Ireland under Charles II., James II., William III., and the two first Georges. The new manager was treated by government with considerable favour. The stage, which his predecessor had taken such pains to replant and cherish, was, under his prudent conduct, improved and ex-

* We reserve our critical remarks on the literary works of our Irish comic writers for the stage, until we have concluded the review of our Irish actors.

tended. Its reputation was established, and its professors held in high estimation. Many of the first actors occasionally visited Dublin, particularly Henry Giffard, who came over to this country from Lincoln's Inn theatre in 1724, and remained till 1730, when he returned to London, and commenced manager of Goodman's Fields, a station he filled many years with credit. All the new pieces brought out at the London theatres were, under Elrington, carefully got up, and exhibited with reputation. The principal of those were, the *Bold Stroke for a Wife*, of Mrs. Centlivres; the *Siege of Damascus*, by Hughes; the *Refusal and Provoked Husband*, of Cibber; *Busiris and Revenge* of Dr. Young; Steele's *Conscious Lovers*, Gay's *Beggars' Opera*, and Lillo's *George Barnwell*.

In 1701, there occurred a circumstance highly characteristic of the manners of the times. On St. Stephen's-Day, the galleries of the theatre, being uncommonly crowded, gave way; and, though no lives were lost, yet several were hurt in endeavouring to get out. As this happened to be the first night of performing Shadwell's *Libertine*, a play extremely loose, and improper for representation, it gave occasion to the people to declare that the accident was a judgment on the spectators for going to see it. Nay, so far did their extravagance carry them, that it was even asserted by some that the candles burnt blue, and went out—that two or three times a dancer extraordinary, whom nobody knew, was seen—that he had a cloven foot, &c., with many other ridiculous stories. This circumstance, however, occasioned its not being performed again for twenty years. It must indeed be confessed, that though this accident might as well have happened at any other time, yet this piece is of a nature so very horrid, that it should never be brought before the public; it has, therefore, with great propriety, been laid aside for many years.

As a specimen of Mr. Elrington's style of management, we will print one of his play-bills, from which it will be seen that long bills and puffing were supposed to be then, as now, ingredients for a benefit bill:—

"THEATRE ROYAL.

By his Majesty's Company of Comédians,
For the Benefit of Mr. WARD,
By Desire of several Persons of Quality,
On Monday, March the 22d, 1731, will be acted the
True and Ancient History of

KING RICHARD the THIRD,

Written by the famous Shakespeare.

Containing, The distresses and death of King Henry the Sixth, The artful acquisition of the crown by King Richard the Third, The cruel murder of the young Princes, King Edward the Fifth, and his brother the Duke of York, in the Tower, The fall of the Duke of Buckingham, The landing of the Duke of York at Milford Haven, The death of King Richard, in the memorable battle of Bosworth-field, being the last that was fought between the contending Houses of York and Lancaster, with many other historical passages.

The Part of King Henry, to be performed by Mr. Elrington.

Prince Edward, Mrs. Hamilton.

Richard, Duke of York, Mr. Richard Elrington.

Richard, Duke of Gloster, Mr. Ward.

Duke of Buckingham, Mr. Ralph Elrington.

Earl of Richmond, Mr. Delane.

Lord Stanley, Mr. Alcorn.

Duke of Norfolk, Mr. Dash.

Tressel, Mr. Simms.

Lord Mayor, Mr. Vanderbank.

Catesby, Mr. Neale.

Ratcliffe, Mr. Watson.

Tyrrel, Mr. Norris.

Blunt, Mr. Hamilton.

Deighton, Mr. Sheridan.

Forrest, Mr. Nichols.

Lady Anne, Mrs. Sterling.

Lady Elizabeth, Mrs. Ward.

Duchess of York, Mrs. Lyddal.

A new and humorous Opera Epilogue, to be spoken and sung by Mrs. Sterling, in the character of Lady Anne's Ghost.

The Songs to old Ballad Tunes.

To which will be added, a Tragic-Comic, Pastoral Farce, called

THE WHAT D'YE CALL IT.

Written by the Author of the *Beggar's Opera*.

The Part of Timothy Peasod to be performed by Mr. Layfield.

Sir Roger, Mr. Vanderbank.

Kitty Carrot, Mrs. Ward.

With the Song beginning,

'Twas when the seas were roaring,' &c.

To be sung by Mrs. Vanderbank.

And a humorous Prologue to the Farce,

To be spoken by Mr. Layfield.

To begin exactly at six o'clock."

The stage had now attained a most respectable eminence. Its professors were held in estimation, and their company courted. The manager was, most deservedly, esteemed and caressed by all the nobility and gentry. His grace the Duke of Dorset, then lord-lieutenant, was remarkably fond of the drama, and a princely encourager of it; he commanded plays once or twice a week constantly, and was so popular that his presence always occasioned a full house; he was extremely partial to Mr. Elrington, who used often to attend his levee, and the Duke was present at several entertainments which he gave at the Cloysters, on the Inns-quay, to the lord

chancellor, judges, and gentlemen of the law, as steward of the society.

This pleasing prospect, however, was of very short continuance; the ensuing year was marked by the death of Mr. Elrington. The last character he performed was Lord Townly in the *Provoked Husband*, for the benefit of Mr. Vanderbank, an old actor of reputation; this was on the 26th of June, 1732. Shortly after, as he was consulting with an architect on a plan for building a new theatre in Aungier-street, then in contemplation, he was suddenly taken ill, and obliged to return home to his house in Drumcondra-lane. His disorder increasing, turned to a malignant fever, of which he expired on Saturday, July 22nd, 1732, aged 44 years.

II. We have treated hitherto of the first age of the Irish theatre—the days of Farquhar and Wilks—we now approach its second leading period—the age of Woffington and Sheridan. As Wilks was the first homebred Irish actor who attained excellence and fame, so, the beautiful and gifted Woffington was the first Irish actress who won the honours of being a star. She was the first of that long line of brilliant Irishwomen who have supported their country's reputation for wit and beauty, from her time to those of Mrs. Glover in our own days. Would that the gay and dazzling Woffington had represented her countrywomen in other qualities besides those of genius! But, in treating of her, we will “do our spiriting gently,” and not forget her temptations and her education. The last point is of importance, as it proves that she was entirely reared in Dublin, and that her theatrical talents were not due to English training.

Margaret Woffington was born in Dame-street, Dublin, in the year 1719. She was the daughter of a journeyman bricklayer, and attended school from her fifth to her tenth year, when her father dying, she came home to assist her mother, in her business of a washerwoman. Being seen, one day, by a Madame Violante (who kept a show booth) in the act of fetching water from the Liffey, the latter was so struck by the Irish girl's beauty, that she offered to engage her as an apprentice. The name of Violante was probably, an assumed one, and is now remembered only as being that

of the instructress of Woffington. It appears that Madame Violante had, in 1727, engaged a very large house formerly occupied by Lord Chief Justice Whitshed, in Fownes's-court, on the spot where Fownes's-street has since been built. This house was well adapted to her purpose; it was uncommonly roomy, and covered a large extent of ground. Behind it a spacious garden reached to where Crow-street theatre afterwards stood. This house she converted into a commodious booth, and brought over a company of tumblers and rope-dancers, who exhibited for some time with success. In these performances Madame Violante bore a principal part, having been bred a capital dancer. But, as in all public spectacles, where the mind is not feasted, the eye soon grows weary and palled, so in this case, her audiences in a short time decreased so much, that she, fertile in expedients, converted her booth into a play-house, and performed plays and farces.

Fortune, who delights in sporting with mankind, and often calls her favourites from the most unlikely situations, seemed to have taken this spot under her peculiar care; for in this little theatre were sown those seeds of theatrical genius which afterwards flourished and delighted the world. Madam Violante finding her efforts in exhibiting plays to fail, owing to the badness of the actors, formed a company of children, the eldest not above ten years of age. These she instructed in several *petit pieces*, and as the *Beggars' Opera* was then in high estimation, she perfected her Lilliputian troop in it, and having prepared proper scenery, dresses, and decorations, she brought it out before it had been seen in Dublin. The novelty of the sight, the uncommon abilities of these little performers, and the great merit of the piece, attracted the notice of the town to an extraordinary degree. They drew crowded houses for a considerable length of time, and the children of Shakspeare's and Johnson's day were not more followed, or admired, than those tiny geniuses.

Time, the true touchstone of merit, afterwards proved that the public were not mistaken in their judgment. “I” says Mr. Hitchcock, “never have been able to obtain a complete list of the members of this little community,

but from what I have collected, the names of several performers of great merit appear. In the *Beggars' Opera*, Miss Betty Barnes, an excellent actress, and whom I have often seen play by the names of Mrs. Martin, and Mrs. Workman, personated Captain Macheath; the afterwards well-known Master Isaac Sparks played Peachum; Master Beamsly, Lockit; Master Barrington, afterwards so celebrated for Irishmen and low comedy, Filch; Miss Ruth Jenks, who died some years afterwards, Lucy; Miss Mackay, Mrs. Peachum; and from the Polly of that day sprung the beautiful and captivating Woffington, to please and charm contending kingdoms."

This last extraordinary character is a striking instance, that the shining qualities of the mind, or graces of the person, are not confined to rank or birth, but are sometimes to be met with in the most unfavourable situations. Miss Woffington's origin was such as would puzzle a herald or antiquarian to trace. Her father's condition in life is enveloped in obscurity, her mother for many years sold fruit at the entrance of Fownes's-court, poor and honest; yet from such parents, unassisted by friends, unimproved by education till able to attain it by her own assiduity, did that noted ornament of the drama, and favourite of the graces, rise to a station so celebrated as to be able to set the fashions, prescribe laws to taste, and, beyond any of her time, represent a lively picture of the easy, well-bred woman of fashion.

The only parallels for the case of Woffington are those of Lady Hamilton and the late Baroness de Fenchères; all three women being sprung from the lowest ranks—possessing a singular union of grace, beauty, and accomplishments; and it would be impossible to write the lives of Burke and Nelson, or a history of the house of Bourbon, without mentioning these three extraordinary women.*

The appearance of Peg Woffington is thus described by Mr. Galt:—"Her person was remarkably beautiful; an irresistible gracefulness was conspicuous in all her actions: a pleasing air, and, for her condition, a most surprising elegance shone, as it were, around her. Her eyes were black, of the darkest brilliancy; and while, it was said, they beamed with the most beautiful lustre, they revealed every movement of her heart, and showed, notwithstanding she was but little indebted to education, that acute discernment which distinguished her career throughout life. Her eyebrows arched and vividly marked, possessed a flexibility which greatly increased the expression of her other features; in love and terror they were powerful beyond conception; but the beautiful owner never appeared to be sensible of their force. Her complexion was of the finest hue, and her nose being gently aquiline, gave her countenance an air of great majesty; all her other features were of no inferior mould; she was altogether one of the most beautiful of Eve's daughters."†

A picture of the fair Woffington is hung up in the anterooms of the Dublin Society, but it is very inferior to those which may be seen in that charming Thespian *sejour*—the Garrick Club of London. There are not less than four portraits of Woffington in the admirable collection of theatrical portraits which adorn the walls of the Garrick Club; but the best of all is that hanging between the windows of the lower dining-room, where Woffington is represented as lying on a sofa. This picture is of cabinet size, and is that alluded to by Charles Lamb in his description of Mathews's Theatrical Gallery, in which he talks of "Woffington on a sofa, dallying and dangerous;" and certainly a more seductive being could scarcely be depicted by the limner's art. One of the other portraits, of Kitcat size, represents Woffington with a book before her, and wearing

* Mr. Prior, in his "Life of Burke," observes, in alluding to Woffington, that "Men of the highest rank, of learning, and of wealth, of wit, and even of morals, sought her society. At her house, he (Burke) extended his acquaintance, and, amongst others, is said to have been introduced by her to the Duke of Newcastle, the Prime Minister." Mr. Prior also observes that it has been circulated—though without any probable foundation—that a still more intimate connexion existed.—

"Life of Burke," vol. i. p. 49.

† "Lives of the Players," vol. i. p. 221.

a thoughtful expression in her countenance. It is a very exquisite representation of a sweetly beautiful face, and conveys a strong impression of the loveliness of the original. Of all the pictures in the collection at the Garrick Club, there are none more beautiful than those two of Woffington to which we allude; although undoubtedly there are several more valuable in a connoisseur's sense.

The success of Peg Woffington upon the stage was rapid and decisive, though it experienced a brief interruption from the distress of the country in the severe season of 1739-40, which for some time put a stop to public diversions. The poverty and distress of the lower class of people at that time was similar to their present condition. The theatre felt this general calamity in its full force, and for near three months was entirely closed. In the April following, just after the opening, Woffington, then high in estimation, by desire of several persons of quality, appeared for the first time in the character of Sir Harry Wildair, and charmed the town to an uncommon degree. A few days after the following lines appeared in print:—

“ON MISS WOFFINGTON'S PLAYING SIR HARRY WILDAIR.

“Peggy, the darling of the men,
In Polly won each heart;
But now she captivates again,
And all must feel the smart.

“Her charms resistless conquer all,
Both sexes vanquished lie;
And who to *Polly* scorn'd to fall,
By *Wildair* ravish'd die.

“Would lavish nature, who her gave
This *double power* to please;
In pity give her, *both* to save,
A *double power* to ease.”

The fame of this accomplished actress had by that time reached the British capital, and advantageous proposals being made to her from Mr. Rich, she immediately embraced them, and appeared the winter following at the theatre royal in Covent-garden, in her favourite character of Sir Harry Wildair. The novelty of the attempt attracted the notice of all the dramatic connoisseurs. The house was crowded, and so infinitely did she surpass expectation, that the applause she received was beyond any at that time ever known. The former standard for acting the character was Mr. Wilks. Every one who attempted it after him

fell far short. It was reserved for Miss Woffington to exhibit this elegant portrait of the young man of fashion in a style beyond the author's warmest ideas. Her Sir Harry Wildair was the subject of conversation in every polite circle, and fixed her reputation as an actress. It was repeated upwards of twenty nights the first season, and never failed of drawing a most brilliant and numerous audience.

Peg Woffington's private history is very remarkable. “This most beautiful of Eve's daughters,” was president of the weekly Beefsteak Club, held in the green-room of Covent Garden Theatre; and it was said, that after she had been pourtraying

“The fair resemblance of a martyr queen,”

she was to be seen in the green-room holding up a pot of porter in her hand, and crying out, “Confusion to all order!—let liberty thrive!” Like Mrs. Clive, she attempted both tragedy and comedy. Garrick is said to have been a favoured lover of Peg Woffington, and not the only one, according to her biographers. After she had been performing Sir Harry Wildair, one night, she said to Quin, “Half the audience believe I am a man.” “Very probably,” replied Quin, “but half the town know to the contrary.”

Omitting, from want of space, many anecdotes that might be told of her generosity, we cite one of her early life, which is at once characteristic and amusing. The young gentleman with whom she had first left Dublin, having made overtures of marriage to a lady in the country, she determined, out of revenge, to break off the match. Accordingly, hearing that a masked ball was about to be given to celebrate the intended bride's birth-day, she contrived to gain admittance in man's apparel; and having persuaded the young lady to become her partner in a minuet, revealed to her the real character of her lover. The bride, it is said, fainted at the table; the company dispersed; and our heroine returned to town, exulting in the success of her stratagem, where she continued to be an admired favourite until her retirement from the stage in May, 1757. The derangement of her health has been stated by some as a reason for her

quitting the theatre ; whilst others ascribe her renunciation of it to a sermon she had heard, in which some errors similar to her own were very forcibly touched upon. The alteration which took place in her conduct makes the last account the more probable one : she increased her mother's allowance from £20 to £30 ; became simple in her dress and manners, and pious in her demeanour ; and regarded nothing with any degree of aversion but the stage. She died, retaining all the amiable, but none of the blameable, qualities of her early life, on the 28th of March, 1760. She was buried at Teddington ; and, shortly after her death, a monody was published, in which her professional character was drawn, and from which we extract the following lines as being the most characteristic :—

"Blest in each art ! by nature formed to please,
With beauty, sense, with elegance and ease !
Whose piercing genius studied all mankind,
All Shakspeare opening to thy vigorous mind.
In every sense of comic humour known,
In sprightly sallies wit was all thy own ;
Whether you seem'd the cit's more humble wife,
Or shone in Townley's higher sphere of life,
A Proteus still, in all the varying range,
Thyself the same, divine in every change !"

Several of the writers who allude to her conversion to serious ways of thinking, remark, that there was no morosity in her repentance. She became grave and thoughtful, and very possibly, in her early life, her religious education had been entirely neglected. The frailties of such a woman should be dealt with more lightly than is usual in treating of such cases. O'Keefe says, "In 1755, the celebrated Mrs. Woffington acted in the first play I ever saw—Alicia in *Jane Shore*. I remember some years after seeing her mother, whom she comfortably supported, a respectable-looking old lady, in her short black velvet cloak, with deep fringe, a diamond, and small agate snuff-box. She had nothing to mind but going the round of the Catholic chapels, and chatting with her neighbours. Mrs. Woffington, the actress, built and endowed a number of alms-houses at Teddington,

Middlesex, and there they are to this day. She is buried in the church ; her name on the tombstone."*

We believe that O'Keefe is mistaken in the account he gives of the showy garb of the mother of Peg Woffington. We have read in the writings of some of her contemporaries, that the accomplished actress showed her good sense by making her mother perfectly comfortable for life ; but did not take her out of her sphere, by trying all at once to make her pass for a lady ; and we believe that the sum we have already named was what was settled on the mother ; but all accounts unite in testifying to her filial virtues.

Of all the fascinating actresses that have ever appeared on the English or Irish stage, it is probable that Peg Woffington was the most brilliant and alluring woman. In saying this we, of course, make no reference to a Siddons or an O'Neill, whose dignity of personal character, and whose tragic genius, have placed them in a rank apart from their predecessors and contemporaries ; but as a fair comedian—a being of infinite vivacity, spirit, and brilliancy—Peg Woffington had no compeer. The memoirs and correspondence of the last century give copious testimony to her graces and her talents. She seems to have united in herself the fascination of Miss Foote, the dashing vivacity and heartiness of Mrs. Nisbett, and the keen intellect of Madame Vestris. As a woman, she had the charms—as an actress, she had more than the talents—of each and all of them. No other comedian, male or female, has so great a traditional reputation. Since her time, actresses of celebrity have obtained great social influence, but she was the first of English actresses who became a leading star in society ; and if she had the virtue which, in union with their talents, does honour to Mrs. Charles Kean, Miss Helen Faucit, or Mrs. Nisbett (bright ornaments of their sex and of the stage!), we can judge what magical influence would be wielded by a Woffington if she lived in our times.

* "Recollections," vol. i., p. 30.

THE THUNDER KING.

"But the thunder of his power who can understand?"—JOB, xxvi. 14.

Beneath the horizon black and far,
 Fathoms adown by the seething tide,
 The muttering winds have yoked a car
 That the Thunder King his race may ride:
 They have lashed it to his courser's back
 With thongs torn from the Tempest rack.

Four stalworth steeds of race and blood,
 From stables of Old Night they came;
 Tornado, plunging, red and rude,
 And Levin-Bolt with flanks of flame,
 And Steel-hoof grey, and Forkèd Fire,
 Snorting in madness and in ire.

These four are bound to the whirling car—
 Star-eyed, keen-bitted, madly driven;
 When the bickering axles flash from far,
 And the crash comes up o'er the pealing heaven;
 And the rush and the roar of the brazen naves
 Startles Old Earth through her million caves!

Dreadful and dim is the Thunder King's form,
 For his face is enwrapped with a hurricane shroud;
 The belt round his waist is a hailstone storm,
 And his cloak is a cold grey cloud;
 And the bolts of death are in his hand,
 With which he devastates the land.

Quivered like arrows athwart his back,
 Are the lightning-shafts—blue, bare, and bright—
 Jagged and barbed, which along his track
 He forks and he flings to the left and the right;
 And the thunder-coil lies at his feet,
 Which he rolls down the wind when black clouds meet.

He has cast the shroud abroad from his form;
 He has hurled the hurricane down on the sea;
 He has loosed from his loins the keen hail-storm,
 And sheeted in panoplied flame rides he;
 While fast and fierce the lightnings play,
 Arrowing around his kingly way.

Grandly and gloriously up in his car
 Erect he stands, his upturned brow
 Ensnaked with fire; while streaming far
 His swart locks back on the tempest blow;
 No scourge has he, for his steeds' wild spring
 Is as fleet as the rush of a comet's wing.

Up to the loftiest dome of sky,
 Where the pale sun shrinks on his zenith path;
 With a rush, and a stretch, and a thundering cry,
 Gallop those coursers of fear and wrath;—
 Rending and dashing through lakes of rain,
 Which burst at their shock o'er the soaking plain.

Up—where, like crags or castles of steel,
 The grey clouds gather—against them hurled
 The wild car shocks—and hark to that peal,
 As if it would shatter the heart of the world;
 'Tis an iron bolt, all blasting and warm,
 Which the Thunder King flings as he scatters the storm.

And rides through its rifts on his way to the west,
 Where the mountains are shrouding from summit to base;
 While faintly back on the breeze's breast,
 Comes the peal of his gallop, the sound of his race;
 Till the sun through the cloud-rack bursts forth on the sky,
 To smile at the storm as it hurtles by.

And the day breaks out—soft, golden, and warm—
 And the earth glistens up through her tears in its ray;
 But where is the King of the cloud and the storm?—
 And where is he rending his terrible way?
 On the mountain peaks too madly borne—
 Do his car and his coursers lie shattered and torn?

List to his voice—'tis that thunder moan
 Which mutters back from the cloud-piled west;
 In that far, faint peal is his dying tone,
 And he whispers—"I bow to *his* behest,
 Whose creature I am, and whose Word and will
 Have now, as of old, said—'PEACE, BE STILL.'"

R. S. B.

November, 1849.

A CHRISTMAS CHIME FOR 1849.

'Tis the day of the dawn of the long-hoping soul,
 When despondence was crush'd with the serpent's control!
 'Tis the Feast of the Christian—the day of *His* birth
 Whose life first ennobled the sufferings of earth:
 When the Virginal Mother, rejected by all,
 Plac'd her Maker and Babe in the Bethlehem stall!
 Then help, young and old,
 And cover the cold,
 And feed all the fasting,
 For life everlasting!

'Tis the season of gladness, thanksgiving, and love,
 When the Son came to open the portals above;
 'Tis the happiest hour that creation has known
 Since the credulous Eve caus'd our fall and her own!
 But, while we rejoice, let us wisely remember
 That now blow the blasts of bleak, blytheless December
 Let's succour the old,
 And cover the cold,
 And feed all the fasting,
 For love everlasting!

All the proud hearths are blazing, gay groups gather round,
 With the warmest attire, and the gleesomest sound ;
 Brilliant boards are beladen with costliest fare,
 And no signals of sorrow and suff'ring are there.
 May their pleasures be true, as thus bright they appear ;
 But, to make them *more real*, I'd breathe in each ear—

“ Oh ! cherish the old,
 And cover the cold,
 And give food to the fasting,
 You'll reap life everlasting ! ”

There are hoary heads bow'd beneath patience and pain—
 Ay, and youthful limbs tott'ring in tempest and rain ;
 There are young mothers yet, without shelter or aid,
 With their shiv'ring babes still in some lone hovel laid ;
 There's no feasting for *these*, save the *hope the day brings*,
 And the wish that their souls would spread upwards their wings—

Where nothing is old,
 And there's no more cold,
 And no one is fasting,
 In life everlasting !

K.

Dec. 15th, 1849.

LAMENT OF THE EJECTED IRISH PEASANT.

The night is dark and dreary,
 Agra gal machree ;*
 And the heart that loves you weary,
 Agra gal machree ;
 For every hope is blighted,
 That bloomed when first we plighted
 Our troth, and were united,
 Agra gal machree !

We had once a happy hearth,
 Agra gal machree ;
 None happier on earth,
 Agra gal machree ;
 Thy loved smile made it so,
 And toil caused our store's o'erflow,
 Leaving something to bestow,
 Agra gal machree.

Oft when the biting blast,
 Agra gal machree ;
 Sent the stranger shivering past,
 Agra gal machree ;
 Would thy beaming eye flow o'er,
 As thy hand flung wide the door,
 To bid welcome to the poor,
 Agra gal machree.

* The sun of my heart.

Still our homestead we behold,
Agra gal machree ;
But the cheerful hearth is cold,
Agra gal machree ;
And those around its glow,
Assembled long ago,
In the cold, cold earth lie low,
Agra gal machree !

'Twas famine's wasting breath,
Agra gal machree ;
That winged the shaft of death,
Agra gal machree ;
And the landlord lost to feeling,
Who drove us from our sheeling,
Though we prayed for mercy kneeling,
Agra gal machree !

Oh ! 'twas heartless from that floor,
Agra gal machree ;
Where our fathers dwelt of yore,
Agra gal machree ;
To fling our offspring—seven—
'Neath the wintry skies of heaven,
To perish on that even,
Agra gal machree !

But the sleety blast blows chill,
Agra gal machree ;
Let me press thee closer still,
Agra gal machree ;
To this scathed, bleeding heart,
Beloved as thou art,
For too soon—too soon we part,
Agra gal machree !

Oh ! there's a God above,
Agra gal machree ;
Of mercy and of love,
Agra gal machree ;
May he look down this night
From his heavenly throne of light
On our sad forlorn plight,
Agra gal machree !

A CHRISTMAS REMINISCENCE.

Two thousand years have rolled away,
Since first upon Judea's plain
The wond'ring shepherds heard the lay
That rang through heaven—the joyous strain
Of man's salvation pealed on high,
By timbrel, lyre, and seraph voice ;
Spreading glad tidings o'er the sky,
And bidding fallen man rejoice.

The ears that drank that heavenly sound,
 Have mingled with their parent dust ;
 But still revolving years bring round
 Its hallowed echo to the just,
 Like warning of the faithful bell *
 From the deep womb of Ocean given :
 It booms o'er sin's dark, surging swell,
 To guide the pilgrim's bark to heaven.

In infancy I heard its chime,
 And clapped my little hands with glee ;
 For ever did that holy time
 Come fraught with gifts of love to me.
 My mother told how Christ was born,
 A helpless babe, upon that day ;
 That joyous, holy Christmas morn,
 And taught my infant lips to pray.

Long years rolled on, and Winter's snow
 Again had crowned each mountain height ;
 And through the leafless alders, low,
 The west wind sobbed, like wailing sprite.
 And many a twinkling light afar,
 From cottage pane, o'er moor and wold,
 Shone bright as Bethlehem's holy star,
 That led the Magian Kings of old.

When that loved chime again I heard
 Peal sweetly on the midnight air,
 My every pulse was inly stirred
 With joyful hope and holy prayer.
 Blithely I mingled with the throng
 Assembled round our blazing hearth,
 And wiled the hours with laugh and song,
 Till rang the roof-tree to our mirth.

Now old and bent, with furrowed brow,
 I watch beside the holy light ;†
 Dear friends press round to greet me now—
 My children's children bless my sight.
 And sounds that o'er my senses threw
 Their spells of yore, now sweetly come,
 Like angel minstrelsy, to woo
 My spirit to its last long home.

Two thousand years have rolled o'er earth
 Since first the Word made flesh was known ;
 And still shall peal that sound of mirth,
 When twice two thousand more have flown :
 Till He who holds the boundless sea
 Within the hollow of His hand,
 Shall come in power and majesty,
 To cite the dead of sea and land.

J. O'B.

Cork.

* The Inchcape bell.

† In the rural districts of Ireland, it is customary to light additional candles at Christmas, which are called the Christmas lights ; and it being considered against the rules of hospitality to close the doors before a late hour during the festival, they may be seen gleaming over the country till long after midnight.

IRELAND UNDER THE POOR LAW.

ALTHOUGH it would be rash to pronounce that the design of a law is always discernible in the results by which it has been followed, there are, nevertheless, many cases in which such inferences are not irrational. For example, should it have been predicted, by competent authority, that certain effects are sure to follow from the enactment of a proposed law; should that law be enacted, through the influence of parties entertaining such anticipations—should it, when carried into effect, be waited upon by the looked-for consequences; and should it be protected, by the same parties, against all substantial change, where the foreshown consequences have come to pass—in cases such as this, it is not unreasonable to conclude that the legislator, or the unseen director, whose views of legislation have been adopted, in the results attendant on his policy, “sees what he foresaw,” and approves of it.

The Poor-law Extension Act is a case in point. Out-door relief to able-bodied persons became the law of this land, after parties of the most conflicting views and sentiments had concurred in their predictions as to its inevitable consequences. Nor were the predictions, thus consenting, uttered at the same time, or under similar circumstances. Parliamentary committees and royal commissions had prosecuted inquiries into the state of the Irish poor, commencing early in the century, and continued, at various intervals, to a very recent period. All were of one mind as to the issue of a system of out-door relief to the able-bodied. The reports presented by a royal commission in 1834–1835, were to the same effect and purport as the various reports by which they were preceded. The deliberate judgment of Mr. Nicholl, employed by Lord John Russell to travel through Ireland, in the years which followed, and inquire into the condition of its poor, agreed with the recorded opinions of all preceding inquirers. The noble lord himself, influenced by such

testimonies, or acquiring his information elsewhere, declared his conviction in harmony with all preceding assurances—accomplished, a few years later, a measure, upon the tendency of which opinion had shown itself so marvellously undivided; and now, when results have most unequivocally ratified anticipations, abides resolutely by the law, its issues, and its prospects, is it irrational to surmise, that events, which do not warn, have not disappointed him.

We will not detain the reader by numerous citations from witnesses or writers who predicted the consequences of adding a system of out-door relief to the workhouse system in Ireland. The few we subjoin are given rather for form's sake, and as remembrancers of many which they may recall or suggest to the mind, than from any apprehension that it is essential to our argument to produce them. Mr. G. C. Lewis expressed himself thus:—

“My belief is, that the introduction of a system of out-door relief in Ireland, similar to that which is obtained in England, would be a most disastrous measure. I believe that, in a few years, however carefully guarded the law might be, and however trustworthy and intelligent the administrators of the relief might be, it would absorb all the surplus produce of the soil; and I think that it would, in a short time, deteriorate the condition of the persons for whose benefit it was introduced. I think it would impoverish the rich without improving the condition of the poor.”

Mr. Lewis, when examined before the committee on the burdens of real property, was asked:—

“What do you think would be the consequence in Ireland, if to the existing poor-law were added out-door relief?”

His answer was:—

“I believe that all the evils produced in England in three hundred years, would be produced in Ireland in ten.

"Would you conceive that, in that case, the poor-law, so operating, would be a heavy burden on the land in Ireland?"

"It would be entire confiscation."

Mr. Gulson, a poor-law commissioner, gave it as his decided opinion—

"That anything approaching to out-door relief in Ireland would very soon swamp the whole property of the country."

To a similar effect, the Hon. Mr. Twisleton said:—

"I conceive it would be a fatal step to introduce any system of out-door relief for the unemployed population of Ireland. I am aware that persons of high character, for whom I have the greatest respect, have expressed themselves favourable to a proposition of that kind; but I am convinced it would be attended with most disastrous consequences, and would seriously aggravate the misfortunes of Ireland."

These citations are but a sample of monitions to the same effect, from almost every creditable witness, and every writer of authority who had seriously considered the subject. Whatever difference of opinion there may have been on other topics connected with the Irish Poor-law, there was an almost unanimous consent on the subject of out-door relief. It would "encourage," to use the words of Bishop Burrell, "idle and lazy people in their sloth," and thus at once aggravate the poverty of the country, and vitiate the habits of the people—it would create discontent in the minds of all classes and conditions—would dispirit the industrious—would confirm the idle in depravity, and destroy in all habits of providence and self-denial—it would bring to pass a state of things in which the charities of social life would be extinguished, and the conditions of rich and poor, with all the kindlinesses which ought to attend on them, changed into relations more likely to call malignant passions into activity, than to awaken or cultivate feelings of mutual good-will—it would, in short, deteriorate the pauper class in character and condition, and would reduce affluent and industrious persons to hopelessness and poverty—it would *improve* and *debase* Ireland. Such was

the tenor of the opinions expressed by all who spoke with the authority of wisdom or knowledge on the project of comprising out-door relief within the provisions of the Irish Poor-law.

Such representations, it may be supposed, would have proved, under ordinary circumstances, dissuatives against the adoption of a measure which they described as so very perilous. And while the circumstances were of the ordinary character, they had that effect. The country, at one time, was led to imagine that it had a guarantee against the system of out-door relief in declarations made by the prime minister. Circumstances, however, changed. A blight fell upon the soil. Famine invaded the people. In the precipitancy of affright—the absence of accurate information—the forgetfulness of sound and true principles—measures were adopted by Government, which affording partial relief to the destitute, laid heavy burdens on the industrious, and gave a fearful stimulus to licentiousness, and disorder, and disaffection. These measures embodied, as it were, the principle that property has no rights. "Appetite, that universal wolf," was the sole claimant whose demands were to be respected. The "rights of labour," as well as those of possession, were disallowed—the land and all it could produce was to be assigned and yielded, not to enterprise and industry, but, whether lazy or laborious, profligate or self-denying, to want. Want alone was to be considered—a people must be fed, and the land must feed them.

At first there was a thin disguise over this desolating principle. There was to be employment provided for the people; but they at whose cost the labourers fed were to have no recompense for their outlay. To them, the labour was not to be reproductive. Landlords and farmers throughout Ireland were to pay for the completion of works which possibly might benefit the country, but in which they had no peculiar interest. As this scheme of ruin proceeded, its iniquity became too glaring, and opportunities were given of so adjusting the arrangements for enforced labour, that the land might be swept by them. But the revolutionary principle had been sounded forth. Pauperism had been too well instructed that a right was given it to

lay its rude burdens upon property. Disaffection and treason had been encouraged to take up arms for the assertion of its rights, including this monster iniquity among them. The inevitable consequences are too well known. The following extract from the tract of an intelligent writer will recal them to the reader's remembrance, and merit a place in our columns :—

“A short sketch of the measures adopted by Parliament to meet this calamity, will enable us to judge of its extent, and is essential to a true comprehension of the difficulties of the existing poor-law. Viewing this calamity as a *temporary* one, the *temporary* expedient of public works was adopted as a measure of relief; upon these works vast multitudes, of all ages and both sexes, were congregated—admitted upon them often at the dictation of mobs, more frequently by misrepresentation, intimidation, or fraud. The numbers employed, amounting, in the month of March, 1847, to an aggregate of 734,472, the representatives (at two to each) of 2,020,678 supported by them, and at a cost, during their brief continuance, of £5,000,000, producing but little comparative return in the execution of works, many of which are now under the plough, rapidly passing to their former state, but creating a demoralisation which cannot be so easily effaced; and involving, in April, 1847, the employment of the following gigantic staff of officers :—

Inspecting Officers	10
Engineers and Surveyors	74
Assistant Engineers	558
Check Clerks	4085
Overseers	9817
Draftsmen and Clerks	10
Dublin Clerks	174
Pay Inspectors	37
Pay Clerks	521
Inspectors of Drainage	50
Valuators and Assistants	82
Sub-Inspectors of Drainage	131
Total	15,549

“To obviate these abuses and this lavish expenditure, a Relief Commission was appointed in February, 1847, to superintend the administration of relief to be given in daily rations of cooked food. The number issued in July amounted to 3,020,712, at a cost, including the grants for fever hospitals' expenses, of £1,673,317, and the system was gradually brought to a close as the gathering of the harvest progressed.

“Tired with this expenditure, and disgusted by its abuse, Parliament,

after lengthened discussion, in June, 1847, passed the Poor-Law Extension Act, as a substitute for this wholesale system of relief, and threw upon the rates of Ireland that *demoralised destitution* which the imperial treasury, at a cost of near £7,000,000, with its large staff of government officials, had been unable to cope with.”

“Threw upon the rates of Ireland that demoralised population”—more than two millions of paupers. It had been laid down as a principle by Mr. Nicholl, Lord John Russell's travelling agent, that “to assess rate-payers, in order to enable the rate-receivers to continue their ordinary consumption, would only shift the suffering;” but in the sorest emergency of Ireland this great principle was disregarded, and a brief peace purchased at the cost of sacrificing the authority of the great truth, and most seriously prejudicing the great interests of the country.

Out-door relief was now enacted.

It was to commence when the workhouse could receive no more inmates, and the people, whether from indolence or inability, were disposed to take advantage of it. The natural result speedily followed. Applications for relief to an amount exceeding all possibility of providing for them within the workhouse, poured in; and that system, against which so solemn warning had been given, commenced its ruinous activities. Never was a country more perilously circumstanced for such an experiment; never was a time for the trial of it more fatally chosen. Suffering and evil counsels had eradicated from the hearts of masses of the people that sense of shame which once was characteristic of them. They had been habituated, in the emergency of a sore famine, to come out in the noon of day for the dole of their daily meat. They had been taught, by parties who were less disposed to serve than to use them, that what they received was not a charitable donation, magnificent in its amount, but the niggard instalment of a right which they could compel by force, if it were not voluntarily conceded to them. And thus, shame extinguished, habits of idleness formed, want pressing, the sense of imaginary wrong goading them, self-respect forfeited, and spurious claims of right

confusing all their moral notions, the suffering poor of Ireland were in precisely the disposition to imbibe most fatally the poison of the debasing law which, it was pretended, had their relief as its object. How the famine, and the law, and the pestilent instructions which aggravated the evils of both, wrought upon the wretched people, is but too well known to our readers. We will not enter into copious details on so revolting a subject. A single extract shall suffice. We take it from a report of Mr. Horseley to the Poor-law Commissioners. No metamorphosis imagined in those wild pictures, which exhibit man reduced to the nature and condition of the most savage and the vilest reptile or brute, is descriptive of a more appalling change than this agent in the poor-law system represents as having been accomplished in the Irish character:—

“The relatives of the dead will not bury them. They expect everything to be done by the relieving officers. Coffins to be given, the bodies to be placed in them, and the graves to be dug and covered in by persons provided and paid by the Vice-Guardians. In numerous instances parents thrust their sick children to the door, or lay them on the road-side to die. Children treat their aged parents in like manner. Brothers refuse to aid their sick sisters, or to convey them to the Fever or Workhouse Hospital. Husbands abandon their wives, and mothers desert their children. In short, the fear of death has laid hold on all the poorer classes, extinguishing every natural feeling save that which has been termed the ‘first law of nature’—a desire for self-preservation.”

We will not add a word of comment. When the instinct of reverence for the remains of departed friends has died in the heart of an Irish peasant, it is to be feared that nothing amiable survives there.

We turn from those whom the policy of out-door relief was thus effectual in abasing, to the victims whom it impoverished. One or two extracts from the papers of the Poor-law Commissioners will show how the work of desolation has sped:—

“*Extract from Captain O'Neill's Report:—May 14, 1849.*

“I have been urging the collectors to distrain all those who have not as yet

paid up their rates, but they have told me, in almost every instance, that the small occupiers who are in arrears have nothing whatever, either on their land or on their premises, to seize, and that many of the ratepayers are infinitely greater objects of charity than the paupers in the workhouse. Mr. Quigly, one of the collectors, assures me that, to his own knowledge, some of the occupiers who are ratepayers have not tasted a drop of milk for the last twelve months, but are obliged to sell it to pay their rent and the poor-rate. Under those circumstances, I fear that it will be most difficult to get in much more of the rates in this union.”

“*Extract from Mr. Auchmuty's Report.*

“I beg to state that the applicants for relief are increasing considerably. On the relieving officer's application and report books, there were between 1200 and 1300 persons for the last week. The poverty of the people is getting worse every day. A certain sign of their distress is, their parting with everything they have to procure food. On a market day, in this town, I have seen a couple of hundred goats for sale; a donkey could be bought for 2s.; the price for the inferior description of horned cattle is deplorable; they can hardly be sold in the fairs at any price. A cow that was worth £5 some time since, would not now bring half the amount. The price of provisions is increasing. The markets latterly are not well supplied with meal. For the next four months we must entirely rely on being supplied with Indian meal. There is nothing like the quantity of potatoes being planted this season as there was last year. There seems to be hardly any employment going on.”

“*Extract of a Report from Major Haldy, Temporary Poor Law Inspector:—May 18, 1849.*

“The amount of distress and destitution existing in this country, I lament to state, appears to be daily increasing, and when I mention the fact, that the unfortunate persons in the gaol, whose terms of imprisonment have expired, resist being sent out of it, and openly announce their resolution to be sent back in twenty-four hours, rather than remain at liberty, it must be expected that the pressure upon the Guardians of this union for relief should continue extreme.”

“*Extracts from the Reports of Captain Hanley, Poor Law Inspector:—May 10, 1849.*

“I attended the usual weekly meeting of the Guardians yesterday; the pres-

sure for relief has increased to a vast extent; it was frightful to behold the multitudes of tottering, half-naked beings who presented themselves at the gates, carrying their children, little skeletons, in baskets, painful to look at, and supplicating relief in the most earnest way, the appearance of many truly denoting that destitution had done its utmost, and that a release from all want was at hand.

Admitted to the workhouse	161
Out-door relief	734
Rejected	53
<hr/>	
Number of applicants . . .	948

“The great majority of the applicants were the holders of small farms, which they relinquished to obtain relief: that the surrender in very many instances is a mere cover to evade the law, I am convinced, which the want of house accommodation leave the guardians unable sufficiently to test; but the increasing destitution of this class is such that they must on any terms seek relief.”

“I regret to report, that the pressure of misery and wretchedness coming before the board was unequalled at any previous meeting; the great majority of applicants were, or had been, landholders, and now come forward, producing certificates from landlords, agents, and bailiffs, as to the surrender of their holdings.”

“A sad instance of the pauperised state to which some affluent persons in this union have been reduced came this day before me: a widow lady, having had lands let for over £400 a-year, from which no rents could be got, applied for relief for herself and six children, her ‘last and only resource;’ and against this person we have a demand of £150 for rates.”

We annex, as a pendant to these sad stories of the West, one extract from a report, prepared in the most famed province of Ireland, and in what was esteemed a prosperous district. It is a report prepared within the Lurgan Union, by order of the Board, presented and approved December 14th, 1848:—

“There is a strong feeling within this union, that the food has been expensive, and we are enabled to recommend a less expensive diet, and yet, after giving credit for £19,773 8s. 10½d., the whole amount expended, in food and clothing, out of £47,131 11s. 6d., raised by rates, or borrowed on their security, and now remaining due, we find that the difference, £27,359 2s. 7½d., has been swal-

lowed up in buildings, officers' salaries, and other establishment expenses, being 11s. 7½d. in the pound on the whole collection; and if we exclude the borrowed money, 8s. 7d. in the pound, and if the diet had been such as the poor weavers use, and the clothing such as they wear out of doors, the proportion would have been still more enormous.

“In referring to the ability of the nation to bear an expenditure of this kind, we may instance the effect of enormous rates upon property, in some parts of the union, where rates have been so high as 7s. 6d. in the pound for the last year. Tenants are afraid to take lands, and encounter such rates, and the effect is most discouraging with respect to improvements. If any money is so expended, it is our duty, under the present law, to send a valuation, and levy off the owner a tax, equal to a small rent, upon the very capital which had been expended in giving employment, and which, if kept by the owner at his banker's, would have been beyond reach.

“The powers of the commissioners to levy rates through elected or vice-guardians upon all property in Ireland, without any limitation as to time or amount, and to order relief in such a way as to leave the guardians little means of checking imposition, has created a greater alarm,—greater, indeed, than the actual amount of rates levied would appear to justify, and the value of property in this union has, in consequence, been much depreciated.

“We regret to observe, that a large portion of the funds, which are raised under this system, ostensibly, for the support of the deserving poor, are in fact applied in relieving and supporting the fruits of crime and prostitution. The house appears to be a most convenient place of accommodation for the cure of disease, and delivery of illegitimate children; and the facility of going in and out has very considerably increased the number of unfortunate females, who live by the wages of sin in the populous parts of the union.

“We have also to observe, that the association of such characters as we have mentioned in the last paragraph, with the unfortunate and deserving poor (many of whom have seen better days, and who are unstained by any crime), is a great defect in classification.

“It has been alleged by the advocates of the present poor law system, that a fair trial will prove its utility, and that it would become popular. The system has become very unpopular in this union. The proprietors and farmers dislike it for the reason we have already stated.

A large portion of the rate payers of this union consist of a class of persons holding small farms, and struggling to get through life in very straitened circumstances. They have endeavoured to bear up against the pressure of the times with a proud spirit, which deserves our highest praise. Many of them work at the loom six days and three nights in the week. They live in wretched cabins, and suffer the greatest privations; they are driven to the utmost extremity to raise the amount of the poor rates, and often see their bedding and clothing sold by auction for the amount of the levy. They see the way the paupers are supported in the workhouse so much better than many of themselves, and they are of course very much dissatisfied."

Such has been the operation of the extended poor-law for Ireland. It has vitiated the poor, impoverished owners of property, paralysed industry, and declared charity prohibited. Who that could abstain, would give employment to the laborious, or bestow alms liberally on the destitute, while uncertain what a day might bring forth, in the form of rates struck against him, by parties who would make no account of his inability to pay them. When freedom was defined as liberty to do whatsoever was permitted by the laws, the definition contemplated the agent as being certified as to the limits within which law restricted him. In the operation of the poor-law such certainty was wholly unattainable. There could not be an approximation towards it. The most prudent investigation of income and expenditure would be unavailing. The most careful and benevolent vigilance in watching over the well-being of those for whose comforts a landlord was especially responsible, could ensure no promise of protection. The pressure of distress on a single estate might serve to beggar all the landlords and farmers in the division within which it was located. How much is necessary to maintain the pauperism of the district? was the one question by which Poor-law Commissioners were guided in imposing their burdens; and whether slaves whom they oppressed had or had not the requisite straw,

these cruel task-masters demanded their tale of bricks.

"That this," observes a writer* of much ability, whom we have already cited, when giving a mournful representation of the state of Munster and Connaught, "is not an overdrawn picture, is certain. The mansion let as a workhouse—the estate without a purchaser—the deserted farm—the neglected cottage—the levelled cabin—the empty shop—the uncultivated field and herdless pasture—all! all alike, evidence its truth: whilst the teeming workhouse—the threat to enter it from the idle labourer, pressed by his employer—and the sturdy recipient of outdoor relief, with his bag of meal in one hand and his pipe of tobacco in the other, sneering at the industrious labourer, who still obeys the mandate to 'earn his bread by the sweat of his brow,' equally attest the wide-spread demoralisation that prevails.

"Can out-door relief cope with evils such as these? Is it not fearfully aggravating them? Are not many of them creations of its own? Can such a system, producing such results, be persevered in, when its own advocates have *practically* admitted its total failure, by dissolving the Boards of Guardians who were to carry it out, and by advancing thousands from the Exchequer in aid of rates, which (if they could be got) would exceed, in many unions, the annual value of the land. If, then, the poor-law engine has broken down—if the driver and stoker are dismissed—its coke exhausted, and its steam expended in unavailing efforts to drag the accumulating train of poverty—if its wheels will no longer move forward, and if the whole train, 1st, 2nd, 3rd, and 4th class, is rapidly descending the incline by its oppressive gravity, and dragging the engine itself, with its accumulated weight, to certain and indiscriminate destruction at the bottom—let the breaks be applied, and its downward progress arrested at once; let the engine be returned to the factory for repair, and for that reconstruction which has been rendered necessary by the strain it has received, in compelling it to drag a weight beyond its power; let *its power* be ascertained, and *fully* applied; but let another powerful engine, 'Emigration,' be supplied, to drag the ascertained surplus load on another line, where a happy terminus may be more easily attained, before trains of 'Famine' and 'Death' overtake and

* J. V. Stewart, Esq. "Letter to the Earl of Clarendon."

destroy it. Then may we hope with our 'Poor-Law' engine to reach the first station up the steep acclivity to prosperity; then, and not till then, may we hope that capital can be expended, science applied to agriculture with profit, labour remunerated, industry encouraged, and pauperism arrested."

We have not entered upon details of the more shocking incidents by which the progress of our calamitous poor-law policy has been tracked. In former papers we have made allusion to the deaths of the numerous victims of that policy, and to the appalling circumstances of their deaths. We content ourselves with repeating now what we have already proved, that the affliction under which Ireland has been reduced to its present wretchedness, is the visitation, not of the blight which fell upon our agricultural produce, but of the fatal system of law for which the famine supplied a pretext. The spontaneous benevolence of individuals—that outpouring of charity, for which the English people must ever live in our grateful remembrance—would have provided amply for the necessity created by the failure of our crops. The dread laws which followed these munificent charities have been the plagues under which our country is withering.

What spirit of good, we ask, could think of applying to Ireland, at such a time, such a law as that which has given existence to the present poor-law system. Real property had, as it were, purchased an equitable immunity from partial and oppressive taxation by the poor-law arrangements of 1838. A new tax was then imposed upon the landed interest for the maintenance of one hundred and thirty workhouses, capable of containing about one hundred thousand individuals. The owners and occupiers of land were taught to believe that the cost of maintaining such an establishment was to measure the utmost extent of the liabilities imposed upon them by the new law. Thus each union was at once encouraged and coerced into the duty of taking care of its poor. The law was designed for the ordinary course of nature, and the country was taught to believe, as was plainly set forth in those Reports of Mr. Nicholls, published by the State, that in cases of emergency the resources of the people at large were to

be put in requisition for a state of things to which the provisions of the poor-law were declaredly inadequate. The famine came—it called forth the looked-for exercise of Christian benevolence—bad laws and systems, ill-administered, thwarted and marred the charity into which they intruded—a demoralised and destitute population, increasing in amount, was to be fed—disappointed charity became "weary in well doing"—law must take place of voluntary benevolence, and as if law had been bent on making victims, rather than in providing for wants, it assigned as the provisions from which the poor were to be fed that very species of property which it had conspired with a calamitous visitation of nature to disable from feeding them. Landed property had suffered under wasting blights for three successive years. Agriculture had been discouraged and disabled by the withdrawal of that protection which had been so long held (and which has been so fatally proved) essential to its success, at the time when the legislature of Great Britain proclaimed that the Irish pauperism must be supported by Irish property; and that the property assigned for their support was to be that, and that only, which, had any exemption been admissible, ought to have been protected against increase of liability. A poor-law, embracing out-door relief to the able-bodied, raising a rate on the whole property of the country, would have simply imposed on every solvent person a new tax. The poor-law, under which the land groans, is a contrivance for confiscation. It might have made provision for feeding the poor, without absolutely impoverishing any; by throwing its ruinous burdens upon parties whose nett income is not, perhaps, a tenth of the proceeds of Irish property, and *upon them exclusively*, it has succeeded in effecting a virtual confiscation of property, to an extent unparalleled, perhaps, in our annals; and if it have not been instrumental in causing, it certainly has not succeeded in preventing, a wide and fearful mortality, the result of starvation.

If the design of such a poor-law be justly matter of inference from its effects, it would be inevitable to conclude that it was intended to hurt the owners and occupiers of the land,

rather than to serve the poor. And we are not without evidence, that there were some—and those, too, persons of no little influence—who hailed the advent of the poor-law as the harbinger of evil to Irish landed proprietors.

A few brief citations from the evidence of a Roman Catholic ecclesiastic, the Rev. John O'Sullivan, who was examined as a witness before a committee of the House of Commons, in the last session of parliament, will not be impertinent to our subject. This gentleman appears to have had influence, or, at least, was thought to have influence, with the Irish government; and his patronage was courted by Protestants, who addressed a memorial to the government, praying that a curate whom they respected should be promoted to the incumbency of their parish. Aware, it would seem, of their own insignificance, or want of power, they asked the priest, Mr. O'Sullivan, to forward their memorial. "I did forward it," the reverend gentleman said, in his evidence, "and the curate was appointed, *immediately afterwards*, to the living." The opinions of one who appears to have influence like this, on the subject of the poor-law, and the reasons for his approval of it, cannot be thought matter of indifference.

"If it were carried out to the extent that we wish, and if we saw the people properly cared for and properly attended to, it would be the opinion of every clergyman that the poor-law is the wisest and fairest law that was ever passed, and the only way of coming at the landlords."—*Third Report of Commons' Committee*, p. 140, Rev. J. O'Sullivan.

"How did the Vice-Guardians conduct the affairs of the union?—I think they conducted them well enough. Unfortunately they did not agree, and they were removed to other unions in consequence of that disagreement.

"Mr. Napier—And yet you complained of them?—Yes, *for being too jealous of the rights of the rate-payers, and for being too strict towards the poor.*

"Are you in favour of the self-supporting system?—I am quite against it.

"Why are you against it?—I think it is a total perversion of that for which workhouses were intended. *My view*

is, that a workhouse ought to be made as expensive as possible to the landlords," &c.

"Do you approve of the paupers raising sufficient food by cultivation for their own support?—*I do not.* I think my last answer conveys my objection to that. The landlords will never employ them, while they do not feel their support."

Mr. O'Sullivan would not be considered as an exception to the rule by which his order was to be judged. His feelings towards the landed proprietary were those of the class, not the individual:—

"I am not to be understood as at all opposed to the landlords; on the contrary, I do not think there is a priest on the mission who stands better with the landlords than myself, or one who has given less annoyance to the landlords."—p. 153.

That the hostility of this gentleman towards the landlords was not caused by misconduct on their part, is made evident by his opposition to a diminished area of rating. It is by such diminution only that it becomes practicable to discriminate between the evil and the good, or that the one class can be encouraged and enabled to persevere in their laudable exertions, and the others coerced into the performance of their duties. The opposition of the reverend gentleman betrays, with sufficient clearness, his indifference to such matters, and the reasons or pretexts by which he would justify his opposition are not of a kind to disguise the spirit or purpose of it. The poor-law was "the only way of coming at the landlords," and the landlords, whatever their demerits or their merits, must suffer alike under its impartial injustice.

But not the landlords alone are to suffer. The poor-law is a "way of coming at" industrious tenants also. We subjoin an instance, read by Mr. Butt, when giving evidence before the Committee on Poor-laws. The union in which this exercise of most unwholesome severity occurred, was in the county Tipperary, the Nenagh Union:—

"Mr. Minnitt made the following statement, which I extract from an Irish

paper, and which I believe is a fair sample of the process that is universally going on:—‘*Mr. Minnitt.*—I must say *Mr. Faulkner* has not, or could not have neglected his duty when I tell you a striking circumstance connected with it. I must say this, that there is nothing approaching but total destruction to the ratepayers, as well as to the country, from the promptitude with which heavy rates are collected from parties that are not able to pay. An industrious man, holding eleven acres of ground in the parish of Dromineer, paid £5 10s. in the harvest of 1848, including the 3s. 9d. and 2s. 1d. rate. He had a cow and two horses; one of the horses died; then he sold his cow, thereby depriving his family of its milk (and I need not tell you what service a cow is to a poor family in this country). He then bought a second horse, which he constantly worked. Having paid this £5 13s. for the eleven acres, he hoped to get from the Poor-law Commissioners a short extension of time for the payment of the present rate of 3s. 1d. in the pound. Although the *Guardians* would give him time to pay it, yet the Commissioners would not permit it, would not sanction it. The rate collector then seized the poor man’s two horses, his only support; he put them into the pound, where one of them died, and the other was sold for seventeen shillings (cries of ‘oh, oh!’). He is now without a cow or a horse. Therefore I say, *Mr. Faulkner* is not neglecting his duty, which, I am sure, he exercises with as much leniency as possible. He is only an engine for accomplishing that which we see before us, the total destruction of the country. This short story I have told you is positively true.—*Mr. Bayly.* It is only one instance out many.’ From inquiries I have made I learn that instances of that are not unfrequent; in the county of Cork, particularly, the stock of small farmers has been sold for poor-rates under most disadvantageous circumstances, and it has frequently reduced them to absolute ruin.”

When Lord John Russell first conceived his scheme of a poor-law, he instructed the travelling agent on whom he relied to inquire how it could be accomplished that the dietary of the workhouse should be arranged so as to be less costly and less tempting than that of the mass of those who were to be taxed for the maintenance of its inmates. Whether his lordship’s instructions were disregarded or complied with, is matter of little

moment now, when it has become an ascertained fact, that the least costly dietary throughout the workhouses of Ireland is far more expensive than that of the majority of those who are oppressed by the burden of supporting it. The will of the Roman Catholic priest, not the expressed wish of the framer, has been carried into effect. Workhouses have been made ruinously expensive to landlords and farmers. This is the will, if we may credit the Rev. John O’Sullivan, of the Roman Catholic priesthood—that same body, in obedience to whose will the so-called liberal members of parliament voted for the impoverishment of their country, by the withdrawal of protection from agriculture. Memorable and instructive coincidence!

Ireland is not alone in the infliction under which she is suffering. Scotland has, also, her portion of calamity. There, as well as amongst us, the new poor-law system has been forced upon an impoverished and unwilling country; and there, as well as here, it has wrought its ruinous effects, poisoning the charities of social life, sowing bitterness, and jealousy, and envy between the classes—annulling the divine ordinances—converting the varieties of condition, which were designed to promote mutual kindness and charity, into occasions of strife and ill-will—setting idleness and vice in honour and comfort, and breaking down industry under the most crushing and most hateful burdens.

We have Scotland, under the influence of this fearful vial, described by one whose opportunities of acquiring accurate knowledge are no less remarkable than his power to make his acquisitions known—one whose accomplished scholarship, high genius, familiarity with life in all its conditions, qualify him for the task he has undertaken, and whose great intellectual gifts and acquirements have ever been subservient to holy and charitable purposes—one who feels that he lives in the presence of God, and who looks upon the poor, as, in no mean degree, the representatives of the Divine Master, who has confided them to the care of all who love him. We speak of Sir George Sinclair—meet arbitrator between the claims of poverty and the rights and duties of possession. We shall end our article

with some extracts from his "Observations on the New Scottish Poor-law," and leave them, without comment, to our readers :—

"I think I may fairly lay claim to some acquaintance with this subject, as I have, since 1823, employed no small portion of my time, and, I may add, of my means also, in endeavouring to relieve the sufferings and promote the comfort of the indigent who dwell around me. I have resided here without intermission since the poor-laws came into operation, and have, as chairman, attended every meeting of the parochial board, and watched the result of the new system with great attention and anxiety. I was, myself, not hostile to the assessment principle; for, although impressed with a deep and lively sense of the evils to which it was likely to give rise, I hoped that they might be in some measure counterbalanced by concomitant advantages, which its not less confident than active advocates had taught us to expect from its adoption. At the same time, my own conviction was, that the power of imposing, levying, and distributing the funds to be so raised, should rest wholly and exclusively with the rate-payers residing in each district; and I am now more than ever persuaded, that an appeal to the Court of Session, or to any central board, is fraught with incalculable mischief, paralyses all the efficacy of local administration, fills the minds of the rate-payers with disgust and discouragement, and renders the paupers insolent, discontented, and unmanageable. I am therefore of opinion, that Scotland can only be saved from ruin, both in a moral and economical point of view, by abrogating the *right* of the pauper to demand relief, whilst leaving to every parish the authority to raise an assessment (whenever they deem such a plan indispensable for the maintenance of the destitute and infirm), and allowing to the rate-payers the unfettered right of laying out their own money in their own way, without control or interference from any other quarter. Unless such a measure be speedily adopted, Scotland will, ere long, be reduced to the condition of distress, or rather of despair, which is now overwhelming Ireland, and to which some districts in Scotland are already beginning to approximate."

The accomplished and able writer proceeds to review, in detail, the various evils which the poor-law has been instrumental in inflicting on this country. It is characteristic of his

amiable disposition, that he assigns the first place to its pernicious efficacy in vitiating the purest and best of our natural affections :—

"(1.) The first and, perhaps, greatest evil introduced by the present most iniquitous and disastrous system is, the gradual decay of that principle of mutual affection, which ought to subsist between parents and their children. I have seen but too many instances, in which persons, who formerly supported their aged and infirm parents, not only without a murmur, but with cheerfulness, and who regarded the discharge of this duty as a privilege, rather than as a burden, now come forward and claim an allowance from the parish in behalf of the very parents whom they had been maintaining for many years."

The influence of the law in disturbing the relation between landlord and tenant, he notes with due severity, and penetrates into what may have been the design of many a one among its advocates :—

"It is the poor-law, whose destructive force is severing the tie which once subsisted between the tenant and the landlord, so fully calculated to promote the happiness and welfare of both; and is more and more widely introducing a diversity of interests, an estrangement of feeling, between those parties, who, in the days of our forefathers, and even in our own, were united by reciprocal feelings of confidence, affection, and esteem."

"Whilst many sentimentalists are exclaiming against the ejection of tenants, either in Scotland or Ireland, which the adoption of their own expensive and ruinous schemes for the compulsory support of indigence and idleness has rendered inevitable, this very measure is, in the unadorned eloquence of Mr. Cobden, declared to be the interest, and I had almost said the duty, of the landed proprietors. He is represented as having said, in the House of Commons, on the 1st of March—'And now I will tell the landlords, that if they mean or intend to keep up the old rents, they must have farmers of more capital and intelligence than those to whom they have previously been in the habit of letting their lands. In future the landlords must proceed upon mercantile principles. If rents are to be maintained, the land must be made more productive than ever, and that is only to be done by farmers of greater capital, skill, and

energy, than the present race of farmers."

The well-known truism which was employed to do the work of falsehood and mischief—"property has its duties as well as its rights"—has been animadverted on with due severity. After exposing its deceitfulness, he adds the following observations:—

"But rights and duties are not the only words contained in this much lauded aphorism, which are diversely interpreted. The word *property* also seems to convey very opposite notions to the minds of those, who concur in assenting to it, so far at least as the maintenance of pauperism is concerned. Its most ardent admirers only admit its validity, as long as the duties are supposed to be incumbent upon landed property alone; and if any rash innovator should presume to contend, that funded property also has, in regard to the poor, its duties as well as its rights, and that the same doctrine applies to the princely incomes of mortgagees, or to the large incomes derived, without any deduction, from the public treasury, or acquired by enormous professional fees, or the still more ample profits of a prosperous London newspaper, or a lucrative cotton establishment, such a person would be at once denounced as a thief and a robber, although his interpretation of the maxim would be by far the most equitable and the most comprehensive. In fact, sir, I think it is obvious, that if property has its duties as well as its rights, this most wise of saws and most modern of instances must, in justice, apply to *every species* of property, and that, if there is to be a rate for the support of indigence, it should be a national rate, applying equally to all, and administered in each locality, and not a burden imposed upon a class, from which a large proportion of the wealthiest members of the community are most iniquitously exempted. I am at a loss to conceive why a tenant, who has resided for a time on an estate, has a right to claim support from his landlord, any more than the subscriber to a public journal, during the same period, is entitled to say, 'I have paid five pounds a year for your newspaper for ten years, and as you have benefited by my money, I have now a right to claim a share of yours.' The proprietor of the paper would reply, 'Avaunt and quit my sight, you have no claim whatever upon me; you derived instruction and amusement in return for what you paid me.' And might not the landlord

also say, 'Whilst the lease endured, you, in return for your rent, enjoyed all the benefits accruing from the land, and now that the bargain has terminated, I have a right to resume possession of what belongs to me.'

"In concluding this branch of the subject, I would venture to lay down another doctrine, which seems to me as incontrovertible as the principle on which I have used the freedom to comment, though I fear it will not be received with equal favor, or meet with as cordial an assent. I maintain, sir, that *poverty* has its duties as well as its rights—that every working man is entitled to bring his labour to whatever market he thinks most eligible; to turn it to the best account—to reside wherever he pleases, and employ his time and his earnings in whatever manner he thinks proper. But his duties are as obvious and as imperative as his rights: it is his duty to be industrious—his duty to be prudent—his duty to support himself by his own work, and to 'eat his own bread (*i.e.* earned by his own toil) with quietness,' (2d Thess. iii. 12.) instead of living in sloth and surliness upon what he has been enabled, by an unjust law, to extort from strangers; it is his duty to 'provide for his own,' both during his life and after his death, unless he is 'worse than an infidel.' (1st Tim. v. 8.) But if he ventures to neglect the fulfilment of these obligations, which reason and revelation concur in imposing upon him, I contend that he has no *natural*, and ought to have no *legal* right, to render himself or his family a burden to the community—and the Legislature, by sanctioning such a principle, cannot fail, gradually, and, I fear, rapidly and irretrievably, to involve the country in economical ruin and moral degradation.

"Supposing that an act was passed for *compelling* the working classes to be drunken, refractory, idle, undutiful, extravagant, and ungrateful—forbidding parents to provide for their children, or children to maintain their parents, or relatives to contribute to the support of near connexions—what administration of such a system could prevent it from degrading the moral character, and destroying the economic wellbeing of the entire population? But, sir, if there be a law, which *allows* men to cherish the most sinful habits, and to neglect the most sacred duties, with impunity—a law, which points out to them a fund, unlimited in its amount, and ready at a moment's warning, out of which, if they ruin their health by debauchery, or abandon their parents,

wives, and children, and go to a distant land, or even to some part of the country where they cannot be traced, or leave a widow in penury, and a large group of orphans in rags, they have a legal right to exact whatever is needed either by themselves, or by those for whom they were bound by every principle, divine and human, to have made provision, I ask how is it possible that any 'administration' of such a law can avert the utter ruin which its fundamental principle is calculated to accomplish? Constituted as human nature is, I fear, sir, that in many, or even in most cases, if you facilitate the neglect of duties and sanction the commission of crimes by a solemn and deliberate act of the legislature, such a course is equivalent to the direct prohibition of what is right, and to the inevitable predominance of what is flagitious.

"I would, in conclusion, once more advert to that objection, which seems to me to be the most cogent, against giving the paupers a right to exact relief, namely, that it is repugnant to the whole scope of revelation; and I am the more anxious again to dwell upon this branch of the inquiry, because it is contended (as I think erroneously), by one of the most acute and distinguished writers of the age, that 'the principle of a poor-law is sounder in Christian charity, than in political economy.' The Word of God says, 'Give to him that asketh;' the law of man says, 'Pay to him that demandeth.' The Word of God desires the rich man to be '*willing to distribute*,' the law of man empowers the pauper (however worthless) to draw his bill (indorsed by the Sheriff, or by the Board of Supervision) upon the rate-payers, and enforces the compulsory payment in favour of even the most worthless and profligate of mankind. The Word of God says, 'Blessed is the man that *considers the poor*;' the law of man says, 'you shall *not* consider whether he deserves your sympathy or not, or whether he has been reduced to want by unavoidable calamity, or by incorrigible recklessness.' The Word of God apportions the amount of benefactions, according to the ability of the givers; the law of man exposes them to the exorbitant and unreasonable demands of the receivers, without any defence, limitation, or control. It does, sir, appear to me, that the two systems are completely at variance, and we never fully appreciate the wisdom of the divine law, until human folly has presumed to amend or abrogate its enactments."

Such are the concluding remarks of the admirable "Observations" from

which we have cited;—observations which instruct us that Scotland has been consigned to a sisterhood of sorrow with our own unhappy land, and which strenuously urges on all good men, who are capable of thought and exertion, to combine their energies in the cause of outraged humanity. Deeply as Sir George Sinclair feels, and clearly as he perceives the difficulties and dangers by which we are surrounded, he does not despair—if those who suffer wrong, and those who love right, will combine their strength, there is hope, even in this dark hour, of good. Those who see nothing but what is mercantile in the relations between landlord and tenant—those who would make merchandise of souls—have formed an alliance, or have been drawn, by base sympathies, together, for the attainment of an evil purpose—they have obtained a partial and a great success: but they have won it, not because the people at large love what is bad, but that they who engaged in an evil enterprise prosecuted it with an energy and ability worthy of a better cause. Let good men but emulate this perseverance and discretion, and the good cause will prosper. Even we, in our humble sphere, have had reason to feel, that truth, when faithfully set forth, is likely to prevail, and have the satisfaction to see reforms, which we earnestly urged upon the attention of our readers, at length adopted into the poor-law system. Encouraged thus, we will not despair of rendering further service to our country. We would, had we the power, call into animation a spirit of more prevailing energy in the hearts of all whom we may have the power to influence, and strengthen them in a persuasion, that if they can render truth and sound principle intelligible, they will soon see them prevail.

At this moment the Irish poor-law, regarded without prejudice and stripped of its disguise, appears to be as foul an imposture as ever wronged a people. Affecting to make provision for the wants of a pauper population, overwhelming in amount and confirmed in evil habits, it assigns to them as their portion about a third of the property of the country, and lays the burden of their support on parties whose nett income is not the third part

of that third. The necessary consequences have followed. Confiscation of property has not prevented large numbers of the poor from being starved to death; and in the midst of this terrible process of starvation, impoverishment, and ruin, placeholders, fundholders, annuitants, mortgagees, professional men, and merchants, have been left free to hug their wealth, to indulge in their luxuries, and to see landlords, farmers, labourers, and paupers, struggle for a while with insuperable difficulties, and then waste away and disappear.

One might have thought that the state of things which induced her Majesty's ministers to propose that daring measure, the rate-in-aid, would have led them to seek aid from those classes in which it could be given without injury to the donors. One might have thought that the necessity would have reminded them of the agricultural systems, to which the opening of the British markets was a new and large prosperity, and which might have been called on, with justice, to contribute their share of the expenses by which British institutions are maintained. But whether it be for want of enlarged capacity, or from vicious habit, or from a false prejudice, or a bad purpose, instead of summoning untired energies to the great work which was to be carried on—instead of calling strong men to the relief of the disabled—they chose rather to strain the abilities of those who are already enfeebled, and to drain the poor remnant of their almost exhausted resources. It is better, as well as fairer, to ascribe this iniquity to want of thought, or want of knowledge, or want of courage, rather than to a malignant or unrighteous purpose; and it is better to offer instruction to those who are set in authority, than to regard them as intractable, and give up the cause of the country as hopeless.

There will be, we are given to understand, a meeting within this month, of those who agree in opinion as to the injury which all classes in Ireland have suffered from recent experiments in legislation. We trust that those who address the meeting will have seriously deliberated on the subject of their discourses, and have

most carefully verified every fact which they cite for the illustration of a principle. In order to enlarge their circle of consumers for the manufacturers of Great Britain, the legislature has granted a bounty to the foreign agriculturist. Granted a bounty, we say, deliberately, although the form in which the grant has been made is the withdrawal of a protecting duty; because, while the State leaves heavy charges on English agriculture, and adds to the heavy charges imposed on Irish, it is a bounty to the foreigner to withdraw the duties which forced him to contribute his part to the expenses of British government. British subjects must pay largely for their privilege, which a foreigner can exercise without purchase. Immunity from taxation under such circumstances is bounty.

But what is the result of this ultra-liberal experiment? In political arithmetic two and two are not always found to make four. They have not been found equivalent to their theoretical power in the instance under our consideration. The circle of consumers has widened, but the profits of commercial enterprise have not augmented with the enlarging orbit. Home consumption has ceased to be what it was; and, instead of adding to the purchasers in the home market, the countless myriads which swarm upon the fancy of a manufacturer, as he thinks of a world opening before him to receive the produce of his forge or his loom, he begins to find that he has simply taken foreigners in exchange for countrymen, and that, in the headlong and ungenerous eagerness to form commercial relations with countries beyond the sea, he has been disabling those on whom alone he can reckon for permanent advantages, from continuing their trade with him.

It is time that this evil and peril should be fairly considered—time that it should be remedied. We would earnestly recommend to the attention of the meeting about to be held, to think well on the best mode of remedy. We repeat one, which we have deep reason to believe would be at once acceptable and effectual. We have, in a former number, declared what would be our "Rate in Aid."

We offer it again, in a new form, to our reader's consideration.

Property should support poverty. This is the maxim on which the poor-law is founded—a maxim which assumes that property is commensurate to the duty it is to discharge. It is not meant that property is to be flung to poverty as a thing which it may worry, but cannot subsist on. It is not meant that property is to be wholly consumed, and to disappear in satisfying the wants or appetites of the pauperism it whets. The maxim implies that property is to endure, although poverty is to be fed from its stores. To deny this, would be to affirm that property is to be confiscated, and that poverty is to have but a transient and unsuffering portion for its maintenance.

If, then, property, in this true sense, have poverty assigned to it as an incumbrance, from which it is not to be severed, property must be enabled to bear the burden; and if the State select one species of property as the most convenient mode of making provision for the poor, it must see that that portion be enabled to fulfil its

purposes, yielding a competent revenue to its legal masters, and making charitable provision for the poor. The portion assigned throughout Great Britain and Ireland for this office is the land—agriculture is to feed the poor—it must be enabled to feed them—it has been disabled—let power be restored to it—let all property in Great Britain—let all that enters the British market contribute the “Rate in Aid.”

Our Rate in Aid, then, would be the re-imposition of protecting duties. If the adoption of such a measure would cause prices to rise, the consumer pays some small contribution to the wants of his suffering brother. If prices remain unchanged, the foreigner pays voluntarily what he manifestly considers no exorbitant rate for the privilege to barter his wares in a British market. Whatever be the issue of the experiment, the poor will have ampler provision made for their support—the owner and occupier of land will be taught to know that the State has not sacrificed them to the speculations and schemes of heartless and unprincipled adversaries.

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CANADA.

IN an article upon the Canadas, published in the number of this Magazine for September, we commented upon two important eras in the history of that country—its conquest by Wolfe, and the passing of the Rebellion Losses' Indemnity Bill by Lord Elgin. Since then the crisis which that Bill produced has passed, the feverish excitement consequent upon it is over; but we have now before us the most convincing evidence that that fever has been replaced by a chronic discontent. We hear no more of peltings, of burnings, of riots, and of bloodshed; but we have to deal with a cool, deliberate, and well-digested scheme for a peaceful severance of that colony from our empire. Between one thousand and one thousand five hundred of the most wealthy, intelligent, and respectable inhabitants of its metropolis have attached their names to a manifesto, declaring their belief of a necessity for, and their determination to advocate, a peaceful separation of Canada from Great Britain, and its annexation to the United States.

This document breathes no word of defiance, it speaks no word of rage, it refers to no outrage, it asks for no redress of wrongs, but calmly, and seemingly more in sorrow than in anger, it states the sad condition of the country, and pronounces upon what is deemed the only feasible means of retrieving its decaying fortunes.

It has, at last, then, come to this! The empire which has cost us years of contest and diplomacy, seas of blood and mines of treasure to win and to hold, is crumbling in pieces in our grasp, and Britain will soon be called upon to bid farewell to the Western Continent, to resign one of the fairest portions of her long-boasted dominion, the sun will soon set upon her terri-

tories, and she must, crab-like, walk backward to the East, if she hopes to preserve any remnant of her proud position among the nations of the earth. For, let us not be deceived; if we give up Canada, all our possessions in North America must soon follow in her wake, or we must preserve, at the expense of perpetual warfare, an authority which will be detested as unjustly maintained. If we yield to the demand of the Canadas, there is not one reason, except those of a purely selfish nature, which we can urge for a refusal of the same boon to Nova Scotia, to New Brunswick, to Newfoundland, to Prince Edward Island, or to the West Indies. The advantages of the changes will be as great to them; and will it be wise, or generous, or right, can it have any other effect than to sour and embitter their feelings, to urge only these selfish considerations in opposition to their claims, in themselves equally just with those of the Canadians? If, in the language of the *Times*, we are to "take care, that, in surrendering Canada not to surrender one jot of sea or land the possession of which really and effectively concerns the maritime and commercial importance of Great Britain," then must we retain the Canadas. But let us, in God's name, retain them by a tenure which shall make it not burdensome to them, and as little onerous as possible to ourselves. Let us not let them feel that they are wronged by the connexion; or that we are not willing to take upon ourselves the burden which it imposes upon them.

To learn wisdom from the experience of the past is the duty of statesmen and philosophers, and it is to be gleaned no less from the errors of our predecessors, and their evil results,

than from the good effects of their prudence and foresight. Let us look back over the events which have been prominent in our connexion with Canada, and mark how our alternate weakness and rashness (too frequently the result of ignorance) have step by step led to this result.

Canada, at the period of the Conquest, contained a French population of about sixty-five thousand souls. To these, by the terms of the capitulation of Quebec, and the subsequent treaty between France and Great Britain, certain rights were conceded. Their laws, language, and religion were guaranteed to them. This guarantee was variously interpreted, according to the commission to General Murray, and the ordinance passed in conformity therewith; it meant that their laws should have full effect upon all rights obtained and accrued up to a time certain, fixed by the Government. To this the French Canadians demurred, and by the "Quebec Act," 14 Geo. III., cap. 83, the clergy of the Roman Catholic Church were granted the future exercise of all their old rights over the Roman Catholic population, and the English laws and practice of courts which had then been in force in Canada for ten years were annulled. From this source may be traced nearly all the evils to which Lower Canada has since been subject. Lord Durham, with all his faults, and all his blunders, told a truth which has not been enough heeded, that the troubles in Eastern Canada have been the result of a war of races.

Emigrants had been induced to flock to the country under a guarantee of British laws and usages. They were now left to fight their way onward against an ignorant and prejudiced race, and under the retarding influences of a system of laws totally unfitted for an enterprising commercial community.

With the guarantee of their laws to the French Canadians, was perpetuated a system of feudal burdens and exactions, under which no country can prosper. The guarantee of the use of their language in legislative and judicial proceedings, kept alive a spirit of nationality, and a desire to maintain separate interests from those of their conquerors. The guarantee of the free use of their religion was just; but that which legalised the levying of

tithes, and the holding of large estates in mortmain, has proved a curse. These concessions were made at a time when the Government seemed apprehensive that they would join the Americans in their struggle for independence.

It is probable that the Government of the time imagined that these evils would work their own cure, and that if a local legislature were established, the people, being themselves brought to see the evil effects of these remnants of feudal barbarism, and having the power in their own hands to do so, would abolish them. The legislature which was accordingly given them by the "Constitutional Act," 31st Geo. III., cap. 31, was, however, necessarily somewhat popular in its character, being founded upon the model of those conceded to the other American colonies. In the House of Assembly, the conquered French Canadians had an overwhelming majority, and guarded jealously their ancient, cumbrous institutions, endeared to them as a part of their cherished nationality. To secure an influence to the British settlers, which it was necessary for the welfare of the commercial and industrial interests of the country that they should possess, a preponderance was given them in the Upper House, or Legislative Council. This was their due by reason of their position, intelligence, and enterprise. The proclamation which invited them to settle in Canada (then the Province of Quebec) had guaranteed them British laws. This pledge had been broken. It was absolutely necessary that, in a British colony, British inhabitants should have some protection from the legislative power of uneducated and unenterprising Frenchmen.

Unused to self-government of any kind, the French Canadians were for a time happy and contented with their new position, but opposed with jealous vigilance any innovation by the Anglo-Canadians, on their laws and feudal usages. At last, they were taught by some English and Scotch radicals, and American republicans, through their political leaders, that they were much oppressed, because they were not represented according to their numbers in the upper house, and because the public offices were, to a certain (as they asserted, to a grievous) extent, monopolised by people of British extraction.

These instructors of the people would only see general principles, and would

not perceive how they were affected by peculiar circumstances. Their heads were filled with high ideas of the free institutions of Great Britain and the United States, and they would not see how utterly unfitted the ignorant and bigoted French Canadian was for their exercise. Either the 'natural law, that rights belong to those only who have the capacity properly to use and enjoy them, never entered their imaginations; or they were willing to believe in an intelligence which nowhere existed, an enterprise which was nowhere manifested; a capacity for freedom which their past history and present state should have taught them was as yet chimerical.

The French Canadians were almost wholly engaged in agricultural pursuits; the trade of the country, which soon fell principally into the hands of the British and American settlers, was clogged by them with customs' duties, from which the whole of the provincial revenue was raised. They endeavoured to put a tax upon emigrants. They perpetually remonstrated that the legislative council was not filled by election, that it might be as wholly under their control as the lower house. They complained that public offices, which their lack of education and general information rendered them unqualified to fill, were not given to them in proportion to their numerical strength. They complained that a corporation in England (the British American Land Company), had been given grants of a large tract of land for the purpose of re-selling it to British settlers. These formed the continual subject of complaints, petitions, and demands for redress of grievances.

We have seen that previous to the revolution in America, large concessions were made to the French Canadians; others were again made, previous to the war of 1812. They regarded the approach of trouble as a favourable opportunity for demands on the imperial government, and its compliance with their desires as a triumph on their part, and a mark of weakness on the part of that government.

It is unnecessary to trace the history of this agitation onward through all its different stages, until the granting of the civil list, and the breaking out of the rebellion. We sufficiently commented upon this, when that rebellion brought it more immediately under our

consideration. We wish merely to recall to the remembrance of our readers its prominent features, and to direct attention to the fact, that conciliation and concession only led to the discovery of farther grievances; that a right given to-day was considered as a basis whereon to found a claim for another to-morrow, without which that of to-day would be incomplete; and that these concessions were almost invariably made at the wrong time, and in an undignified manner. The grant of their old national rights was necessarily followed by that of representative institutions, in order that those evils might be abolished by the people themselves, which were sacred from the touch of the high prerogatives of the crown. This was followed, before one step had been taken in the desired direction, by clamours for the civil list and an elective legislative council; and the concession of one demand was used as a lever wherewith to compel the granting of the other, and the extension of the authority of the people over the officers of the crown. The Assembly withheld the supplies until these grievances should be redressed, viz., until absolute power was put into the hands of the French Canadian colonists. Lord John Russell, the Colonial Minister of that time, procured certain resolutions to be passed by the House of Commons, upon the subject of the conduct of the Canadian Assembly; and among others one to the following effect, "That, for defraying the arrears due on account of the established and customary charges of the administration of justice, and of the civil government of the province, it is expedient, that after applying for that purpose such balance as should, on the 10th day of April last, be in the hands of the receiver-general, arising out of the hereditary, territorial, and casual revenues of the crown, the governor of the province be empowered to issue, out of any other moneys in the hands of the receiver-general, such further sums as shall be necessary to effect the payment of such arrears and charges up to the 10th April last."

These resolutions afforded the proximate cause of the rebellion, which the British inhabitants, and a small portion of the better class of French Canadians, rushed to arms to put down. If ever a pure and chivalrous loyalty burned in the breasts of any men, it did in

those of the loyalists of that period. It is true that their leaders had been supported, and their conduct heartily approved of and endorsed by the British Government and Parliament, and they were only called upon, in their turn, to support the government to which they were thus indebted; but they responded to the call, not on account of gratitude for these benefits alone, but from an innate love and loyalty towards Britain, and an honest and heartfelt pride in their participation in her glories.

The French Canadians and their Anglo-republican allies were subdued, but not without cost; Britain lost some brave soldiers, and many of the loyalists had to mourn murdered friends and blighted health and prospects. Yet they had suffered in the cause of British supremacy, and their sacrifices were cheerfully endured. It is unnecessary here to dilate at length upon the reforms which were proposed and attempted by Lords Gosford and Durham. They received due attention from the periodical press of this country at the time they were put forth. Their authors received no thanks for their efforts. Sir John Colborne was elevated to the peerage for suppressing the rebellion.

Since then Canada has been governed successively by a very talented but corrupt politician, by a weak old baronet, by the greatest man Canada ever saw, by a *pro tempore* military governor, and by Lord Elgin. We will deal with his character hereafter.

If we are to judge of Lord Sydenham's instructions by his acts, and of the intentions of government by the conduct of its representative, he was sent out to prepare Lower Canada, by the legislation of a special council nominated by himself and predecessors, for a union with Upper Canada; to effect that union in such a manner, if possible, as to give to the British inhabitants a preponderance in both houses of the provincial parliament; and when this had been done, to concede to them the most ample powers of self-government. This was evidently the task he set himself about. The legislation of the special council, dictated, no doubt, principally by himself, was of a kind to anglify the country, to secure their titles to purchasers of property, and thus offer additional inducements to new settlers, and to prepare the people to abolish the seignorial dues by com-

position or commutation. He stimulated, too, a spirit of enterprise and a desire for wealth and progress among the people. By the Union Act the representation was divided equally between Upper and Lower Canada, though the latter was much the more populous; and by a skilful distribution of the representatives in the lower province, the number of Anglo-Canadian constituents was made much greater in the united province than the French-Canadian. His Lordship's next step, after proclaiming this Act, was quietly to intimate to all the officials throughout the country, that they must find seats in parliament or resign their places. By means of bribery and violence, these men scrambled into parliament, and became the willing instruments of his Excellency's will. The forced legislation of this parliament, also under his dictation, certainly tended farther toward the Anglification of the country. But in the midst of his career he was cut off. What the result of his policy would have been, had he lived to carry it out, it is hard to determine. Unfortunately for the country, he was succeeded by a weak old man, whom the nepotism of a Conservative government thrust into office. He was entirely incapable, as well from his lack of talent as from his sterling integrity of purpose, of carrying out the crafty designs of his predecessors.

Lord Sydenham had, by the ratification of a resolution passed by the House of Assembly, no doubt introduced with his sanction, or perhaps at his suggestion, granted responsible government. This, while he lived to control its workings, and had a lower house filled with the menials of government, was a mere "tub to the whale," a bait wherewith to catch "liberal" gudgeons; but in the hands of such a man as Sir Charles Bagot it proved a most serious and dangerous concession.

Those who held places as heads of departments under Lord Sydenham, and who formed his executive council, or cabinet (as it now began to be called), were of almost all shades of politics. The French Canadians, however, were not represented there. For the purpose of bringing them into his council, he fixed his eyes on M. L. H. Menard, *dit* Lafontaine, a rival of Mr. Papineau in the old Lower Canadian House of Assembly, who had escaped punishment for participation in the

rebellion (if we may be permitted a hibernicism) "by the skin of his teeth." His Lordship, no doubt, thought, that by calling this gentleman into his cabinet, he would leave no cause for complaint on the part of the French Canadians, that they had no part in conducting the affairs of the country. Yet that he should effectually act upon the maxim, "divide et impera;" that the old partisans of Mr. Papineau would not consent to be led by Mr. Lafontaine; that he would bring but a section of his countrymen with him; that his influence would thus be inconsiderable, and that he would have to yield to the Anglo-Canadian interests, represented in his cabinet, and more powerfully supported in parliament; if his lordship thought this, he was mistaken. Mr. Lafontaine brought all the Canadian members at his back, and could then, and can now, command more votes in the House of Assembly than any other member of the cabinet. Although overtures were made to this gentleman by Lord Sydenham, it was under Sir Charles Bagot that he commenced his reign. The cabinet was remodelled, some of the old members were sent to the bench, some resigned, some got *leave of absence*, and Mr. Baldwin, who stood in a similar position with regard to the rebellion in Upper Canada, to that of Mr. Lafontaine with regard to that in the lower province, held a place in the cabinet; besides him, as leader of the Upper Canadian "liberals," several leading men who had been conservatives while place seemed to be most exclusively in the gift of that party, now became loud-mouthed in their professions of "liberalism;" and strove, some of them successfully, for places in or under the "liberal" government. These men, and those whom they could influence, received with open arms by the man in power, swelled the ranks of their supporters, and created for them a most subservient majority. Messrs. Lafontaine and Baldwin ruled the province, while poor Sir Charles Bagot enjoyed the empty honour of being called the governor. Sickness, perhaps, as much as natural lack of determination or talent, rendered him a mere tool in the hands of his ministers.

They afforded in their legislation an exemplification of the proverb, that "liberals out of office are despots when in power." They were utterly regardless

of the feelings of the minority; their rights, opinions, and feelings were set at naught. Their chief aim seemed to be, so to alter the laws and constitution of the province, and so to strengthen themselves by the distribution of patronage, as to secure place and power to themselves for all time to come. But Sir Charles Bagot also died. Lord (then Sir Charles) Metcalfe succeeded him—a man who will ever live in the memories of Anglo-Canadians, enshrined in their heart of hearts—as a man, a Christian, and a statesman, without his peer in the annals of Canada, without his superior in the history of the world. A long list of distinguished services in the East and West Indies had crowned his brow with undying laurels. His private fortune raised him far above all allurements of pecuniary gain, and his disinterested generosity and noble-mindedness at once destroyed all suspicions of personal and selfish motives. To his hand Britain wisely confided the government of Canada: would that nepotism, carelessness, and experimentalism had allowed more such names to be placed upon the roll of her governors.

The "liberal" ministry soon found that he was not at all disposed to be a passive instrument in their hands. They demanded pledges of him which he considered equivalent to that of a complete surrender of his authority into their hands. He indignantly refused compliance: they resigned their offices, and were succeeded by an amalgamation ministry, consisting of a very small section of Lower Canadian liberals, and the conservatives of both sections of the province. A dissolution ensued, and the country returned a very small majority in favour of the new ministers, who were compelled to use almost any means in their power to strengthen their position. To such a man as Lord Sydenham, skilled in all the wiles of political intrigue, and careless of the means employed, so that the desired end were obtained, this task would not have been so difficult. But Lord Metcalfe was too honest to be altogether successful. If any corrupt practices were made use of they were his ministers'. Nearly all the governors of Canada have endeavoured to conciliate and make friends of the French Canadians. This is impracticable. Clinging to each other with a perti-

nacity almost unequalled, they present an impenetrable phalanx to the attacks of enemies, or the solicitations of friends, from which it is almost impossible to detach a single person. If they take power at all, it must be as a body; if they are to be the friends of the government, it is only on condition that they are made absolute masters of Eastern Canada. These have been invariably their terms, from which they bated no jot or tittle, dictated by a desire to preserve their peculiar institutions, and a determination to maintain their nationality. Their friendship for an English governor is a thing of nought—a cuckoo-cry taught them by their leaders when they deem it for their interest.

Lord Metcalfe was unfortunately not free from this generous weakness, dictated by impartiality and high feeling, but entertained in ignorance of the peculiarities of the nation with whom he had to deal. The means which his ministry made use of to gain French support, created dissatisfaction among their immediate friends, and caused a dangerous display of their weakness to their rivals. With their small majority they were unable to carry through parliament many important measures which the necessities of the country required, or to carry on the government with proper efficiency. Parliament was dissolved, and a new one called, in which the ministry was left with a minority. They fell, unregretted by a great many of their former supporters, to the evident satisfaction of some of them. Messrs. Baldwin and Lafontaine returned to power.

In the meantime, Lord Metcalfe had quitted the country. Ill health had compelled him to leave his government, and seek in his native land his home and his grave. Both Houses of the Imperial Parliament had pronounced their approval of his conduct: the government had rewarded him with a peerage.

Lord Cathcart, for a short time, while there was a likelihood of a rupture with the United States upon the Oregon question, held the appointment, and then gave place to Lord Elgin.

The career of this nobleman will long serve to mark a most important era in the annals of our colonial empire. If there was ever a time when the bonds of loyalty required strengthening, when strenuous exertions were

required to render the government of his royal mistress pleasant to the colonist, the period of Lord Elgin's government has been that time. Our free-trade policy had snapped in sunder the powerful ties of interest which bound our colonies to us; and some men were already pondering the likelihood of, and the benefits to be derived from, their separation from us. Besides, the example of all continental Europe was unsettling men's minds with regard to the duties of loyalty and obedience; and it was manifest, that if the feelings of love and respect for Great Britain and their sovereign were not fostered, they must soon yield to the attacks of self-interest and theoretical notions of liberty. Instead of studying how he might best accomplish this end, he set about earning for himself a personal popularity. He attended fairs, bazaars, and charitable soirées, (to which, however, he never gave anything), celebrations of mechanics' institutes, and mercantile library associations; he made speeches, and danced highland flings; in fact, did all that a borough member would do to win favour with his constituents, through their wives and daughters. One feature of this career, which he so steadfastly pursued, dimmed the lustre of the laurels which he won. His downright niggardliness, the intense desire he always manifested to save money, soon became a common topic of conversation in the circles where he seemed most to seek for applause, and showed to the greater disadvantage when contrasted with Lord Metcalfe's almost princely munificence.

This soon gave rise to a rumour, which loosened the hold he might have had upon the feelings of the people, and lessened the respect which they wished to entertain for the representative of their sovereign. It was to the effect that he had obtained his appointment from his over-kind relative, that he might earn a peerage, and be enabled, by his savings, to pay off some of the incumbrances upon his Scottish estates. If this be not true, his lordship has himself to blame for having given cause for the belief by a niggardliness conformable to the supposition.

Still annexation or independence was a thing seldom thought of, and less frequently mentioned. A few bankrupt merchants and unsuccessful land speculators believed that their pockets could be replenished in no other way;

and they were quietly, but unsuccessfully, striving to convert men to their creed. Lord Elgin was compelled, by his ministry, to break his plighted faith, to degrade his office into an engine of their malice and petty revenge. Still, while despising the representative, the Anglo-Canadians cherished in their inmost hearts, a love and a veneration for Britain's Queen, such as is seldom met with in these unchivalrous days.

During the long vacation which ensued between the accession of the liberals to office, and the too-famous last session of the Provincial Parliament, every means had been taken to impress the country favourably with the eminently practical and useful measures which it was to expect at their hands. It was groaning under a lavish expenditure—economy and retrenchment were to be practised—commercial depression of the most grievous kind was everywhere felt—politico-economical remedies were to be applied—the system of judiciary required reform—they were to startle men with a monument of legislative wisdom in this respect—in fact, they were to be the great and enlightened instrument of “giving everybody everything.”

Parliament met. The Governor-General came down to the House proposing, for their consideration these reforms, and an act of general amnesty to those who had been engaged in the unfortunate struggle of 1837 and 1838. But no word spake he of their indemnification. The act of amnesty passed unanimously, and Anglo-Canadians showed a joyful alacrity in endeavouring by these means for ever to bury in oblivion the unhappy events of those troublous times. They hoped that thereafter the only cause of emulation between the races would be, in a generous contest for the first place in the pursuit of the material interests of their common country. One of the first acts of the ministry was to pass an act offering reciprocal free trade with Canada to the United States. An agitation was commenced out of Parliament for the purpose of establishing and protecting home manufactures. The plan proposed was, to reduce the duties on articles of necessary consumption, and on raw materials for manufactures, and to raise them as high as possible on articles of luxury, and the coarser kinds of foreign manufactures. This was the

general outline of the proposed plan, modified in detail to suit the requirements of the revenue. This protection movement seemed to bid fair to break up other parties, and to merge them in the two which should respectively support or oppose it, and thus lead to a lasting oblivion of old feuds.

Just at this period (before almost any of their boasted measures of reform were brought to light, when all breaches seemed healed, and a new and better state of things to have arisen,) was chosen for the introduction of the Rebellion Losses' Indemnity Bill into the House of Assembly. It burst upon the loyalists like a thunder-storm—it flew through the province with the speed and blighting effects of lightning. The whole country was roused and agitated. Meeting after meeting was held; petition after petition was forwarded to the Governor-General, remonstrating with him upon the introduction of such a bill with his sanction, and beseeching him to withhold from it the royal assent, or reserve it for the consideration of the Imperial Government. He answered coolly to all, that he would give the matter “due consideration.” What this meant, and why this curt reply was invariably given, will be considered hereafter.

Delay was prayed for by the Conservative members—but ten days' delay, that they might communicate with their constituents. “Not a moment's” was their answer from the leaders of the ministry. They prayed, they remonstrated in vain. The ministry, with their spaniel majority, held on their way. In self-defence, the opposition were compelled to waste several days in a protracted and useless discussion, that their constituents might have time to be heard from. The bill passed both houses. Disgust at the vacillation of the late ministry had filled the lower, Lord Grey's blank *mandamuses*, skillfully used by Messrs. Baldwin and Lafontaine, had filled the upper with their obedient tools.

Time wore on, and the loyalists verily believed that the bill had been passed as a party triumph, that it would be reserved, sent home to the Imperial Government, and there, being shelved, would be no more heard of. In the midst of this quieting belief, Lord Elgin went down to Parliament in an unaccustomed (we had almost said sneaking) manner, without giving the

usual preliminary notice, professedly to sanction only a customs' duty bill, and, among many others, sanctioned this infamous measure.

Let us reflect upon the conduct of the Imperial Government and their representatives in Canada up to this time—let us remember how the colony was first planted—how the Anglo-Saxon colonists had struggled for years against the ignorance, the arrogance, and hatred of a Gallican majority—how they had been protected and encouraged in their efforts by that Government—how they had been compelled to fight for the authority of the British Empire in a civil war, proximately caused by an act of the Imperial Parliament, at the instance of the present premier, and remotely and principally, by a deep-rooted hatred, on the part of the French Canadians, of British interference in their government, and of the British colonists, who had settled among them, and by their longings after a pure democracy, where rank, fortune, and intelligence must succumb to the dictation of a brute numerical majority. Let us remember the hardships the loyalists encountered, the money and substance they expended, and the blood which they shed, fighting side by side with soldiers, and under the command of British officers, to suppress that rebellion—that Lord Seaton was rewarded with a peerage, Sir Allan M'Nab with knighthood, for their part in doing so, while Lords Gosford and Durham were received with coldness, almost with disapprobation, on account of their measures and theories of concession to French Canadians—that a form of government was afterwards, by means of corrupt influences, set in operation to anglify the province, under a man who, for his efforts to this end, was rewarded with a peerage, but that it had in weaker hands rendered the *habitans* their masters—that under this new *régime* they had seen traitor after traitor come back to rule over them—men who had endeavoured to drive them from the country for their loyalty, who had procured the midnight incendiary to burn their houses over their heads, and had pointed the sword of the assassin at their throats, had driven their defenceless mothers, wives, and children into the bleak snowdrifts and inclement frosts of Canadian winter nights; that they had seen these men

taking their places among their legislators and officers of State; that they had heard them with swelling braggadocio boast of these exploits, and, in all the pride and insolence of office, look down upon and spurn them for their loyalty; that governor after governor had striven with weak generosity to heal the breach between the traitor and the loyalist, by fawning upon the former; that Lord Metcalfe had been rewarded also by elevation to the peerage for endeavouring, with dignified firmness, to interpose the authority of the crown as a barrier between the unbridled insolence of a democratic majority and the rights of the "leal and the true," and to modify the radical defects of the form of government by the enforcement of constitutional checks and prerogatives, and that his conduct in this regard had met with the almost unanimous approval of both houses of the Imperial Parliament; let us remember, too, that Lord Elgin had rendered himself despicable by his meannesses and weakness, and that his ministers had grossly insulted them, taunting them with their weakness in point of numbers, and terming the devotion they had displayed to Britain's Queen and government "a slavish, spurious loyalty;" let us remember all this, and then conceive, if we can, the maddened frenzy with which they heard that Lord Elgin had lent the sanction of his name and high office to his infamous measures; had made reward to rebellion the law of the land. He was no longer in their eyes the representative of the gracious Queen for whom they had fought and bled; it were a foul wrong on her sense of gratitude to believe it, and upon Lord Elgin, the supple instrument of an unprincipled ministry, not upon their governor, was visited the wrath of the populace.

The burning of the parliament-house was a mad, if unpremeditated—a wicked, if premeditated act. We have every reason to believe that it was wholly unpremeditated. No good man can justify it; but all loyal, honest minds will feel that the cause palliated, nay, that it furnished a sufficient excuse for, the offence, and that *they* have incurred the heaviest responsibility, who, by their wicked acts, drove men to such a pitch of exasperation. The subsequent acts of violence

were committed by an unreasoning, unruly, excited mob, and were countenanced by the leaders of no party. It was not to be expected that they were hypocritically to lament that men who had been guilty of such wilful violation of the rules of morality and social order, had been visited with a shower of eggs, or other unsavory missiles, had been jostled in the streets, or had their hats knocked over their eyes; but the leading Conservatives repeatedly offered their services to the government to protect life and property, and though their services were declined, exerted themselves to the utmost to do so.

Lord Elgin abandoned his capital, and a debasing cowardice has still farther lowered him in the public esteem. He wrote vapouring answers to condolence addresses, of which, as a scholar, he should be ashamed, always excepting those addressed to French Canadians, which, by their frothy, declamatory style, are admirably fitted to win their admiration. We alluded to his answer to the Hastings address in our article alluded to above. We can hardly give Lord Elgin credit for the ignorance which we there admitted, as an alternative whereby he might escape the charge of falsehood. We fear he must rest for ever hereafter upon the latter horn of the dilemma. If we could for a moment believe in the truth of the assertion of innocence he there made, as apologist for his ministry and their supporters, why, in the name of justice, in the name of common honour and honesty, did he not, instead of the curt assurance to the loyalists in answer to their petitions, that he would give the matter "*due consideration*," condescend to explain to them their mistaken views upon the subject. Surely, it would have been quite as "dignified" to have thus addressed loyal and tried freemen, as subsequently to answer in such endearing and familiar terms to the condolence addresses of their adversaries. There is no answer which the most jesuitical minister could frame that can satisfy an honest mind with Lord Elgin's conduct in this regard. He saw the storm gathering, he saw the agitation of the elements of political discord, he read his ministers' declaration in parliament that they would pay rebels, and he employed this bungling subterfuge—this pitiful shift to disguise a determination to do

evil, to ward off for a few short days the angry tornado which only gathered force by the delay.

He wrote an explanation of his conduct in two despatches to Earl Grey, which we leave to the tender mercies of the *Morning Chronicle* and other Conservative journals, by which it was shown up as a compound of egotistic folly, of misrepresentation, and of insult to the dead. One passage in it we answered in our previous article, and it contains the only real argument which his lordship ever put before the public in defence of his policy. "The parliament had been but recently elected under the auspices, not of the ministry, but of the opposition. To have recourse to a general election, in order to test the feelings of the people on this exciting topic, was to provoke, in many parts of the country, scenes of violence, perhaps of bloodshed. Moreover, a dissolution implied a change of administration; and if it failed of its object, its only effect would be to implant suspicion and mutual distrust between the representative of the crown and the local parliament." We repeat what we then said, "The case was one in which the motto of the minister should have been, '*Fiat justitia, ruat cælum*.'"

We shall be told, perhaps, as he too asserts, that it was necessary that imperial interference in colonial legislation should cease, and that the disallowance, or even the reservation of this bill, under the circumstances, would have been a breach of constitutional usage. If it be conceded that it was intended to reward rebels, we have shown, we believe conclusively, that it was a sacred duty for the Governor-General, under the constitution of Canada, to reserve it, as of an "extraordinary nature," or to disallow it, as subversive of the first elements of an organised polity. But if it were only intended to pay loyalists—a vast majority of those interested, who bore arms in service and defence of their Queen and country in 1837 and '8, petitioned for its disallowance, because it came to them in such a questionable shape, and from such a questionable source; and surely the men in power, whose majority is made up of those who have been disaffected, would not have been much wronged by a refusal to sanction what would little benefit their supporters.

We see, then, that up to the time of Lord Elgin's government, the con-

tinued policy of England, while making large concessions to French Canadians and their Upper Canadian democratic allies, whenever they were believed (alas! how often erroneously believed) to be necessary or just, had been to foster British interest in the persons of British colonists in Canada; that the governors who carried out this policy had been invariably rewarded for their services; that, for a period of between seventy and eighty years, Anglo-Canadians had been taught to believe that this, though not the uniform course, was the constant aim of British statesmen. Gradually, since the time of Lord Sydenham, they had seen a disposition evinced to let them fight their own battles with their opponents; but the approval of the policy of Lord Metcalfe had led them to believe that they might still look for protection from any great wrong in the exercise of the prerogative of the crown. It remained for Lord Elgin and the ministry who have procured from the imperial parliament a ratification of his policy, to teach them that the crown will no longer afford them any assistance—that it has absolutely renounced the prerogatives with which the constitution has invested it, and that they must hereafter, while they are told to believe that they have a transcript of the British constitution, be content to be governed by a pure and unchecked democracy, where the will of the majority must be final and irrevocable. Do not the Canadian annexationists act in conformity with this principle?

Such has been the answer, conveyed in an unmistakeable manner, which the British government and parliament have given to the complaints of the Canadian loyalists. Comment is useless upon it. The fact is patent to all who have read the debates in parliament on this subject. We surely cannot wonder, then, that these men should seek relief in the well-ordered government of the United States, from the curses attendant upon their present condition. There they have a constitution by which a house of representatives is subjected to checks, without which any system of government is incomplete and arbitrary, which they entirely lack in Canada. The majority elect the House of Assembly, they nominate the ministers, and the ministers, in their turn, manufacture a useless and expensive upper house out of their most wealthy partisans, and rule

the Governor, who is too much occupied in the preservation of a “dignified neutrality” even to exercise the authority which was once supposed to belong to his office. Such is the form of government which we boast of, as a blessing we have conferred upon our colonies. The salutary conservative checks which our House of Lords afford us, and around a president and cabinet holding office for four years, in spite of any sudden veering of political opinion, and a senate elected by a different franchise afford the United States, nowhere exist. It is manifest that they cannot exist thus.

The Montreal manifesto is a proof that a portion of the Canadian people are convinced of this; another will be found in an association in Canada, called “The British American League,” which dates its existence from the passing of the too-famous bill.

We have said that the tone of this manifesto is calm and dispassionate. It is the calm and resolved accents of despair. Nought but despair of redress or justice from Britain could have tempted loyal men to have penned or signed such a document. The decision of the legislature first induced this belief. The insulting, sneering tone of some of the leading journals, among which we may instance the *Times*, *Economist*, *Examiner*, and *Daily News*, confirmed it; but the elevation of Lord Elgin to the peerage has completed the lesson, and has rendered assurance “doubly sure.” Indeed we know not for which of his good qualities this has been done—whether for his meanness, his avarice, his weakness, his cowardice, or his mendacity. Perhaps it is in reward of his boasted services to the “cause of constitutional liberty,” which have destroyed the bonds of moral and social order throughout the greater part of Canada. However this may be, we feel sure that the loyalty of many, which had been tried and not found wanting, has been for ever extinguished by the insults heaped upon them.

Foremost in this worthy cause, distinguished above all others, is the *Times*. When the news of the riots in Montreal first reached England, the *Times*, in a most bitter article, assailed the Canadian Tories, in terms which Billingsgate might have almost rejoiced in: contemptible as they were in numbers, they were still more so in fortune; and in character, no

epithet was too foul to be applied to this party. They only wished for the subversion of a constitutional government which they had hated before, and hated still more—now that they were subject to it. In such a strain as this did the leading journal of the empire, which is supposed to speak the opinions of the ministry, endeavour to heal the breach between Lord Elgin and the Canadian loyalists. In a subsequent article it explains its conduct. It then informs its readers, that when the first articles were written, upon the first arrival of the news, no official answer could be given to the numberless inquiries upon Canadian affairs; that only private letters had then arrived. Lord Grey mentions private letters from Lord Elgin as having arrived by that mail. So, like the man in the play, “putting that and that together,” we may reasonably infer, that the tenor of the “private letters” found their way into the columns of the *Times*, and that all the rage and animosity against Canadian conservatives which Lord Elgin felt when he wrote these letters, soon after his pelting, was transferred to these articles.

In this latter article, too, it complains that it is deluged with information on Canadian affairs, and cries out, as if in the agonies of suffocation, “ohé jam satis.” This official and other overpowering information seems, fortunately, to show the necessity of giving some argument to maintain the position from which (having assumed it without any sound reason) it had sent forth its volleys of abuse. It therefore labours unsuccessfully to prove that the Rebellion Losses’ Indemnity Act was not an extraordinary measure, and that it was not intended for the indemnification of rebels. Those who read our previous article on this point will know how much faith to put in these assertions; for really they are little else.

Since then, on two or three occasions, it has taken occasion to indulge in vituperation against the party which it feels it has wronged, and which, therefore, by a law of human nature, it cannot forgive. Now we ask is this conduct befitting a journal occupying the position of the *Times*. It jumped to a conclusion upon an assertion of Earl Grey’s relative in Canada. Before it has full information upon the matter in question, it endeavours, by violent lan-

guage, to prejudice the public mind against a party which was unable to make itself heard then, and when it finds its error, instead of retracting, it bolsters up its weak position by sophistry. The effect which these articles have had in Canada has been very great. The Canadians have been taught to look to the *Times* as an exponent of the feelings of the British people, and they felt that, to persons entertaining such opinions of, and such feelings toward them, they could not appeal with any chance of an impartial hearing. We quote extracts from two Montreal Conservative journals which will sufficiently attest this. The first is from the *Montreal Herald* of the 6th of June last:—

“If we could for a moment believe the London *Times* spoke the deliberate sentiments of the people of England, in the above paragraph, we should have no hesitation as to the course, which every man possessing one drop of British blood in his veins—one spark of British feeling in his bosom—would unhesitatingly and indignantly adopt. What, are we to be told, at this time of day, after all the sacrifices we have cheerfully made to maintain the honor of the Crown and the supremacy of the mother country, when attacked by an anti-national faction—the descendants of those who owe every political privilege they seek to abuse, to the courage and bravery of our ancestors,—who made them freemen against their wills—are we to be told that, because we will not consent to be taxed to pay the losses, incurred by those conquered rebels, that all we seek is the ‘ascendancy of a faction and a race’—that we are mere greedy mercenaries, whose allegiance is dependant upon our pay! Let the British Government assume such a tone, and we should tell them to their faces—‘we scorn alike your pay and your allegiance—your power may, for a time, restrain our limbs; but our minds shall be free; and, we will find means, in spite of your power, to emancipate ourselves, and our children, from so degrading a bondage.’”

The second is from the *Montreal Gazette* of the 11th of June:—

“We may be wrong, happy should we be to feel that we are so, but if the London *Times*, in the articles we recently laid before our readers, speaks the sentiments of the people of England, as certainly as we know it speaks the sentiments of Lord Elgin, of Lord Elgin’s uncle-in-law, and the present ca-

binet of the Empire, then we do not hesitate to declare, that the loyalists of Canada will henceforth look upon their allegiance with a corresponding eye. It denounces—and be it remembered on authority from the Imperial Government—every man who took up arms in 1837, in defence of the Crown, as a kind of infrahuman villain, of course not only not entitled to respect, but deserving of every reprobation.

"The vast majority of the Anglo-Saxon inhabitants of this country are held up to the world as a contemptible set of 'desperadoes,' a mere 'factious minority,' whose only ruling motives are the worst to be found in the human breast.

"In 1837 and 1838, the British Government appealed to these infamous men for support, and they gave life and property to defend it.

"If the British inhabitants fought 'for the ascendancy of a faction and a race' in 1837, what were the British Government and the British troops doing? If the rebels 'fought for free and equal institutions,' why were we called upon to oppose them?

"In the meantime, we request our readers carefully to ponder over the articles in the *Times*, and never to forget that the sentiments it expresses are the sentiments of the Grey part of the administration at home. When the Queen adopts them, by sanctioning the atrocious insult and robbery intended by the Rebellion Losses' Bill, they can judge at what value their character and services are held by the people of England, and act for the future accordingly."

Since then, the journals we have before mentioned have repeatedly hinted at the worthlessness of all colonies, and particularly of Canada. Upon this hint have the Annexationists spoken. They have been tutored to believe that Britain considers them a burden, and that that part of the constitution which gives certain prerogatives to the crown is a nullity. They seek in the proposed change to better their own material interests, to relieve Great Britain of a burden, and to obtain the benefits of a form of government, each part of which exists in reality as well as in name, and which they can therefore depend upon.

The Annexation Manifesto begins thus:—

"The number and magnitude of the evils that afflict our country, and the universal and increasing depression of

its material interests, call upon all persons animated by a sincere desire for its welfare to combine for the purposes of inquiry and preparation, with a view to the adoption of such remedies as a mature and dispassionate investigation may suggest.

"Belonging to all parties, origins and creeds, but yet agreed upon the advantage of co-operation for the performance of a common duty to ourselves and our country, growing out of a common necessity, we have consented, in view of a brighter and happier future, to merge in oblivion all past differences of whatever character, or attributable to whatever source. In appealing to our fellow-colonists to unite with us in this our most needful duty, we solemnly conjure them, as they desire a successful issue and the welfare of their country, to enter upon the task at this momentous crisis in the same fraternal spirit.

"The reversal of the ancient policy of Great Britain, whereby she withdrew from the colonies their wonted protection in her markets, has produced the most disastrous effects upon Canada. In surveying the actual condition of the country, what but ruin or rapid decay meets the eye! Our provincial government and civic corporations, embarrassed; our banking and other securities greatly depreciated; our mercantile and agricultural interests alike unprosperous; real estate scarcely saleable upon any terms; our unrivalled rivers, lakes and canals almost unused; whilst commerce abandons our shores; the circulating capital amassed under a more favourable system is dissipated, with none from any quarter to replace it. Thus, without available capital, unable to effect a loan with foreign States, or with the mother country, although offering security greatly superior to that which readily obtains money both from the United States and Great Britain, when other than colonists are the applicants;—crippled, therefore, and checked in the full career of private and public enterprise, this possession of the British Crown—our country—stands before the world in humiliating contrast with its immediate neighbours, exhibiting every symptom of a nation fast sinking to decay.

"With superabundant water power and cheap labour, especially in Lower Canada, we have yet no domestic manufactures; nor can the most sanguine, unless under altered circumstances, anticipate the home growth, or advent from foreign parts, of either capital or enterprise to embark in this great source of national wealth. Our institutions, unhappily, have not that im-

press of permanence which can alone impart security and inspire confidence, and the Canadian market is too limited to tempt the foreign capitalist.

"Whilst the adjoining States are covered with a net-work of thriving railways, Canada possesses but three lines, which, together, scarcely exceed 50 miles in length, and the stock in two of which is held at a depreciation of from 50 to 80 per cent.—a fatal symptom of the torpor overspreading the land.

"Our present form of provincial government is cumbrous, and so expensive as to be ill suited to the circumstances of the country; and the necessary reference it demands to a distant government, imperfectly acquainted with Canadian affairs, and somewhat indifferent to our interests, is anomalous and irksome. Yet, in the event of a rupture between two of the most powerful nations of the world, Canada would become the battle-field and the sufferer, however little her interests might be involved in the cause of quarrel or the issue of the contest."

Our readers will not require to be reminded that the produce of Canada has, by means of differential duties on foreign produce coming into competition with it, enjoyed a certain amount of protection in our markets. Their principal exports were wheat, flour, and timber; their competitors in the two former articles were the United States; in the latter, the people of the Baltic. For a number of years Lower Canada raised a surplus of wheat, which we imported. For the last fifteen years she has not done so; never raising more, generally less, than a sufficiency for her own consumption; and our supplies from Canada have come from the western portion of the province, formerly Upper Canada. The distance down the Lakes and river St. Lawrence to the seaboard, and the difficulties of the navigation, coupled with the restrictions of the Navigation Laws, have tended to make the freights paid by the Canadians to be very much higher than those paid by Americans shipping their produce at New York. Besides, during six months of the year, the St. Lawrence is closed with ice, while New York is an open harbour throughout the year. The lumber-merchants of Canada labour under the same disadvantage in respect to freights, and it has only been by means of the protection which we have afforded them, that they have been able success-

fully to compete with their rivals in the production and exportation of either of these, their almost only staple products. They are debarred by a duty of twenty per cent. from sharing in the markets of the United States; and thus hemmed in by natural difficulties on the one hand, and a high tariff on the other, the free-trade policy of Great Britain has proved a rude shock to their prosperity. Previous to the adoption and putting into effect of that policy, Canada, and especially the western portion of it, was in a more prosperous condition than the "Empire State" (as it is boastingly called) of New York. A report of a provincial governmental committee on statistics attests this in a conclusive manner, and the progress of that country in population and wealth for several years previous, would astonish many who pretend to be well versed in these matters. Such was their state then—the manifesto gives the present aspect of their affairs. Even when most prosperous, however, the difficulty of procuring capital for the purposes of internal improvement has evidently been felt as a serious evil. We cannot tell why it is that our capitalists would sooner lend their money to repudiating states than to our own colonists. They have, in the latter case, the guarantee afforded by imperial control, in the former, that of the promises of an over-speculating, and not over-scrupulous people. Certainly we believe government might guarantee the interest on all loans sanctioned by the approval of the colonial legislatures, and we believe such a course would have a most powerful effect in improving the condition of our colonists, and removing present difficulties. A Canadian writer in "Blackwood" inquires if the American capitalist could make railroads in Canada a profitable investment, why may not the English? If they could manufacture some articles there with advantage, why may not the Englishman? They might; but they seem so indifferent about the colony, and so ignorant of its resources, as not yet to have made the discovery.

The extent of the adhesion to the manifesto is not very great. Annexation associations have been formed in some three or four places only, besides Montreal, and we have not heard that any considerable numbers of members have been obtained. The most im-

portant step, after that of the people of Montreal, has been taken by the inhabitants of the county of Sherbrooke, the largest constituency in the eastern townships. These form a corner of the province, lying between the boundary line between Canada and the United States on the one side, and the French parishes on the banks of the Richelieu and St. Lawrence, on the other. They are inhabited principally by British and American settlers, who, during the rebellion, were foremost to rush to arms to fight against the French Canadians on the one side of them, and American sympathisers on the other. They, above all others, have felt themselves wronged by the late conduct of the imperial government, and are, in common with most of the other Canadian loyalists, in no wise obnoxious to the remarks of the *Times*. A majority of them are still, we believe, opposed to annexation. The county of Sherbrooke is represented by Mr. A. T. Galt, son of the author of that name, and local agent or commissioner of the British American Land Company, whose lands are situated in the townships. His reply to the address which was presented to him by 1200 of his constituents, is an able exposition of the annexation doctrines.

After a few preliminary remarks, he says :—

“ The complete revolution in our system of government, our commercial relations, and our position as a nation, to be effected by *separation from Great Britain and annexation to the United States*, renders this question one which ought to be approached with minds free from the bias of party feeling, and unprejudiced by the excitement which has for some time agitated the province. It is not a subject which can be made the party cry of a day, or which, like ordinary public measures, may afterwards be repealed by the authority that enacted it; but one, the adoption of which is final and irrevocable, involving not merely the alleviation of temporary distress, but the future weal or woe of a nation. Every citizen is called upon to make his voice heard, and the responsibility rests equally with those who withhold their opinion as with those who act.”

The present position of Canada is faithfully depicted in the Montreal address to the people of Canada. He combats the arguments of those

who represent the agitation as a crime, points out the fact that our colonial condition is of necessity not permanent or stable, and asserts that the statesmen of England seek to retain Canada only as long as Canadians desire it :—

“ And when the fulness of time is come (although the separation may cause a pang, still I doubt not the magnanimity of that nation which has been the herald of freedom to the whole world), when the North American provinces take their rank among nations, the mission of England on this continent is fulfilled. And she cannot but regard with pride the vast empire that will arise, built up by her children, speaking her language, governed by her laws, and associated with her by the closest ties of affection and interest. It will be a far nobler cause for pride in Great Britain to have educated such a vast nation, in the proper enjoyment of freedom, than to possess for ever the nominal control of the whole continent as discontented and suffering colonies.”

After a recapitulation of the evils enumerated in the address, he continues :—

“ Were it possible to attribute the present state of the province to temporary causes, which time might remove, it would be criminal to seek from the distress of the people the means of exciting their minds to desire a radical change; but the conviction has forced itself upon almost every thinking man in Canada, that our present evils are the result of a false political position, and that the cure for them must be sought in change.”

Then, speaking of the remedies proposed by the Ministerialists, Leaguers, and Annexationists, he says :—

“ To the opinions of the last party I subscribe, having the conviction that the other remedies proposed amount only to a postponement of the great question, and are not, therefore, so well calculated to meet the real wants of the country.

“ Canada has now a population of a million and a half, with a territory admitting of its almost unlimited expansion—vast rivers, fertile plains, mineral treasures, and everything required to constitute a great country; but her population are divided, and her resources remain undeveloped. I ascribe this to her colonial position. *Nothing here is final*; our constitution is not our own, but the gift of the parent state,

and no modification of it can take place without imperial sanction; our commerce is governed by those in whose councils we have no part; our most deliberate acts are subject to revision and disallowance without our consent; our legal decisions are open to reversal in England; the head of our government is chosen from men unacquainted with our position; our administration have to look not solely to the interest of Canada, but also to the views of the imperial government; even *our own funds cannot be disposed of without the express consent of the representative of imperial authority*; the struggle of mastery between our parties is embittered and prolonged by the appeal which lies to a distant country; and the rule, that the majority should govern, is liable at any moment to be set aside by the intervention of superior power invoked by the minority. Prosperity and such an unsettled state of things cannot exist together."

After stating that, when a country has attained the condition of Canada, it is essential for its advancement that it should be independent, and remarking on the exclusion of colonists from the diplomacy, the army, and the cabinet of the empire, and that these are walks of life that many would choose and ought to pursue, he thus continues:—

"Science, literature, and the fine arts, shun our country, as offering no adequate scope for their efforts. Debarred by their colonial state from sharing in the triumphs of imperial skill, industry, and valour, the Canadian colonists feel that they have no national glory to promote—no national pride to indulge; they find their energies cramped down to the management of the mere parish affairs; and they seek, by the rancour of their discussions, to obtain for them that importance which would be denied to their intrinsic merit.

"To make Canada great, there must be opened to her inhabitants those elements of emulation and pride which will call forth all their energies; the dissensions of her citizens must be terminated by abolishing distinctions of race; they must be made to feel that they form part of one great country, and that its destinies are entrusted to their guidance. Were it possible for Canada to become an integral part of the British empire, still, its position is such as to blend its interests more naturally with the United States, and to make the former connection less desirable. But knowing, as we do, the constitution of

Great Britain, and the varied interests which govern its legislation, it is not a question of choice whether we shall be incorporated with Great Britain or with the United States, but shall we remain a dependency of the former, or become an integral part of the latter empire?

"The permanent interests of Canada, its present state, and its future prospects, all point to the adoption of annexation; and unless it be the case, contrary to my belief, that we now possess all the means of development, as a people, that are essential for prosperity, we may expect to see the country languish, and latent discontent ever on the eve of breaking out, until our independence be acknowledged. A union with the United States will give Canada a place among nations; the accumulated wisdom of their legislators will become our own; we shall share in the triumph of their unparalleled progress; we shall reap the fruits of that political skill which has thus far shielded their institutions from harm; our interests will be watched over, and our industry protected and encouraged by their wise commercial policy; and, although no longer dependent on Great Britain, we shall feel that we have served her well in ensuring that harmony between the two empires which is now constantly in peril from conflicting interests.

"Such are the general views that induce me to desire the peaceable separation of Canada from Great Britain, and its annexation to the United States."

Here, then, we have set before us the evils of which the Annexationists complain—the good which they seek. This address, too, is not the work of an ultra-Tory—of one of that "faction" which is so bitterly spoken against. He argues the matter upon the grounds which are admitted as just by very many ultra-Liberals. And it may be as well here to remark upon the apparently very prevalent mistake, that this agitation is the work of Canadian Tories. Foremost upon the manifesto are the names of two prominent members of parliament who voted for the Rebellion Losses' Bill, and are staunch supporters of the present ministry. The Orangemen of Canada, too, are accused of aiding and abetting it; they have, through their deputy grand master, protested against it. The movement is confined to no party, but embraces persons of all political creeds.

The party is made up something after this manner:—A large number of American adventurers have from

time to time settled in Canada, for the purposes of trade and agriculture. Professing loyalty to the crown to ensure their own comfort, and sometimes their own safety, the majority of them have, nevertheless, secretly retained a love for the institutions under which they were born, and have desired to see them introduced into Canada. These men are Annexationists.

A considerable portion of the emigrants from the British isles to Canada have been of the lower classes. Some among them had been taught in their youth extreme Radical, some of them Chartist, and many Repeal doctrines. These men have, some of them, been Canadian Liberals; but most among them who have become wealthy, finding it more fashionable, have become Conservatives. But as they came to Canada to seek their fortunes, and their loyalty is greater to their pocket than to their Queen, with the present commercial distress their love for British connection and British institutions have vanished, and they, too, are Annexationists, in all cases where the sweets of office have not stopped their complaints.

A section of the French Canadians, headed by Mr. Papineau—who, during his exile, took long lessons in the schools of French and American Republicanism—are also determined Annexationists. The French priests are opposed to it. “Young Canada,” as this party is called, are dealing out burning invectives against priestcraft. As the French Canadians become free from the thralldom of this blight upon their energies, we believe they will join the ranks of annexation, and the work of freeing them is begun. We believe that Mr. Lafontaine and his friends are at heart Republicans; but respect for the power of the priesthood, and a love for their *nationalité*, which they fear will be extinguished in a union with the States, and the sweets of office, which they hope long to hold under their present purely democratical form of government, make them withhold their support from the present movement.

A small body of the old and tried loyalists have been so soured by late events, that they, too, have joined a party which a few short months ago they would have looked upon with horror; and we doubt not that ere this they regret their rashness. These, then, are the Annexationists of Canada. Not-

withstanding the fact, that the party are is yet not strong, yet the stand which they have taken is so determined, the arguments which they adduce appeal so forcibly to their interests, that we must expect that it will increase, unless the evils which form the basis of these arguments are by some means checked.

Various remedies have been proposed; but those emanating from the people themselves deserve our first attention. The Canadian ministry have been straining every nerve to procure reciprocal free trade with the United States, and this, if obtained, would rob the Annexationists of their strongest weapons. Would it not be just, and would it be contrary to the provisions of any treaty, that the Imperial Government should treat with the United States on this point; and should, in case of the refusal of that country to grant this boon to our colonists, impose such a duty upon its products coming into competition with those of the colonists, as should repay the excess of cost to the latter by means of higher freights, and place them on an equal footing with the United States in our market?

The British American League, whose members are principally Conservatives, proposes to remedy the ills under which they suffer, by protection to home manufactures, the reduction of official salaries, and a union of the British American provinces. The protection which this body advocates is, as we understand it, based upon the same principles as those adopted by the Protection Association already alluded to. The salaries of all officials they complain of, as immensely disproportionate to the wealth and population of the province, and compare unfavourably with the cheap governments of the United States. These are matters for them to settle among themselves.

The Union of all the British American provinces is a subject which has already received a good deal of attention, and merits more. Before we consider the manner in which we believe this may be most beneficially carried into effect, we may refer to another reform which has not been mooted by the Canadians themselves, but has been mentioned in some of our contemporaries, and was a principal topic discussed a few years ago, in connection with the union, in some able letters, by the Hon. Joseph Howe, of Nova Scotia. It is the representation

of the colonies in the imperial parliament. Let us glance briefly at these two measures—the union and imperial representation—which are those with which the Imperial Parliament will have most to do.

We deem it unnecessary in the present day to defend the project; and want of space prevents us from enumerating the very many advantages which would accrue to the colonies from a union. We take it for granted that all who have reflected upon the subject, and all who will give it their consideration, will perceive these without our showing, and that all will admit that if this union is asked it should be granted. But the manner in which it is to be granted is a matter of great moment. First, of what kind should the union be—federal or legislative? To the latter it is objected—and we think with reason—that in such a large country, with a population so widely scattered, and with many separate local interests, it is likely to prove cumbrous and unwieldy. An argument adduced in its favour is, that it will effectually destroy French Canadian influence. We believe that all the beneficial effects to be derived from this will be obtained in a proper federal union. In the federal legislature they must be outnumbered; and Canada may be subdivided in such a way as to leave the mass of the French Canadians by themselves. There let them preserve, if they choose, their cherished *nationalité*—no one will be hurt by it. Besides, they are entering on a career of real reform. “Young Canada” has vowed destruction to priestcraft, and Old Canada has determined to root out the evils of the seigniorial tenure of lands. Let them have freedom to work out these praiseworthy ends in the time and manner which may suit them best.

This federation must, we think, be formed to some extent upon the plan proposed by Mr. Roebuck. Let Canada be divided into two or three provinces. The battle-field of the contending races would thus be narrowed, or the races not brought at all into contact. Let the other provinces remain as they are, and to each of these provinces give a local government, having control over all purely local interests. The form of these governments should be, as Mr. Roebuck proposes, republican. We have given the colonists self-government: this we cannot retract. But we have given it to

them in a form unsuited to their circumstances, unfitted for their use; this we should remedy. The people are, with few exceptions (and these principally confined to retired and half-pay officers and their families, and some French Canadians) democratic in their habits and associations. They love the Queen, and some of them respect our nobles: these are distant objects, to which distance lends enchantment; but they have, and they will admit of, no aristocracy among themselves.

It is for this reason, among others, that responsible government has proved a failure in Canada. They have not the elements whereof to form an upper house, which should be a counterpart of our House of Lords. Their local governors and legislative councils should be elective. The governor of the federation should be the representative and nominee of the crown. The question of the manner of appointment to the Federal Legislative Council requires grave consideration. Either there must be some limits to appointments, or that also must be made elective. Such a council as that which now exists in Canada, is but a mockery, and ought not to have a place in a new constitution.

We have next to consider the project of representation in the Imperial Parliament. We fear that the obstacles to the practical operation of this scheme are too great to be overcome. In the first place, there are not many gentlemen of sufficient fortunes in the colonies to permit them to undertake the duties of the representation without salaries. This would add to the burthens of the colonists on the one hand, and on the other tend to lower the standing of the colonial members in parliament. Again, the imposition and apportionment of taxes by the Imperial Parliament (according to the rule that taxation and representation go hand-in-hand), upon a people who, as yet, hardly know what direct taxation means, will be of itself, we fear, an insuperable obstacle. The few members which the colonists would be allowed to send to parliament, could expect to have little weight in the direction of even colonial affairs, and would take but little interest in matters of purely imperial legislation. If these objections could be satisfactorily answered, and means shown by which these difficulties may be overcome, nothing would more rejoice us than to

see our fellow-countrymen, the colonists, take their places in the Imperial Parliament, as members of the common family there represented. The bonds of union would be more closely knit, the pathway to imperial honors would be opened up to colonial ambition; their interests would be more effectually watched over and protected, and we believe, that with this, and the other reforms we have mentioned, all sources of discontent would be effectually stopped. The distance which separates us is nothing in these days of steam-ships, the objection founded upon that we regard as of no weight; and shall be heartily glad if it can be shewn us that the other objections are not more valid, and that the scheme is practicable. But, as a preliminary to all reforms, Lord Elgin must be removed. We think we have shown sufficient reasons.

If, then, this new constitution can be put in operation in our British American colonies, and the markets of the United States opened to them, or our own protected against that country in their favour, we believe the project of annexation will be nipped in the bud. The Canadians have much to fear in joining their destinies with those of the United States. The pro and anti-slavery parties seem on the eve of rending in sunder the union. The annexation of the Canadas as so much free soil, bringing such an access of strength to the free-soil party, would hasten this event, and the Canadians might find themselves, as a first welcome, embroiled in a civil war. There are other reasons which should make them hesitate; elective judiciaries, and the perpetual strife engendered in elections by universal suffrage, where a member of the mob professes equal rights with the wealthy landowner or merchant, and carries his candidate into office too, is not a state of things after which they should much sigh. They do not care to surrender their revenues derived from customs duties, or their unoccupied lands, and have recourse to direct taxation for all local purposes either.

We cannot, however, conceal from ourselves the fact, that the firmest bond which united us to this great colony is broken. We before quoted Mr. Abraham on this subject; our readers will pardon us for repeating words which have almost proved prophetic:—

“If you desire it, if it is your wish to

get rid of your wayward child in any way, you have but to persevere. It will take much to persuade British-born men—it will take much to persuade the descendants of those who followed the red-cross banner into banishment—it will take much to induce at least 800,000 persons, who cannot conveniently quit the country, to renounce their allegiance, and seek from an alien flag protection from the combined tyranny of ever hostile French, of Irish repealers, ‘and we may add, of American republicans;’ and of a few, a very few, I assure you, of degenerate Britons. But still it may be done, and if it will console any one, I can tell you that you have done more for it, in the last five weeks, than your enemies have done in the preceding five years. Persevere if you like, . . . insult us, misrepresent us, refuse us all sympathy, shut out all hope save one, and that not in you; . . . persevere a little longer, and events will arise which will hurry on the most unwilling, and you will succeed at last, sooner, perhaps, than you expect. You will get rid of all your transatlantic colonies as completely and as *honorably* as Spain of hers.”

We have persevered, and we have partially succeeded. It has indeed been a hard struggle, but with many it is past. It was hard to yield up a sacrifice on the shrine of cold utilitarianism, all those feelings of loyalty which we had been taught, from our youth up, to regard as something sacred and holy; it was hard to wring from true hearts the honest pride they felt in Britain's greatness and renown, to check all the glowing sympathies which warmed them in the remembrance of the land of their fathers, of whose laurels they felt themselves the just inheritors. All this was hard to do. But wrong, and injustice, and insult, and misrepresentation, wilfully and maliciously repeated, will effect much more difficult things than this. The spell with them is dissipated, the bond of affection and of loyalty which bound them to Great Britain is broken. Their intellects are no longer blinded by passion or sentiment. The utilitarian doctrines in which British statesmen have of late so much rejoiced, have entered their souls, and they now stand free to use their unprejudiced intelligence, to seek the greatest amount of material good for themselves and their country. Let government beware that they seek it not effectually in separation from us, and annexation to the United States.

A FEW MORE RANDOM RECORDS OF A RAMBLE IN THE EAST.

CHAPTER I.

THE NARRATOR'S QUANDARY, AND MR. WILSON'S SEARCH FOR HIMSELF—THE WISE PERSIAN—AN AFFRAY WITH THE ARABS, WHICH DID NOT "END IN SMOKE"—THE CHURNED BABY—ENCAMPMENT AT BEERSHEBA.

"CAN you kindly inform me, courteous reader, whereabouts did I leave myself in my last Ramble?"

"I really neither know nor care."

"Curt, my good sir, yet candid."

"Well, find yourself; and, if hear you one must—proceed."

"Find yourself!" That, however, is by no means an easy matter; it reminds me of a favourite story of the Dean of F——'s, which he called "Catch the mule." The tale runs thus: There was once upon a time an eccentric old lady, who was wont occasionally to take the air in a little chaise, which was drawn by a tricky old mule, sleek, sly, and slippery. This mule was allowed to pass his leisure hours in a snug, well-sheltered paddock, where he had every "convenience" a mule could ask. Set in ease, the long-eared animal *could* twist his tongue to give intelligible expression to his peculiar wants or wishes. Now John, a staid old servant, whenever his mistress wished to take her airing, was laconically directed by his lady to catch the mule. "John, catch the mule," the rest was understood. "Catch the mule," John would mutter, as he retired—"John, catch the mule." "My lady, it is not so easy as you think to catch the mule;" and in John's defence be it recorded, to catch the mule was no joke.

Now, my respected reader, the above is a sort of parable; for as it was with crusty John, so it is with myself, your very humble servant; after an idle (?) interval of so many months, I find it no easy matter to resume my subject, and in fact to "catch the mule."

But, perhaps, you imagine it to be a thing of little difficulty for a man to remember where he has "left himself;" if you think so, you expose your natural simplicity, my reader. I remember meeting with a gentleman who actually went in search of *himself*,

and came back to tell me he *could not be found*. I will just tell you how this happened. On her way from Malta to Alexandria, the French steamer in which I was a passenger, put in (as she usually does) for a few hours at Scira, and before I went on shore I was requested by a friend to go in search of a Mr. Wilson, and deliver him a message, about what, I can't at present remember; so on shore I arrived and set off for Mr. Wilson's; but as I passed along the streets I insensibly became bewildered in endeavouring to translate Romaic inscriptions over cobbler's stalls and such-like unclassical tenements, so that by the time I reached Mr. Wilson's door I had utterly forgotten the gentleman's name for whom I was to ask.

It so chanced Mr. Wilson presented himself at the door, and I, of course not knowing that it was he, begged he would have the kindness to see if Mr. (I gave the first name that occurred to me) was at home, as I wanted particularly to speak to him. Mr. Wilson went off promptly in search of *himself*, and after some time returned to tell me he regretted that *he could not be found*. Now after twelve months' interval is it to be wondered that a Rambler can't make out where he had left himself? Murad Achmet Alee was the only man I ever heard of who fully appreciated the contingency of not being always able to find himself. Murad resided in a distant country place, but not so distant as to prevent his coming to Ispahan, at least, once every year. The Persians are reputed to be a quick-witted generation, but whether Murad had the misfortune to be in advance of his age, or behind his age, I really cannot take it on me to determine; this alone I dare certify, quickness of parts was never laid to the charge of Murad Achmet Alee. To Ispahan, however, Murad came, and on the very first

night he passed in the capital, he was unlucky enough to lose a valuable ass on which he was accustomed to ride. At break of day (having discovered his loss) Murad appeared in the principal bazaar:—"My ass is lost! alas! my ass is lost! Blessings on protecting Allah, I was not on his back!" cried Murad; and as he walked by the merchants' shops, he incessantly repeated the same lament, ending with the same pious thanksgiving. "You throw dirt in our faces, oh, son of the foolish ones," replied the crowd, which, attracted by his cries, gathered round him; "why should you thank Allah if your ass be lost, that, when he went astray, you were not on him?" "Alas!" responded Murad, "I lament because my ass is lost; I thank Allah when he strayed I was not on him, for in that case, oh, men of Isphahan, *should I not myself have been lost also?*" But enough of these *annales ad rem*, if we cannot find ourselves, let "by-gones be by-gones"—we must start afresh.

Well, then, we are entering the confines of Palestine, and have turned our backs on the wild waste of the wilderness. Here and there extensive patches of greensward are met with, curiously enamelled with wild flowers. Quaint little flowerets they are—scarlet anemonies not as large as the harebell, an iris not much bigger than a violet, and so on with the rest in like proportion. A very frail and tiny species of geranium is found in the higher ground, taking shelter amongst the crevices of the rocks. With regard to these flowers of the desert, we observed, that although many of them had a faint sweet smell as they grew, as soon as ever they were plucked all odour either left them, or was changed into a disagreeable one. But botanising from the back of a dromedary is rather an inconvenient pursuit of science; and it was scarcely to be expected that our botanical researches could be minute or continuous, especially as there did not happen to be one botanist in our party.

Our Sheiks had employed themselves for some days past in tracking the foot-marks of a wandering tribe, whom they pronounced to be the Azazmeh, true sons of Ishmael, "whose hands were against every man, and every man's hand against them." Sometimes the trail pointed north,

then suddenly it turned off to the opposite point of the compass—now east, now west; in fact, they appeared to have no defined purpose in their journeyings, and to be men of very irrelative intentions. They possessed horses as well as dromedaries, and had evidently been in our immediate neighbourhood a few nights before, and then in considerable numbers.

We were by this time not far from Beersheba, and all traces of the desert had gradually disappeared—as also of the vagabond Azazmeh, at which, I need not add, we were rejoiced. We had entered a sort of downs, where a scanty herbage struggled for existence amongst sandy hillocks; when, descending into a narrow defile, between the low hills on either side, three Arab horsemen appeared at a distance. As our parties met, two of the strangers rode off leisurely to our right—one remained, and conversed for a few moments with two or three of the more advanced of our escort. He told them that he and his companions were Tarabeen; into whose territory, by the way, we were about to enter. After a few inquiries on his part, the unknown spurred on to overtake his comrades. Scarcely had the trio disappeared, when one of our Tahiah-Bedawee remarked, "There are Arabs on the left." We could see none, and took no further notice of the observation. Half an hour, however, had scarcely elapsed, when, at a considerable distance to the front, three mounted Arabs came from between the hills on the left hand. Small as this party was, its appearance caused no little excitement amongst our escort. A halt was called instantly, and while our Sheiks and a few followers rode on to reconnoitre the new comers, warlike preparations commenced in good earnest among the rest. Ammunition was produced from unknown receptacles in our saddle-bags. I found I had unconsciously been sitting over a regular magazine, four Arabs having secreted their powder and ball in my camel furniture. Matchlocks were lighted, and a military position taken upon the crest of a sand-hill. Our aid was especially invoked, the Arabs having an exalted idea of European arms and accoutrements. In a word, in less time than I have taken to tell it, we were in battle array. Meanwhile, our plenipotentiaries had met the three

hardly adventurers on horseback, and we took it for granted that the negotiation was commenced.

"What a fuss our fellows are making about three men," said B——, as he handed me some caps for my rifle.

"Take care there are not more of the same family coming after them," I replied; and indeed the words had been scarcely uttered, when, issuing from the self-same pass, a party of Arabs mounted on dromedaries advanced in a long line. They came up at a slapping pace, each with his long matchlock on his knee. They numbered about twenty, and were as ferocious-looking a set of warriors as a man could wish to see; their striped abaiyeh scarcely covered their gaunt, muscular frames, while the fringe of the coloured head-dress floated wildly in the wind; their black eyes sparkled underneath their swarthy brows, and, as they halted in our front, they glared down on us poor caittiffs as if they already claimed us as their lawful prey.

Affairs by this time "looked blue" enough. Here were we, poor simple Irish, not to mention two German *savans* in *embryo*, and a capital fellow, an Englishman, who had joined us at Cairo. Here we were, then, poor lambkins, in the midst of these wolves of the desert, compelled to engage in mortal conflict with the wild men of the wilderness, who, for aught we knew to the contrary, might be perpetually defiling, fresh and fresh, from these confounded hills.

What might be the *casus belli*, not one of us could possibly conjecture; some Arab feud, perhaps, handed down from centuries past. Were we to back our escort, the solid contents of the matchlocks were likely to be our portion; but if we refused to fight, and our lads were beaten, then for plunder, pillage, "chains and slavery;" and, besides our being eternally disgraced, those breechless barbarians would have had all the fun to themselves. So great a prodigality of pleasantry was not for one moment to be thought of; so, without delaying even to put the question, it was carried *nem. con.*; we were to back our Arab allies even unto the death.

"A bloodthirsty determination," say you, gentle reader? "Pray, had you never a qualm—a passing unpleasantness—as you thought on home, and

family, and friends, and soforth, my warrior that would be?" "Qualm" is the very word, discriminating querist. I plead guilty to a qualm; but it was not a qualm of fear so much as the qualm of conscience, as I suddenly bethought me that I was "going into action," as they call it, with my only pair of blue spectacles on my nose. If a bullet smashed the glasses—you can understand my feelings—I need not add a word.

This affair, however, "all ended in smoke." No, *not in smoke even*, for not a shot was fired on either side. As we were expecting the signal to begin, our Arabs, who take aim with long deliberation, already having had their pieces pointed, up rode our Sheiks with fiery haste, beseeching us not to fire. We had fallen amongst friends, not foes; in fact, the armed array before us consisted of highly respectable Tarabeen. So then followed salaaming and hand kissing. Nothing could exceed the warm affection of our newly-found friends. I don't know to what climax of courtesy they would have carried their congratulations, had not a signal from their Sheiks put an extinguisher on the scene; and in three minutes the whole troop were dashing off "full split" for the desert.

"Joy be with you, you ill-thriven set of scoundrels," muttered W——, as the tail of the last dromedary disappeared behind a hillock; "may your faces never be white." W—— was an Orientalist, and discoursed the natives in the vernacular.

The circumstances which led to our meeting with the Tarabeen were the following:—Two nights before, the Tarabeen encampment had been plundered, and a considerable amount of booty carried off by the Azazmeh. The pillagers had made good their retreat—not a vestige of an Azazmeh remained; when the very night past, three Azazmeh concealed themselves near the camp, and, not contented by the spoil of the previous foray, these three fellows made a swoop on the sleeping Tarabeen, carrying off three horses and two asses. Now, mark the consummate coolness of the men; the three horsemen we first met were these identical Azazmeh. They knew well the armed Tarabeen were upon them. Under the circumstances, with them *time* was synonymous with *life*; and

yet, for fear of our suspecting, and, perhaps, detaining them, they had actually pulled up their horses to a walk, while one of them conversed for some moments in a perfectly unembarrassed manner with the foremost of our party. Rapidly were the avengers in pursuit of the depredators. It made one's blood run cold to reflect, that, before the sun had set, their mutilated corpses would be meat for the ravenous vultures of the desert. Once off the sod, I cannot see what chance the horse can have against the fleet and enduring dromedary.

About four o'clock in the afternoon we entered the pasture-lands of Beer-sheba, a rolling, or rather undulating plain, the ground now swelling into low round hills, clothed with a short close herbage now gently subsiding into verdant sheltry hollows unincumbered by tree or bush, the very spot one would select as the scene of a large portion of the pastoral lives of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob; at a little distance from the ancient wells, occupying a grassy slope, we traced the site of an old village apparently of great antiquity; the wells themselves, in whose neighbourhood our tents were pitched, were wide and deep, with a very good supply of water; the larger one, as well as I remember, was lined with solid masonry, the casing-stones all round the mouth deeply worn and indented from the friction of the ropes employed in drawing up the water-skins; massive stone troughs lay scattered round the orifice.

The sun was now declining, and flocks of sheep, herds of goats, droves of camel, headed by their respective keepers, wound their way slowly by our tents; the water was drawn from the wells, the troughs filled, and the flocks and herds were watered; presently, as if she did not care to mix with the crowd that had gathered round the greater wells, a dusky damsel, in a loose blue garment, sedately led her flock to the small one, by which I sat calmly enjoying an evening pipe, as I looked upon the busy scene. She was evidently a lady of distinction, for her face-veil was loaded with gold coin, and massive silver rings adorned her arms and ancles. So Jacob once met Rachel, thought I; what a pity I cannot scrape even a distant relationship, and salute the damsel with a patriarchal kiss!

Then I conned over my mental vocabulary. I fancied that a touch at the bucolics would not be out of place, were it but to inquire the price of mutton, or ask if wool was on the rise. Alas for my stock of learning; of common travelling Arabic I had a reasonable share, but of real genuine pastoral, not a word; with a sigh I refilled my pipe, and retired to my tent to look for supper.

And now the dewy night fell on the peaceful scene; star after star peeped from the unclouded vault of Heaven. Whether there was a moon or not I really can't say; but this I can certify, old Hossein, having still the dread of the Azazmeh before his eyes, kept such an incessant poke at our lazy watchman, that he scarcely permitted us a wink of sleep.

Next day we entered the territory of the Tarabeen, and, as it might be expected, were assailed by our new allies for tribute. Tribute, forsooth! after having but the day before spared their war party, and even put them on the scent of their game! But they forgot our clemency, and we indignantly resisting the imposition, equally forgot that time was as precious as piastres for men who desired to reach Dahareah with daylight; so at it went the Sheiks on both sides, "hammer and tongs," (tongues would fit the sense more aptly, the sound is almost the same), and a power of eloquence was expended. Talk of the triumphs of eloquence—this orator can touch the feelings, that orator can melt the heart; all humbug, heart and feelings both. Shew me the orator that CAN TOUCH THE POCKET, and then I'll shew you the MASTER OF HIS ART. Money is the touchstone of human nature; and now mark well what I am going to say to you, never attempt to say you know a man *until you have lent him money*: nor a woman *until you are married to her*; these are two little maxims well worth two-and-sixpence each; so you may say you have this number of the magazine for nothing, and have gained half-a-crown into the bargain. I need not tell you that the Tarabeen were no orators, when I add, they could not talk us out of a piastre, and a piastre is two-pence halfpenny, sterling, within a fraction, be the same more or less.

While this twopenny war was waging, I employed my leisure in prowling

ing about the encampment of these Tarabeen, and in one of the open tents I fell on a notable piece of domestic economy; two sticks driven into the ground, about three feet apart, were united at the top, forming two sides of a triangle; suspended by a cord from the vertex was a tolerably sized bundle, which I, in my simplicity, supposed to contain a baby; two stout-looking matrons sat *vis-a-vis*, the triangle and its appendage being between them; one gave the bundle a shove which sent the concealed innocent flying in the face of her opposite fellow-labourer; back again came the bundle with a vigorous rebound, and so it continued to swing backwards and forwards under the stalworth arms of the matrons, who, unlike the two mothers before Solomon, pertinaciously disclaimed the child. It is odd, I thought, that the infant does not cry; it then occurred to me that the blessed baby might be addled; finally, I requested an explanation, and found, to

my unfeigned disappointment, the flying bundle was only a goat-skin, its contents, not an addled infant, but a skinful of new milk, and the swinging process a method of turning the milk into butter.

Now, if I had not gone poking my nose into the mystery, my fair readers should have had a touching narrative of the heartless cruelty of Arab mothers; who, regardless of the ties of nature, were in the habit of thus shaking the souls out of their superfluous bantlings, in fact, churning little children. By this time our cavalcade had happily set out for Dahareah, and at Dahareah we ultimately arrived, not, however, without losing our way amongst the perpetual hills and glens we had to traverse; we found at long last the city on an eminence, edifices not unlike dilapidated lime-kilns, where a population of two men, four boys, and one jackass, welcomed our arrival at their interesting settlement.

CHAPTER II.

QUARANTINEANA, WITH A WORD FOR FREE-TRADE—HOW THEY MANAGED THE MATTER AT HEBRON—A MEDICAL OFFICER TAKEN IN HIS OWN CRAFT.

I wonder who it was that invented quarantine; it could not have been handed down to us from the plagues of Egypt; though a plague of Egypt it is to the present day. No, acting as a kind of protective duty against travellers, it must be traced to the wily policy of some ancient, though unknown protectionist, who was determined that no country should import pestilence or plague free of duty, each country having native produce in quantity sufficient to supply its individual need; now, on the enlightened free-trade principle, this prohibitory duty is abundantly absurd; we have foreign corn and cattle free of duty, to the benefit of the manufacturing, though to the detriment of the agricultural interests; why should we not have plague and pestilence duty free, to the benefit of the medical profession, although it be to the detriment of the general population? It may be urged, when the plague kills the patients, what is to become of the physician; but with equal force it may be objected, when the landed interest is ruined, who is to buy from the manu-

facturers? Such a line of argument is pure nonsense; let the manufacturers buy and sell to one another, and a pretty penny, by the way, they are likely to make of it. No; duty "be blowed," down with all quarantine, free plague and pestilence for ever.

I never was rightly a free-trade advocate until I found myself in the Lazaretto at Smyrna. "Experientia docet," says the proverb, which for the benefit of the unlearned, may be freely translated, "No man can tell where the shoe pinches but the one who wears it."

I had kindly been accommodated with a passage from Beyroot by Captain D—, of Her Majesty's war steamer, Hecla; and four extremely pleasant days I passed on board; the officers were gentlemanlike, intelligent men; Captain D—, in whose cabin my cot was slung, was kindness and courtesy itself; in fact, my luck was too good to last, of which I was painfully reminded by the unwelcome appearance of a guardiano, who took possession of H.M.S. Hecla in general, and of me the unfortunate passenger in

particular, the very evening we arrived in port.

Having breakfasted on board and taken leave of Captain D—— and the officers, my kind and agreeable shipmates, I stept with a heavy heart into the man-of-war's boat, which was to convey me to my place of captivity. My guardiano, who, as chance would have it, was an Arab from Alexandria, had perched himself in the bows of the boat; I sat ill-humouredly in the stern sheets, eying his swarthy countenance. Paul I had left behind me at Beyroot, so guardiano was to be master and man for the period of his brief authority, and a very attentive, obliging poor fellow I subsequently found him. What we had of the common tongue united us, and many a moonlight night we sat gossiping about his native city, and the well-remembered Nile. Ten stout hands soon brought us to the Lazaretto. The sailors looked compassionately at me as they touched their hats. I entered a lofty gateway, and found myself sole occupant of the quarantine ground.

The lazaretto was divided into two parts, a tolerably spacious court, enclosed by a high wall, and a rather extensive yard or paddock, with a low stone fence round it; to the back was a range of barren, rocky hills; in front we had the sea, the lazaretto being built on the beach. My tent, &c. had not yet arrived from Smyrna, so I sat me down under a sickly acacia to take a view of the premises, as I imbibed the mild fumes of Latakee, that curled coolly through the long cherry-stick of my shebook. Pleasant was the prospect and exhilarating withal; not a breath of wind was stirring, not a sound was to be heard; the sun blazed down from the dull, blue sky, browning and crisping the scanty herbage round me, and glaring from the white stones of the sterile hills. The yard itself boasted a few trees, the only specimens of the kind in the neighbourhood. In a corner to the left was a dark-looking wooden box, somewhat broader and as high as a sentry-box, with a wooden funnel sticking out of the near side; opposite, but at a distance, were sundry uncomfortable-looking graves, long mounds without foot or head-stone; this sentry-box I learned had been occupied by the doctor, who doled out advice

and medicine through the wooden tube. In the graves I concluded lay his patients, the victims of his skill, or else the plague—the doctor had departed, the patients remained.

I don't want to infect you with the blue devils, by dilating on my monotonous existence for the first few days. In the daytime it was too hot to stir, and I had not a book to read. I was too languid even to think; one can't eat, drink, and smoke for ever, and to converse with the guardiano in a language I imperfectly understood was laborious, besides his small stock of ideas was soon exhausted. Night brought an incessant struggle between sleep on the one hand, black ants, moths, and mosquitoes, to say nothing of minor vermin, on the other; I verily believe that I should have evaporated before the first week was over, only for the permission of going every morning to take a swim; even this solitary luxury I could not enjoy in quiet. One morning I was taking a stretch out to sea, about a quarter of a mile from shore. I had rounded the point of a small headland, and was examining the rocky coast as I glided leisurely along, when two ruffianly Albanians, all kilt, sheepskin, and moustache, came suddenly in view. As they descended a narrow path along the cliffs, one of these gentlemen walked down to the water's edge, and viewed me attentively for a moment. I turned to take a look at him in return, and we stared at one another for a few moments more. My Albanian appeared anything but satisfied with his inspection. Curling his left moustache with his forefinger and thumb, he next unslung an ominous looking firelock, the long barrel of which he rested on a rock, knelt on one knee, and took deliberate aim at my white cotton cap. Pleasant method of commencing an acquaintance, thought I; but in good earnest it was anything but pleasant to have to wait to be shot at by a cowardly Greek. In a second or two my friend pulled the trigger, the flint struck fire, but the friendly piece would not go off. He of the sheepskin seemed annoyed, hammered the lock; adjusted the priming, and again the good fellow took aim. I began to place every confidence in the gun, and my confidence was not misplaced; the second failure was discomfiting to my adversary;

in a hurried manner he levelled for the third time, but now, determined to give him the opportunity of a flying shot, I struck in for shore; and, as he made his third attempt on my valuable life (with as little success as the two former) I was within three yards of him. Whether on nearer inspection, my gaunt figure did not appear worth wasting powder on, or whether conscience kicked against the miscreant, I know not; but I do know I was heartily glad to see him hastily shoulder the good-natured gun, and rejoin his companion, who had trudged on without taking any share in the entertainment.

This was to be a day of incident. Four large boats were moored before the lazaretto, and as I entered the gate I found the principal court swarming with new arrivals—Turks, Arabs, Greeks, and guardianos. Such a clatter and clamour, arranging cells, and setting up tents. One tent was already fully occupied, and that was my large marquee, which a whole harem had unceremoniously taken possession of, “more free than welcome.” I muttered, as my Arab guardiano appeared, grinning at my manifest amazement; however, there was no help for it, nor could I in common politeness disturb the ladies, so I followed my Egyptian up a flight of steps, and found he had carefully provided for me, by pitching a small tent in the centre of a little flagged court, my traps having been removed during my absence.

It was very amusing to look down on the motley crowd below, gathered in groups, smoking, talking, laughing, scolding, quarrelling; but not least entertaining was it to watch the anxiety with which each separate party endeavoured to give a wide berth to the other; for, coming from different quarters, nearly every set had a different number of days' quarantine imposed on it. If the fifteen-day man touched the ten-day, the latter must perform the same quarantine as the former, while “fifteen” had to bear the cost of the five days additional he rubbed into unlucky “ten.” As the four days on board the *Hecla* were allowed me, and I had gone through a purgation of six during my solitary confinement, of course I was “tabooed” from all civilised society, and thrown on my own resources; however, I managed to get on speaking terms with a couple of

Maugrabee Arabs, very companionable men in their way, who bored me with inquiries about London, and set down three-fourths of my answers as magnificent lies. A small blue-headed snake (reported venomous) used occasionally to pay me a visit, but she was so shy I found it impossible to improve our acquaintance: poor reptile, she appeared to comprehend that I wanted her only for her skin. Towards the conclusion of my incarceration, I had the pleasure of receiving a visit from a clerical fellow-countryman, to whom I had letters of introduction; and from him and his amiable family I afterwards experienced much kindness.

Far more liberal and enlightened were the views of the notorious Sheik of Hebron, on the real ends and uses of quarantine. We had left behind us the pastoral scenery of Beersheba, and the wild glens and defiles which encompass Dahareah, and we entered the vineyards and cultivated fields that mark the vicinity of Hebron. 'Tis true, there was nothing of the picturesque in the landscape. The vineyards were enclosed by dry stone walls—the soil red and bare—the vines, at this time of year, mere poles, from three to four feet in height, with a little knob of leaves on the top of each, quaint little square stone towers occupying the centre of each enclosure; the hill sides were cultivated in terraces, but as yet there was little sign of vegetation. Trees were comparatively rare articles; rock and brushwood in abundance. Still there were marks of civilisation on all sides; groups of peasantry were occasionally met with; and the evidences of the hand of man, the traces of active life, were the more exhilarating after the dull monotony of the desert. We were slowly winding along the narrow lanes, speculating on our near arrival at Jerusalem, when our cavalcade was brought to an abrupt halt by an unforeseen obstacle. A very choleric gentleman, with a very sallow countenance, half Turk, half European in his costume, standing directly in our path, made sundry signals at a little distance. At first we took him for a walking telegraph, signalling our approach to the authorities of Hebron; but we soon found to our cost that the signals were exclusively for our private information, for, on our attempting to pass him by, he sputtered, swore, and

actually danced with passion;—his pipe-bowl he shivered on the head of one of our camel-drivers, the pipe-stick he very inconsiderately smashed across the shoulders of another, and some unfortunate fellaheen happening to come up behind him, he turned on them and pelted them with stones. All this was very strange in its way, not but, for all we knew to the contrary, it might be merely the custom of the country; however, Paul was passed on from the *rere*, to find out what all this confusion was about.

Never were men more thunder-struck than we, when we learned, to our dismay, that the dancing gentleman was the health officer, and that we were to put in a fifteen-day quarantine at Hebron. It was in vain that the dragomen remonstrated, and their masters rebelled; we were marched off state prisoners to the town, the consequential official heading the procession.

Arriving at the gates of the city, we drew up in an open space, waiting the approach of the Governor. His Excellency did not detain us long, for almost immediately out rode the burly Sheik, with a retinue of ragamuffins that did honour to his presidency. This Sheik, I may as well tell you, was not a man of unblemished character; the fastidiously moral might assert that he was exactly the reverse; he had murdered the former governor, and seized on the vacant appointment, holding it by force of arms until his usurpation was sanctioned by the firman of the Porte, for “might makes right” in this distracted country. He was, moreover, a sort of legalised robber, plundering natives and foreigners with perfect impartiality; yet so great an advocate was he for “freedom of opinion,” and “liberty of conscience,” that he actually chased the English missionary from his territories, for fear of his converting the Jews. Well, this Sheik and suite drew up before us, and Paul, with a select company of Sheiks from our side, advanced within speaking distance, to complain of our being detained in quarantine. Now, this potentate of Hebron must have been a very particular man in sanatory matters, or his medical staff very straight-laced in their notions of salubrity, for although Paul argued with the force of a Demosthenes and the gesticulations of a merry-andrew, his eloquence was expended in vain.

In vain he urged the absurdity of our detention at Hebron, when there was not a vestige of sickness either at Alexandria or Cairo. Even admitting ten thousand plagues had raged at Cairo, we had quarantined it for thirty days in the desert. But Paul might have harangued until doomsday, without getting a verdict for his clients; until, in the apparent moment of defeat, he grasped the palm of victory. Adroitly changing his entire tactics, he suddenly acquiesced in the decision of the Sheik—“Quarantine was inevitable, the enforcement just; indeed, he (Paul) felt no small compunction in proposing our exemption from it; he rather wished to undergo any amount of personal restraint, than that the Sheik, through him, should run chance of contaminating all Palestine; yet he *had* thought of a proposal—a foolish one, no doubt—in fact, he had meditated offering the magnanimous chief the entire cost of the fifteen days’ quarantine for eight persons, to be paid down then and there in hard piastres.”

He said—and never sunshine followed cloud more rapidly than the smile chased the frown from the lowering visage of him of Hebron—“The dragoman was of the sons of the wise; he had spoken truth, and discretion dwelt upon his lips. It was true, a quarantine of twice fifteen days had been performed by the Nazarenes in the wilderness; but, what of that? No fees had been paid; and who ever heard that quarantine without fees was quarantine at all? But the dragoman had made his face white.” [Notwithstanding, I did not perceive Paul’s dusky features were one whit less brown than at the commencement of the conference.] However, it was finally arranged, after some half hour’s haggling;—the fees and cost of living were to be bulked at 800 piastres (800 twopence halfpennies), and, with a clean bill of health, we were sent on our way rejoicing. Here you will perceive, my reader, the Sheik who talked the least was the greatest orator; so thought our good friends, the Germans, who could not exactly see the reasonableness of paying for fifteen days’ board and lodging, without taking out the cash “in kind.”

I can’t stop to tell you how, encamping for the night about an hour from Hebron, we were “walked into” by

the honorable governor's honest brother, to the tune of 200 piastres; nor how, in a night alarm, one of our sleepy companions was saved the sin of manslaughter, by attempting to fire off the *butt* of his gun—I must hasten to the sequel of my story. Our road to the Pools of Solomon, though steep and rugged, was far from uninteresting, the rocky hills we traversed being covered with coppice and low trees—the little valleys, already green with verdure, speckled with wild flowers of every form and hue. I always liked that hilly path to Hebron, but when we reached the pools, the scenery was dreary and bare enough. Our Daharrah escort having a few weeks before stolen some camels from Abu-Gooch, a predatory chief who was then prowling about Jerusalem, we took the narrow way along the aqueduct overhanging the ancient vale of Etham, as the least likely route for the robber Sheik to suspect our arrival by, if, indeed, he troubled his head about us. Our way, as the way of the wicked generally proves, was cross and crooked; but at length we found ourselves amongst vineyards and olive groves, fig-trees and pomegranates—still in a hilly country. After a time we were attracted by the sight of a white village, crowning the crest and straggling down the side of a rather isolated ridge of hill that lay directly across our road. “There,” called out Paul, “there is Bethlehem;” and Bethlehem was before us indeed—the town of Boaz and Ruth, the royal city of David, nay, of a greater than David, “David’s Lord.” “And thou, Bethlehem Ephrata, though thou be little amongst the thousands of Judah, yet out of thee shall he come forth unto me that is to be ruler in Israel, whose goings forth have been from of old, from the days of eternity.”

That Bethlehem Ephrata (the fruitful) is fruitful still—that little Bethlehem of the prophet is but little still—small in compass, insignificant in importance; yet out of it *has* come the ruler. There was “God manifested in the flesh”—there was the “mystery of godliness” unveiled, while cliff and crag, mountain and valley round, echoed the hallelujahs of the heavenly host. Deity had twice descended on earth. On Sinai, Jehovah was revealed with the majesty of omnipotence, in that terrible glory which man cannot ap-

proach and live. Again on little Bethlehem was Deity discovered, divested of terror—God humbling himself to come and dwell with men. There, on that height before us, “mercy and truth had met together—righteousness and peace had kissed each other.” It was solemn to reflect, that the very ground we were about to tread had once been trodden by the feet of the incarnate God.

But it is melancholy to feel how soon the most solemn thoughts are dissipated, and the mind engrossed by the trifling perplexities of every-day life. We resumed our way, and were speedily at the foot of the steep ascent which leads to the town on this side. The path was narrow, winding round large masses of rock, and very difficult for our long-legged dromedaries. We passed a large well, round which a group of fair Bethlehemites was gathered—some filling their pitchers, others laughing and gossiping with that happy facility pre-eminent in the softer sex, of uniting labour with recreation; three-fourths of the latter to one of the former, being the fair average proportion.

The women were dressed in a long, loose garment, striped with gay colours; being Christians, they wore no face-veils, in which they did neither more nor less than justice to their round, ruddy, cheerful faces, set off by good-humoured, laughing eyes. The head-dress was singular: all white, flattened at top, hanging loose down the back of the neck, but tied closely under the chin. Of course we were inspected and commented upon as we passed along; but our attention was now unpleasantly engaged by Paul’s ominous forebodings as to the result of our quarantine adventure at Hebron. Now, though Paul was always croaking about one anticipated difficulty or other, he had laid down the law of nations respecting the grave offence of breaking quarantine with so much unction and legal learning, that we half-suspected in escaping the health officers at Hebron we had precipitated ourselves into the arms of the myrmidons of the Basha at Jerusalem, *ex fumo in ignem*, as the saying is.

Arrived at the summit of the hill, we dismounted at the gate of the Convent of Bethlehem, a massive prison-like building, presenting two sides of a square in the front. We entered

through a low doorway, protected by a strong iron door, and crossing the entrance of the Basilica, a noble aisle, ornamented with forty magnificent pillars, arranged in parallel rows on either side. We followed Paul to the Latin quarter of the convent. Before we could reach the travellers' apartment, who of all men living should we stumble on, but the head officer of quarantine at Jerusalem. What could have brought *him* to Bethlehem at the very moment we had hoped to make good our ground in the sanctuary of the convent? No matter, he stopped us forthwith, asked who we were, where from, &c., and finally demanded whether we had done quarantine at Hebron. The officer was a Frenchman, polite and courteous, but he did not look by any means that cut of character which one delights to humbug. Paul presented our certificate without a word. The official glanced his eye over the paper, and looked dubious, permitting a gentle *sacrè* to escape between his teeth. It was quite an involuntary *sacrè*, an almost still-born *sacrè*, but Paul read its meaning, like a very Daniel. Taking the Frenchman confidentially by the button, Paul, with a winning *ngiveté*, let out the entire truth; it was seldom he had recourse to so desperate an expedient, for Paul esteemed truth so precious, that he rarely cast its pearls before swine; now he did so, it was his *coup de maître*. Monsieur grew dark with indignation. Paul saw he was going to explode, but Paul anticipated the explosion. He confessed nothing could have been more *irregular* than

our and the Sheik of Hebron's joint proceedings. He trusted Monsieur would kindly put us without delay into quarantine, but Monsieur would be pleased to recollect having come in contact with us (Paul! Paul! I blush for you, it was you who came in contact with Monsieur, you took him by the fifth button of his white kersimere waistcoat)—Monsieur must, of course, share in our detention; indeed Paul could not conjecture how many of the brethren the lay brother who received us must by this time have polluted; in fact, not only Monsieur but the whole convent must be forthwith placed in quarantine. The officer saw plainly that Paul had outgeneralled him. He had brought the whole Greek and Latin churches upon his shoulders, with the pleasant prospect of his own personal incarceration in the midst of the exasperated community. What was to be done? Why, exactly nothing! Again out blew a *sacrè* from the official lips, but it was a loud, exhilarating *sacrè*. We burst simultaneously into a roar of laughter—the fix was ludicrous to a degree. Speedily regaining his composure, Monsieur l'Officier shook us graciously by the hand, bowed politely to the party, telling us to present ourselves next morning at the Bethlehem-gate of Jerusalem, and we should find all arranged. So ended a quarantine of fifteen days, which by the aid of Paul's impudence, and our eight hundred piastres, was happily performed in less than no time, long life to the Sheik of Hebron and the gilt button of a dress waistcoat.

CHAPTER III.

DEPARTURE FROM BETHLEHEM—FIRST SIGHT OF JERUSALEM—ASSOCIATIONS OF SACRED SCENERY.

“How doth the city sit solitary that was once full of people, how is she become as a widow; she that was great amongst the nations, and princess amongst the provinces, how is she become a tributary?” Sadly did the prophet's lament over the holy city return to the mind as we looked from the heights of Mar Elias on Jerusalem in the distance. It was a first, and I must add, a melancholy prospect of the ancient city of God.

It was daybreak on the morning after our arrival at Bethlehem, and,

despite of the fatigue of so many days' continual journeying, despite of the luxury of a roomy comfortable bed, wherein you might turn yourself at will, without fear of pitching into the stretcher of your nearest neighbour, an incident of not unfrequent recurrence where three full-grown Christians were cooped within the compass of a necessarily diminutive tent; finally, despite of the flesh-pots of the hospitable Latin brotherhood (your monks will always extend their charity to the wayfarer who can pay his way), above

all, despite of the remonstrances of grumbling Paul, our spirits had no rest until we found ourselves en route for the sacred city.

We had just dispatched an early breakfast, when we were honoured by a first visit from the venerable superior; on the previous day the good father had had more than ordinary occupation on his hands; as our party entered the common room we found the padre doing the honours of the convent to a young and attractive French countess, who had arrived the evening before with a large and "distinguished" party; dinner was just over, and the tables were strewn with plates, dishes, beads, crucifixes, and Bethlehem wares; the conversation was redolent of shrines, saints, relics, and religious rites; so that the head of the convent favouring us, poor heretics, with a rather hasty and ambiguous glance, committed us to the care of the inferior brotherhood, who, I must say, did not neglect our wants. But now the superior, wisely recollecting "all were fish that came to his net," broke in on us with a beaming countenance, rubicund and jolly as that of the quondam "Abbot of Rosy Gill." Our ascetic was well-favoured and fat, extensive rather in the girth, but withal well-proportioned and portly; mortification sat lightly on him, nor did his monastic austerities appear to be carried to excess, for his comfortable brown gown was bound round his waist by a cord of very soft material, and within his sandals he wore an easy-fitting morocco leather boot; all things about him were in keeping, even to his moustache, which was so clipped and curled as not to interfere with his soup. Having endeavoured to converse with us for a few moments in very unintelligible Latin, he ended by bestowing a kiss of peace; an unnecessary proceeding, as I thought, seeing we were on the most amicable terms throughout, but our gazes were jingling in his pouch, and the gold made music for his inner man. The superior's heart was glad; so in love we parted.

As curious a selection of quadrupeds as Bethlehem could produce awaited us at the convent door; they were mules principally, although a horse or two was amongst the number, varying in the proportion of practicable legs and eyes; no two sported the

full compliment with which nature, in her prodigality, had originally endowed them; high pack-saddles encumbered the backs of the sorry beasts, and for bridle was substituted the halter; to complete our satisfaction as we clambered into our seats, up dashed a party from Mar Saba, with an escort armed to the teeth, headed by a Bedawee Sheik in very showy apparel. The Arabs did not seem to have the least consideration for ourselves or our ass-drivers, but riding through us at a gallop, drew up with a plunge at the very wall of the convent. The Sheik darted the butt of a long lance into the ground, and his ragamuffins arranged themselves under the shelter of its sable tassels; however, after sundry premonitory cuffs and kicks against the ribs of our unwilling animals, we gradually stirred up the life that was in them, and passing along the narrow streets, gained the road to Jerusalem by the low-arched gateway of the town. The ancient wells of David were pointed out to us on some high ground to the right. The valley where the shepherds once "kept watch over their flocks by night," lay below us. Bethgala, sheltered by its groves and olive-yards, was to our left, and after a short time we reached the spot where Rachel was buried "in the way of Ephrath which is by Bethlehem." The burial-place was a little off our road, lying on our left hand amongst the trees.

A cairn of stones, I understand, originally marked the tomb; now a small square building of stone, with a dome to cover it, stands over the grave, the Turks having converted the wife of the patriarch into a Mahomedan wellee, or saint, to the lasting glory of El-Islam.

Having passed the convent of Mar Elias, which lies at a short distance to the right, as we descended from the higher ground we got our first view of Jerusalem. I can't say any one of us had formed a defined idea of what we might expect; we were all sufficiently aware that Jerusalem, as it is, differed lamentably from Jerusalem, as it once was. Yet would memory cast a halo round her ruins, and imagination fondly picture her as still retaining some faint though fleeting features of the ancient city of God. What a disappointment! A long line of white walls, surmounted by battlements,

crowned a bare sterile height ; in the background a round-headed ordinary hill, having three eminences or tops ; on the hill-side we could distinguish a few straggling houses ; a little white mosque was just discernible on one of the summits ; this highland was red, bare, and barren, with a few scrubby trees that looked, from our elevated position, no bigger than bushes. Who could have believed the heights in our immediate front were none other than the consecrated heights of Zion—the dwelling-place of God ! And that barren hill behind them the once fair and fertile Mount of Olives ! It was not so much the lifeless solitude, the lonely desolation of the scene, that filled us with disappointment, it was the dull, tame, common-place, monotonous character of the scenery that dispelled our vague anticipations of connecting, even at first sight, the Jerusalem before us with the Jerusalem of old ; but the city we looked down on bore no shadow of resemblance to the once “beautiful, for situation, the joy of the whole earth, the city of the great king.” Cruelly were we disappointed indeed.

We continued our descent into the plain, stopping for a moment at the Magi's well, where, tradition tells us, the star re-appeared to the wise men as they bent their steps towards Bethlehem ; if true, the double emblem was strikingly significant ; he whom they sought was symbolised alike in the glittering star and “living water.” We now entered the extensive plain of Rephaim, the valley of the giants, the ancient battle-ground of Israel and the Philistines ; we left the hill of Evil Council on our right. The deep dark gorge of Himmon opened to our view, and skirting the waterless reservoir of the lower pool of Gihon, we mounted the ascent by the citadel, and passing the tower of David, arrived before the Jaffa or Bethlehem gate.

The green tents of the Sultan's soldiery were pitched at a little distance, dotting a rising ground on our left, and the discordant crash of the Sultan's military musicians painfully assailed our ears, as an ill-clad, ill-drilled, ill-appointed body of troops marched by us in “the pomp and circumstance of glorious war.” White jacket and trowsers, red slippers and red tarboosh, a stupid, stolid countenance, and a long musket with a shin-

ing barrel, constituted the principal equipments of these protectors of Palestine. Being graciously recognised at the gate by our friend the quarantine man, we pursued Paul into the city, our mules sliding and stumbling through the slippery streets. Paul, who seemed quite at home, shuffled along without condescending to look back for us, and finally diving into a blind alley, we overtook him as he ducked under a gateway, and dismounted at the locanda of a knavish Italian, named Antonio. Here we were conducted to the roof by a stone staircase which ran outside the house, and shewn into three small-domed chambers, which, with an extra room and the kitchen, formed three sides of a square, the flagged roof of the building serving for a court in the centre ; from hence we had an excellent view of the lower portion of the city, at least of the house-tops and their motley occupants. Down the shelving slope of Acra, almost directly below us stood the Mosque of Omer, with its massive cupolas and spacious courts, and before us the Mount of Olives, with the little white mosque which crowns its summit.

As day declined the evening gun boomed from the citadel, and the clamour of wild Turkish music rose on the still air ; presently the call of the Mueden from the neighbouring mosques fell with a melancholy cadence on the ear, sadly recalling the prophet's word, “Judah is gone into captivity, she dwelleth amongst the Heathen.”

Taken as a whole, Jerusalem is one of the most ill-built complicated eastern towns I ever visited ; large portions of the Hill of Acra are completely waste and encumbered with ruins. The Hill of Zion literally, as prophecy foretold it, “is ploughed as a field,” the streets are dirty and unusually narrow ; in many of them you meet large flights of steps exceedingly difficult to mount or descend on horseback ; the buildings are for the most part mean and squalid. The streets, after nightfall, are wholly in the possession of the Turkish sentinels and hordes of prowling dogs ; the latter, fortunately for the inhabitants, acting as public scavengers. By day within the walls there is little more than one unvarying scene of lifeless inactivity ; without the gates the picture is still more lonely ; a stray fellah, a few women fetching water from Siloam, a stealthy Jew or a wandering

Bedawee, comprise the chief living objects to be met with in our solitary walks. It is association that sustains the interest of the traveller; he lives amongst recollections of the past, but that past sheds a halo round the present, gilding the desolate and dreary prospect with some faint reflection of the brightness of bygone days, till memory, fondly dwelling on the page which chronicles the history of God's peculiar people, calls to her side the aid of busy fancy; imagination, with a touch, peoples the solitudes, restores the palaces, and makes glad the mourning "ways of Zion."

Not that the stranger must fall back on association alone to derive enjoyment from his visit to the holy city. As the eye becomes accustomed to the surrounding scenery, his rambles in the city and its neighbourhood become every day more interesting and pleasing.

It is pleasant to seek shelter from the noonday heat, and rest beside the "waters of Shiloah that go softly," or wander in the shady gorge of Himmom, prying into the deserted caves and countless sepulchral chambers that pierce the rocky skirts of the Hill of Evil Council. The Mount of Olives, too, barren and bare as it appeared on our first arrival at Jerusalem, now as the spring advanced, put on its verdant vernal clothing; the fig-trees were in leaf, and the pomegranates budded, the pensile crimson peeping through the pale green foliage; the olives had put forth their delicate and fragile blossoms, while the close greensward beneath was enamelled with wild flowers; then it was indeed pleasant, at early dawn, to climb the hill-side, or seated on the walls of the little mosque, to watch the sun rise from behind the mountain range of Moab, the gloomy outline streaked with the first faint light of day, the thin grey mist of morning yet hanging on the bosom of the sullen lake below; and now the craggy heights of the desert of Judah are tinted with the purple light, while Bethany still slumbers amidst her terebinths and olive groves.

The call to prayer resounds from the distant minaret—you turn, and the sacred city lies like a map beneath you—the dome of the great mosque is flashing in the sunlight—the Sepulchre of David, on the far off verge of Zion, reflects the rising beams—the massive buildings of the Armenian convent stand out from the clear horizon, and as the eye wanders from the old, grey tower of Hippicus, along the heights of Acra, the Latin convent, the dome of the Holy Sepulchre, the cupolas and minarets of the mosques are gleaming in the radiance of new-born day; still a shade lingers over the deep bed of Kedron, as if dusky night unwillingly abandons the dreary valley of the dead. What an expanse of view from this crest of Olivet! The eye can range from Pisgah to the distant heights of Mispah, embracing at a glance mountain and lake, desert and solitude, the cultivated field, and the abode of busy man; but now the clear-toned music of the convent bells falls on the ear, dark specks on the flat roofs of houses move to and fro, the sleeping city is awake.

But it is pleasant, above all, as evening falls, to sit and meditate beneath the gnarled old olives of Gethsemane, and to think on One who "ofttimes resorted thither with his disciples;" here was the scene of his sore conflict and agony; from this same consecrated spot he calmly marked the wary steps of Judas, as descending with "his band of men and officers," he led them down that winding path above there, and crossed the brook of Kedron, whose murmuring stream was crimsoned in the torchlight, as if the conscious waters blushed for the base ingratitude of man.

Yes, it is pleasant to think on him, resting where he rested, treading the very ground he trod—pleasant, far more than pleasant—pleasant and most profitable. The thoughts to which these sacred scenes give birth should be graven on the "living tablets of the heart," for then we walk not with the memories of the past, **WE WALK WITH GOD.**

THE LIFE INSURANCE.

MARTIN CONNELLY, a merchant in a provincial town in the North of Ireland, was seated alone in his dining-room. He had dined, or rather he had gone through the form of dining. His face and figure, which were wasted to emaciation, shewed that suffering of some description was his real food. He put down a glass of wine which he hardly tasted, and was glad when the servants carried away the last of the dinner appurtenances. Mrs. Connelly *would* have him drink wine at dinner, in order that the servants might not see any indications of poverty in the household. But a long bill with his wine merchant was looking ominously on him; he had been threatened with law proceedings that very day if he did not pay it directly; it was only one of a host of bills all ready to besiege him, and he knew not of any human means by which he could meet them. He threw his small shrivelled form on a crimson velvet covered sofa, which was one of the handsome and expensive articles Mrs. Connelly loved, and looked back with sorrowful envy on the time when he was a boy, and was, in a less-aspiring rank, contented with a plain deal chair, and a draught of water after his simple dinner.

Martin Connelly had risen from the rank of an humble shopkeeper to that of a merchant of extensive business and much wealth. His original plainness of taste and appearance remained unchanged, though it was not the fault of Mrs. Connelly that he did not become a fine gentleman, as she strove to become a fine lady. But though he kept a carriage, Martin Connelly would much rather have walked on foot; and though he had liveried attendants in his house, he would infinitely sooner have been waited on by one servant-of-all-work. In the days of their prosperity he did not object to indulge Mrs. Connelly in all her tastes, however, without much consulting his own; even yet, though he knew he was a beggar, and she knew it also, he found it very hard to bid her give up all the outward show of their former wealth.

He had made strenuous efforts to retrieve himself from the forlorn con-

dition of a failing merchant, yet he daily felt himself sliding further and further in a downward course. Now the sinking of mind and body which betokens the stagnation of hope, had come over him. He lounged dreamily for hours in his house, with a haggard face and wandering eyes, attending to no business, and seemingly incapable of any exertion.

One perpetual vision was before his hollow eyes now—it was that vision which has frightened so many in this world even more than the picture of an eternal doom—it was the vision of poverty—it was before him in all its phases of trembling hope and black disappointment, loss of caste, scorn of the world, starvation, jails, untended sickness, and death. He had never studied poetry, yet his internal portraiture were powerful and harrowing. Had he only been alone in the world he would have cared but little; it was for Mrs. Connelly and the children his heart wept.

At that moment a strain of music from the drawingroom reached his ears—Maria, the eldest Miss Connelly, was practising. The sound pleased him, for it was touching and soothing; but he shuddered as he thought of the expensive music-master. He proceeded to the drawingroom, not in the expectation that the sight of his family would relieve his sufferings—he was drawn by the impulse which frequently forces the wretched to the presence of the objects of their grief.

Mrs. Connelly and her four young daughters looked up from their several occupations as he entered, and then cast their eyes down again, with the listlessness which continued depression of spirits generally gives; it was not so much a coldness of nature and want of affection which prevented any indications of smiles of welcome from passing over their faces as their father appeared, but it was a pensive habit of mind occasioned by their straitened circumstances, which they all felt keenly, even down to the youngest, a girl of nine years, who had thrown away her doll because it was not half so pretty as those possessed by some of her richer

companions. The drawingroom was expensively and tastefully furnished, and was kept in perfect order; none of the black shadow of poverty could be seen amidst its bright polish and excellent arrangements. The dress of the girls, though not very expensive, was made up in the most fashionable manner, and therefore betokened no want of means: plainness of dress being often a matter of taste with the wealthiest. For so far Mrs. Connelly had succeeded in banishing all palpable demonstrations of falling fortune. But a close observer might have seen undeniable indications of a painful and laborious economy in her own black silk dress; the sleeves were more juvenile than the skirt by a considerable period; there were elaborate darnings, speaking much for the patience and dexterity of the fingers which performed them; on the whole, however, the alterations and darnings were so cleverly executed, that few eyes, except those of spying malice, could perceive them, and the appearance of Mrs. Connelly was respectable and lady-like in a high degree. Nature had gifted her with much of the finest order of beauty; her exquisitely formed and noble style of features resisted, surprisingly, the deforming effects of years and grief; her figure was tall, well-developed, and dignified, and her manners were most graceful, and characterised by a calm and winning courtesy; her whole appearance would have fitted her for the halls of nobility, though she was only the wife of a plain merchant of ruined fortune. There was a contrast between her statue-like face, with its dark serene eyes and calm broad brow, in which a spirit that no evil circumstances could break seemed enthroned, and the shrunken, withered, and ill-formed features of her husband, disfigured with deep furrows, and distorted in every lineament with an overpowering grief, against which his mind could not struggle.

"It's of no use," he said, seating himself near his wife in a window recess, at some distance from the girls, who were severally grouped around a harp, a piano, and a drawing-table—"it's of no use striving, Margaret; that last speculation is as bad as any of them; I had a letter to-day stating that it is a failure."

He passed his hand convulsively over his brow; tears shone in his muddy,

sunken eyes. "The world *must* soon know it all," he added.

"I hope not," Mrs. Connelly said, with great calmness; "we can manage to keep up appearances a little longer."

Martin Connelly gazed on her with wonder and with much admiration. "You have managed to keep up appearances to a miracle as it is—you have shewed cleverness—more cleverness in fighting against poverty, and keeping the semblance of wealth still with us, than the prime minister of England ever shews in the worst emergencies of the state. Yes, you are a woman, and your talents are hid in the privacy of your house; the world does not know or think what you do, but I know, I feel it."

He turned aside, for he did not wish her to see the tears which he hastily brushed from his hollow cheeks.

"Be calm, be calm," she said, placing her hand on his shoulder; "a troubled spirit gains us nothing."

He looked up on her composed face, and felt ashamed of his own weakness.

"But the crisis *will* come, Margaret, and what shall we do, then?" he said.

"We shall ward it off, by prudence and management, as long as we can. I shall guard against all expenses, except those necessary to keep up our respectability. You may soon become more successful in business; but if not——"

She paused; a slight shudder passed over her form; she applied herself industriously to the work of repairing an old silk stocking which she held in her hand.

"Well—what then?" inquired Martin, anxiously.

"Then I and the girls could go to some distant town, and open an academy for young ladies. Respectable ladies have been boarding-school mistresses before now."

Her voice told no emotion; but her pale face became more strikingly white for a moment. The chief weakness of her nature was an overstrained wish to keep up the appearances of the wealth they had once possessed.

"And could I bear to see *you* a boarding-school mistress?—you were not made for a life of such miserable dependence."

"It will show our fallen fortunes, certainly," answered Mrs. Connelly, with a stifled sigh; "but when it *must* be done, it must be endured."

"I could not endure it," said her husband, in a hoarse voice, turning away his face. "It is torture," he continued, in a soliloquising tone: "I would rather be buried in a mine than live and look at this hideous war between poverty and appearances. I am sick to death of it all—our carriage—our servants—our wine at dinner—it is horrible, for I am a beggar!"

"We might have retrenched some expenses," Mrs. Connelly said, with great coolness; "but it would have told our poverty at once to the world; and unless you had succeeded in your speculations, all would have been vain."

"I do not reproach you—God knows I have not occasion. I have wasted the fortunes of your children, and yet I hear no recrimination from you. It was all for the best I was working, indeed; for I love those girls as if they were my own."

He gazed earnestly on the three eldest girls, who were the children of Mrs. Connelly by a former marriage. Their father was a relation of Martin Connelly, and bore the same name; he had left his daughters under the guardianship of Martin, who had been his intimate friend. Martin became their guardian and their father in one, by marrying their mother. With the hope of adding to the small fortunes left them by their father, he had ventured the whole amount in a speculation, of the success of which he was very sanguine; it had completely failed, and Martin felt the blow even more than his own losses.

"They are such beautiful girls," he said; "but they look pale and sorrowful: poor things! they know they are beggars; and they know I have brought them to beggary, yet they never look angrily on me. If God would but give me the power of providing for them—if there was only one way in all the world by which I could make them easy and independent, and gay as they should be in their youth—if it was the hardest, most toilsome, ay, and the meanest way of making money for them, I would do it. But I have no power now—I can do nothing now; everything I turn to goes against me: it would be good for you all I was dead."

He bent his head, and covered his face with his hands; he made no response to the words of calm consolation and hope which Mrs. Connelly addressed

to him. Some years previously, when in a rather delicate state of health, he had effected an insurance on his life to a very considerable amount, and to this he alluded when he spoke of his death benefiting his family.

"Were they my own children, I would not care so much," he continued after a considerable pause; "for my own two little girls there I have not so sorrowful a feeling, for they cannot know much yet of the terrors of poverty; but the others were entrusted to me by their dying father. I loved Henry Connelly. I think I feel his dead hand in mine yet—his hand was dead before the life left his temples; I think I hear his last breath begging me to watch over the daughters he was leaving behind him; and there they are; I have made them beggars—ay, beggars!"

His face became dark with the force of his emotion; his lips, his whole frame, shook and quivered; he rose from his seat, but he could hardly stand.

Mrs. Connelly took his arm, and leading him to the harp, the eldest girl, who was a mistress of music, played a soothing and beautiful air, the deep feeling of which seemed to compose the soul of the unhappy father into a kind of apathetic rest.

The following day Martin Connelly bade his family farewell for a short period, as he said immediate business of a most urgent nature required his attendance in a distant town.

I resided in close neighbourhood to the Connellys at this period, and being in the habit of visiting them often, I chanced to be with them when the merchant bade his adieus to his wife and children. I shall never forget the sorrowful and earnest glances which he cast on them all as he was leaving the house. He seemed feeble and ill, I thought; his face was pallid and furrowed, and his figure was stooping, as if with a weight of years, though he was little more than forty years of age. I remembered long afterwards the look of hopeless despondency which was in his eyes, as he pressed my hand, and bade me farewell in a voice choked with emotion.

I was much shocked when, rather more than a week afterwards, intelligence came that he was dead. He had died in a very short time after his arrival in the town to which he had gone. The

letter announcing the intelligence was from a relative who resided in the town where Martin Connelly had died. It stated that his illness was internal inflammation, which had been very rapid in its course of destruction; his remains would be sent to his native place for interment, as soon as arrangements could be made. The letter went on to state, as it was the last wish of the deceased that his body should repose in the grave of his forefathers.

I was haunted by the thought that Martin Connelly had committed suicide. I was on intimate terms with his family, and I had, for some time, guessed that their circumstances were not all that the world generally imagined. Something of the woeful struggle between poverty and pretensions I had occasionally seen, though it was most carefully and cleverly hidden from the public. I knew also of the large amount of life insurance which his death would bring to his family.

After his remains had arrived, I sat for hours in the melancholy room of death, gazing on the coffin with horror; for not one instant could I get quit of the impression that he had died by his own hand—that he had died in order that wealth might be secured to his family. I fancied perpetually that I saw him before my eyes in the act of raising a poisoned draught to his lips. I saw his deep melancholy glance turned upwards, as if praying forgiveness for the act of self-murder, which the hard necessity of poverty, that had ground out his very perceptions of right and wrong, led him to commit for the sake of those he loved; then I saw the short struggle of the already worn-out frame—and then death—the self-sacrifice completed; and then strong feelings of admiration would arise within me at the contemplation of the noble nature of that man who could thus immolate himself for those he loved; and for a moment I would consider him as a hero far above the common run of humanity, who, in the great mass, would all of them sacrifice worlds before they would touch themselves; and then again the calm but firm voice of religion would tell me of the fearful nature of the crime of self-destruction under any circumstances.

As I sat watching by the coffin, I longed much to see the body; but the lid was very firmly screwed down, and Mrs. Connelly seemed to manifest no

wish that it should be opened. She feared that putrefaction must have commenced, and therefore was unwilling to have the corpse exposed. I did not reiterate my wishes, as she did not join in them. She sat calmly and silently in the room with the coffin until it was carried out to the grave. She made no audible demonstrations of grief, but it was evident that she felt deeply.

In a short time, the gloom of grief, together with the gloom of impending poverty, passed away from the faces of Mrs. Connelly's daughters. The large sum received from the insurance office was, with the excellent management of Mrs. Connelly, sufficient to enable them to live with ease in the style to which they had been accustomed. The girls possessed, all of them, much of their mother's beauty, and they received, under her superintendence, an excellent education.

About six years after the death of Martin Connelly, circumstances led me to America. I resided with an uncle, who was the master of a large extent of territory, including cleared land, wood, and prairie. His dominions—for, like many of the free Americans, he considered himself a king in his own way—were in one of the western states, which, at the period in question, was comparatively an unpeopled district, though the flood of emigration has since overspread it, and driven solitude further away towards the wilds of the Blue Mountains.

My uncle had been taken by his parents to America whilst a child, and was an enthusiastic lover of the new country, a devoted admirer of its government and laws, but more especially was he ardently attached to hunting through the forests, and exploring the remote parts of the district in which he resided.

I heard him frequently mention a friend of his, whom he called Jonathan Hudson; and one day, when I accompanied him on an excursion, he told me we were not far from Jonathan's clearing, and proposed that we should visit his log-house. I willingly agreed; and we took our path through the intricacies of a forest, with every turning of which my uncle seemed as familiar as if it had been a metropolitan highway. As we walked along, he amused me with some particulars concerning the individual we were about

to visit. Jonathan Hudson had come from New York, where he had passed all the early part of his life in business, I was informed. He had been unsuccessful; and, disgusted with commerce, he had taken refuge in the backwoods. He did not know how to hold a gun or how to throw a fishing-line when he arrived, my uncle told me; but under his instructions, he had learned rapidly, and now he could bring down the shyest game in the forest, and drag out the most cunning fish in the river; and moreover, he seemed to grow younger every day, and was in all respects like a man who had been born into a new existence of happiness.

In about an hour we came to an opening in the forest, from whence we obtained a view of one of the expansive and beautiful American rivers. There were some pieces of cleared land around us, and at our side was the log-house which was our destination. After standing for a few moments, admiring the picturesque and strikingly solitary situation and aspect of the cabin—for it hardly deserved a better name, it was so roughly constructed—we entered. We could see no signs of inhabitants, nor hear any indications of life; the fire was burned far down, and no one had approached the hearth for some time, to all appearance; my uncle looked into a small sleeping apartment, which was slightly partitioned from the kitchen, but Jonathan was not there. An old woman, who acted in the capacity of housekeeper, was absent also, on a gossiping visit to her next neighbour, at about five miles distance, my uncle supposed. The interior of the log-house was as primitive as possible in its appearance: there were two benches, and two stools, and a table at one side of the kitchen, all of which articles seemed as if they had been fabricated previous to the use of the plane in carpentry; about half a-dozen utensils of metal and earthenware decorated a rather clumsy shelf, which was fastened to the wall near the fireplace. A variety of the spoils of different animals which had been shot in the woods hung on the walls, together with fishing-rods, and lines, and nets, and also reaping-hooks, and some of the smaller implements of farming.

Rude, in a high degree, as all around me was, I yet experienced an undefinable feeling of comfort as I seated

myself on one of the homely benches: the floor was dry and clean, light and air were pleasantly diffused; the ground sloped down from the open door at which I sat, and a most extensive prospect, characterised by beauty and wildness in a high degree, spread out before me; at each side of the small space of clear ground which extended in front of the log-house, the deep wood was stretching out dense and far; glimpses of the broad river were visible, and beyond the river a wide extent of prairie and forest lay bounded at a far horizon by dimly visible blue mountains. No sign of any other human habitation could I see in the whole extent of country over which I gazed; I strained my sight in vain, trying to perceive the outlines of white cottage or castle walls, or the smoke of a domestic fireside.

After we had waited some time for the arrival of Jonathan, my uncle, who was constitutionally impatient, went out to amuse himself until the coming of his friend, by inspecting the progress of the Indian corn and wheat in the clearing. I remained alone in the log-house. A strange feeling of utter solitude, such as I had never previously on any occasion experienced, came over my soul, as I looked on the thick woods and the wide space before me, so entirely unpeopled by humanity. I felt that nature had a might and majesty peculiarly her own in regions where no dwellings erected by living hands arose—where no cities darkened the air by smoke—where no sounds of traffic stifled the rush of waters and the voice of winds.

By degrees I became immersed in the depths of a profound reverie, in which the existence of the things of nature—earth, water, woods, rocks—seemed the real life; and the insect and the animal world but flitting, unreal, passing matters in their duration. At last I was aware that a shadow was darkening the door; I looked up and saw—Martin Connelly. For some seconds I felt under the influence of a strange delusion. Martin Connelly! I had sat beside his coffin years before. A horror came over me. I believed I was insane—that I merely fancied I saw him. I rubbed my eyes; but there he stood, gazing on me still with a fixed intensity of look.

"Martin Connelly!" I cried aloud. He repeated my name exactly as I

had heard him repeat it in my visiting days in his house in Ireland. I started up when he named me; this was no delusion. He advanced towards me, holding out his hands; I grasped them in the impulse of dread and wonder, which told me that a spirit had risen before me in that solitude. I shuddered for a moment; but I was pressing the flesh-and-blood hands of a living being, and wonder alone remained within me, for I had gazed on the funeral procession which carried him to his grave.

"Martin Connelly you must be—you are Martin Connelly," I cried.

"Yes—no—yes; it is hard to deny it, when I meet an old friend here in this solitude," he said, pressing my hand again with warmth.

"You have long been believed dead—they have buried ——"

"Yes, yes, Martin Connelly died six years ago; but I am living still in Jonathan Hudson."

I scanned his face attentively; I would have recognised his peculiarly-formed features over the world, though he certainly seemed many years younger; his complexion had the clearness and fairness of renovated health and strength, and I thought I missed some of the wrinkles; but still he was, beyond all question, the Martin Connelly whom I had formerly seen, and been so familiarly acquainted with.

"I tell you," he reiterated, seeing me gaze on him in bewilderment, "that Martin Connelly died—his old nature died. I am here in a new existence."

"You are the very same Martin Connelly I have always known; I knew you immediately," I said.

"It may be the same face and figure; but is it not the mind that makes the man? and think you the same mind resides in me now which once dwelt in the Martin Connelly, who wore his soul and body away in the miserable trade of money-getting in Ireland?"

His eyes shone with a brightness and enthusiasm which I never imagined could have dwelt in them the last time I had met his miserable glance in Ireland. His words were wild and mystical to me, but his countenance was expressive of a perfectly sane and quiet mind.

"But the coffin—the funeral—what did it all mean?" I said, at the same

time the truth flashed on my mind. It was a feigned death, in order that the life insurance might be obtained by his family.

"I was sick of life in Ireland. I was dying slowly of the frightful horrors of genteel poverty—ay, it is dreadful. The beggar who can parade his want, and beg from house to house, is enviable, compared to the man or woman who, in a finely-furnished room, sits and trembles with horror at every knock coming to his polished door, for fear of some creditor, whose long unpaid bill is at last put into the hands of a law-agent, and the black secret of poverty is proclaimed to the glad world—glad, as it always is, at the downfall of any one who has been reputed prosperous. I tell you I have sat down to dinners in my own house, with my wife and children—dinners consisting of three or four dishes, where there were articles of plate, and the attendance of well-dressed servants—I have sat there trembling with agony at the thought of putting any of that food in my mouth, because it was not paid for—because I knew not how it could be paid for—and, more particularly, because I knew that it was a display of wealth and consequence, whilst I was penniless; that it was a sacrifice to the monster of gentility—a bitter mockery of an empty purse and ruined circumstances. I have sat at such a dinner, and envied, with my whole soul, the poorest inmate of any workhouse, no matter how tyrannical the arrangements, nor how scanty the food. I bore it for months; at last it came to a crisis with me, and I died in Ireland, and have come into a new existence here, amongst those blessed woods and solitudes."

"Died in Ireland!" I reiterated, looking at him earnestly, in order to detect some signs of the mental wanderings on his face which his words exhibited. But his countenance was composed, and his eyes, though surprisingly clear and bright, returned my gaze with steadiness.

"Yes, died in Ireland!" he repeated, with great calmness. "Do you call the death of the body the only death? Has not the soul, which plodded and toiled to make money, died within me? Do I not feel that I am in a completely new life? What is money to me now? Why, the very thought of it makes me

sick, though once I fancied it was a supreme good. With my own hand I draw my sustenance from those woods, and yonder river, and that small space of cleared ground. I have few wants; I am not troubled now with many of the acquired tastes of the old life in the old country. I am free—ay, most blessedly free, and delivered from the bondage of my old life in Ireland.”

“But how did you manage it all together? It was—it is most firmly believed that you are really dead. Does your wife know—do your children know that you are still alive, and in this country?”

“Do not mention it—for God’s sake, believe that I really died,” he said, with great earnestness, and in the peculiar gleaming of his eyes, I detected something of a monomania, which, turning on one idea, left the mind sane on other points. “Do not say—do not think,” he continued, with unceasing vehemence, “that I am the same man that I was. What! do you think I am living in my old life still, and that I cheated the insurance company by a false report of my death. No, no, no.”

It was evident that this was the matter which, dwelling heavily on his mind, had warped it so much that he actually misbelieved in his personal identity, and wished to impress his ideas on me also.

“It was very right,” he went on to say, “that I should depart out of my old life, and that my death should benefit my children, particularly those poor girls whose guardian I was, and whose whole fortune I had lost; was it not strictly right and proper that for them I should make the sacrifice of my former life, when by no other means in the world but by that sacrifice could I restore to them their money? I was at the point of death when I left my family, and went to the town of D——. I was believed dead. Yes, I was in a long death-trance, stretched in my grave-clothes, with all the preparations for the grave upon me and around me. The misery of my life, the sight of my wife and children hanging over the great gulph of poverty, had brought me to that state. Doctor, and nurse, and all had pronounced me dead, and there I was lying, cold and inanimate, with the coffin in the room, in which in a few hours I was to have been placed, and

carried out to the churchyard. It was a solitary house in which I had thus died; I was with a relation who had fallen in his fortunes even more than myself, and consequently there were few servants, and fewer friends to watch over my dead body, as I lay for almost two days and two nights in the habiliments of the grave. There was only one person in the room with my body when, towards the close of the second night, I awoke, as if from a long dream, into this new life. The person who watched me was one to whom I had been most deeply indebted for his kindness and untiring care during my sickness; he was a young medical student, my relation, a son of the person in whose house I was. He was seated near me reading when I opened my eyes, and gave the first sign in this my new existence; he was quiet, and made no foolish disturbance regarding my return to life; he administered immediate restoratives to me, and with his skill and care in a very few hours the feeble, new being which had dawned within me, became comparatively strong. I felt a changed and wonderfully calm mind settling down upon me, as in the early dawn of the morning I was able to sit up in my bed for a few moments, and gaze round on the insignia of death, on my grave-clothes, and on the coffin which had been left in my room the preceding evening. Looking back on the days I had previously passed on this earth, the struggle between poverty and appearances which had worn out my departed existence, seemed utterly and beyond all measure foolish. The new soul which I had received shrunk with horror from entering on such a distracted state of being. Peace, and a dwelling with nature, and contentment with the society and the gifts of nature, cried the young mind within me. The thought that my wife and children would, by the life insurance, be rendered comfortable, was blissful; but then again, the prejudices of the world rose strongly before me and appalled me, for I knew that the great mass of people would still persist in thinking me the same as I had been before I died, and that the life insurance would be withheld from my family when my return to a second life would become known.

“I trembled, and became faint again at this thought; I cowered down into

the bed of death, and wished that I had remained movelessly there; that my new spirit had only awoken in a new form, for how could I return to live, with my widowed wife and family, the terrible existence of poverty and penitence again?

"I was dead, I was surely dead; the life-insurance is most justly due to my family," I said to the young doctor, who was attending to me with a care, the remembrance of which causes my wishes and my prayers for his happiness to arise often from those woods, and follow him wherever he may be in the world."

"I believed you were dead. It is one of the most extraordinary cases of a return to life I have ever heard or read of," he answered.

"Return to life!" I repeated—"It is not my old life—I have none of my old feelings or wishes—I am not the same soul or the same mind; but you believe I am; all the ignorant world will believe the same, and so the life-insurance will not go to my family, though they are mourning me now as dead." The young doctor had informed me that a letter had been sent to my wife announcing my death, shortly after I had, to all appearance, ceased to exist. A feeling of the deadly sickness which I recollected of having experienced three days before, came over me then again. The strong mental suffering which had been the cause of my first departure from life, threatened more speedily to destroy my second existence. My reason became slightly unsettled for a short period, I believe. I begged of God that he might take me altogether, in every form of being, away from this world, that my wife and family might receive the benefits which would arise from my death. I turned my eyes from the sunlight of the bright morning, which awoke the world where I had no more any wish to act a part. God knows what sin I might have committed against my own life in that time of frenzy, had it not been for the young doctor, who watched over me without for one second leaving me to myself.

"The morning was advancing, the morning of the day in which I was to be buried, when, looking at my coffin, a thought struck me, and on the instant I turned to the young doctor and made an earnest request or proposal to him to the effect, that all the pro-

ceedings as arranged concerning my funeral might proceed, and that he should secrete me in the house until such time as I could go to some distant country, where, unknown, away from the prejudices of the world, I might still continue to exist in the new life which God had so strangely given me, as long as it was his will that I should remain on earth.

"The young doctor objected much to this at first. He spoke of the risk of a discovery, and of the danger of such a fraud on the insurance company. I reasoned with him, I argued, at last I convinced him that I was in a new life; that I had died; that, therefore, the insurance company were not defrauded. I painted to him the situation of my family, my widow, my wife, so refined in mind, so beautiful, so talented, every way superior to me, yet so bowed down and fettered hourly with the degrading meanness of poverty, and her daughters, and my daughters, also linked to a hard fate, and so deserving of a better. I offered him money also. I had, on the very day in which I had been seized with sickness, recovered a small debt which I had long despaired of—it was to the amount of about a hundred pounds. I offered it to him; he was poor, I knew, and struggling much to prosecute his education. He listened attentively to all my entreaties. At last he was moved. The house contained very few inmates, and it was not difficult to effect our purpose secretly. He supported me to a small room adjoining his own where there were sleeping accommodations, and where I might remain entirely undisturbed, as, on account of his having been at one period engaged in some anatomical studies in the room, it was rarely entered by the old and superstitious female who constituted the only servant in the house. He administered a composing draught and I slept for some time. When I awoke I heard a noise in the house—they were carrying out my coffin. I lay and listened to the noise of the feet of those who assisted at the funeral of Martin Connelly. Then when all became quiet—when the last sound of the hearse was heard rolling heavily away—I felt that I was most certainly and surely in a new state of being. I became rapidly well. In a few weeks I had left Ireland for ever. I shall never think of returning to look on it more. I love those woods and

all within them. There are times, when engaged pleasantly and contentedly in the avocations of my life here, I cannot believe that I ever was Martin Connelly, the struggling, the broken merchant in Ireland. Can you believe that I am the same either? Look! where are the deep wrinkles which once told the depths of sorrow in my brow? The body must seem changed to you, and the mind, could you see it, would present, in every respect, the reverse of the mind of Martin Connelly. No, no; I am not the same. I have not defrauded the insurance company."

There was a trembling eagerness always on his face as he alluded to the fact of his having defrauded the insurance company by his counterfeited death.

At that moment my uncle appeared proceeding towards the house.

"For God's sake do not tell him I ever lived before this," cried Jonathan Hudson, as I must call him; and he grasped my hand with a nervous and trembling anxiety, which for a few moments gave his face and figure the exact expression of the Martin Connelly I had been accustomed to see. "For heaven's sake, for pity's sake, make no reference to my former life, for you are the only individual in America to whom it is known."

I set his mind at ease by promising silence on the point.

My uncle and Jonathan Hudson met with the cordiality of intimate friends, and we were soon on the familiar terms which constitute acquaintanceship in the backwoods. The old housekeeper arrived in time to prepare a quantity of game and fish which Jonathan had secured in the morning. We had acquired a good appetite for the simple but savoury cookery of a log-house kitchen, by our ramble through the woods. My uncle and Jonathan became merrier and happier every moment, and expressed the exceeding comfort and hilarity of their feelings in every look and word. As I gazed on the open brow and smiling face, and listened to the easy and pleasant tones and words of Martin Connelly, I became for a moment almost possessed of his own mania, and against the evidence of my senses, fancied that he was hardly the same man I had been accustomed to see in Ireland. We spent some pleasant hours together; and often since, in more civilised and polished localities, I have looked back

with regret on the fresh zest with which I enjoyed life that evening in the backwoods.

I met with Jonathan Hudson after during my stay in America, and on quitting it for the purpose of returning to Ireland, I inquired of him, as we chanced to be alone, if he had any message to send to Mrs. Connelly and the family. He started at my question, and looked at me with an appearance of surprise. I had for a length of time made no allusion to his former life, as I knew it pained him to be reminded of it.

"The dead rarely send back messages to their friends," he said with great seriousness. "Ay, you may smile, but I know I was dead. I have, at intervals, gleaming recollections of wonderful and mystic regions in which my spirit strayed during the period I lay in death; be silent, for the mercy of God promise me to be silent regarding me to my children. Why should the dead trouble the living with messages?"

I inquired if Mrs. Connelly and her daughters were really ignorant of his being alive in America, as in such a case I would, of course, make no allusion to him.

"And do you think," he said, with great earnestness and feeling, "that I would crush the hearts of these young girls by informing them of my existence here? Poor creatures! they were long enough depressed by the poverty I occasioned to them; and now that they have wealth enough to render them easy, must I let them know that I am here still, and allow fear, and the consciousness that they are supported by fraud, to settle down on their young minds? No, no; they shall never know it. I trust to you; you will never inform them without my permission."

I promised that I never would.

"Like the rest of the unreflecting and ignorant world, which believes in nothing except the common course of things, my wife and family would not believe that I had died, and that I was living here in another being. Mrs. Connelly, I know, would be sorely annoyed at what she would think a cheat on the insurance company, for she was a high-minded, high-principled woman in our married days; therefore, not for worlds would I have her informed of my existence here. She is happier without me: our minds were

too differently constituted—too far apart in all their tastes; we did not quarrel, but our thoughts lived always in different regions. She loved refined life, and was fitted to shine in it; I, whilst poring over counting-books, or seated in my wife's fine drawingroom, longed for the wild freedom of nature in such a scene as this. I died—yes, I died—I persist in saying it, though you may laugh, and believe me mad—I died; and death severs all family connexions, therefore my wife and children are free from me. I depend on you," he said, as he shook my hand for the last time, "I rely fully on you that you will never darken the life of my wife and family by mentioning to them my existence."

Many years have passed away since I took leave of Martin Connelly, and left him in the enjoyment of what he believed his second life. I never saw him afterwards; but I did not fail to make inquiries concerning him always when writing to my uncle. He continued to reside in his chosen place in the backwoods. In about two years after my return to Ireland his daughter died: she had been a delicate child previous to her father's death, or departure rather. I wrote an account of her death to him, addressing him, of course, as Jonathan Hudson. He answered my letter, after some time, and stated that the death of his daughter broke the sole remaining link which had fastened him to his old life; he had been dreaming of her often, he said, and thinking that, perhaps, after all, he might, in his old age, inform her alone of all the family of his second life in the backwoods; but now she was gone, he would look on everything connected with his former existence as a dream. As to his former wife, Mrs. Connelly, he knew well she was happier without him, otherwise he might have told her that he still had an existence on earth. He had seen her polite and civil, but evident indifference to him often, he added, and therefore he would allow her to remain undisturbed in the belief of his

death. He finished by imploring me, as I valued his happiness, and the happiness of Mrs. Connelly and her three daughters, the children of his beloved departed friend, Henry Connelly, never to make the slightest intimation of, or the least allusion to his renewed life in an American forest.

I complied with his wishes in never hinting to Mrs. Connelly and her daughters that he was still alive. No benefit, and, considering the circumstances, little pleasure could have accrued to them by such a piece of knowledge. I have walked with Mrs. Connelly in the churchyard, and stood with her beside the tomb on which the name of Martin Connelly was inscribed; I have seen tears spring to her eyes, and I have felt humbled at the small insight of our boasted human knowledge as I witnessed demonstrations of grief over that empty grave. I was not, however, quite certain that Mrs. Connelly was entirely in the dark regarding the fictitious death of her husband. I have occasionally thought that she had, by some means, obtained a glimpse into her husband's empty coffin; and that the grief which she sometimes displayed, when he was recalled to her recollection, was assumed for the purpose of carrying on the deceit. I had no grounds except conjecture for this belief, however. She refused some offers of marriage which were advantageous; she seemed happy in her widowhood, and devoted herself to the care of her daughters. They all gratified her ambition in marrying very respectably, and they formed a pleasant family circle for many years.

My last accounts from America informed me that Jonathan Hudson died at an advanced age, having survived Mrs. Connelly for some time. He retained to the last his passion for the freedom and pleasure of the backwoods.

Some of the daughters are still living; but I think they could hardly recognise in this sketch an incident in their family history.

IRISH TOURISTS—GIRALDUS CAMBRENSIS.

SECOND PAPER.

WE have seen enough of the circumstances of the times, and of the character of the man, to expect from Girald Barry an abundantly unfavourable report of the Irish. We have seen him restless, litigious, overbearing, and inordinately vain; a contemner of his own country, detesting the Welsh, and despised as a Welshman; ardently desirous of travel in the old seats of learning and civilisation, yet condemned to turn his back on Rome and Jerusalem, and go amongst a people far behind the rest of Europe in everything in which he most desired to be conversant—in laws, learning, discipline, and civic and ecclesiastical splendour. He had already seen something of the Irish on a former occasion, having accompanied a privateering expedition, fitted out by his brother Philip, for the recovery of certain lands, a part of Philip's original grant, which had been seized by the hands of some intruder. On this occasion he had found all the Giralddine kindred—Fitz-Stephen, Miles Cogan, Raymond, Meiler, the FitzMaurices, and their Welsh and Cambro-Norman retainers—full of disaffection to the government of the then viceroy, William Fitzadelme, the founder of the rival family of de Burgho. Then, as now, the land question was the fruitful cause of discontents. The early conquerors thought themselves entitled to the best lands and highest dignities; but each new chief governor brought over aspirants to estates and honours, with later interest at court; and many of the best acquisitions of the first adventurers had already passed into more politic hands. How long Girald remained on this occasion does not clearly appear; but although his stay was probably but of a few months' duration, it sufficed to engage him deeply and implacably in the Giralddine feud against Fitzadelme, and Hervey of Mountmorris. Walter Almaine, nephew of Fitzadelme, had obtained the seneschalship of Wicklow on the

death of Girald's uncle, Maurice, to the exclusion of his cousins, who naturally expected that one of them should succeed their father in the office. Fitzadelme also had induced the Fitzmaurices to make a disadvantageous exchange of the castle of Wicklow for that of Ferns. Girald, accordingly, has drawn the characters of both with abundance of malice, and in colours quite dark enough for villains of romance. Fitzadelme—to use the racy translation of Hooker—"Albeit, he were of great courtesie, and would give to any man much honour and renown, yet was the same altogether with wiles and guiles; for under honey he gave venom; and his sugared words were mingled with poison. And, as a venomous serpent covered with green leaves, he, with an outward show of courtesie, covered his guileful treacherie, &c., &c. Much given unto wine and to women—agree-die, covetous man, and an ambitious flatterer." Walter Almaine, "nothing degenerated from the manners and conditions of the uncle, was one who was a corrupt man, in all his actions and doings, being covetous, proud, malicious, and envious. And surely it is commonlie seene that there is none lightlie woorse, than when a beggarlie rascall, from nothing, and from a base estate, is advanced to wealth, credit, and estimation. For such a one, alwaies doubting and mistrusting all things, suppresseth all things, and thinketh all things to be lawful for him to do, at his will and pleasure. There cannot be (I saie) a woorse beast, than when a cruell rascall and proud beggar is raised to estate, and made a ruler over his betters." But Hooker rather does justice to the sentiment than to the expression of his original, which is couched in a polished, though pedantic Latinity, and the most abusive portions of which are quotations from the classics. A passage from the character of Fitzadelme might excite the admiration of a Kerry philomath:—"Cujus hodie venerator,

cras ejusdem spoliator existens, vel delator. Imbellium debellator, rebellium blanditor: indomitis domitus, domitis indomitus; hosti suavissimus, subdito gravissimus, nec illi formidabilis, nec isti fidelis. Vir dolosus, blandus, meticulosus, vir vino venenerique datus. Et quanquam auri cupidus, et curialiter ambituosus; non minus tamen curiam diligens quam curam." In the choppings and balancings, the rhymings, alliterations, and appositions of passages such as this, the points of character could hardly fail to be sacrificed to the points of rhetoric, even in the hands of the most candid biographer. As we find that all who opposed the Giraldidæ are set down, in like manner, as knaves and upstarts, whether Montmorreses, de Burghos, or Poers, while there is not a descendant, to the third and fourth generation, of Girald of Windsor, who is not extolled for every human virtue, we may not unfairly conclude that family feeling and the pedantry of fine writing had, at least, as much to do with these and the other portraits our author has given us, as candid accuracy of delineation. Before Girald's second visit, however, Fitzadelme had been recalled, and the government committed to Philip of Worcester. But this was only a substitution of grievances. Philip had just returned from an expedition into Ulster, where he had ill-treated and exasperated the clergy of Armagh: in particular, his lieutenant, Hugh Tirrel, had carried off a famous brewing-pan, the pride of the primatial city. The cause of the church, much more than even that of the Giraldidæ, was dear to the breast of the archdeacon. It was for the extension of the bounds of the church, and the promotion of the power of the clergy, that the conquest had been undertaken; and already the victors had narrowed the ecclesiastical patrimony, and pillaged and profaned the churches both in Dublin and Armagh. All the best of the spoil had gone to secular uses. The complaints of the clergy were loud, that their ready submission to the conquerors, instead of increasing their resources and authority, had placed them only more at the mercy of rapacious laymen. The priests of Armagh had pursued Philip and his predatory lieutenant with the only

weapons their transfer of allegiance had left them—their curses; and by the terror of these, and the lucky coincidences of a cholic which opportunely assailed the Governor, and a fire which burned down the inn, in Downpatrick, to which Tirrel had retired with his plunder, they had succeeded in enforcing a restitution of their brewing-pan, but nothing further. Unless the young king should fulfil the conditions on which the bulls were obtained, his title, resting on the Papal sanction, would be void *ab initio*. That he was likely to do so was little to be expected, from the character of his companions—gay, petulant, and luxurious youths like himself. Girald was not long returned to the scene of secular spoliation and ecclesiastical disappointment, when the conviction that the church was likely to gain nothing by her bargain, became so vividly impressed on his waking mind as to repeat itself in his dreams. He has given us a lively account of the vision (*Hib. Expug.* b. 2, c. 38) in which the ill-success of the conquest, as a clerical speculation, was revealed to him, and which, as Hooker has omitted to translate it, may be profitably inserted here. After having severely animadverted on the insolent and lewd life of the conquerors (that is, of those who completed the conquest begun by Pembroke and the Giraldines), their feastings and dalliances in the towns, while the country was left to be overrun by the enemy, and their inveterate love of litigation (now generally accounted a national vice of the Celts), "insomuch," says he, "that the veteran was more troubled with 'lawing' within the town, than he was in peril, at large, with the enemy"—he proceeds to the main cause of complaint:—"This grievance there was, besides, the greatest of all, that in this new kingdom of ours, conferring nothing new on the Church of Christ, we have not only not adjudged her deserving of her principal share of the largess, and due honour, but forthwith seizing on her lands and possessions, we actually seek to diminish and abrogate her pristine dignities and ancient privileges. When, therefore, on a consideration of all that had befallen us, I chanced to be in an excessive anxious frame of mind,

and my thoughts, especially touching these injuries done my Saviour, with a throng of sighs, mounted to my imagination, on a certain night, in my sleep, among other relics of my waking thoughts, I saw this vision which, next day, directly, I communicated to John (Comyn), the venerable archbishop of Dublin, much to his admiration as to my own. Methought I saw the king's son, John, in a certain grassy plain, as it were, about to found a church; and when, after the manner of masons, marking the turf all round, he had opened the surface of the earth in lines, laying out the sensible pattern of the fabric, the body of the church, at the lower extremity, seemed notably large, but the choir monstrously narrow and ill-shapen, as though he would have allotted an inordinate proportion of the island to the laity, and but a very small part to the clergy; and after I had, long enough, but in vain, as it seemed to me, expostulated with him (urging him) to add something thereto, as well of more capacious dimensions as of a worthier form, the eagerness, at last, of our dispute awoke me;" and adds (*de rebus a se gestis*, p. 2, c. xii.) "And as out of the abundance of the heart, in imagination, while sleeping, so often did the archdeacon, not sleeping but awake, urge Earl John, with like arguments, but in vain."

Thus warned, Girald determined to decline promotion in the Irish Church; and when the young king offered him his choice of the bishoprics of Ferns and of Leighlin, then vacant, or even the united dioceses, if he would consent to accept them, he refused, telling John, "that if he saw his mind bent on the exaltation and advancement of the Irish Church he might, perhaps, be induced to co-operate with him by accepting the proffered honour; but that since such was not the king's design, he, Girald, preferred remaining private, than to be elevated to the place without the reality of power." In truth, his heart was set on his own patrimonial chair of St. David's, which he hoped, and afterwards for many years, with wonderful zeal and perseverance, struggled to exalt to the rank of a primatial see over the churches of Wales. Besides, he perceived that this visit to Ireland offered him the material of a work which could not

fail to be acceptable to the polite world—"that there were many things new and notable, and wholly foreign from and unknown in other regions, and that by compiling an account of them he might not only make honour and profit, but also win, as it were, the renown of a new conquest for himself." He accordingly began with great industry to collect the materials of his "Topography" and "Conquest;" and for this purpose remained behind the young king, who sailed for England in the winter, occupying himself partly in his collections, and partly in assisting Bertram de Verdon, the chief governor in the administration, until the Easter following, when he returned to Wales; making for this visit a period of about sixteen months.

During his stay he had, as might have been expected, embroiled himself with the native clergy. The Irish priesthood were distinguished for their chastity and austerity. They complained that the clergymen who accompanied the invaders set them a bad example, in the looseness of their lives and conversation. At a synod of the diocese of Dublin, convened by John Comyn, an Englishman, who had shortly before succeeded St. Laurence O'Toole in the archbishopric, Albin, Abbot of Baltinglass, being appointed to preach in Trinity (now Christ's) Church, delivered a long discourse on this unpleasant topic. "He dilated on the purity of the Irish clergy, until they were corrupted by the contamination of the newcomers, as he who touches pitch is defiled." What made the matter worse was, that many of the English and Welsh clergy of the diocese of Wexford had got themselves married, "*nuptiis solemniter factis*," and now, moved by the comminations of Abbot Albin, who appears to have preached with singular power, they mutually began to accuse one another of living in concubinage, before the archbishop and the assembled synod. The confusion of the English clergy was excessive; the mirth and triumph of the Irish equally great. The archbishop had no alternative, to repress the unseasonable mirth of the natives, but to mark his abhorrence of such excessive "filthinesses and enormities," by stripping the convicts of their gowns and benefices on the spot. But, determined to give the abbot a Rowland for his Oliver, he appointed the next

sermon to be preached by the Archdeacon of St. David's. Girald did not fail to avenge the cause of his unfrocked brethren. If the Irish clergy could boast their continence in love, it was more than they could do in wine. Girald began by giving them credit for all their virtues. They could fast, they could pray, they could watch through astonishing vigils, they had the pre-eminence in the excellency of chastity, but "*utinam post longa jejunia tam sobrii fuerint quam seri—tam veri quam severi; tam puri quam duri!*" For, alas! who was there among so many thousands who did not make up in brimming cups, by night, the religious austerities of the day? Truly it was miraculous to consider to what an extent Bacchus could assert his dominion, and yet Venus have no prerogative! It was against what Jerome says, and Paul—*Nolite inebriari vino, in quo est luxuria* (Ephes. v. 18.) "Yet surely there were some good men among them; for it is a people ever in extremes, and as none can be worse than its bad, so none can be better than its good. But amid the tare the wheat was rare: 'for many are called but few chosen:' much straw, little grain. The evidence whereof might be seen in the people committed to their care; a people versed in perjuries and treacheries, in larcenies and robberies, in all kinds of filthy vices and enormities—a most impure people—wrapped and lapped in viciousness—a people beyond all others un instructed in the rudiments of faith, for why?—they did not even yet pay tithes or first-fruits; they did not even yet contract (canonical) marriages. They did not shun incest (*i. e.*, in marrying a deceased brother's wife as aftermentioned). They did not frequent the church with due reverence. Their clergy did not duly catechise the young children at the church door; neither did they bring the bodies of their dead with due solemnities to receive the rights of ecclesiastical burial. Nay, more, what was very excessively abominable, and not only

a revolt against faith but decency, there were parts of Ireland in which brothers (clinging to the bark, while they deserted the pith of the Old Testament command) married with the wives of deceased brothers." This appears to have been the culmination of all the charges on which the pretext for Anglican intervention had been grounded. We may be sure Girald spared no aggravating circumstances. The sermon, as we have seen, was preached for the express purpose of retorting on the Irish. Yet he does not venture to repeat the charge made by the bull of Pope Alexander on this very head. The accusation against the Irish, specified in Pope Alexander's bull, was general, that brother cohabited with the wife of brother, "*eo vivente,*" in the first husband's lifetime. Girald, justifying his nation's invasion, stating the case as strongly as he could against the Irish, for the purpose of repressing the first symptom of insubordination that their clergy appear to have exhibited, and stung by the exposure of the inferior morals (as they were considered) of his own countrymen, does not venture to go beyond the assertion, that in some places in Ireland brothers married the wives of brothers deceased, "*fratrum defunctorum.*" The charge in the bull as to stepmothers he does not attempt to substantiate. He is silent (as well he might on that occasion at least) on the matter of concubinage; but he does make a triumphant case of enormity, spuriousness, immundity, turpitude, and infidelity against the Irish, in this, that they did not yet pay tithes, nor first-fruits. Detestable people! whose crimes called aloud to heaven for vengeance, and should make your posterity for ever beholden to the vicar of Christ for the blessing of being conquered!

To all this the Irish members of the synod made no reply, as indeed how could they? The accusations were their own. Their own archbishop, the deceased Laurence, had been one of those on whose report the papal allegations were founded.* The triumph

* The part taken by Archbishop O'Toole in resisting the invasion of the English, was by no means so decided as some admirers of his memory have permitted themselves to believe. He appears to have been quite cognizant of the projected conquest. He had denounced fire and sword against the wicked citizens of Dublin, with an accuracy of prediction which savoured strongly of collusion. "For the people of Dublin were at that time brought to death's threshold,

of the Anglican clergy was now as complete as that of the Irish had been on the disgrace of the married priests of Wexford. "Well, my Lord," said Archbishop Comyn, that day, at dinner, to Felix Bishop of Ossory, "how

liked you the discourse of Master Girald?" "He spoke, well, very ill things," replied Felix; "he called us drunkards: I scarce contained myself from flying at him, or at least from giving him *talio* at his own weapons."

or rather altogether dead, of the terrible threefold evil of the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eye, and the pride of life; from which, as from poisoned wells, flow forth the spreading deadly streams of all iniquity; of inebriety, and its companion lasciviousness, contentions, rapines, mutual injuries, and other evils infinite. In which net of vices, when the blessed Pontiff (that is the archbishop) beheld the citizens involved, he grieved exceedingly, and, as a watchman set by the Lord, he spent his days upon his watchtower, and his nights in the safe keeping of his charge, and announced to the people, put beneath him, the message which he heard from the mouth of the Lord. For he saw, and he predicted, that after vices would follow punishments, that the unjust would have to suffer injustice, that the lascivious would have to bear the fire of (temporal) burning, and the manslaughterers be themselves the slain, &c. Wherefore, after no long interval, even as the good shepherd had often predicted, the sword of the Lord, that is to say, King Dermot, with Earl Richard for his ally, and a mighty band of the English, entering the land," &c.—(*Vita Laurentii*, c. xvii., xviii. *apud Mess. Floril. Hib.* p. 381). But, although Laurence may have been privy to the original invitation of the conquerors, he could hardly have expected that they would come at such a time, or in such company. For the war between King Henry and the Papal Court was, at that time, at its height. It was not, in fact, an invasion by the English in pursuance of Adrian's bull, at all; but an invasion of Leinster by its expelled tyrant, aided by a band of English mercenaries in no way authorised by the church. Besides, Dermot Macmurrough was not only the implacable enemy of the people of Dublin on account of the murder of his father there; but had for a long time been at feud with the clan O'Toole, on account of cruelties practised by him on Laurence himself, in his boyhood, when a hostage in his hands at Ferns.—(*Vita Laur.* c. iii.) Hence we might be prepared to expect a resistance of the most determined kind. The archbishop, however, engaged in negotiations for a surrender; and Miles Cogan and Raymond le Gros giving the assault unexpectedly while the negotiations were pending, took the city. The assault was followed by pillage, massacre, and profanation. It was with difficulty Laurence could even obtain permission for his clergy to remain in the city. After this, Gerald represents him as exerting himself with patriotic zeal, "ut ferebatur," as it was reported, to attain the assistance of Godred, King of Man, in aid of the native Irish, for the recovery of the city; and speaks of the archbishop's army, encamped on the south side of Dublin, as if he had caused his own clan to assist in the blockade. The writer of the above-cited life, however, makes no mention of this adventure. However this may be, Laurence was among the first to submit to King Henry, now reconciled to Rome, on his landing; and immediately afterwards assisted in convening the Synod of Cashel, where the report to the Pope was drawn up, detailing the various vices of the Irish people which had demanded amendment and justified the invasion. The report has not been preserved; but we may judge of the tenor of it, both from the bull, in reply, of Pope Alexander, addressed to the King, already cited, and from the following other bull, which also purports to echo the report, addressed at the same time to the Irish prelates, and, among others, to Archbishop Laurence O'Toole:—

"Alexander, the bishop, the servant of the servants of God, to his venerable brethren Christian, Bishop of Lismore, Legate of the Apostolic See; Gelasius, Archbishop of Armagh; Donatus, Archbishop of Cashel; Laurentius, Archbishop of Dublin; and Catholicus, Archbishop of Tuam, and their suffragans, health and apostolical benediction:

"From the tenor of your letters we have heard, and also from the faithful relation of others, it has partly come to the knowledge of the Apostolic See, with what enormities of sins the Irish nation are contaminated; and how, setting aside the fear of God, and the religion of the Christian faith, they follow the things that induce peril of their souls.

"Hence it is that we—understanding from your letters that, by the power of our most dear son in Christ, Henry, the illustrious king of the English (who, stimulated by the divine inspiration, with his united forces has subjugated that nation, barbarous, uncivilised, and ignorant as it is of the divine law), these things which were so unlawfully done in your land, do now begin, by God's assistance, to cease

After this triumph Girald would stay no longer in a land where his sagacity forewarned him that an imperfect conquest and a dissatisfied church were destined to result in long weakness and dissention.

The predictions also, then currently believed, of Merlin and Columba, were considered unfavourable to any speedy completion of the conquest. At home there was learning, power, and splendour; here were comparative barbarism, positive insecurity, and the prospect of a prolonged and not a glorious war. Ireland was a country to which a man of the world might come for curiosity, but where he could not stay with profit. He needed leisure to carry out his literary designs, and at Pentecost bade adieu to the Irish shores, carrying with him the material which he should digest into finished treatises in the quiet and security of Pembrokeshire.

Some time after, the learned stillness of Oxford was broken by the arrival of the archdeacon, bringing with him his "Topography of Ireland," polished and completed. We, who live in an age of printing and newspapers, can have but an inadequate conception of the curiosity and interest which such a work must have excited. If we could imagine Mr. Caird, unimpeached by the denials of Alison's array of Scotch agriculturists, pro-

posing to read his notes on the capabilities of land in Ireland before a meeting of British capitalists at the present day, we might conceive of an intense bustle and excitement; but when we magnify the reporter into a celebrated scholar and eminent churchman, of illustrious family and great connexions, and consider that his subject was no less than an entire kingdom then recently conquered, and cast open to the ambition of warriors, clergy, and scholars, as well as merchants and tillers of the soil, we may form a more adequate notion of the stir and curiosity excited through Oxford, when it was given out that Girald proposed to keep open house for three days, for the purpose of giving a public reading of his "Topography of Ireland." On the first day, he entertained at dinner all the poor of Oxford; on the morrow, all the doctors of the different faculties, and most distinguished scholars of the halls; and on the third, the rest of the scholars, and the knights, citizens, and burgesses. "A sumptuous show it was, and a rich. The old times of the poets seemed to be in a manner revived again; nor has the present age witnessed aught similar, nor does any antiquity commemorate the like before in England."—(*De Rebus a se Gestis*, p. 2, c. xvi.)

The work was divided into three

from amongst you—are greatly rejoiced, and have returned our unbounded thanks to Him who, to the aforesaid King, hath given so great a victory and triumph: with suppliant prayer beseeching Him, that by the vigilance and care of the same king, with your co-operating endeavours, that undisciplined and wild people may conform themselves, by all means, and in all things, to the rites of the divine law, and the religion of the Christian faith; and that you and the other ecclesiastics may (there) enjoy due honour and tranquillity.

"Since, therefore, it behoves you, for the promoting of the objects which have had so pious a beginning, to afford your sedulous diligence and aid, we, by these our apostolic letters, command and desire your fraternity, that to your utmost, and as far as you may without prejudice to your order and office, you diligently and manfully assist the aforesaid king, as a magnificent person, and most devoted son of the church, in extirpating thence the filthiness of so great an abomination.

"And if any of the kings, princes, or other men of that land shall, with rash audacity, attempt to contravene the obligation of his oath and fealty given to the said king—if, at your admonition, he do not speedily, as he ought, repent him (of his offence), then do you, relying on the apostolic authority, setting aside all other concerns and excuses, visit him with the censures of the church; so, diligently and efficiently doing our bidding herein, that even as the aforesaid king, like a Catholic and most Christian prince, is said piously and benignly to have attended to our request, as well in (the matter of) your tithes, as in retaining to you your other ecclesiastical rights, in like manner you shall firmly preserve those things which pertain to the royal dignity, and to the utmost of your power see that they be respected by others.

"Given at Tusculum, the 12th of the kalends of October [1173?]."

parts, one of which was read on each day. The first embraced the natural history of the island; the second, its marvels; the third, its inhabitants, manners, and customs—an excellent arrangement, and, especially as regards the first part, a scholar-like and philosophical performance. The study of natural history was then, as now, a favourite pursuit of learned churchmen. Humboldt seems to suppose that the first botanical gardens and menageries of Europe took their rise after the discoveries of Columbus and Vasco de Gama, and particularises the collections at Pisa, Padua, and Bologna, formed between the years 1544 and 1568.—(*Cosmos*, vol. ii. p. 82.) But monkish literature would have afforded him much earlier examples. William of Malmesbury mentions that King Henry the First had an inclosure in his palace of Woodstock, where he kept a variety of rare animals, presented to him by foreign kings at his earnest request, amongst which he particularises lions, leopards, lynxes, camels, and a porcupine.—(L. v. de H. 1, f. 91.) Girald himself informs us that Henry de Blois, bishop of Winchester, and brother to King Stephen, in imitation, probably, of those philosophic pursuits of his uncle, King Henry, adorned his gardens with whatever was most rare and admirable in birds, beasts, and wonderful objects, collected from all parts of the world, as well as with vast fish-ponds, supplied by aqueducts and subterranean water-pipes.—*De vitis Sex. Episcop. in Angl. Sac.*, v. ii. p. 421.

In these botanical and zoological gardens at Winchester, Girald had probably acquired the taste and proficiency in these studies which his first book, notwithstanding the quaint manner in which it unites natural history and theology, undoubtedly evinces. His observations on the Irish fauna argue a surprising clearness of observation, considering the short time his other occupations could have spared to such researches. On the ichthyology of the island he is particularly explicit and practical. We know no better exercise for some of our Irish naturalists than the identification of the various fish described under obsolete Latin names in this chapter. For our part, we shall at-

tempt to go no further than Du Cange will carry us. After speaking of the abundance of fish on the coasts, he proceeds to say—"The rivers and lakes are rich chiefly in three species—salmon, trout, and eels. The Shannon also abounds in the *murena oculosa*, used as a delicacy for the rich. But those generous fresh-water fishes of other countries—to wit, the luce, perch, roach, barbel, *gardio*, and *gwio*, are wanting, as well as the small fishes *capito* and *vero*; and, in fact, almost all that are not spawned in salt-water. *Lochia* here, also, are either none, or very rare. But every country, in matters of this sort, has its own defects. Thus Italy wants the perch, Palestine the luce, and both the salmon. So also Italy, Apulia, Calabria, Sicily, want the salmon; Spain, the perch, the luce, and the *phasianus*; the Mediterranean Sea, the herring; and Hungary, the eel. But, on the other hand, the Irish lakes have three sorts of fish which are nowhere else to be found: these are—*sollars*, as they are called, longer and rounder than trouts, with white flesh, firm and savoury; *tymalli* also, vulgarly called *umbræ*—like the former, but larger-headed. Others there are, resembling the sea-herring in form and quality, as also in colour and flavour. And a third kind, in all respects like trout, save in not being speckled. The first sort they call *glossans*, the second *cats*, and the third *brits*—these three sorts of fish also appear only in the summer season, and never in winter. And in (West) Meath, near Fore, there are three lakes, not far removed from one another, of which each contains its own kinds of fish, to which the fish of the other lakes never approach, although they have ready access by the river which flows between; and if a fish of one of these lakes be carried to another, it either dies, or returns to its proper lake."—*Top. Hib. Dist. I.*, c. vii.

In his ornithological chapters, Girald is less accurate and more metaphorical, but still shows the habits of observation of a naturalist and a philosopher. From the habits of each bird he draws a moral lesson by way of analogy. The hen falcon, and generally the hen of all predacious birds, he remarks to be stronger and longer-lived than the male; "Which, per-

chance, may indicate to us that the female sex far takes the lead of mankind in all mischief, as Tully has it, &c., and Ecclesiastes saith, &c." Of the sparrowhawk he tells this strange story:—"That on the approach of winter it catches the bat, and keeps it, uninjured, in its nest, all night, sitting on it for the sake of its warm; then turns it out unharmed in the morning;" but this he merely gives as common story—not vouching it. "In that land," he proceeds, "you shall see as many eagles, as hawks elsewhere." Then having described the eagle's keenness of sight, and their training, as he had heard, of their eaglets to fix their eyes on the sun—whence they are called eagles, *ab acu oculorum*—"So," he goes on, "contemplative men fix their minds'-eye on the sun of righteousness; and ecclesiastics, even as parents, direct the inner eyes of youth at once to the contemplation of, and the aspiration towards, the light of the divine truth." Thence he rises in a series of speculations, which not unworthily remind us of the *Siris* of Berkeley—"The rocks and the masses of earth, which have in themselves no motion, stand solely by their weight and gravitation to the centre (*ad centrum tendunt*). The trees and the herbs have a great superiority over those, which we know, by a certain vital vegetation and vegetable vitality, perceptibly, yet senselessly, are moved and augmented of themselves. The brute animals mightily surpass the trees and herbs, for they, sensibly moving themselves from place to place, possess the power, by imaginary species in the sense, of remembering their stalls and of recollecting past events. But man, the *microcosmos*—man, the little universe in himself, far excels all these; endowed with judgment and reason, and sublime with erect countenance and the gift of speech; who turns to his own service the best of all the good creatures of God, and devotes himself to the service of God in turn. But even as man's above the others, so the angelical nature is pre-eminent over them all; and as it is sublimer, by reason of the greater fineness and higher place of the angelic essence, so also is it more familiar with, by reason of its greater proximity to, the divine nature, and more comprehensive in its

intelligence. But the Almighty, all-creating God—as the potter, the clay; as the painter, the picture—by an excellency far above and beyond what can be either spoken or imagined, excels all creation." But to return from Girald's interspersed *moralia* to his readings in Irish ornithology:—

"The cranes there collect in such numbers, that you may often count above a hundred at a time. This bird, by a natural instinct, will watch all night standing on one foot—for they take the office of sentinel by turns; in the claw of the other foot (while so standing) it holds a stone, that if by chance sleep should surprise it, the fall of the stone should awake it to its duty. Thus the vigilant prelates of the church," &c.

He now comes to that celebrated disquisition on the barnacle. The observance of Lent had led to many nice distinctions as to what was fish, what flesh. The beaver, especially its hairless and fish-like tail, was usually eaten in Lent by the strict churchmen of Northern Germany. In like manner, the Irish, feigning, or supposing the barnacle to be bred under water, from the barnacles or seashells that adhere to floating wrecks of the sea, used to vary their lenten entertainments with those succulent birds—a wholesome evasion of the unhealthy dietary prescribed for northern nations. The abstinence from flesh-meat, requisite and necessary for health, and to which the appetite, as well as the reason, assents, in Syria, in Asia Minor, or in Italy, is displeasing and unwholesome in countries where the sun shines only one day out of three; and in high northern latitudes becomes impracticable. Its application there becomes like the service of matins and vespers, north of the arctic circle, where the whole season consists of a day and a night. But Girald would not tolerate any evasion of the ecclesiastical rule. Granting that they were not born of flesh, yet he puts the case, suppose one had eaten a morsel, say of Adam or Eve, neither of whom were born of flesh, would he not have broken Lent? But this nice question has been discussed in so lawyer-like a manner by our learned townsman, Mr. Recorder Stanihurst, that we had better leave it in his hands—

“Cambrensis reporteth of his owne knowledge, and I heare it allowed by credible persons, that barnacles, thousands at once, are noted, along the shores in Ireland, to hang by the beakes about the edges of putrified timber, as ships, oares, masts, anchor-holds, and such like, which, in processe, taking livelie heat of the sunne, become water-foules, and, at their time of ripenesse, either fall into the sea, or flie abroad into the aire. . . . The inhabitants of Ireland are accustomed to moove question, whether barnacles be fish or flesh—as yet they are not fullie resolved; but most usuallie the religions of strictest abstinence doo eat them on fish daies. Giraldus Cambrensis, and after him Polichronicon, suppose, that the Irish cleargie in this point straie. For they hold of certentie, that barnacles are flesh. And if a man, saie they, had eaten a collop of Adam his leg, he had eaten flesh. And yet Adam was not ingendred of masle or female, but onlie created of claie, as the barnacles of wood and rotten timber. But the Irish clergie did not so farre straie in their opinion, as Cambrensis and Polichronicon in their disproofe. For the framing of Adam and Eve was supernaturall, onlie doone by God, and not by the help of angels, or anie other creature. For like as it surpasseth nature’s course to raise the dead, to lighten or insight the blind, so it stood not with the vsual and common lineage of nature, but onlie with the super-eminent power of God, to frame a man of claie, and a woman of a man’s rib. But the ingendring of barnacles is naturall, and not so wonderfull as Cambrensis maketh it; and, therefore, the examples are not like. . . . I suppose, according to my simple judgement, vnder the correction of both parties, that the barnacle is neither fish nor flesh, but rather a meane betweene both. As put the case, it were enacted by parliament, that it were high tresson to eat flesh on Fridaie and fish on Sundaie. Trulie, I thinke, that he that eateth barnacles both these daies, should not be within the compass of the estatute; yet I would not wish my friend to hazard it, least the barnacle should be found in law fish or flesh, yea, and, perhaps, fish and flesh. As when the lion, king of beasts, made proclamation that all horned beasts should avoid his court, one beast having but a bunch of flesh in his forehead, departed with the rest, least it had been found in law that his bunch were an horne.

“But some will, peradventure, marvel that there should be anie living thing that were not fish nor flesh. But they have no such cause at all. Nits,

fleshwormes, bees, butterflies, caterpillars, snailes, grassehoppers, beetels, earewicks, reremise, frogs, toads, adders, snakes, and such other, are living things, and yet they are neither fish nor flesh, nor yet red-herring—as they that are trained in scholasticall points may easilie judge. And so, I thinke, that if anie were so sharpe set (the estatute above rehearsed, pre-supposed), as to eat fried flies, buttered bees, stued snailes, either on Fridaie or Sundaie, he could not be, therefore, indicted of haulte treason; albeit, I would not be his ghest, vnless I tooke his table to be furnisht with more wholesome and licorous viands.”—*The Description of Ireland*, c. 2.

Having launched so far into the sea of prodigies, Girald finds it hard to draw in his sails. His next exposition is touching the wild-duck, in which are some statements, that our Irish housekeepers had better take care how they adopt in practice. “These birds have this wonderful quality, that if, when dead, they be kept in a dry place, they never become putrid; and laid away in wardrobes, or elsewhere, they preserve clothes from the moth, and give them a pleasant perfume. And what is still more surprising, if they are hung up by the beaks in a dry place, they renew their plumage every season, as if the vital energy still remained at work in some hidden way within them, &c. Thus, holy men, dead to the world, &c.”

He next speaks of swans and storks (the latter very rare), and of migrating and hybernating birds in general; and then goes on to describe the crow tribe, and their habits. “Of the ravens there, there are scarce any absolutely black; but are almost all pied. These birds will lift up sea-shells to a great height in the air, and drop them on the rocks of the coast, in order that the shells, which they cannot break with their beaks, may be fractured by the collision with the stones. Thus, our old enemy exalts us from an humble station, &c.” We have been assured, by a trustworthy eyewitness, that the crows on the strand at Clontarf have been seen picking up mussels, and dropping and breaking them, as here described, within the last three years. Perhaps they do so still, round all the coasts of the British Islands; but it is worthy

of remark, that it was in the winter of 1846, after the destruction of the potato, that they were seen so employed, on the particular occasion adverted to.

Omitting various other birds, their habits, qualities, and moral analogies, we proceed, with our learned naturalist, to the next division of his subject. Here he treats of the wild and tame animals. Among the wild, he particularises only the stag, wolf, and wild-boar. The last he describes as a small, ugly, and timid beast, as compared with the wild-boars of other wooded countries; and takes notice that, generally, all wild animals, in Ireland, are smaller and less courageous than elsewhere, man only (the classification is not, perhaps, the most correct) excepted. He remarks a singular trait of the hare in those days. Elsewhere, he says, the hare when hunted takes to the open country; but, in Ireland, runs ever to the thickest and darkest cover, like the fox—a difference of habit which he ascribes to the rankness of the herbage, impeding puss's footing. It is a singular example of the conformity of the habits of animals to local circumstances. Now that the woods are cut down and the plains tilled, the hare is coursed in the meadows, here as elsewhere. The hunting of the *matrix* (squirrel?) is next described. A fire kindled at the foot of the tree in which the animal takes refuge, detains it there all night, and the hunter takes it in the morning, where it remains fascinated among the branches.

Girald relates a singular instance of the cunning of the ferret. He now refers to the habits of the animal out of Ireland; for the contrivance noted is shown in its conflicts with the adder. The ferret makes its burrow with a transverse shaft, or gallery, crossing the principal passage. Here it lurks, having provoked the adder to pursue it. The adder gliding along the main passage, as soon as the middle of its length comes opposite the cross shaft in which the ferret is lurking, the latter seizes it with its teeth by the middle, and kills it, the adder being unable to defend itself either with its head or tail, owing to the straitness of the passage.

We next come to a chapter on a very celebrated subject—the exemption of Ireland from venomous rep-

tiles. It is a privilege of [the island for which we are not sufficiently thankful. A great part of the charm of the country is lost by the risk of noxious creatures elsewhere. Here we may lie on the green sward, secure from harm, as often as we have a bright day—though that, in other lands, “doth bring forth the adder.” We dare say moisture and want of sun are the main causes of our indemnity. The old tales of the prophylactic virtues of the Irish soil—of the scrapings of Irish parchment allaying the malignity of the bites of serpents—of the thong of Irish leather bursting asunder the toad which touched it—and the very influence of the air neutralising poisons in mid-channel—all of which are duly reported by Girald—have long been exploded; but the principal fact, that we are practically free from all varieties of the serpent, continues to excite the wonder of the naturalist, and the thanks of every reflecting son of the soil, in as lively a manner now as when it was first celebrated by Donatus of Fiesole. Speculating on the possible means by which a frog may have been imported—the first of that now numerous brood in Ireland, which was seen in a meadow near Waterford shortly before the invasion of King Henry—Girald shows that he was well aware of those singular uses of storms and waterspouts in dispersing the seeds both of plants and animals over the surface of the earth, to which modern meteorologists have so often occasion to advert, in accounting for showers of fish, showers of pollen, &c. The whole of the passage respecting this primogenial Irish frog, is instructive and curious. “In our own days, at Waterford, a frog was found in the pasture-fields, and was brought alive to the court, to the presence of Robert Poer, the governor there, and many others, both English and Irish. And when the Englishmen, and still more the Irish, had regarded it with much surprise, Donald King of Ossory, a prudent man in his nation, and a faithful, then being present, with a serious shake of his head and a heavy sigh, exclaimed—‘This vermin brings ill news to Ireland;’ and speaking as with a prophetic utterance, went on to say that this was a sign of the coming of the English, and of the impending conquest and overthrow in

battle of his nation. For let no one suppose that the creature had been born in Ireland; for it cannot be said of Ireland as of other lands—

‘Semina limus habet virides generantia ranas;’

For if that were so, they had been found in greater numbers either before or since then. But, perhaps, it was that, although by nature inhospitable and unfriendly to such a guest, the land had received a particle of frog-spawn which, in its liquid and slimy state, may have been, theretofore, attracted by the ethereal warmth into the air, and driven thitherward by the force of the winds; or, perhaps, had received the tadpole itself, already formed, and raised aloft and carried thither, out of the hollow of a descending cloud.”

The exclamation of Donald of Ossory is worthy of remark, as showing that as yet, during the earlier expeditions of the Welsh adventurers, they were regarded in Ireland as the mercenaries of Mac Murrough, rather than the precursors of a national invasion by the English Government.

The concluding chapters of Girald’s first Book, or “Distinction,” as it is termed, are conversant with the climate of Ireland, and with various favourable comparisons between its mild temperature and the keen, though brilliant and serene, skies of the east. He appears to have had a singular horror, perhaps only to have expressed the general horror publicly entertained, of poisons; and the immunity of Ireland from these, and the supposed impossibility of keeping poisons there, or even carrying them thither, and the consequent security against the vengeance of stepdames and courtesans, give rise to a picturesque series of contrasts, and afford our author an occasion of displaying an extensive knowledge of mediæval geography. He speaks of the rhinoceros, the crocodile, the hippopotamus, the hyæna, in their proper associations of place and circumstance; but exceeds a little in introducing, also, the basilisk and dragon.

More valuable and curious, however, than these evidences of the extent of his reading, are the observations which he makes in connexion with the question of climate, or what we would now call the sanitary state of Ireland.

Taking these remarks as the observations of a learned and inquisitive man, not under any inducement to misrepresentation or exaggeration, we cannot but esteem them most curious and instructive:—

“In winter as well as summer, the pastures yield abundant herbage; hence there is neither hay cut for fodder, nor are the cattle housed in winter. For such is the mildness and temperateness of the air, that at all seasons, almost, it is warm; and such also is its serenity, that fogs, vapours, and putrifying blights are unknown. The island has hardly any need of doctors. For you will find few or none sick, save those at the point of death. Between uninterrupted health and the pangs of dissolution, they hardly know any intermediate condition. Strangers suffer from one inconvenience, and one only. For by reason of the soft sorts of meats in use, almost every one is at first troubled with flux. However, at all seasons of the year, their beef is wholesome diet, but their pork-flesh hurtful. Farther, no native, so as he has never departed from his own salubrious country and climate, has ever yet suffered any of the three forms of fever: acute diseases are those alone which trouble them, and that very seldom. Such is the natural tenor and course of things with them. But as the world grows old, and verges, as it were, into decrepitude, all things tending to the end, the nature of everything is corrupted and changed for the worse. For there is such an excess of rain, and such a murkiness of impending clouds, and mists, that you would scarce see three dry and clear days together even in summer. Nevertheless, no disturbance of the air there, nor any roughness of the weather, ruffles the cheerfulness of such as are in ordinary health, or causes headache even to those of delicate constitution.”

Reading this account of a people enjoying these two incomparable blessings of health and cheerfulness, we cannot help asking whether their exchange for endemic fever and despondency has yet, or ever can be, compensated by the blessings of what we are in the habit of calling civilisation? And query, whether the anxieties of competition attendant on this advanced civilisation be not a more fruitful parent of fever than want of drainage?

Such is an outline of the first “Distinction” of the *Topographia*. It does not appear whether the audience

consisted of the guests of each day, or whether the readings were open to the public of the university; but if the literary entertainment were confined to the guests, it must be conceded that the poor had much the richest portion of the intellectual treat furnished by the archdeacon; for the other "Distinctions," both in matter and manner, fall far behind the first. The second, especially, to which we now proceed, and which formed the subject of the readings before the masters and chief scholars of the university, is the least philosophical, and, save for its use in illustrating the foibles of learning, the least valuable of the three. It is conversant, "*de Mirabilibus*," of the Marvels of Ireland. Some allowance must be made for the natural tendency to look for wonders in undiscovered regions. As the knowledge of geography had extended, the Arimaspi ceased to people Scythia, and transported themselves to inaccessible regions nearer the rising sun. Aldrovandus, even, four centuries later than Girald, found a habitat for the flying dragons which had disappeared from Jutland, in their old location on the borders of Abyssinia. Their bones, and those of the pigmies of Herodotus, were to be found there, in certain valleys. Sir John Mandeville would have passed for but a worthless traveller, if he had come home without tidings of the Kunocephali: he had not seen men with dog's heads, himself; but in lands beyond those he had visited, they were to be found as surely as Aldrovandus's dragons. Whatever had been written in Herodotus, in Strabo, in Pliny, or Solinus, it was thought ought to be made good by observation. Hence, the better-read a scholar might be, the more he looked for travellers' tales of the prodigious kind, from those who had penetrated into the borders of *terra incognita*. The simplicity of a scientific enumeration of birds, beasts, and fishes, with an essay on the soil, climate, and extent of the island, may, not improbably, have appeared to Girald less likely to please, as well as

of less absolute value, than the curiosity and novelty of the catalogue of prodigies which he has amassed in his second Distinction. Where he could have picked up so strange an assortment of fables has long been matter of wonder to historical students. The recent publication, however, of the "Irish Nennius,"* by our Archæological Society, has thrown a clear light on the origin of most of Girald's marvels. Girald's uncle, Maurice Fitzgerald, had acquired, early in the conquest, among other possessions, the castle of Glendaloch. It is probable that Girald spent a part of his time there, or in the neighbourhood, during his first visit. We make this remark from the particularity with which he has preserved the legend of St. Kevin, of his crows, his blackbird, and his apple-bearing willow-trees. We can well understand how much impressed with the novelty and solemnity of everything around him he would have been, if he visited the city of the two lakes, inhabited as it then was by a class of scholars preserving so much of the old-world history both of Britain and Ireland. In fact, from fragments of the now lost "Book of Glendaloch," preserved in other depositories, and now, for the first time, published in this edition of the "Irish Nennius," there is no doubt that the "Book of Glendaloch," or a translation of it, was Girald's chief source of information. The "Irish Nennius" is a work of too high mark in the solid literature of our period, to be dealt with, in any way befitting its great importance, in a cursory notice such as we could only offer it here. It is the joint work of the four most eminent scholars in the several departments they have undertaken, whom it would be possible to select out of the present seats of British learning. Dr. Todd is the editor and general annotator; Algernon Herbert, the author of "*Nimrod*," the man most versed in mystical archæology of any now living, writes the preface, and contributes special and additional notes; John O'Donovan and Eugene Curry answer

* The Irish Version of the "*Historia Britonum*" of Nennius, edited, with a Translation and Notes, by the Rev. James Henthorn Todd, D.D., M.R.I.A., F.T.C.D., &c. The Introduction and Additional Notes by the Hon. Algernon Herbert. Dublin, printed for the Irish Archæological Society, 1848.

for the Celtic topographical and philological illustrations. It is a publication which revives the era of Camden. As we have said, a fragment of the lost "Book of Glendaloch" forms part of the appendix. The impression it gives of the intellectual state of those by whom it was compiled is excessively humble. However, it was the vice or the fashion of the day to compile these follies: under some of them, too, was hidden a meaning not quite worthless. "The tract," says Dr. Todd, "is not without interest, as a curious collection of ancient fables and traditions, not very unlike the celebrated *Otia Imperialia* of Gervase of Tilbury, and compiled probably about the same period. It proves incidentally that the stories of Irish wonders told by Giraldus Cambrensis, for which Lynch has so severely, and, as now appears, so unjustly censured him, were not his own inventions, but copied, with some embellishments of his own, from the genuine traditions of the Irish people."

We subjoin some of these "Wonders of Eri" from the "Book of Glendaloch," with their transcripts from the Second Distinction of Giraldus:—

"Inis-glúair in Irrus Domhnann: this is its property, that the corpses that are carried to it do not rot at all, but their nails and hair grow, and every one in it recognises his father and grandfather for a long period after their death. Neither does the meat unsalted rot in it."—*Irish Nennius*, p. 193.

Thus touched and edited by Girald:—

"There is a certain island situate in the west of Connaught, called *Aren*, said to have been consecrated by St. Brendan. In this island (dead) men's bodies are neither buried, nor do they rot; but, laid out and exposed in the open air, they remain uncorrupted. Here men behold, and recognise with wonder, their grandfathers, their great-grandfathers, their great-great-grandfathers, and the whole series of their progenitors!"—*Top. Hib. Dist.* ii. c. 6.

The additions do not improve the original. Inish-Glory is at present little known. On examination, its soil might be found to possess the same qualities as the soil in the vaults of the cathedral of Palermo, or in those of St. Mi-

chan's, in our own city. "It is at present uninhabited," says Dr. Todd; "but it contains the ruins of some very ancient dwellings; and leeks and other garden herbs, introduced by the monks of St. Brendan, are found growing wild in several places on the island."

"The well of Gabbail-Liúin, in Orighallia (Galloon, in Monaghan): its property is, that (human) hair upon which it is poured will become immediately grey."—*Ir. Nen.*, p. 195.

The story does not lose anything of its marvellousness in Girald's hands:

"There is a well in Munster, with the water whereof, if any one be touched, he directly grows grey. I have seen a man, part of whose beard having been bathed in the water of that well, had grown grizzled, the rest remaining of its natural colour, tawny. There is a well in Ulster of quite a different nature: if any one be bathed in it, he never grows grey at all; and men and women wishing to keep their hair from turning grey frequent it."—*Dist.* ii. c. 7.

The Book of Glendaloch abounds in wondrous wells. We select another example:—

"The well of Sliabh Bladhma (Slieve Bloom): its property is, if any one gazes on it, or touches it, its sky will not cease to pour down rain until mass and sacrifice are made at it."—*Ir. Nen.*, p. 197.

On this hint Girald speaks as follows:—

"There is a well in Munster, which, if it be touched, or even looked upon, by any man, forthwith a torrent of rain inundates the whole province, and will not cease until a priest, specially deputed thereto, and who must, moreover, be a virgin from his infancy, both in act and thought, by the celebration of mass in a chapel which is erected for that purpose nigh at hand, and by the sprinkling of holy water, and of the milk of a cow of one colour (a barbarian and senseless rite), shall have appeased the well."—*Top. Dict.*, c. 7.

It is highly amusing to note the pains of Archdeacon Lynch, and indeed of his learned editor, to disparage this story of Girald's. Lynch is much

incensed at the archdeacon's omitting to mention the virtues of any of the really holy wells of Leinster, such as the wells of St. John (at Dunsany); or of St. Brigid, described by Bishop Rothe; or that of St. Moling, on the Barrow, celebrated by Friar Clyn, to which, in A.D. 1348, "bishops, prelates, ecclesiastics, religious, nobles, and others, of both sexes, old and young, from all parts of Ireland, to the number of several thousands, resorted to perform their stations and wadings," with great spiritual and bodily benefit, instead of telling these travellers' tales of "profane fountains," in obscure and distant situations. As for the story of the beard, 'twas a trick put upon our philosopher by some rustic wit; for how could any man be so devoid of common sense as so to expose himself to everybody's laughter, with a piebald, party-coloured beard, when he might have made it all grey alike by the one washing? But the alleged practices for quelling the angry well of Slieve Bloom excite a more serious vein of argument:—

"His account of the wells is followed by a very silly story, without the least semblance of truth. Why should such virginal purity be required in the priest who said mass? The mass of a priest who is ordained after the death of his lawful wife, works the same effects, *ex opere operato* (as theologians say), as the mass of the purest virgin that ever lived. The tempests excited in the surrounding district, when any one touched or looked at the well, must be attributed to witchcraft, and not to a miracle; for Martin Delrio proves, by the clearest arguments, that human touch or look has no such potent influence. I am not at all surprised that mass was celebrated, and holy water sprinkled, to appease the tempests; amulets and lawful *cataplasms* are often used against the spells of witchcraft. But why sprinkle the milk—the milk, too, not of any cow, but of one without a single speck, and all of one colour? Such petty observances savour of superstition; and what connexion can there be between superstition and the most holy sacrifice of the mass? 'For what participation hath justice with injustice? or what fellowship hath light with darkness? and what concord hath Christ with Belial?' Witches, I know, are accustomed to introduce prayers and holy things, that their incantations,

like poison, may work more secretly. But the ruin brought down by witchcraft should not have been opposed by witchcraft. Martin Delrio proves, by the soundest arguments, and the authority of the most unexceptionable theologians, that evil spells cannot be used against evil spells, because evil ought not to be done that good may follow. Girald's object, I am sure, in detailing this fabrication, was to make the world believe the Irish church authorised public superstitions, and to brand with infamy the discipline of her clergy."—*Cambr. Evers. Engl. Transl.*, p. 135.

Mr. Kelly, not having the extract from the Book of Glendaloch before him, repeats Girald's imputations with equal earnestness—"There is no authority, written or traditional, for Giraldus's account of the mass celebrated at the angry well, or of the barbarous ceremonies related by him;" and retorts, somewhat circuitously, by a description of the trial by ordeal, as practised in England down to the reign of Henry III. Mr. Kelly gives us, however, some curious references to the uses of wells, or fountains, in connexion with ancient basilicas, in the porches of which he states them to have been often erected, instancing that a well similarly circumstanced exists at St. Doulogh's; and cites "*Adamnan de locis Sanctis*," lib. xi., cap. iii. 18, 19, for holy wells in Palestine. Doctor Todd, in a matter-of-fact manner, remarks—"The irritable well here mentioned is the source of the river Bearva, now the Barrow, in the barony of Hy-Regan, now Tinnehinch, in the north-west of the Queen's County. It floods the lower country for miles in the rainy season—a circumstance which probably gave rise to the legend in the text."—*Ir. Nen.*, p. 196. And Mr. O'Donovan, on the subject of the Irish wells, and the popular beliefs connected with them, generally, observes—"To this day the Irish retain the notion, that if a pure spring well, whether consecrated or not, be defiled by throwing any filth into it, or by washing soiled clothes in it, it will either dry up, or migrate to some other locality; and many examples of such migrations are pointed out in every county in Ireland."—*Ibid.*

Of the other marvellous wells enumerated in the Book of Glenda-

loch, and described, with like improvements and additions, by Girald, it is unnecessary to say more. The phenomena of some are natural; of others, factitious; of the rest, merely fabulous, like those we have cited. Girald, however, does not limit himself to the wells of Ireland, but matches the marvels of the *Book of Glendaloch* with like examples of wells of singular qualities in Britain, in Norway, in France, in Hungary, and Sicily.

But of all the stories told of marvellous wells by the Irish writers, there is none which so picturesquely unites historical evidences and legendary romance, as that which Girald relates of the fountain whose overflow caused the formation of Loch Neagh. He has told his story with a studious elegance of diction, and with rhythmical cadences, to which ordinary prose translations would hardly do justice. In making our version, we insensibly glide into verse:—

“There is in Ulster a vast lake; its length
Thrice ten miles measures, and its breadth thrice five;
Whence issuing, wondrous fair, the pleasant Bann
Rolls its clear waters to the Northern Sea.
Here, oftener far for fish-o'erburthened nets
And ruptured tackling grieves the fisherman
Than for unfruitful casts. A mighty fish
Here late was ta'en, a native of the lake,
In shape a salmon, but in size so huge,
As men uplifting failed to lift entire,
Till, cut in pieces portable, 'twas borne
Throughout the province. Now a legend thus
Tells of the fishy, clear lake's origin.
Where now the lake, once dwelt a race of men
For crimes unutterable, infamous,
Beyond all others of their bestial race;
'Mongst whom, of old, this dread prediction ran—
That should a certain well, by barbarous rites
There worshipped (on which well there was a lid,
And on the lid a seal), perchance be left
Unsealed, the waters of that well would rise,
And drown the land, and those that dwelt therein.

“Now so it was, a mother with her babe
Came to draw water at the lidded well;
Her pitcher filled, she, sudden, from behind,
Where she had laid him, heard her infant's cry;
And turning, with her eager mother's heart,
To soothe her baby, left the well unsealed;
Then proved 'the people's voice, the voice of God'—
For when the hapless mother turned again,
She met the flood—the unsealed fountain's flood
'Whelmed mother, infant, people: in one hour
The spreading inundation grew a lake,
Wide, deep, unmoved, above the sinful dead.

“The truth whereof this argument may vouch,
That there the fisherman, when eves are still,
Will show the stranger whom he ferries o'er,
Beneath the waves, the slender, old church towers,
Built in that country fashion, tall and round.”

The reader of Wilde's sprightly and erudite “*Beauties of the Boyne*” will be reminded of the story of Queen Bovinda, and her lapdog Dabella. There is no more general form of the diluvian tradition. The learned Faber has collected a number of such stories from the mythology of all parts of the world. The story of Loch Neagh

seems a compound of the general diluvian tradition, and of that of the cities of the plain. It is one of the accusations against the ancient Irish, which has cost the greatest waste of recriminatory learning. Lynch notices justly, that in this and similar charges, Girald speaks only from hearsay and tradition. He then ad-

duces abundant parallel enormities from all the European annals. Those who have a fancy for reading of monstrous births, arguing monstrous passions, may indulge their taste, literally *ad nauseam*, between Girald's collection of Irish marvels of that kind, and Lynch's parallel cases. The FitzMaurices—we suppose they were his informants—had told Girald that a monster, half man half bull, from the mountains of Glendaloch, used to frequent Maurice Fitzgerald's house at Wicklow, and when they fed him, would take his food in the cleft of his hoof, and bellow like an ox, having no human articulation, either of the voice or the extremities. He records this and half-a-dozen tales of the same sort with infinite gusto. They appear to have gratified some peculiar prurieny of his mind; for he is equally open to such tales in Ireland, in France, and in his own country. Among his Cambrian marvels in natural history, we may instance that of Sir Gilbert Hagerneil, seized with the pains of labour at Brecknock, and brought to bed of a calf. It is evident whoever told him these stories, whether in Ireland or in Wales, amused themselves with the credulous philosopher. But we are unwilling to dwell on subjects so displeasing as those he has collected in the twentieth and succeeding four chapters of this part of his topography. The middle-age naturalists were eager for prodigies; and there is no country of the west of Europe in which tales exciting equal or greater abhorrence could not easily be collected. Delrio (lib. 2, quæst. xiv., xv.) has brought together an abundance of similar stories, from Saxo's royal Scandinavian family, descended from a virgin and a bear, to Polydore Virgil's account of the punishment of the people of Stroud, for cutting off the tail of St. Thomas-à-Becket's horse, who all since then, "*nati sunt instar brutorum animalium, caudati.*" Even in Girald's time shocking bestialities were practised in Paris. Of one instance he speaks as if he had himself been, if not an eye-witness, yet positively informed; a degree of testimony which is not approached in any of his statements respecting the enormities of the Irish. It is further observable, that the *mirabilia* of the Book of Glendaloch include nothing of this revolting kind.

And we may remark, that his sermon at Christ's Church makes no allusion to any charge beyond the two main offences of marriages within the Roman canonical degrees, and non-payment of tithes. But the object with which he has here raked together whatever was most calculated to bring the Irish into the abhorrence of Christendom, needs no further explanation. We stray, however, from what, at present, demands our attention—the legend of Loch Neagh, and the singular uses that have been made of it in the round-tower controversy. The story was at first supposed to refer to Loch Erne. "Now," says Lynch, "since Loch Erne, as we find by our annals, burst forth from the earth in *anno mundi* 2930, in the reign of Fiach Lavoinn, just after that monarch had conquered the Erni, a race of Firvolgs, who then inhabited that tract, it follows that this story of Christian church belfries submerged under its waters is wholly untenable: for," says he, although referring the building of the towers to the Danes in the first instance, "that they are belfries appears from their name; for *clochteach* is the same as the house of the bell; and you will always find them attached to cathedrals, or in the cemeteries of abbatial churches." An amusing inversion of Lynch's argument was relied on in the late academic controversy by Mr. Dalton. Loch Neagh has also the date of its eruption in the annals; of course long anterior to Christianity. "Now," says Mr. Dalton, "if these were Christian church-towers, how can they be supposed to have been submerged under a lake that burst forth before Christianity was known?"

Some Bickerstaff of the day, just before the appearance of Petrie's work, discussed this passage with much mock gravity. Writing under the name of John Flanagan, schoolmaster, Kilkenny, he informs the learned that the whole error and confusion in which the round-tower controversy had been involved, arose simply from a mistaken translation of this passage:—

"Cambrensis Giraldus," says Flanagan, whose absurdities are made more laughable by a rustic pedantry, "was an author of good note, who lived at the time of the acquisition of this realm by the English crown—that is, A.D. 1169, according to *Ussher*. His words, writ-

ing of Ireland, are these, '*turres ecclesiasticæ quæ more patrio arcæ sunt atque rotundæ*,' which words, being misunderstood by later writers, have bred wonderful discussions, which, as I shall presently show, being founded wholly in error, all their conclusions must consequently be vain and illusory. For the word *turris* (giving in the plural '*turres*'), as I have it in MS. in a rare copy of a very old dictionary (*in margine*),* has two significations, and means both a *tower*, or lofty edifice, and also a *tour*, or circuit, by way of journey, as we say, 'to go on a *tour* to the Lakes of Killarney,' 'to Woodstock,' and so forth; and both, as they are much of a like pronunciation, so (as I am informed by a learned member of the *Royal Irish Academy*) they are both from one root in the *Phœnician*. Whence it appears, that what Giraldus meant was the bishop's *tour* or circuit of his diocese, which latterly (*Euphonia causâ*, and for shortness-sake) is more commonly called a *visitation*. And because the Irish dioceses were small in point of value, compared with those rich episcopal seats of England (*de quo Consule Dugdale*, and the learned *Valor Beneficiorum*), and, as we may say, *narrow* in their revenues, he calls them '*arcæ*;' for *arctus*, as you shall find in *Vossius*, hath that meaning. And then he says, the revenues of these Irish sees were not only pinched and small, but the *tours*, circuits, ambits, or visitations thereof, were '*rotundæ*,' which last word (for all so simple as it looks) has, I may say, been the chief means of causing the whole combustion: for our modern *literati* having no sufficient knowledge of the *medieval* Latin spoken by Giraldus (who was well stricken in years at the time when he wrote), take it to mean simply 'round,' or of a circular form; whereas it properly means something more—namely, '*round-about*, or, as we would more elegantly phrase it, *circuitous*;' as I have it in a *gloss* on *Ainsworth*, which I presume the learned will not dispute. And so we have, for the whole passage, this meaning:—'Their church visitations are circuitous and unprofitable—*more patrio*—like every thing else in that country;' instead of the ridiculous nonsense of the translators:—'Their church-steeple are built after the fashion of that country, of narrow proportions and a round form!' as if it was anything to Giraldus, *who was Bishop of St. Asaph's, in Wales*, how the church-steeple were built in Ireland! where, as a bishop, his consideration

must first have been turned to the statistical and fiscal state of the sees, the tithes, issues, and profits thereof, and the probable *cost* to the bishop of going his diocesan visitations. It would, indeed, be a left-handed compliment to the capacity of so great a divine, and one so well versed in *ecclesiastical discipline* as Giraldus (of whom our learned *Stanhurstus* speaks so panegyrically), to imagine that he would overlook a thing of that vast moment, to give his attention to so futile a matter, as the shape of the steeples of a few country churches among the Irish *bogs*. And I would thank those learned doctors of the *academy* to point me out the passage where this prime ingredient in an episcopal and topographical treatise is to be found in Giraldus, *if not here*. Indeed I need not dwell longer on this part of my subject, which is self-evident."

The Kilkenny philomath, having thus disposed of Giraldus, proceeds to solve the difficulty about the towers, in a manner as bold as it must be admitted to be original:—

"There are no round towers in Ireland. I have lived, man and boy, for five and fifty years in Ireland, and never saw such a thing in my life. The supposed round towers, concerning which these numerous *tomes* have been written, are *wholly imaginary*. This is a simple point; yet for all so simple as it appears, it has cost me many years of study to arrive at it; and I now lay the results with some confidence before a discerning public."

His demonstration of the non-existence of the towers is drawn, from the evident impossibility of men, in their senses (but indeed here his major properties is somewhat large), conceiving such different and irreconcilable opinions about the same objects:—

"As suppose," he says, "the different writers about Egypt had each told us a different story of the great pyramid; one alleging it to be a circus or amphitheatre for equestrian entertainments; another stating that it was one of those perfect cubes with which the gods formerly played at dice, as I read in an ancient MS. *penes me*; a third, that it was a *Nilometer*; a fourth, that it was nothing but 'an overgrown milestone,' as that mighty monarch, King George the Fourth, in a moment of jocoseness, denominated the Wellington

* A certain "marginal gloss" was then making some noise in the learned world.

Testimonial in the Phoenix Park at Dublin; and a fifth, perhaps, that it was an Egyptian oven for hatching crocodiles; I say, if we heard representations so impossible of reconciliation, *inter sese*, concerning the Egyptian pyramid, we would at once conclude, that the report of its existence was a fiction, and that these writers were only reasoning on speculation, or guessing at what the pyramids of Herodotus in former ages might have been."

His argument completed, he addresses himself to dispose of some impertinent matter-of-fact objections, which he deals with in a very exemplary manner:—

"But, methinks I hear one of your paltry tribe of critics (who are ever ready to take hold of any, the most trivial circumstance, to thwart an honest inquirer in his researches after truth) allege, as indeed I have myself heard some, who ought to have had more respect for the *historic music*, alleging that, *in point of fact*, there are round towers at several different places in Ireland, which they say they have seen, and pretend to have taken the very dimensions of with their astrolabes and tape lines! There certainly is no assertion too preposterous for those, who, having been early imbued with the prejudices of an illiberal education, will stick at nothing to prop up the tottering theories of old exploded barbarism and folly; but, fortunately we live in an age of inquiry, when evidence can be sifted, and its true value appreciated; and when learned doctors, even though they should be *academicians*, will not be allowed to run away with the fact, without putting forward some intelligible grounds for our believing their cool assertions. It will not do, now-a-days, for gentlemen to produce an old rusty dripping-pan, and say, 'lo, the *parma* of a Roman legionary!' no; the cook would be called for with her rubber and freestone, and the *fucus* of pretended antiquity would be dissipated on the instant."

It is true, he admits, there is the stalk of an ancient chimney of a Phœnician smelting furnace at St. Canice's, in Kilkenny, but as for the alleged round tower at Clondalkin, "I can declare positively (for I made it my business to go by Mr. Purcell's day mail-coach, for that express purpose) that there are not the slightest traces of such an object there, or thereabouts, or, indeed, anywhere else, ex-

cept where they properly ought to be, at Blarney, as abovementioned; and I hope the candid reader will allow, that I made my observations in the *right* direction, having taken my seat on that side of the coach, and kept my attention fixed on the objects on that side, the entire length of the journey."

Our Bickerstaff was not long without a reply from Partridge. Next week appeared "An Answer to Mr. Flanagan's extravagant assertions respecting the round towers of Ireland, &c. &c. By Matthew Delany, surgeon-apothecary," professing to print his essay at Carlow. The surgeon is made to traverse the affectation of treating these subjects scientifically, as the school-master had exhibited the absurdity of the pedantic method. He ascertains all the dimensions of the Clondalkin tower by observation; tests its objective existence by all his five senses, "getting," among the other evidences of its actuality, "in the interior of the tower, at the bottom—if my sceptic think this of any consequence—a very foul smell;" and, finally, to make all sure, analyses a portion of it. He finds several small fractions of various chemical ingredients, and a *residuum* of 99·17 parts of the 100, "consisting chiefly of broken bits of limestone and mortar." But if we pursued the Flanagan-Delany controversy to its termination, we should never find our way back to our topographer, whose "turree ecclesiasticæ," have led us into this digression.

The next marvel mentioned in the Book of Glendaloch, is that singular one of the werewolves of Ossory. "The descendants of the wolf are in Ossory. They have a wonderful property: they transform themselves into wolves, and go forth in the form of wolves; and if they happen to be killed with flesh in their mouths, it is in the same condition that the bodies out of which they have come will be found; and they command their families not to remove their bodies, because if they were moved, they could never come into them again."—*Ir. Nen.* p. 205. Or, as given more at large in another copy:—"There are certain people in Eri, viz., the race of Laighaire Failaidh, in Ossory. They pass into the form of wolves whenever they please, and kill cattle according to the custom of wolves, and

they quit their own bodies ; and when they go forth in their wolf-forms, they charge their friends not to remove their bodies ; and if they are wounded while abroad, the same wounds will be on their bodies in their houses ; and the raw flesh devoured while abroad will be in their teeth.”—*Ibid.* How the belief in this kind of monstrous transformation came to be so widely spread, and so generally believed, as it has been since the time of Herodotus, it is hard to conceive, without yielding, at least, as much credence to it as we now usually do to the imagined transformations and cataleptic fantasies of witches. Mr. Herbert refers us for the legends connected with this strange and widely-diffused class of, as he conceives, demoniacs or melan-cholics, to the authorities below.* It may suffice here to cite what is said of them by the earliest writer who has noticed their existence. Speaking of the Neuri, a race of Scythians, and neighbours of the Agathyrsi (from whom the tale or the demoniacism itself may have been communicated to the Irish, since they refer their Scythian descent to the Agathyrsi), Herodotus says—“There are those who assert that they are wizards ; and that the Scythians and Græco-Scythians allege that they once a-year turn themselves into wolves, and again return into their proper form ; which they who told the tale to me could not persuade me to, albeit they asseverate that the fact is so, and will swear to it.”—(*Melp.*) The curious reader may consult the other authorities referred to by Mr. Herbert, who, on any matter of the mystical or supernatural kind, is unquestionably the richest in reference and authority of any writer since the time of Burton. The story, so revolting in the Irish account, is made into a pretty romance, with a religious application in its transmission through the hands of Girald :—

“We shall now proceed,” he says, “to relate some marvellous occurrences

of our own time. About three years before the arrival of King John in Ireland, it happened that a certain priest, travelling out of the parts of Ulster towards Meath, had to spend the night in a certain forest on the Meathian border. Now, while he lay meditating by the fire which he had kindled beneath a lofty tree, with one little boy alone in his company, behold, a wolf approached them, and all at once began to speak in this wise—“Fear nothing. There is no need for alarm.” . . . Then the priest, adjuring the animal by Almighty God, and the faith of the Trinity not to do them any harm, and to tell them what kind of creature it was, that, under that bestial form, gave utterance to human language, the wolf, returning Catholic answers in all points, proceeded to say—“We are of a certain family of the men of Ossory ; whence once in every seven years, by the curse of a certain holy man, to wit, of the Abbot Natalis, two of us, a man and a woman, are compelled to exile ourselves, and that not only from our place of habitation but from our human shapes. For, laying off the human form, they assume the forms of wolves. And when the seven years are ended, two others being selected in their places ; these, if still surviving, return to their proper country. And,” said the wolf, “the companion of my exile lies not far from hence, grievously sick. And I beseech you,” said he, “that you will administer the consolations of your office to her, for she is *in extremis*.” Whereupon the priest, affrighted enough at such an adventure, follows the wolf, who led the way to a tree not far off. And there, in the hollow of the tree, he sees a she-wolf, with all the likeness of a wild beast, but uttering the moans and groans of a human being. She, as soon as she saw him, giving him a courteous salutation, expressed her thanks to God for vouchsafing her so great a consolation in such an extremity ; and so she went through the whole service, up to the point where she should have received the communion ; and this she most earnestly and pressingly sought for, beseeching the priest that he would give her the *viaticum*. But he, alleging that he had it not to give, the he-wolf, who had stood to one side, approached, and disclosed

* Herodotus, iv. 105 ; Pliny, viii. 22 ; “Olaus Magnus de Gent. Septentr,” xviii. cap. 45-7 ; “Gervas Tilbur., Otia Imper.,” i. c. 15 ; “Marie de France, Laie de Besclaveret,” i. p. 178 ; “William and the Werwolf,” London, 1832 ; “P. Lancere, Tableau, &c., des Mauvais Anges,” pp. 259, 309 ; “Hakewill’s Apologie,” i. c. 1, s. 6 ; “Boguet Discours de Sorciers,” cap. iv. ; Verstegan’s “Restitution,” p. 237 ; “Life of Nathaniel Pearce,” i. pp. 287-9 ; ii. p. 340 ; to which we may add *Augustin. de Civ. Dei*, c. xviii., cited by Gerald as above.

the little book, containing the manual, and some consecrated hosts, which the priest, as is customary on journeys in that country, carried under his cloak, suspended from his neck. The wolf adjured him not to deny them the gift and bounty of God, which had been so providentially destined for them; and to dispel all scruples of the priest, using his paw as it were a hand, and pulling back the whole hide from the head of the she-wolf, and folding it back as far as her middle, behold, there appeared beneath the form of an aged woman. The priest seeing this, and moved more by terror than acting on reflection, at length administered the communion, and the wolf immediately pulling back the skin, it re-adjusted itself to the former appearance."

Omitting the discourse between the wolf and priest touching the invasion, and the prophecy of the former that the English would succeed in retaining their supremacy so long as they did not conform to the Irish manners, we proceed to what must be regarded as the most singular part of the story, namely, Girald's own testimony to the fact that the story, as above narrated, was believed by the cotemporary clergy of Meath, as it also plainly was by himself:—

"Two years after," he says, "I passed through Meath, where the bishop of that part of the country was just then holding a synod of the neighbouring bishops and abbots, touching this affair, which he had learned from the confession of the priest concerned in it, in order to determine, by their joint advice, what should be done in his regard. And hearing that I was passing through these parts, he sent to me two of his clergy, begging of me to be present, if possible, in the discussion of so weighty a matter, or at least that I should certify them of my sentiments by letter. Having learned the whole of the facts from these messengers, as I had also already heard them from others, and being unable, from urgent causes, to attend in person, I gave them, nevertheless, the benefit of my advice by letter. And the bishop and synod, taking my advice, sent the priest with the bishop's letter containing the facts, and his own confession, sealed with the seals of the bishops and abbots who were present, to the Pope."

The question now appears to have been, whether the priest was justified in administering the rites of the church

to a creature so equivocal. Girald hesitates what opinion to offer; for, on the one hand, it was a rational creature, but then, on the other hand, who could say that a quadruped, prone on the earth, and not risible, was anything but a beast? Could any one say that if one slew such a creature, he would be guilty of manslaughter? And then he observes what Augustine proposes touching such monsters, "of whom we hear of some, in the East, who have the heads of dogs, others without heads of any kind, with their eyes in their shoulders," viz., that if it can be predicated of them that they are "animals, rational, and mortal," they are to be deemed men. He then cites Augustine's account of the wer-wolves of Arcadia (*de Civ. Dei*, l. xviii. c. 18), who, being chosen by lot, have to cross a lake, on the opposite side of which they are turned into wolves, and so continue for a period of nine years; after which probation, if during that time they have abstained from eating human flesh, they are suffered to recross the lake, and resume their human appearance. He also adduces a singular Italian tradition—showing how long the story of Circe continued in the popular memory—that the dairy-women there used to bewitch travellers by something they gave them in cheese, which had the effect of turning them into beasts of burthen, and in that form would compel them to carry their loads. Nay, more, "we have actually seen," he says, "and in our own times, workers of the art magic, who would make what seemed fat hogs, only they were always of a reddish colour, out of any stuff that might lie in their way, and sell them in the public markets. But as soon as they crossed any water (the forms of the hogs), would vanish, and the materials be changed back again into their real nature; and keep them with what care you would, the factitious forms never lasted beyond the third day. Further," he says, attesting the early prevalence of the belief in witchcraft, "this is a frequent complaint, and one of long standing, that certain old women, as well in Wales as in Ireland and Scotland, transform themselves into the appearance of hares, in order, under that disguise, to steal their neighbour's milk, by sucking the dugs of their cattle."

Indeed, all the *diableries* of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries were rife in Wales at this time. The dancing mania of the middle ages was annually anticipated at the Church of St. Almeda, in Brecknock. Demoniac revels, equal to any of those related by Glanvil, were enacted by evil spirits in the houses of Stephen Wirret and William Nott, in Pembroke. They showed their presence by tossing about light articles, and cutting and making holes in linen, household stuffs, and clothing. Nay, one of these beings, half man, half demon, begotten by an incubus, served in the house of Elidor Stackpole, in Pembroke, as a "brownie," *sub ruffi juvenis specie*, and the creature's name was Simon (*Itin. Camb.* l. i. c. xi.).

The fairy mythology also was much the same as at present, or rather as it was in the last generation. Elidor, a priest of Swansea, when a boy of twelve years, disgusted with the monotony of his school tasks, and fearful of the rod, (as many a boy has been before and since), ran and hid himself under a hollow bank of the Tevy. Here, when he had been fasting for four-and-twenty hours, there appeared to him two little manikins, who said, "Come with us and we shall lead you to a place full of sports and pleasures." So the little boy followed his guides down a path that led into the earth, dark at first, but afterwards opening on a most beautiful region, &c. &c.

Here was neither sun, moon, nor stars, but a kind of cloudy daylight. The king of the fairies bestowed the newcomer on his son as a page. The fairies were of a yellow colour, and wore their hair long on their shoulders, like females. They had horses of the size of beagles. They were great lovers of truth, and had no oaths. They ate neither fish nor flesh; but lived on milk and curds, corked with saffron. It were tedious to recount the adventures of Elidor; but being caught in an attempted theft he was banished to the upper hemisphere, when he took to learning and became a priest at St. David's. Here he was often questioned touching fairyland by bishop David, Girald's uncle; and gratified the bishop with the full relation of his subterranean adventures, as set forth by Girald in his "Itinerary of Wales" (l. i, c. xiii.). Girald preserves, from his uncle's relation, three words of the fairy language, as communicated to him by the priest. *Udor Udorum*, "give me water," and *Halgein Udorum*, "give me salt." The fairy tongue, so far seems, an artless enough combination of Greek and Gælic.

Such were the speculations which then exercised the genius of Oxford. The remainder of the Marvels, and the manners and habits of the Irish, will afford us material for another paper.

ROME, ANCIENT AND MODERN.*

THERE is no city in the world which awakens in the mind so many varied and profound feelings as Rome. No thoughtful man can have even once traversed its streets, or made the circuit of its boundaries, without being impressed with the sense that, as if by some magic power, vast intervals of time have been compressed together, and brought into such proximity, that the mind can contemplate century after century, as if lying in juxta-position; and the being of to-day can well believe himself, by some process of multiplied existence, in living converse with those who were coeval with the monuments before him—with the denizens of the *Roma Quadrata* of Romulus; of the Rome of kings and consuls, of triumvirs and emperors, of popes and princes, of the pagan and the Christian. The illusion which thus affects the intellectual, is very analogous to what takes place upon the physical senses, by means of the skilful disposition of outline and colouring, with which the painter mimics distance upon the flat surface, and gives the eye the power of ranging through almost illimitable stretches of varied landscape. Emerging in the distance from the hazy outline of the rude and sterile mountain or the trackless ocean, we are led by gradual and almost imperceptible changes through climates more genial, through scenes more civilised, and regions more cultivated; the primitive hut on the hill-side being succeeded by the strong keep or the lordly mansion, till at length we reach in the foreground the familiar scene, it may be of our daily haunts, in all the perfection of modern civilisation.

And so it is that he who stands on the Palatine or the Cælian Hill, who walks through the forum and thence passes to St. Peter's, or to the Porta del Popolo, feels that his spirit has ranged over twenty centuries, as his eye on the canvas may have wan-

dered over as many miles, linking in each case the remote and obscure with the present and the palpable.

All this belongs to Rome, as it belongs to no other spot of the earth. Assyria and Egypt have their past, their memories of a giant power and a wondrous civilisation; but we look upon Nimrod or Nineveh, upon the pyramid or the palace, as we do on the fossil megatherium or mammoth; the representative of a race which had once been, but has long ceased to be; but Rome is to us like the fossil man or the mummy; we look upon it with wonder and awe, as upon one who lived when the earth was itself young; and still we feel that we are linked to him and his distant existence by a chain unbroken and indissoluble. That the breast of the dead throbbed with the same life, was animated with the same passions, and informed by the same heavenward aspirations as our own.

Neither must he who would see and know Rome, as it should be seen and known, study her in the mere spirit in which he would range through a metropolis of a modern creation. In St. Petersburg, or New York, or Philadelphia, he will see noble streets and stately buildings, but they all speak of the present. Every public edifice proclaims its own use. The arsenal, the mart, the court, or the theatre, in structure or location, are such as our fathers and ourselves are wont to assign to them; he needs scarcely ask more than their names, and he at once knows the history of their short-lived annals. They are called, it may be, by the name of some founder who has scarce passed from amongst the living, or whose memory is as familiar as that of Peter, of Catharine, of Washington, or of Franklin.

But Rome has her double memories, her two lives, distinct yet ever blend-

* "The Vicissitudes of the Eternal City, or Ancient Rome; with Notes, Classical and Historical." By James Whiteside, Esq. A.M., M.R.I.A. London: Bentley, New Burlington-street. 1849.

ing—the past and the present—both visible and intelligible to the few who know how to read her legends aright; one only seen by the many to whom her past is a mystery withdrawn from their eyes.

There be many that we have met with who have sauntered through the forum and by the arches of Constantine and Titus, and have traversed the Campidoglio or the Araceli, the while, no doubt, admiring the wondrous monuments around them—temple, and arch, and column—and yet in happy ignorance that they had been treading the Via Sacra, and were close to the Temple of Jupiter Capitolinus, and the Tarpeian Rock, the scene of the earliest treaty in the annals of Rome—where the founder of the infant city entered into a solemn league with the Sabine King—where, from age to age, kings, and consuls, and emperors, were wont to pass along in triumphant processions.

He, then, who would see and know Rome—the Rome, not of to-day alone, but of all times since her foundation, Rome the eternal—must study her in her “*Vicissitudes*”—must learn to know in every modern locality the site of some ancient memorial—must, with a spirit like to the loving patriotism of the Jews for that city which to them was “a fair place, and the joy of the whole earth,” with patient and investigating zeal, “go round about her, and tell the towers thereof,”—must “mark well her bulwarks, and set up her houses.” He must learn, by the light of history and the guidance of topographers, to re-people her streets, to re-construct her forums, to re-assemble comitia upon the ruins of the Foro Romano, and, as he strays down the Corso, or the Strada di Babuino, re-people the Campus Martius—such as Strabo has described it to us; its whole extent thronged with gay multitudes, spectators at the manly sports of former times—the horse-race and the chariot-race, the games of the circus, and the contest of the pugilist and the athlete; while to his bodily senses the palaces of the Corso seem to fade away, and the mind’s eye replaces them with porticos and sacred groves, theatres, and amphitheatres, sumptuous temples, and rich mausoleums—in fine, he must study her as one of

her own poets described an antiquary of his time to have done:—

“Seeking amid the rank profaning grass,
The scattered remnants of that fell repast,
Which gluttonous Time, in very daintiness
Of sated appetite, did spurn at last.
The relics of those glorious ages past,
When prostrate kings flung down their crowns before
The youthful giant’s feet, and the dread blast
Of her shrill clarions rung from shore to shore,
As her blood-lusting eagles swooped the wide world o’er.”

The visitor of Rome, however well-disposed to avail himself of his residence amidst the interesting monuments with which he found himself surrounded, had heretofore many difficulties to contend with, and none but a determined spirit had any prospect of knowing Rome as we have said it should be known. True, there were guides; animate and inanimate, books and men, ancient and modern. So far as modern Rome—we mean Rome since the time of Sixtus V.—there has been no lack of information sufficiently ample and accurate; the period which intervened between the removal of the seat of empire to Byzantium, by Constantine the Great, up to the occupation of the city by the troops of Charles V., during the pontificate of Clement VII., was also tolerably accessible by means of the ordinary resources of history; and the landmarks of ancient edifices and monuments of that interval were sufficiently well known. But the long period which preceded the two former—that which embraced the time from the foundation of the city to the conversion of Constantine was a period in regard to which the antiquarian found himself most at fault. History no doubt was, upon the whole, clear and authentic—more so, if we except the first few ages, indeed, than the annals of any other nation; but the topography was far from accurate, and the works which were most faithworthy were not easily available. We know well, and the reader may imagine the embarrassment in which one was involved who sought, while in modern Rome, to make himself acquainted with ancient sites and monuments—to search out localities by the light of history—and then to read history with the advantage and interpretation to

be derived from the proximity of the scenes described.

Mr. Whiteside, whose clever and agreeable work on Italy we have already noticed, felt all that we have alluded to upon his visiting Rome. Endowed with an inquisitive mind, and remarkable force and energy of character, he was not one of those who would be likely to rest contented with ordinary information, while higher sources remained to beconsulted:—

“I examined,” he says, “the works of learned travellers and antiquarians, and the modern guide-books. Some contained partial notices of Ancient and Modern Rome, confusing the reader by the juxta-position; others described chiefly palaces and pictures; others were diffuse on unimportant particulars. Burton and Nibby had not the advantage of recent discoveries, and are considered, in many particulars, mistaken and unsatisfactory. The plan of the city, by Nolli, was printed in 1784. The book of Nardini, published some fifteen years later, Gibbon pronounces to be imperfect, and, although learned, immethodical; sometimes obscure—invariably diffuse. That writer delighted in starting needless difficulties, which he did not always remove. Sir John Hobhouse observes:—

“A hundred years have not furnished the desired plan of the city. Whoever should attempt a general view of the subject, would have to brush away the cobwebs of erudition, with which even the modern discoveries are partially obscured.”

“Hobhouse objects to the praise lavished on Venuti by Forsyth, and subsequently remarks:—

“The insufficiency of all latter labours, and the necessity of some new guide, may be collected from the expedient at last adopted of republishing Nardini. What has been said of the embarrassment of a stranger at Rome, must appear more singular when it is recollected, that besides the casual efforts of natives and foreigners, there is an archæological society constantly at

work upon the antiquities of the city and neighbourhood.”

The result of his inquiries soon convinced him of what, indeed, has been conceded by the consent of all who are best qualified to pronounce a judgment on the subject—that the admirable work of the Cavaliere Luigi Canina was the best extant on the subject. Of the author of the *Indicazione Topografica di Roma Antica*,* it is scarcely necessary to offer any recommendatory observations. He has been long known to antiquarians and architects (under which latter designation he has modestly brought out the magnificent series of works with which he has enriched the world) of extensive learning, indefatigable industry, and a thorough love of his profession, which have concurred in enabling him to attain to the most intimate knowledge of the works of antiquity; and it must be considered as no mean tribute to his excellence, as well as a sterling proof of the ardent love for the monuments of their city, which animated the short-lived republic, that Canina was named as the principal person of the Committee of Antiquities.

The advantage which Mr. Whiteside enjoyed from the topography of Canina, he has now enabled British travellers who are not acquainted with the Italian language to avail themselves of, by presenting to them, in a very concise and convenient form, an excellent translation which he has enriched with notes and classical references, prefixing, in a reduced form, the map of Ancient Rome, given by Canina, and adding a chapter on the street architecture of the city—a subject not touched by the Roman topographer, as unsuited to what he modestly calls *una semplice indicazione topografica*,* and concluding with a brief but masterly

* After briefly touching upon his labours in ascertaining the exact position and form of the principal monuments of antiquity—“Molte furono le ricerche fatte da me in diversi anni, onde determinare la più esatta posizione e forma degli indicati monumenti; e non risparmiar cure per rintracciar quale fosse la più probabile disposizione che aveano questi nella loro intera struttura”—Canina thus adds his reasons for not treating of the streets or private edifices—“Essendo poi le cose, che riguardano la vera situazione dei viei delle vie secondarie e degli edifizj privati, ridotte ora a grande incertezza, ho tralasciato di descriverle per non diffondermi in lunghissime discussioni, le quali avrebbero portato di dover referire molte cose non ben convenienti ad una semplice indicazione topografica.”

sketch of the progressive changes of Rome, from the downfall of the Western Empire to the present day.

Of the work which Mr. Whiteside has thus enabled the English reader to make acquaintance, it may be desirable to say a few words.

Devoting himself ardently to archaeological investigations, and availing himself fully of the labors of the topographers who had preceded him, Canina compiled his work, which first appeared in folio in 1830; the next year a second edition was published in octavo, and has been succeeded by a third edition of the same size in 1841.

He divides the city into fourteen *regione* or districts (similar to those into which it was divided in the early period of the empire), to which he assigns their appropriate names, and then treats of the ancient buildings and monuments in each, assigning to them their proper localities in relation to the modern city. For the more complete elucidation of his work, Canina prepared a large and most elaborate map of the ancient city. It is upon a reduced scale, in proportion of one to five thousand, and measures about $4\frac{1}{2}$ feet by three feet. To correspond with the text of the book he has given, in addition to the ancient sites, which are in strong dark lines, the position of the corresponding modern city traced in "*tinte chiare*," or lighter lines; so that looking on the map we have, as it were, the ancient and modern Rome, the one lying over the other. Of this map it would be impossible to speak in terms of too high commendation. It has, with all who seek to attain anything like an accurate knowledge of the ancient topography of the city, entirely superseded all others at Rome; and many who have never heard of Canina's book, are yet sure to become possessors of his map.*

The topography of Canina is as remarkable for the amount and accuracy of its information, as for the brief and clear manner in which it is conveyed. The sources from which he has compiled his work are as extensive as patience, and the most

incessant diligence, could discover; ancient writings—the fragments which still remain of the ancient plan of Rome, which was cut in marble, and are now to be seen in the walls of the staircase of the Museum of the capitol—the drawings deposited in the Barberini and Vatican libraries, besides those of Palladio, Fontana, Deodotatz, Piranesi, Valadier, and other distinguished antiquaries; and, in addition to these, he consulted the works of all the topographical authors extant, and of whom he enumerates no less than seventeen in the preface, and has given a catalogue of them in another of his works, which shews the extent of his research. With these materials, aided by his own great personal capacity for such an undertaking, Canina has produced a book whose merits have placed it above every other on the same subject, and added to the previously high reputation of the author.

It needs not to say more on the original of Mr. Whiteside's translation. It remains to consider how he has discharged his duty both as a translator and a scholiast; in the former character he has, with the exception of occasionally venturing on judicious condensations, contented himself with faithfully giving his original—in the latter he has considerably enhanced the value of the book by the illustrations from classical writings, which, in the original, were the less needed, as the subjects treated of were more familiar to Italians, and required less explanatory references.

The portion of the volume before us, which belongs to Mr. Whiteside, is a chapter on street and domestic architecture of the Ancient Romans, and the vicissitudes of Rome from the time of Constantine to the present. The former is an admirable addition to Canina, and completes our notions of Ancient Rome. It is a brief but clearly written chapter, and gives, in a condensed form, most that is known on the subject.

The sketch of the vicissitudes is ampler, and done in a manner at once forcible and highly graphic, commencing with a notice of the basilicas and

* The Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge published an excellent map of Ancient Rome, disposed in fourteen "*Rioni*," like Canina's. It is not, however, as accurate as that of the Roman topographer.

churches. He shews that the hostile attacks of the Goths and Vandals had less effect in destroying the memorials of ancient splendour than is commonly supposed ; while a more certain cause of destruction than their sudden assaults was the supplying Charlemagne and Robert of Sicily with the marbles of Rome for their palaces in Aix-la-chapelle and Naples.

“During the tenth, eleventh, and twelfth centuries,” says Mr. Whiteside, “the city consisted of churches and monasteries, and huge unshapely towers, or strongholds of the nobility. A ferocious aristocracy created some new fortresses, but generally seized on the noblest architectural buildings of the Empire, whether of ornament or utility, and converted them into places of strength or attack during their bloody feuds. These men had no respect for the living nor reverence for the dead ; monuments of the piety of other ages, tombs, and sepulchres, they desecrated and abused. A huge ugly tower, called *Tor di Centi*, exists still at the side of the *Quirinal*, which gives a good idea of the edifices erected in these ages.”

Many of the finest remains of antiquity, nevertheless, survived till a late period. The principles of destruction acted with vigorous and unceasing energy in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. The incessant and sanguinary feuds of the nobles with the people, fire, inundations, and earthquakes, all contributed their share in the work ; and, as Mr. Whiteside justly observes, “our surprise may well be excited that even so much has remained to us of the buildings of the imperial times.” Upon the return of the popes from Avignon, the work of restoration went on in the city, and Rome had recovered much of its splendour and wealth, when it suffered the siege, and the more destructive occupation of the troops of Charles V., in 1527. After this tempest of destruction had swept over her, Pius IV. laboured to restore the city, calling to his aid the genius and skill of Michael Angelo. Then came the pontificate of one of the most remarkable men in the annals of her history, Sixtus V. To him Rome owes all her modern magnificence, and his memory is written everywhere throughout the city in the monuments of utility and magnificence which he constructed ; but his contempt for the

pagan relics were conspicuous in all he did ; and while he effected the vastest and most beneficial improvements of modern Rome, it cannot be denied that he unsparingly injured some of the finest remains of antiquity.

The last period of the history of the city may be said to embrace the time during which it was in the occupation of Napoleon, from 1809 to 1814, under the prefecture of the Count de Tournon. The works which were carried on by the *prefêt* were extensive and, upon the whole, judicious, and the recollection of the consequences to the monuments of the city, and to the interests of the fine arts throughout the world, during the time of the former French republic, stand in sad contrast with the doings of the republicans of this day, under the *protecting* shells which the Gallic Brennus flung into her churches from the Janiculum.

But another and a melancholy chapter on the vicissitudes of Rome, remains yet to be written by the pen of the historian. The chapter, which will commence with the accession of Pio Nono to the pontifical chair, carrying us through the progress of those reforms which he at first seemed to lead, but soon resisted—the struggle of the Roman people for a rational liberty—the intervention of the French republic in a way that has excited the amazement and reprobation of every honest mind, an intervention not to be justified by any political relations between the two countries, nor yet required upon the wider principles of general European policy—and in addition, in utter repudiation of the very principles in the assertion of which France expelled her own monarch, deluged her metropolis in blood, decimated her National Guard, slew the Archbishop of Paris, defiled her ancient palaces with blood-reeking drunkards, and established her republic with hymns of triumph and trees of liberty—and, in fine, the issue of that struggle, disastrous to the fate of Italian liberty, for the present, at least ; not dishonoring to the vanquished, degrading to the victors, who, with 35,000 trained soldiers, well provided with munitions and artillery, and the best engineers in Europe, were not able to crush the handful of enthusiastic spirits opposed to them in less than two months—that chapter, we say, is still to be written. Materials

to a great extent exist for the purpose in the official publications in Rome, and in the correspondence respecting the affairs of Italy presented to both houses of Parliament, by order of her Majesty, in July last. It must be written in a fair and ingenuous spirit; not by those who are prepared to support Austria in all her views, not by those who maintain priestly domination in all things, and would govern Italy, as Ireland, by priests and for priests. From these documents enough can be collected—let prejudice mistake, and sophistry misrepresent them as they will—to prove that the Roman revolution was not without justification; that it was not the offspring of “base and abject routs commenced by boys and beggars,” nor of “the idle and dissolute youth of the city;” but that it had its origin in a long-growing desire for reform, for freedom from ecclesiastical domination in temporal affairs, and in a hatred and fear of Austrian interference.

We refer, with pleasure, to the observations of Mr. Whiteside, in the third edition of his work on Italy, which has recently appeared, as corroborating our assertions. The remarks to which we allude will be found throughout the last chapter.

And yet the writer in the *Quarterly Review* for September last asserts that “the election of deputies was a farce; in fact, that the whole of these proceedings were conducted by an audacious minority against the will of the people. It is lamentable to contemplate Rome as she now is. Her walls shattered; her houses battered down in one of the most venerable quarters of the ancient city; precious monuments of art broken and pros- trated by an agent of destruction

which civilisation had not furnished to Brennus, to Alaric, or Geneseric; one of her beautiful parks dismantled; and, worse than all this, her moral and social condition deranged; the republican government suppressed, but the affections of the people still clinging to it; her Pope re-proclaimed again in his temporal sovereignty, yet not daring to leave his refuge at Portici; the French occupying a position which insures them the respect of no party; the jealousy or the hatred of all, feeling they have gone too far, yet not knowing how to retreat; the President, in a semi-official *billet-doux* to a friend, vapours about “*Amnestie générale, secularisation de l’administration, et gouvernement liberal,*” as being the grand object of French intervention, when all the world knows that the natural, as it has been the inevitable result, of that intervention was to defeat those very objects by crushing those who were promoting them. The cardinals counterplotting their protectors; all parties insecure, some timid, some expectant of change; a few spirits still hopeful amid the gloom that has spread around them. It is impossible things can remain as they are in Rome. The adjustment of her position is a question of European policy, nay more, of human liberty. As it is to Austria and France the other nations seem to have abandoned her destiny, to the former may well be addressed the words of a writer in one of our English journals: “Austria should no longer trifle with a situation which is hourly growing worse; and she must select between the downfall of the papacy, a continued military French occupation, or a conjoint action with the government of the republic.”

WHAT'S IN THE WIND?

FANCIED ON NEW YEAR'S EVE.

THE clock ticking at my room-door gave the old year five minutes warning. The fire which had mined itself into a red glowing oven, arched with volcanic crust, suddenly, as if startled by the sound, gave way, and fell in with a crash; and roused from a train of musings, I quitted my chair, and went to the window to look out on the year's last midnight. It was a very dreary one, and made more spectral by a high wind that set the skeleton trees creaking and moaning, and went searching and complaining about the empty shores; the dark sky closed down upon the dark ocean—two mingling, mighty seas of gloom; and there could be seen, moving in the upper darkness, dim bulks of black cloud swimming in the current of the blast, like great fishes in the water depths.

There came a whirring in the clock—the old year's death-rattle; and then his passing-bell began to toll—twelve slow, solemn strokes. The last vibrations diminished away into nothing. I said to myself, "The night mourns for the death of the year."

At that moment the wind blew against the pane with a sudden gust, and I spoke aloud to it—"Fellow-mourner, I, too, am lamenting for the year." Then all at once I began to be aware of meaning modulations and syllables among the roar and the sighing of the storm; not as though the language shaped itself from the confusion, but as though it sprang out from the midst like a spurt of thin, steady flame, from rolling smoke. It said, "We never mourn."

But I answered, "Oh, Wind, even in the summer-time I have caught a tone of grieving in your voice; and night after night, since the near-drawing of winter, have I not heard you passing to and fro with continual groans, and shrieks, and sighs; joining yours to the lamentations of the leaves, dropping, like tears, from the branches, and rustling piteously in their struggles to keep themselves with

short flights but a little longer from their rotting grave on the ground; and to the song of sorrow flowing from full beds of river and rivulet brimmed with rain, the funeral cups of autumn?"

The wind replied, "It is I who bear you their voices. Listen better."

Then I heard the last of the withered leaves saying, "We found equal pleasure in our yellow-and-orange clothes as in our green ones; and we change into air and water upon the soft ground as cheerfully as we peeped out from our rocking cradles when the gentle spring awakened us."

The River said, "I hasten from the mountains; I know not, I care not whither. I am now-a-days familiar enough with the bare bushes that in their proud summer richness nodded to me from far above; the shallow stones are hid, but I am raised to be playmate of the rocks and the bridge-piers; and I have more smooth deeps to see the clouds plainly with, and the stars and the moon, of a still night. Winter is as gay as summer, and summer as winter."

And the Wind said to me, "Join not us to thy sorrows in vain thought, for we reck nothing of them."

"And yet," I replied (unwilling to be put down in argument, even by the wind), "Methinks that still, though my ears have become refined, I have not ceased to hear in your rushing, and mingling with the voice in which you speak to me, the sound as of lamentations, and shrieks, and sobs, and groaning, and shouting; or rather I recognise them more plainly than ever before. Art thou, then, like one of us, trying to conceal and to deny thy sorrow?"

The Wind made answer, "Not so; but into me and through me wave unheeded the noises of the earth; they float hither and thither, reflected and driven about, till they subside or annul one another, giving place to the ever-new succession." And from this

I understood how it was that I had heard in the wind what seemed like tones of music, murmurings of prayer, sighing breaths of deep love; and (ah! how much more often) sobs, and keenings of grief and great misery, and screams, and passionate monotonies of pain.

"Why do you choose," I said, "oh Wind, to keep so much of *sad* sound floating in your tides?"

The Wind said, "I choose it not. It comes and goes;" and this answer made me very sorrowful when I thought of it.

At that moment even, there came, laden with sad sound, a gust across the hills of the shore and the dark fields, and flew over the house, and through it, with a shriek and a long sighing; and I said, "Tell me more, however. What is that?"

The Wind answered, "I bear that from a ship sailing upon the sea."

"Ah!" sighed I, "these wailings were in the tones of my own land; they rise from hearts that love their homes and shall never see them again. But the plaint of those that stay behind in starvation, and in blank struggling, and in despair; is not that still more sorrowful?"

The Wind replied, "It is sounding through me day and night."

"Listening so often," I resumed, "to the storms and the piping gales, I never before knew aught of their interpretation. How many strange meanings must have been blown about in those of the past year, had my sense been but acute enough to have distinguished them!"

"Sweet, and grand, and awful sounds," said the Wind, "have I carried by your ear, unheeded; or, mayhap, suggesting thoughts whose source was all unguessed. Sweeping past the lit cathedral windows, I have caught up the portion of a royal requiem, and over land and sea, traversed in a thought, breathed a faint memory of the solemn choir and organ into the musings of your solitary fireside.

"I have waved your hair, and gone by with a gentle murmur, far-borne from tens of thousands of acclaiming voices, that hailed the dawning of a queen upon their land, as of a fair-omened star.

"On many a stormy night I have whirled against your rain-lashed win-

dow, and sent piercing through its chinks the cry from a foundered ship; a cry hurried off by the fierce torrent of air one moment before the deadly breakers engulfed those who gave it utterance.

"And in the summer's afternoons I have moved the hill-side grass where you lay looking up and up among the small white clouds, with sighs and sobs from myriads of death-beds; many more than the wonted number, and more sudden and sad.

"And in lively gales I have carried you the tone of a shout of liberty echoed from ancient temples and palaces, and elsewhere from more ancient forests and mountains; and then confused reverberations of battle; and following these ere long, a widely-muttered groan, as from the despair of nations regiven to the oppressor."

"Is then," I cried, "the mournfulness we hear in ye, all our own?" And the answer came, as from a departing voice—"Aye!—were man's self happy, he would find no sorrow in us."

Then I said, "But where there is no sorrow, can there be any HOPE?"

The voice answered, as from far off, "We hear that word often spoken; but we understand not what it means."

Then I called out loudly, raising my arms, "Our sorrow then is our exaltation! Let us rejoice, and give thanks for it!"

There was no further answer, and the faintest sound of the wind-voice that had talked with me died away in the distance.

But immediately methought I heard approaching from the other side, and growing louder and louder, a sweet strong chord of music; and soon upon the night-air swelled a chorus as of heavenly voices blent together, in a strain that was at once cheerful and solemn. Whilst I listened, all soreness of thought was soothed away from my mind, and the wordless wisdom of the harmony showed me experience of sorrow, the source of deep peace and inexpressible contentment.

The next thing was, that I began to say to myself (yawning), "You should certainly betake yourself to bed without delay, for your fire is quite out; and it must be past one o'clock." And wishing the world "Happy New Year!" and "Good night!" in one breath, I went to bed accordingly.

ON THE LINKS CONNECTING THE ATLANTIC AND PACIFIC.

BY MAJOR LUKE SMYTH O'CONNOR, 1ST WEST INDIA REGIMENT.

It would be tedious and unnecessary to detail how long and anxiously the governments of Spain and Great Britain struggled to discover "a short cut" between the *Atlantic* and *Pacific* Oceans. Spain was unsuccessful from a blind, bigoted and besotted system in ruling over her vast American possessions—clogging science and closing up the fountains of knowledge, and which finally wrested them from her iron grasp.

England and her merchant princes, for full two centuries and more, have lavished incredible sums in endeavouring to find a north-west passage to the Pacific. By the one, the ablest, most enterprising and resolute officers of her navy were employed—while the other never shrunk from any expenditure to accomplish this desired, and most desirable object.

Meanwhile, Brother Jonathan has not been idle; no, silently and steadily he endeavoured to promote the same "speculation"—looking keenly to the advantages he might derive, and the accession of territory he could in conscience "annex." Nor were the United States behind the European powers, either in the qualifications of the officers engaged, or the solid and liberal arrangements for the expeditions fitted out to ascertain a point of incalculable importance to the *whole* civilised and commercial world.

Hitherto the most strenuous exertions have failed to produce any permanent and satisfactory result—no adequate recompense has followed for the dreary years passed in the cold, inhospitable regions of the North Pole—interminable fields and mountains of ice seem to oppose impenetrable barriers to all advancement beyond a certain point, to block up all approach, and cast a bitter chill upon the most sanguine and daring adventurers essaying to explore a north-west passage.

Thrice did the gallant Parry attempt to burst the icy barrier, and the bold Ross, when all hope vanished, return after four years' sojourn in the Polar Seas, with like ill-success. And now, to this very moment, the fate of

the distinguished Franklin seems shrouded in melancholy mystery.

The obstacles appeared, and in *reality* are, so great—and even if overcome, success would prove of so little utility to the *commercial world*, that general attention has been from time to time directed to a land, or land-and-water communication between the *oceans*, and several routes (seven or eight) across the American continent have been suggested, as well adapted for this mighty undertaking; any one of which could be carried into operation and completed at no very extravagant outlay, or any extraordinary human exertion. The three principal routes deemed most feasible are, via the *Isthmus of Panama*, via *Suan Ni-caragua*, and via the *Isthmus of Tehuantepec*.

The first, Panama, has many advocates, who maintain it would prove the shortest, easiest, and most eligible route, for vessels could proceed from Europe, the United States, and other ports, to *Chagres*, which river empties itself into the Atlantic in latitude 9 deg. 18 min. north, and 80 deg. 35 min. west longitude—and transport their cargoes across the Isthmus of Panama. The Rio Chagres is navigable only for large flat-bottom boats (*bungos*) for about thirty miles to *Cruces*—a small, miserable, filthy town, from whence a road to Panama winds along the central base of the chain of mountains, considered by the learned Humboldt a continuation of the New Grenada Andes; the total distance by water and land now traversed being about sixty-five miles, but coupled with many disadvantages.

A bar at the mouth of the *Rio Chagres* admits no vessel drawing more than ten feet of water. At certain seasons the current is extremely rapid, and heavy rollers break upon the beach. Of eight vessels which recently attempted to effect the passage, seven were either lost, or damaged beyond repair.

But even if a greater depth of water was found, steam navigation employed, a canal cut, or a railroad constructed, from *Chagres* to *Panama*, the water in the deep bay, and along the coast

of the latter, is so shallow as to totally preclude vessels of considerable tonnage approaching within five to six miles of the city; and then in an open roadstead to load and unload shipping entails an expense, to say nothing of the danger, which speedily counterbalances any benefit that might accrue from this route.

There is no use in beating about the bush, or concealing the matter; the several official and private surveys and reports of the Isthmus of Panama are to the present hour imperfect, in many instances incorrect, partial plans, got up for peculiar purposes, or to answer wild and selfish speculation. Now, indeed, the gold-seekers, tramping to the El-Dorado in California, will render the passage more generally known. However, as yet the go-ahead Yankee, with all his pioneering propensities, finds the communication between Chagres and Panama inconvenient, difficult, and expensive; and as the journey must be made in small canoes and on mules, a very scanty allowance of baggage can be transported with each traveller.

The second route, and for the formation of which a company has been formed in *New York*, is via *San Juan*, up the river, through *Lakes Nicaragua and Leon*, past the remains of a city named after the latter, standing within ten miles of the Pacific, over which "short-cut" the Yankee company intend (if permitted) to fix "a pretty considerable plank road."

Now, let any unprejudiced person take a good map and look at the *San Juan Nicaragua*—trace the river to the lake, from thence to *Lake Leon*, and pass over the morsel of land separating the latter from the Pacific, and it must at once strike him that this line is in every respect—Lombard-street to a China orange—a more easily attainable, and more natural route than via Panama.

The noble river, *San Juan*, derives its source from the *Lake Nicaragua*, and after rolling a deep, sullen, impetuous current, empties its vast volume of water into the *Atlantic*, about the latitude of 10 deg. 45 min. north, and which

could be considerably increased by turning into its channel the *Rio Colorado*.

There are four minor entrances to the *Boca Grande*, across which runs a bar with twenty-five feet of water over it, and this passed, safe and snug anchorage is found in six fathoms, more or less.

The river has been navigated by small vessels from its mouth, seventy-nine miles to the Lake, which then affords water conveyance for ninety-five miles, with a depth of fifteen fathoms.* A small river connects this vast body of water with *Lake Leon*—the city, so called, standing on the north-west bank, from whence to the Pacific is *twelve miles!* the whole land communication required between the Atlantic and Pacific oceans. The river connecting the *Lakes Nicaragua and Leon* proving too shallow to admit vessels passing (which, by-the-by, is here only assumed, and not known to be the case), a canal could be easily cut, parallel to its bank. Or, leaving this and the *Leon* route aside, from the *Lake Nicaragua* to the *Golfo Papagayo* is but sixteen miles, and the ground between the Lake and the sea a dead level. By this last route direct to *Papagayo*, more than one-half of the water conveyance on the *Lake Nicaragua*, the whole of the connecting river and *Lake Leon* would be saved, and the land carriage increased but four miles.

The angle being made on the left or western shore of the *Lake Nicaragua*,† where the town stands, the road would run in an almost direct line of sixteen miles to the *Gulf of Papagayo*, the coast of which is free from shoals, rocks, and banks, and so bold, that a ship of the largest tonnage can anchor within a short distance of the beach.

For seven or eight months of the year the winds are moderate and favourable, the seasons mild, the climate at all times healthy, and the wholesome breezes which set in every morning from the Pacific, diffuse a freshness unknown on the opposite coast of Panama.

During July, August, September, and October, the northern gales prevail,

* The New York Company conveyed a small steamer in pieces to *San Juan*, put it together, and went ahead up the river.

† "The surface of *Lake Nicaragua* is about one hundred and thirty-five feet above the *Gulf of Papagayo*, and the Lake being eighty feet deep, its bottom is forty-six Spanish feet above the level of the South Sea."—*Humboldt's Narrative*.

but are trifling, when compared with the heavy blows—a jolly north-wester off Cape Hatteras, the small hurricanes in the West Indies, and not to be mentioned in the same breath with the tornadoes on the coast of Africa, all of which I can speak of from bitter personal experience.

But even if the shoals and rapids in the river *Saint Juan* present impediments which would demand an expenditure of money, time, and labour, beyond the advantages to be derived from it, a navigable canal could be cut parallel to, and fed by, the river, from the Atlantic to the Gulf of Papagayo, a distance of one hundred and eighty miles, from the nature of the country, with little or no difficulty; and, aided by the *Mosquitians*, the most indefatigable labourers, and the interests of whose kingdom would be incalculably promoted by such a work, at a very moderate expenditure. In fine, nature herself seems to lend every aid for the ingenuity, enterprise, and wealth of modern times, to complete this gigantic work, connecting the two oceans by a simple but powerful link, and by a route presenting not one solitary impediment, which patience, perseverance, and the mechanical power of the present day, could not easily and effectually conquer.

And here, perhaps, I may be permitted to observe, now that the *Mosquitian* boundary-line, and the said right of route seems to have become a sore subject, perchance a bone of contention, with *uncle Sam*, how sound and judicious was the foresight and policy of the late Mr. Patrick Walker, the British resident at Mosquitia—the prompt and able measures of Sir Charles Grey, the Governor of Jamaica, and how consistent the judgment of Captain Loch, of the *Alarm*, who, with his brave compeers in arms, both the red and the blue, swept away at *Sezapagui*, the paltry and unjust impediments offered by the *Nicaragua Government*, obliging them to acknowledge their error, apologise for their uncalled and insolent aggression on our “ancient ally,” the *Mosquitian King*,* and, finally, notwithstanding the shifts and chicanery of the *Nicaragua* authorities, bolstered up with the quirks and quibbles of a bar of lawyers, like

a plain, straightforward, honorable Englishman, concluded a *treaty* which “secures the tariff in the port of *San Juan*, now *Grey Town*, as belonging to the *Mosquitian King*, and that no *Nicaragua* custom-house shall be established in proximity to the said port of *San Juan* to the prejudice of its interests.”

But, surely, no tariff, exorbitant or unjust, would be exacted—no bar placed across the river for the purpose of selfishly monopolising its advantages, or closing it up. Such blind and narrow-minded policy never would be the recommendation of Great Britain to Mosquitia. No, but to render the line accessible and beneficial to the whole commercial world, profitable to the legitimate owners and holders of its terminus, and a check upon the insatiable lust for “annexing” every spot of ground in the New World; which events, now shadowing forth, point out as the innate principles of a powerful party in the “*United States*.”

The last, and certainly not least, important project for connecting the two oceans, is via the Isthmus of *Tehuantepec*, in the state of *Oaxaca* or *Guayaca*, lying between *Guatemala* and *Mexico*.

The Bay of Campeachy washes the northern, and the Pacific the southern shores of this small slice of central America, possessing very considerable charms for “*Uncle Sam*,” and valuable inducements for “annexation;” had not, as the organs of the Yankee press in high dudgeon declare, “the *English* secured the right of the *Tehuantepec* route, and on this occasion outwitted the *United States*.”

The narrowest part is between the Port of *Guasacualco*, or *Huasacualco*, in 18deg. 13min. in the gulf, and the Bay of *Tehuantepec* in 14deg. 30min. on the Pacific Ocean. From the summit of the *Chillido Monte* both oceans can be seen; the rivers *Guasacualco*, *Tustepec*, *Canas*, discharge their waters into the northern bay; the *St. Pierre* and *Tabusco*, near the coast, named after the latter, while the *Chimalapa* and *Tehuantepec*, rushing in a southern direction, roll their vast currents into the Bay of *Tehuantepec*. Thus nature, with very little artificial assistance, presents

* The *Mosquitians* accompanied the late Lord Nelson in his expedition up the *Saint Juan Nicaragua*.

at once the means of connecting the Pacific with the Atlantic Ocean; and through a country blest with the finest climate, adorned with the most gorgeous and romantic scenery, and with every facility for procuring labour. The spacious entrance of the *Guasacualco* affords one of the finest harbours on the Atlantic shores of Mexico, has twenty-two feet of water over the bar, and is navigable for the largest vessels to within *thirty-six miles* of the Chimalapa and Tehuantepec; which rivers, taking up the link of water conveyance, carries it on to the Pacific, with a depth of channel for vessels drawing *twenty feet*.

If a canal was cut, or a railroad constructed, *thirty-six miles long*, the space between the navigable waters of the Guasacualco, the Chimalapa, and Tehuantepec, the Atlantic and Pacific would be connected by steam navigation and railroad, within twenty-four hours, or perhaps a less interval of time.

The productions of Mexico, Guatemala, Honduras, Costa-Rica, Yucatan, in fact, of all the central American states, instead of the tedious route to *Vera Cruz*, would be sent by this way from Tehuantepec to Guasacualco, and hence to Europe. The United States and Canadas, and the manufactures of these countries, brought to Guasacualco, would return by the same route for circulation among these extensive and widely dispersed states.

Besides, what a mighty prospect, what a golden harvest the *Californias* promise; look to the difference for commercial men, emigrants, speculators, adventurers, and the "motley crowd" proceeding by this route to the El-Dorado of the day, or via *Panama*. What is it? Not less than eight degrees *doubled*; take a chart, prick off from *New Orleans* to *Guasacualco*, and from the former (if not now, certainly soon to become the greatest port and commercial city in the new world), to *Chagres*, and see the distance saved. Twelve hundred geographical miles, besides the tedious and dangerous run between Cuba and the Cape of Yucatan, along the eastern shore of Central America, with currents beyond the calculation of the most experienced navigators; with rocks, shoals, banks and kayes, and not one friendly light to warn the mariner

of the dangers of these seas, save that which the spirited settlers of *British Honduras* have erected and maintain at their own and sole expense on Half-Moon Key. But the *China* trade, the gorgeous silks, the golden stuffs of the east, must not be forgotten. Steam navigation would reduce the voyage from *China* to *Tehuantepec* to *thirty or thirty-five days*, one day more to cross the Isthmus, and at the Port of Guasacualco a fleet could convey the riches of the Indies to Europe, the States, Canadas, or any other portion of the globe.

While thus opening fresh mines of wealth, increasing the facilities of commercial conveyance, almost annihilating space, leaving "the doubling of the Horn" as a tale of ancient mariners—connecting the broad *Atlantic* with the boundless waters of the *Pacific*—let it be borne in mind the great blessings which would be conferred by a constant and general intercourse between and through the central American states; introducing regularity of government, security of property, peace, prosperity, and plenty among these hitherto crushed and ill-directed nations; instead of anarchy, rapine, bloodshed, misery, wretchedness, the calm and healing influence of religion diffusing its holy influence over millions wrapped in darkness and unbelief.

But I dare not venture to pursue farther this grand, most interesting subject, feeling unable to shadow forth one tithe of its importance. The feeble and imperfect outline I have presumed to sketch pretends to no merit, save that of being derived from the authentic resources which fell within my reach, some personal observation, and a hearty, honest desire to communicate in plain and homely language a matter which, if coolly investigated by *those competent to do it justice*, if undertaken with spirit and adequate resources, pursued with judgment, vigour, and *perseverance*, and conducted with liberality, may, without any stretch of imagination, raise Great Britain, to a higher pinnacle than the proud position she now holds, by *uniting* in one mighty commercial bond the nations of the old and of the new world.

THE MYSTERIOUS LODGER.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART II.

OUR home was one of sorrow and of fear. The child's death had stricken us with terror no less than grief. Referring it, as we both tacitly did, to the mysterious and fiendish agency of the abhorred being whom, in an evil hour, we had admitted into our house, we both viewed him with a degree and species of fear for which I can find no name.

I felt that some further calamity was impending. I could not hope that we were to be delivered from the presence of the malignant agent who haunted, rather than inhabited our home, without some additional proofs alike of his malice and his power.

My poor wife's presentiments were still more terrible and overpowering, though not more defined, than my own. She was never tranquil while our little girl was out of her sight; always dreading and expecting some new revelation of the evil influence which, as we were indeed both persuaded, had bereft our darling little boy of life. Against an hostility so unearthly and intangible there was no guarding, and the sense of helplessness intensified the misery of our situation. Tormented with doubts of the very basis of her religion, and recoiling from the ordeal of prayer with the strange horror with which the victim of hydrophobia repels the pure water, she no longer found the consolation which, had sorrow reached her in any other shape, she would have drawn from the healing influence of religion. We were both of us unhappy, dismayed, DEMON-STRICKEN.

Meanwhile, our lodger's habits continued precisely the same. If, indeed, the sounds which came from his apartments were to be trusted, he and his agents were more on the alert than ever. I can convey to you, good reader, no notion, even the faintest, of the dreadful sensation always more or less present to my mind, and sometimes with a reality which thrilled me almost to frenzy—the apprehension that I had admitted into my house the

incarnate spirit of the dead or damned, to torment me and my family.

It was some nights after the burial of our dear little baby; we had not gone to bed until late, and I had slept, I suppose, some hours, when I was awakened by my wife, who clung to me with the energy of terror. She said nothing, but grasped and shook me with more than her natural strength. She had crept close to me, and was cowering with her head under the bed-clothes.

The room was perfectly dark, as usual, for we burned no night-light; but from the side of the bed next her proceeded a voice as of one sitting there with his head within a foot of the curtains—and, merciful heavens! it was the voice of our lodger.

He was discoursing of the death of our baby, and inveighing, in the old mocking tone of hate and suppressed fury, against the justice, mercy, and goodness of God. He did this with a terrible plausibility of sophistry, and with a resolute emphasis and precision, which seemed to imply, "I have got something to tell you, and, whether you like it or like it not, I *will* say out my say."

To pretend that I felt anger at his intrusion, or emotion of any sort, save the one sense of palsied terror, would be to depart from the truth. I lay, cold and breathless, as if frozen to death—unable to move, unable to utter a cry—with the voice of that demon pouring, in the dark, his undisguised blasphemies and temptations close into my ears. At last the dreadful voice ceased—whether the speaker went or stayed I could not tell—the silence, which he might be improving for the purpose of some hellish stratagem, was to me more tremendous even than his speech.

We both lay awake, not daring to move or speak, scarcely even breathing, but clasping one another fast, until at length the welcome light of day streamed into the room through the opening door, as the servant came in to

call us. I need not say that our nocturnal visitant had left us.

The magnanimous reader will, perhaps, pronounce that I ought to have pulled on my boots and inexpressibles with all available despatch, run to my lodger's bedroom, and kicked him forthwith downstairs, and the entire way moreover out to the public road, as some compensation for the scandalous affront put upon me and my wife by his impertinent visit. Now, at that time, I had no scruples against what are termed the laws of honour, was by no means deficient in "pluck," and gifted, moreover, with a somewhat excitable temper. Yet, I will honestly avow that, so far from courting a collision with the dreaded stranger, I would have recoiled at his very sight, and given my eyes to avoid him, such was the ascendancy which he had acquired over me, as well as everybody else in my household, in his own quiet, irresistible, hellish way.

The shuddering antipathy which our guest inspired did not rob his infernal homily of its effect. It was not a new or strange thing which he presented to our minds. There was an awful subtlety in the train of his suggestions. All that he said had floated through my own mind before, without order, indeed, or shew of logic. From my own rebellious heart the same evil thoughts had risen, like pale apparitions hovering and lost in the fumes of a necromancer's cauldron. His was like the summing up of all this—a reflection of my own feelings and fancies—but reduced to an awful order and definiteness, and clothed with a sophistical form of argument. The effect of it was powerful. It revived and exaggerated these bad emotions—it methodised and justified them—and gave to impulses and impressions, vague and desultory before, something of the compactness of a system.

My misfortune, therefore, did not soften, it exasperated me. I regarded the Great Disposer of events as a persecutor of the human race, who took delight in their miseries. I asked why my innocent child had been smitten down into the grave?—and why my darling wife, whose first object, I knew, had ever been to serve and glorify her Maker, should have been thus tortured and desolated by the cruellest calamity which the malignity of a

demon could have devised? I railed and blasphemed, and even in my agony defied God with the impotent rage and desperation of a devil, in his everlasting torment.

In my bitterness, I could not forbear speaking these impenitent repetitions of the language of our nightly visitant, even in the presence of my wife. She heard me with agony, almost with terror. I pitied and loved her too much not to respect even her weaknesses—for so I characterised her humble submission to the chastisements of heaven. But even while I spared her reverential sensitiveness, the spectacle of her patience but enhanced my own gloomy and impenitent rage.

I was walking into town in this evil mood, when I was overtaken by the gentleman whom I had spoken with in the churchyard on the morning when my little boy was buried. I call him *gentleman*, but I could not say *what* was his rank—I never thought about it; there was a grace, a purity, a compassion, and a grandeur of intellect in his countenance, in his language, in his mein, that was beautiful and king-like. I felt, in his company, a delightful awe, and an humbleness more gratifying than any elation of earthly pride.

He divined my state of feeling, but he said nothing harsh. He did not rebuke, but he reasoned with me—and oh! how mighty was that reasoning—without formality—without effort—as the flower grows and blossoms. Its process was in harmony with the successions of nature—gentle, spontaneous, irresistible.

At last he left me. I was grieved at his departure—I was wonder-stricken. His discourse had made me cry tears at once sweet and bitter; it had sounded depths I knew not of, and my heart was disquieted within me. Yet my trouble was happier than the resentful and defiant calm that had reigned within me before.

When I came home, I told my wife of my having met the same good, wise man I had first seen by the grave of my child. I recounted to her his discourse, and, as I brought it again to mind, my tears flowed afresh, and I was happy while I wept.

I now see that the calamity which bore at first such evil fruit, was good for me. It fixed my mind, however

rebelliously, upon God, and it stirred up all the passions of my heart. Levity, inattention, and self-complacency are obstacles harder to be overcome than the violence of evil passions—the transition from hate is easier than from indifference, to love. A mighty change was making on my mind.

I need not particularise the occasions upon which I again met my friend, for so I knew him to be, nor detail the train of reasoning and feeling which in such interviews he followed out; it is enough to say, that he assiduously cultivated the good seed he had sown, and that his benignant teachings took deep root, and flourished in my soul, heretofore so barren.

One evening, having enjoyed on the morning of the same day another of these delightful and convincing conversations, I was returning on foot homeward; and as darkness had nearly closed, and the night threatened cold and fog, the footpaths were nearly deserted.

As I walked on, deeply absorbed in the discourse I had heard on the same morning, a person overtook me, and continued to walk, without much increasing the interval between us, a little in advance of me. There came upon me, at the same moment, an indefinable sinking of the heart, a strange and unaccountable fear. The pleasing topics of my meditations melted away, and gave place to a sense of danger, all the more unpleasant that it was vague and objectless. I looked up. What was that which moved before me? I stared—I faltered; my heart fluttered as if it would choke me, and then stood still. It was the peculiar and unmistakeable form of our lodger.

Exactly as I looked at him, he turned his head, and looked at me over his shoulder. His face was muffled as usual. I cannot have seen its features with any completeness, yet I felt that his look was one of fury. The next instant he was at my side; and my heart quailed within me—my limbs all but refused their office; yet the very emotions of terror, which might have overcome me, acted as a stimulus, and I quickened my pace.

“Hey! what a pious person! So I suppose you have learned at last

that ‘evil communications corrupt good manners;’ and you are absolutely afraid of the old infidel, the old blasphemer, hey?”

I made him no answer; I was indeed too much agitated to speak.

“You’ll make a good Christian, no doubt,” he continued; “the independent man, who thinks for himself, reasons his way to his principles, and sticks fast to them, is sure to be true to whatever system he embraces. You have been so consistent a philosopher, that I am sure you will make a steady Christian. You’re not the man to be led by the nose by a sophistical mumbler. *You* could never be made the prey of a grasping proselytism; *you* are not the sport of every whiff of doctrine, nor the facile slave of whatever superstition is last buzzed in your ear. No, no: you’ve got a masculine intellect, and think for yourself, hey?”

I was incapable of answering him. I quickened my pace to escape from his detested persecution; but he was close beside me still.

We walked on together thus for a time, during which I heard him muttering fast to himself, like a man under fierce and malignant excitement. We reached, at length, the gateway of my dwelling; and I turned the latch-key in the wicket, and entered the enclosure. As we stood together within, he turned full upon me, and confronting me with an aspect whose character I felt rather than saw, he said—

“And so you mean to be a Christian, after all! Now just reflect how very absurdly you are choosing. Leave the Bible to that class of fanatics who may hope to be saved under its system, and, in the name of common sense, study the Koran, or some less ascetic tome. Don’t be gulled by a plausible slave, who wants nothing more than to multiply *professors* of his theory. Why don’t you *read* the Bible, you miserable, puling poltroon, before you hug it as a treasure? Why don’t you read it, and learn out of the mouth of the founder of Christianity, that there is one sin for which there is *no* forgiveness—blasphemy against the Holy Ghost, hey?—and that sin I myself *have* heard you commit by the hour—in my presence—in my room. I have heard you commit it in our free

discussions a dozen times. The Bible seals against you the lips of mercy. If it be true, you are this moment as irrevocably damned as if you had died with those blasphemies on your lips."

Having thus spoken, he glided into the house. I followed slowly.

His words rang in my ears—I was stunned. What he had said I feared might be true. Giant despair felled me to the earth. He had recalled, and lighted up with a glare from the pit, remembrances with which I knew not how to cope. It was true I had spoken with daring impiety of subjects whose sacredness I now began to appreciate. With trembling hands I opened the Bible. I read and re-read the mysterious doom recorded by the Redeemer himself against blasphemers of the Holy Ghost—monsters set apart from the human race, and damned and dead, even while they live and walk upon the earth. I groaned—I wept. Henceforward the Bible, I thought, must be to me a dreadful record of despair. I dared not read it.

I will not weary you with all my mental agonies. My dear little wife did something toward relieving my mind, but it was reserved for the friend, to whose heavenly society I owed so much, to tranquillise it once more. He talked this time to me longer, and even more earnestly than before. I soon encountered him again. He expounded to me the ways of Providence, and showed me how needful sorrow was for every servant of God. How mercy was disguised in tribulation, and our best happiness came to us, like our children, in tears and wailing. He showed me that trials were sent to call us up, with a voice of preternatural power, from the mortal apathy of sin and the world. And then, again, in our new and better state, to prove our patience and our faith—

"The more trouble befalls you, the nearer is God to you. He visits you in sorrow—and sorrow, as well as joy, is a sign of his presence. If, then, other griefs overtake you, remember this—be patient, be faithful, and bless the name of God."

I returned home comforted and happy, although I felt assured that some further and sadder trial was before me.

Still our household was overcast by

the same insurmountable dread of our tenant. The same strange habits characterised him, and the same unaccountable sounds disquieted us—an atmosphere of death and malice hovered about his door, and we all hated and feared to pass it.

Let me now tell, as well and briefly as I may, the dreadful circumstances of my last great trial. One morning, my wife being about her household affairs, and I on the point of starting for town, I went into the parlour for some letters which I was to take with me. I cannot easily describe my consternation when, on entering the room, I saw our lodger seated near the window, with our darling little girl upon his knee.

His back was toward the door, but I could plainly perceive that the respirator had been removed from his mouth, and that the odious green goggles were raised. He was sitting, as it seemed, absolutely without motion, and his face was advanced close to that of the child.

I stood looking at this group in a state of stupor for some seconds. He was, I suppose, conscious of my presence, for although he did not turn his head, or otherwise take any note of my arrival, he readjusted the muffler which usually covered his mouth, and lowered the clumsy spectacles to their proper place.

The child was sitting upon his knee as motionless as he himself, with a countenance white and rigid as that of a corpse, and from which every trace of meaning, except some vague character of terror, had fled, and staring with a fixed and dilated gaze into his face.

As it seemed, she did not perceive my presence. Her eyes were transfixed and fascinated. She did not even seem to me to breathe. Horror and anguish at last overcame my stupefaction.

"What—what is it?" I cried; "what ails my child, my darling child?"

"I'd be glad to know, myself," he replied, coolly; "it is certainly something very queer."

"What is it, darling?" I repeated, frantically, addressing the child.

"What is it?" he reiterated. "Why it's pretty plain, I should suppose, that the child is ill."

"Oh merciful God!" I cried, half furious, half terrified—"You have injured her—you have terrified her. Give me my child—give her to me."

These words I absolutely shouted, and stamped upon the floor in my horrid excitement.

"Pooh, pooh!" he said, with a sort of ugly sneer; "the child is nervous—you'll make her more so—be quiet, and she'll probably find her tongue presently. I have had her on my knee some minutes, but the sweet bird could not tell what ails her."

"Let the child go," I shouted in a voice of thunder; "let her go, I say—let her go."

He took the passive, death-like child, and placed her standing by the window, and rising, he simply said—

"As soon as you grow cool, you are welcome to ask me what questions you like. The child is plainly ill. I should not wonder if she had seen something that frightened her."

Having thus spoken, he passed from the room. I felt as if I spoke, saw, and walked in a horrid dream. I seized the darling child in my arms, and bore her away to her mother.

"What is it—for mercy's sake what is the matter?" she cried, growing in an instant as pale as the poor child herself.

"I found that—that *demon*—in the parlour with the child on his lap, staring in her face. She is manifestly terrified."

"Oh! gracious God! she is lost—she is killed," cried the poor mother, frantically looking into the white, apathetic, meaningless face of the child.

"Fanny, darling Fanny, tell us if you are ill," I cried, pressing the little girl in terror to my heart.

"Tell your own mother, my darling," echoed my poor little wife. "Oh! darling, darling child, speak to your poor mother."

It was all in vain. Still the same dilated, imploring gaze—the same pale face—wild and dumb. We brought her to the open window—we gave her cold water to drink—we sprinkled it in her face. We sent for the apothecary, who lived hard by, and he arrived in a few moments, with a parcel of tranquillising medicines. These, however, were equally unavailing.

Hour after hour passed away. The darling child looked upon us as if she

would have given the world to speak to us, or to weep, but she uttered no sound. Now and then she drew a long breath as though preparing to say something, but still she was mute. She often put her hand to her throat, as if there was some pain or obstruction there.

I never can, while I live, lose one line of that mournful and terrible portrait—the face of my stricken child. As hour after hour passed away, without bringing the smallest change or amendment, we grew both alarmed, and at length absolutely terrified for her safety.

We called in a physician toward night, and told him that we had reason to suspect that the child had somehow been frightened, and that in no other way could we at all account for the extraordinary condition in which he found her.

This was a man, I may as well observe, though I do not name him, of the highest eminence in his profession, and one in whose skill, from past personal experience, I had the best possible reasons for implicitly confiding.

He asked a multiplicity of questions, the answers to which seemed to baffle his attempts to arrive at a satisfactory diagnosis. There was something undoubtedly anomalous in the case, and I saw plainly that there were features in it which puzzled and perplexed him not a little.

At length, however, he wrote his prescription, and promised to return at nine o'clock. I remember there was something to be rubbed along her spine, and some medicines beside.

But these remedies were as entirely unavailing as the others. In a state of dismay and distraction we watched by the bed in which, in accordance with the physician's direction, we had placed her. The absolute changelessness of her condition filled us with despair. The day which had elapsed had not witnessed even a transitory variation in the dreadful character of her seizure. Any change, even a change for the worse, would have been better than this sluggish, hopeless monotony of suffering.

At the appointed hour the physician returned. He appeared disappointed, almost shocked, at the failure of his prescriptions. On feeling her pulse he declared that she must have a little

wine. There had been a wonderful prostration of all the vital powers since he had seen her before. He evidently thought the case a strange and precarious one.

She was made to swallow the wine; and her pulse rallied for a time, but soon subsided again. I and the physician were standing by the fire, talking in whispers of the darling child's symptoms, and likelihood of recovery, when we were arrested in our conversation by a cry of anguish from the poor mother, who had never left the bedside of her little child, and this cry broke into bitter and convulsive weeping.

The poor little child had, on a sudden, stretched down her little hands and feet, and died. There is no mistaking the features of death: the filmy eye and dropt jaw once seen, are recognised whenever we meet them again. Yet, spite of our own belief, we cling to hope; and the distracted mother called on the physician, in accents which might have moved a statue, to say that her darling was not dead, not quite dead—that something might still be done—that it could not be all over. Silently he satisfied himself that no throb of life still fluttered in that little frame.

"It is, indeed, all over," he said, in tones scarce above a whisper; and pressing my hand kindly, he said, "comfort your poor wife;" and so, after a momentary pause, he left the room.

This blow had smitten me with stunning suddenness. I looked at the dead child, and from her to her poor mother. Grief and pity were both swallowed up in the transports of fury and detestation with which the presence in my house of the wretch who had wrought all this destruction and misery filled my soul. My heart swelled with ungovernable rage; for a moment my habitual fear of him was neutralised by the vehemence of these passions. I seized a candle in silence, and mounted the stairs. The sight of the accursed cat, flitting across the lobby, and the loneliness of the hour, made me hesitate for an instant. I had, however, gone so far, that shame sustained me. Overcoming a momentary thrill of dismay, and determined to repel and defy the in-

fluence that had so long awed me, I knocked sharply at the door, and, almost at the same instant, pushed it open, and entered our lodger's chamber.

He had had no candle in the room, and it was lighted only by the "darkness visible" that entered through the window. The candle which I held very imperfectly illuminated the large apartment; but I saw his spectral form floating, rather than walking, back and forward in front of the windows.

At sight of him, though I hated him more than ever, my instinctive fear returned. He confronted me, and drew nearer and nearer, without speaking. There was something indefinitely fearful in the silent attraction which seemed to be drawing him to me. I could not help recoiling, little by little, as he came toward me, and with an effort I said—

"You know why I have come: the child—she's dead!"

"Dead—ha!—dead—is she?" he said, in his odious, mocking tone.

"Yes—dead!" I cried, with an excitement which chilled my very marrow with horror; "and *you* have killed her, as you killed my other."

"How?—I killed her!—eh?—ha, ha!" he said, still edging nearer and nearer.

"Yes; I say you!" I shouted, trembling in every joint, but possessed by that unaccountable infatuation which has made men invoke, spite of themselves, their own destruction, and which I was powerless to resist—"deny it as you may, it is you who killed her—wretch!—FIEND!—no wonder she could not stand the breath and glare of HELL!"

"And you are one of those who believe that not a sparrow falls to the ground without your Creator's consent," he said, with icy sarcasm; "and this is a specimen of Christian resignation—hey? You charge his act upon a poor fellow like me, simply that you may cheat the devil, and rave and rebel against the decrees of heaven, under pretence of abusing me. The breath and glare of hell!—eh? You mean that I removed this and these (touching the covering of his mouth and eyes successively) as I *shall* do now again, and show you there's no great harm in that."

There was a tone of menace in his

concluding words not to be mistaken.

"Murderer and liar from the beginning, as you are, I defy you!" I shouted, in a frenzy of hate and horror, stamping furiously on the floor.

As I said this, it seemed to me that he darkened and dilated before my eyes. My senses, thoughts, consciousness, grew horribly confused, as if some powerful, extraneous will, were seizing upon the functions of my brain. Whether I were to be mastered by death, or madness, or possession, I knew not; but hideous destruction of some sort was impending: all hung upon the moment, and I cried aloud, in my agony, an adjuration in the name of the three persons of the Trinity, that he should not torment me.

Stunned, bewildered, like a man recovered from a drunken fall, I stood, freezing and breathless, in the same spot, looking into the room, which wore, in my eyes, a strange, unearthly character. Mr. Smith was cowering darkly in the window, and, after a silence, spoke to me in a croaking, sulky tone, which was, however, unusually submissive.

"Don't it strike you as an odd procedure to break into a gentleman's apartment at such an hour, for the purpose of railing at him in the coarsest language? If you have any charge to make against me, do so; I invite inquiry, and defy your worst. If you think you can bring home to me the smallest share of blame in this unlucky matter, call the coroner, and let his inquest examine and cross-examine me, and sift the matter—if, indeed, there is anything to be sifted—to the bottom. Meanwhile, go you about your business, and leave me to mine. But I see how the wind sits: you want to get rid of me, and so you make the place odious to me. But it won't do; and if you take to making criminal charges against me, you had better look to yourself; for two can play at that game."

There was a suppressed whine in all this, which strangely contrasted with the cool and threatening tone of his previous conversation.

Without answering a word I hurried from the room, and scarcely felt secure, even when once more in the melancholy chamber, where my poor wife was weeping.

Miserable, horrible was the night that followed. The loss of our child was a calamity which we had not dared to think of. It had come, and with a suddenness enough to bereave me of reason. It seemed all unreal, all fantastic. It needed an effort to convince me, minute after minute, that the dreadful truth was so; and the old accustomed feeling that she was still alive, still running from room to room, and the expectation that I should hear her step and her voice, and see her entering at the door, would return. But still the sense of dismay, of having received some stunning, irreparable blow, remained behind; and then came the horrible effort, like that with which one rouses himself from a haunted sleep, the question, "What disaster is this that has befallen?"—answered, alas! but too easily, too terribly! Amidst all this was perpetually rising before my fancy the obscure, dilated figure of our lodger, as he had confronted me in his malign power that night. I dismissed the image with a shudder as often as it recurred; and even now, at this distance of time, I have felt more than I could well describe in the mere effort to fix my recollection upon its hated traits, while writing the passages I have just concluded.

This hateful scene I did not recount to my poor wife. Its horrors were too fresh upon me. I had not courage to trust myself with the agitating narrative; and so I sate beside her, with her hand locked in mine: I had no comfort to offer but the dear love I bore her.

At last, like a child, she cried herself to sleep—the dull, heavy slumber of worn-out grief. As for me, the agitation of my soul was too fearful and profound for repose. My eye accidentally rested on the holy volume, which lay upon the table open, as I had left it in the morning; and the first words which met my eye were these—"For our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." This blessed sentence riveted my attention, and shed a stream of solemn joy upon my heart; and so the greater part of that mournful night, I continued to draw comfort and heavenly wisdom from the same inspired source.

Next day brought that odious incident, the visit of the undertaker—the carpentry, upholstery, and millinery of death. Why has not civilisation abolished these repulsive and shocking formalities? What has the poor corpse to do with frills, and pillows, and napkins, and all the equipage in which it rides on its last journey? There is no intrusion so jarring to the decent grief of surviving affection, no conceivable mummery more derisive of mortality.

In the room which we had been so long used to call “the nursery,” now desolate and mute, the unclosed coffin lay, with our darling shrouded in it. Before we went to our rest at night we visited it. In the morning the lid was to close over that sweet face, and I was to see the child laid by her little brother. We looked upon the well-known and loved features, purified in the sublime serenity of death, for a long time, whispering to one another, among our sobs, how sweet and beautiful we thought she looked; and at length, weeping bitterly, we tore ourselves away.

We talked and wept for many hours, and at last, in sheer exhaustion, dropt asleep. My little wife awaked me, and said—

“I think they have come—the—the undertakers.”

It was still dark, so I could not consult my watch; but they were to have arrived early, and as it was winter, and the nights long, the hour of their visit might well have arrived.

“What, darling, is your reason for thinking so?” I asked.

“I am sure I have heard them for some time in the nursery,” she answered. “Oh! dear, dear little Fanny! Don’t allow them to close the coffin until I have seen my darling once more.”

I got up, and threw some clothes hastily about me. I opened the door and listened. A sound like a muffled knocking reached me from the nursery.

“Yes, my darling!” I said, “I think they have come. I will go and desire them to wait until you have seen her again.”

And, so saying, I hastened from the room.

Our bedchamber lay at the end of a short corridor, opening from the lobby, at the head of the stairs, and the nur-

sery was situated nearly at the end of a corresponding passage, which opened from the same lobby at the opposite side. As I hurried along I distinctly heard the same sounds. The light of dawn had not yet appeared, but there was a strong moonlight shining through the windows. I thought the morning could hardly be so far advanced as we had at first supposed; but still, strangely as it now seems to me, suspecting nothing amiss, I walked on in noiseless, slipped feet, to the nursery-door. It stood half open; some one had unquestionably visited it since we had been there. I stepped forward, and entered. At the threshold horror arrested my advance.

The coffin was placed upon tressels at the further extremity of the chamber, with the foot of it nearly towards the door, and a large window at the side of it admitted the cold lustre of the moon full upon the apparatus of mortality, and the objects immediately about it.

At the foot of the coffin stood the ungainly form of our lodger. He seemed to be intently watching the face of the corpse, and was stooped a little, while with his hands he tapped sharply, from time to time at the sides of the coffin, like one who designs to awaken a slumberer. Perched upon the body of the child, and nuzzling among the grave-clothes, with a strange kind of ecstasy, was the detested brute, the cat I have so often mentioned.

The group thus revealed, I looked upon but for one instant; in the next I shouted, in absolute terror—

“In God’s name! what are you doing?”

Our lodger shuffled away abruptly, as if disconcerted; but the ill-favoured cat, whisking round, stood like a demon sentinel upon the corpse, growling and hissing, with arched back and glaring eyes.

The lodger, turning abruptly toward me, motioned me to one side. Mechanically I obeyed his gesture, and he hurried hastily from the room.

Sick and dizzy, I returned to my own chamber. I confess I had not nerve to combat the infernal brute, which still held possession of the room, and so I left it undisturbed.

This incident I did not tell to my wife until some time afterwards; and I mention it here because it was, and

is, in my mind associated with a painful circumstance which very soon afterwards came to light.

That morning I witnessed the burial of my darling child. Sore and desolate was my heart; but with infinite gratitude to the great controller of all events, I recognised in it a change which nothing but the spirit of all good can effect. The love and fear of God had grown strong within me—in humbleness I bowed to his awful will—with a sincere trust I relied upon the goodness, the wisdom, and the mercy of him who had sent this great affliction. But a further incident connected with this very calamity was to test this trust and patience to the uttermost.

It was still early when I returned, having completed the last sad office. My wife, as I afterwards learned, still lay weeping upon her bed. But somebody awaited my return in the hall, and opened the door, anticipating my knock. This person was our lodger.

I was too much appalled by the sudden presentation of this abhorred spectre even to retreat, as my instinct would have directed, through the open door.

"I have been expecting your return," he said, "with the design of saying something which it might have profited you to learn, but now I apprehend it is too late. What a pity you are so violent and impatient; you would not have heard me, in all probability, this morning. You cannot think how cross-grained and intemperate you have grown since you became a saint—but that is your affair, not mine. You have buried your little daughter this morning. It requires a good deal of that new attribute of yours, *faith*, which judges all things by a rule of contraries, and can never see anything but kindness in the worst afflictions which malignity could devise, to discover benignity and mercy in the torturing calamity which has just punished you and your wife for *nothing*! But I fancy that it will be harder still when I tell you what I more than suspect—ha, ha. It would be really ridiculous, if it were not heart-rending; that your little girl has been actually buried *alive*; do you comprehend me?—alive. For, upon my life, I fancy she was not dead as she lay in her coffin."

I knew the wretch was exulting in the fresh anguish he had just inflicted. I know not how it was, but any announcement of *disaster* from his lips, seemed to me to be necessarily true. Half-stifled with the dreadful emotions he had raised, palpitating between hope and terror, I rushed frantically back again, the way I had just come, running as fast as my speed could carry me, toward the, alas! distant burial-ground where my darling lay.

I stopped a cab slowly returning to town, at the corner of the lane, sprang into it, directed the man to drive to the church of —, and promised him anything and everything for despatch. The man seemed amazed; doubtful, perhaps, whether he carried a maniac or a malefactor. Still he took his chance for the promised reward, and galloped his horse, while I, tortured with suspense, yelled my frantic incentives to further speed.

At last, in a space immeasurably short, but which to me was protracted almost beyond endurance, we reached the spot. I halloed to the sexton, who was now employed upon another grave, to follow me. I myself seized a mattock, and in obedience to my incoherent and agonised commands, he worked as he had never worked before. The crumbling mould flew swiftly to the upper soil—deeper and deeper, every moment, grew the narrow grave—at last I sobbed, "Thank God—thank God," as I saw the face of the coffin emerge; a few seconds more and it lay upon the sward beside me, and we both, with the edges of our spades, ripped up the lid.

There was the corpse—but not the tranquil statue I had seen it last. Its knees were both raised, and one of its little hands drawn up and clenched near its throat, as if in a feeble but agonised struggle to force up the superincumbent mass. The eyes, that I had last seen closed, were now open, and the face no longer serenely pale, but livid and distorted.

I had time to see all in an instant; the whole scene reeled and darkened before me, and I swooned away.

When I came to myself, I found that I had been removed to the vestry-room. The open coffin was in the aisle of the church, surrounded by a curious crowd. A medical gentleman had examined the body carefully, and

had pronounced life totally extinct. The trepidation and horror I experienced were indescribable. I felt like the murderer of my own child. Desperate as I was of any chance of its life, I dispatched messengers for no less than three of the most eminent physicians then practising in London. All concurred—the child was now as dead as any other, the oldest tenant of the churchyard.

Notwithstanding which, I would not permit the body to be reinterred for several days, until the symptoms of decay became unequivocal, and the most fantastic imagination could no longer cherish a doubt. This, however, I mention only parenthetically, as I hasten to the conclusion of my narrative. The circumstance which I have last described found its way to the public, and caused no small sensation at the time.

I drove part of the way home, and then discharged the cab, and walked the remainder. On my way, with an emotion of ecstasy I cannot describe, I met the good being to whom I owed so much. I ran to meet him, and felt as if I could throw myself at his feet, and kiss the very ground before him. I knew by his heavenly countenance he was come to speak comfort and healing to my heart.

With humbleness and gratitude, I drank in his sage and holy discourse. I need not follow the gracious and delightful exposition of God's revealed will and character with which he cheered and confirmed my faltering spirit. A solemn joy, a peace and trust, streamed on my heart. The wreck and desolation there, lost their bleak and ghastly character, like ruins illuminated by the mellow beams of a solemn summer sunset.

In this conversation, I told him what I had never revealed to any one before—the absolute terror, in all its stupendous and maddening amplitude, with which I regarded our ill-omened lodger, and my agonised anxiety to rid my house of him. My companion answered me—

“I know the person of whom you speak—he designs no good for you or any other. He, too, knows me, and I have intimated to him that he must now leave you, and visit you no more. Be firm and bold, trusting in God, through his Son, like a good soldier,

and you will win the victory from a greater and even worse than he—the *unseen enemy of mankind*. You need not see or speak with your evil tenant any more. Call to him from your hall, in the name of the Most Holy, to leave you bodily, with all that appertains to him, this evening. He knows that he must go, and will obey you. But leave the house as soon as may be yourself; you will scarce have peace in it. Your own remembrances will trouble you, and *other minds have established associations within its walls and chambers too.*”

These words sounded mysteriously in my ears.

Let me say here, before I bring my reminiscences to a close, a word or two about the house in which these detested scenes occurred, and which I did not long continue to inhabit. What I afterwards learned of it, seemed to supply in part a dim explanation of these words.

In a country village there is no difficulty in accounting for the tenacity with which the sinister character of a haunted tenement cleaves to it. Thin neighbourhoods are favourable to scandal; and in such localities the reputation of a house, like that of a woman, once blown upon, never quite recovers. In huge London, however, it is quite another matter; and, therefore, it was with some surprise that, five years after I had vacated the house in which the occurrences I have described took place, I learned that a respectable family who had taken it were obliged to give it up, on account of annoyances, for which they could not account, and all proceeding from the apartments formerly occupied by our “lodger.” Among the sounds described were footsteps restlessly traversing the floor of that room, accompanied by the peculiar tapping of the crutch.

I was so anxious about this occurrence, that I contrived to have strict inquiries made into the matter. The result, however, added little to what I had at first learned—except, indeed, that our old friend, the cat, bore a part in the transaction, as I suspected; for the servant, who had been placed to sleep in the room, complained that something bounded on and off, and ran to-and-fro along the foot of the bed, in the dark. The same servant,

while in the room, in the broad daylight, had heard the sound of walking, and even the rustling of clothes near him, as of people passing and repassing; and, although he had never seen anything, he yet became so terrified that he would not remain in the house, and ultimately, in a short time, left his situation.

These sounds, attention having been called to them, were now incessantly observed—the measured walking up and down the room, the opening and closing of the door, and the teasing tap of the crutch—all these sounds were continually repeated, until at last, worn out, frightened, and worried, its occupants resolved on abandoning the house.

About four years since, having had occasion to visit the capital, I resolved on a ramble by Old Brompton, just to see if the house were still inhabited. I searched for it, however, in vain, and at length, with difficulty, ascertained its site, upon which now stood two small, staring, bran-new brick houses, with each a gay enclosure of flowers. Every trace of our old mansion, and, let us hope, of our “mysterious lodger,” had entirely vanished.

Let me, however, return to my narrative where I left it.

Discoursing upon heavenly matters, my good and gracious friend accompanied me even within the outer gate of my own house. I asked him to come in and rest himself, but he would not; and before he turned to depart, he lifted up his hand, and blessed me and my household.

Having done this, he went away. My eyes followed him till he disappeared, and I turned to the house. My darling wife was standing at the window of the parlour. There was a seraphic smile on her face—pale, pure, and beautiful as death. She was gazing with an humble, heavenly earnestness on us. The parting blessing of the stranger shed a sweet and hallowed influence on my heart. I went into the parlour, to my darling: childless she was now; I

had now need to be a tender companion to her.

She raised her arms in a sort of transport, with the same smile of gratitude and purity, and, throwing them round my neck, she said—

“I have seen him—it is he—the man that came with you to the door, and blessed us as he went away—is the same I saw in my dream—the same who took little baby in his arms, and said he would take care of him, and give him safely to me again.”

More than a quarter of a century has glided away since then; other children have been given us by the good God—children who have been, from infancy to maturity, a pride and blessing to us. Sorrows and reverses, too, have occasionally visited us; yet, on the whole, we have been greatly blessed; prosperity has long since ended all the cares of the *res angusta domi*, and expanded our power of doing good to our fellow-creatures. God has given it; and God, we trust, directs its dispensation. In our children, and—would you think it?—our *grand*-children, too, the same beneficent God has given us objects that elicit and return all the delightful affections, and exchange the sweet converse that makes home and family dearer than aught else, save that blessed home where the Christian family shall meet at last.

The dear companion of my early love and sorrows still lives, blessed be Heaven! The evening tints of life have fallen upon her; but the dear remembrance of a first love, that never grew cold, makes her beauty changeless for me. As for your humble servant, he is considerably her senior, and looks it: time has stolen away his raven locks, and given him a *chevelure* of snow instead. But, as I said before, I and my wife love, and, I believe, *admire* one another more than ever; and I have often seen our elder children smile archly at one another, when they thought we did not observe them, thinking, no doubt, how like a pair of lovers we two were.

LIFE AND CORRESPONDENCE OF ROBERT SOUTHEY.*

HONOURED be the memory of Robert Southey! His name will long preserve its sweet savour in the recollection of the wise and good, who admired him not more for his transcendent genius, than they loved him for his gentle worth; and whose mature productions will go down to posterity with the singular commendation, that they contain not one single line which a good man, upon his death-bed, could wish unwritten.

As a poet, as an essayist, as an analyst, as a biographer, how often have we, in early youth, devoured his various productions, and found, in each and every one of them, something not only to captivate the imagination and the affections, but to amend the heart. While others pandered to the low and the sensual, he was one of the faithful few who devoted their high powers to the development and purification of whatever is best and noblest in man's nature. "Whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report," in him ever found a congenial advocate; and, while literary delinquents abounded, who made their gifts and their attainments subservient to the domination of passion and prejudice, by which morality was outraged and public tranquillity endangered, Southey's every line was consecrated to the cause of true religion and virtue.

We hail, therefore, with peculiar pleasure, the work before us, being the commencing volumes of a series of six, to come out at intervals of two months, in which the life and the opinions of the poet will be illustrated by his autobiography, and his multifarious correspondence. His son, Cuthbert Southey, is the editor, of whose performance of the task which he has undertaken, we shall have occasion to speak as we proceed. But, surely, to have *undertaken* such a work required from *him* no apology; it was a filial duty which he was called upon

to provide for or perform; and, whatever may be said of the causes which deferred its performance to the present day, no one will find fault with the editor, who was so near and dear to the poet while he lived, for undertaking it now at length, if only it be creditably performed.

The first volume commences with an autobiography, which was not carried on by the poet beyond his schoolboy days. This we lament. What has been done will make most of his readers desirous of more of the same kind; and, although the deficiency is well supplied by a correspondence so copious as to leave no important event of his life without its appropriate comment and explanation, the grace and charm of the narrative is wanting, by which all are woven into a connected series, as well as that after thought, which sheds a retrospective light, blending early reminiscence with mature experience.

We shall not trouble our readers with any details respecting his remote ancestors, as the account which we have of them contains little of interest beyond the circle of his own connections, and nothing of importance. But the following anecdote is worth the space which it occupies, if only as a comment on a very absurd feature of English law. With his grandfather, at Holford Farm, in the parish of Lydiard St. Laurence, about ten miles north of Taunton, under the Quantock Hills, there lived a maiden sister:—

"She had a small estate held upon three lives; two of them fell, and the third, a worthless profligate, contrived from that time almost to support himself upon it. Knowing that my poor aunt Hannah was now dependent upon his life, he would never strike a stroke of work more. When his debts became troublesome, away went his wife to the poor old woman about writs, bailiffs, the jail, and jail fever; and in this manner

"The Life and Correspondence of Robert Southey." Edited by his son, the Rev. Charles Cuthbert Southey, M.A. Vols I. and II. London: Longman, Brown, and Longmans. 1850.

was she continually fleeced and kept in continual fear, till the rascal died at last of close attention to the alehouse. This story is worthy of insertion in an account of English tenures."

Of the grandfather, above-mentioned, the poet's father was the second son. He was destined for trade, and, with this view, was placed with a kinsman, in London, who was a grocer somewhere in the city. The boy, who had been brought up in the country, was passionately fond of field sports; and his son tells us,

"I have heard him say, that as he was one day standing at this person's door, a porter went by carrying a hare, and this brought his favourite sport so forcibly to mind, that he could not help crying at the sight. This anecdote in Wordsworth's hands would be worth as much as the *Reverie* of poor Susan."

Before he was twelve months in London his master died, when he was removed to Bristol, and placed with one William Britton, a linen-draper, with whom he lived twelve or fourteen years. Here he became acquainted with Edward Tyler, a half-uncle of the poet, by whom he was introduced to his mother's family, of whom, before, he had seen but little.

The old lady's second husband was a Mr. Edward Hill, from which union sprung the poet's mother, a gracious and gentle creature, of the sweetest affections and most unclouded temper; who became acquainted with his father, then a tradesman in Bristol on his own account, from his Sunday visits to her mother's house in Bedminster, where acquaintance ripened into affection, and in due time they were married. The poet was their second child; the first, John Cannon Southey, having lived to be only nine or ten months old. His birth, which took place on the 1st of August, 1773, was thus announced:—

"My mother asking if it was a boy, was answered by her nurse in a tone as little favourable to me as the opinion was flattering. 'Ay, a great ugly boy!' and she added, when she told me this, 'God forgive me!—when I saw what a great red creature it was, covered with rolls of fat, I thought I should never be able to love him.'"

Of the early poetic sensibilities of the future Laureate we have some

striking instances. He was affected by metrical recitations of a touching or a dismal character, even when he was but two years old; and when the pressure upon his feelings was so strong as to be painful, would beckon beseechingly to the reciter not to proceed. So much more rapidly do the affections ripen than the intellect—a truth which, in the early training of youth, has need to be especially attended to by the careful instructor.

Many of his early years were passed under the roof of his aunt, Miss Tyler, a half-sister of his mother. She was a person of much personal beauty, married, to some extent, by the traces of a temper easily excitable, and when excited, quite unruly: passionately fond of dramatic representations, and whose house was constantly visited by the leading performers of the day. At that time religious profession was not exalted to the same pre-eminence which it afterwards attained, and which it possesses at present; and had Miss Tyler lived a generation later, it is not improbable that she would have formed one of a coterie, or been herself the centre of a circle, such as surrounded Miss Hannah More; and her craving for excitement have found its appropriate gratification in a different and more salutary sphere of action and of enjoyment. But her masculine character had taken its bent before such an opportunity was afforded; and her summum bonum seemed to be the frequenting of the theatre at night, and the society of the performers in the morning.

Under such a guardian were the early years of Southey spent; and whilst many of the irregularities in his bringing up may be traced to the caprices of his eccentric relative, the atmosphere which he breathed could not be without its use in cherishing within him the germs of the poetic spirit of which he had already given unmistakeable indications. He lived, and moved, and had his being in the vivid dramatic personation of bygone generations; and was thus under a sort of poetic incubation, which could not fail to quicken and mature his imaginative powers, and fire his young ambition to be himself the writer of some dramatic piece, which might win for him undying fame.

Orthodoxy was not as much regarded in those days as it is at present; and although the poet's father was a member of the Church of England, his first instructors were an Arian and a Socinian. Of the latter he speaks respectfully and kindly, and regrets his removal from him, as he was a good scholar, and would have well grounded him in Greek and Latin, had he been suffered to remain under his care. He was then sent to an academy kept by a Mr. Flower, as a boarder; and his departure from home on this occasion it was which suggested those touching lines in his poem of "The Hymn to the Penates," which few readers of his early poems can fail to remember. Of this person he thus writes:—

"Thomas Flower, the master, was a remarkable man, worthy of a better station in life, but utterly unfit for that in which he was placed. His whole delight was in mathematics and astronomy, and he had constructed an orrery upon so large a scale that it filled a room. What a misery it must have been for such a man to teach a set of stupid boys, year after year, the rudiments of arithmetic. And a misery he seemed to feel it. When he came into his desk, even there he was thinking of the stars, and looked as if he were out of humour, not from illnature, but because his calculations were interrupted. But for the most part he left the school to the care of his son Charley, a person who was always called by that familiar diminutive, and whose consequence you may appreciate accordingly. Writing and arithmetic were all they professed to teach; but twice in the week a Frenchman came from Bristol to instruct in Latin the small number of boys who learnt it, of whom I was one. Duplanier was his name. He returned to France at the commencement of the Revolution, and a report obtained credit at Bristol, and got into the newspapers, that, having resumed his proper name, which for some reason or other he thought fit to conceal in England, he went into the army, and became no less a personage than General Menou, of Egyptian notoriety. For Duplanier's sake, who was a very good-natured man, I am glad the story was disproved."

After his grandmother's death, he resided for some time with his aunt, at the house of a friend of hers, Miss Palmer (a sister of the gentleman who set on foot the system of mail-coaches in England), whose passion

for the theatre equalled her own. As the property of this lady was vested chiefly in a theatrical speculation, she had a constant command of orders for the Bath and Bristol theatres; and while residing with her, the young poet had constant access to these scenes of fascinating enjoyment.

Actors and actresses were mighty personages in his eyes, but he soon learned to estimate authors at a still higher figure; and he tells us:—

"Though I have not become a dramatist, my earliest dreams of authorship were, as might be anticipated, from such circumstances, of a dramatic form, and the notion which I had formed of dramatic composition was not inaccurate. 'It is the easiest thing in the world to write a play!' said I to Miss Palmer, as we were in a carriage on Redcliffe Hill one day, returning from Bristol to Bedminster. 'Is it, my dear?' was her reply. 'Yes,' I continued; 'for you know you have only to think what you would say if you were in the place of the characters, and to make them say it.' This brings to mind some unlucky illustrations which I made use of, about the same time, to the same lady, with the view of enforcing what I conceived to be good and considerate advice. Miss Palmer was on a visit to my aunt at Bedminster; they had fallen out, as they sometimes would do; these bickerings produced a fit of sullenness in the former, which was not shaken off for some days; and while it lasted, she usually sat with her apron over her face. I really thought she would injure her eyes by this, and told her so in great kindness; 'for you know, Miss Palmer,' said I, 'that everything gets out of order if it is not used. A book, if it is not opened will become damp and mouldy; and a key, if it is not turned in the lock, gets rusty.' Just then my aunt entered the room. 'Lord, Miss Tyler!' said the offended lady, 'what do you think this child has been saying? He has been comparing my eyes to a rusty key and a mouldy book.' The speech, however, was not without some good effect, for it restored good humour. Miss Palmer was an odd woman with a kind heart; one of those persons who are not respected so much as they deserve, because their dispositions are better than their understanding. She had a most generous and devoted attachment to Miss Tyler, which was not always requited as it ought to have been. The earliest dream which I can remember related to her; it was singular enough to impress itself indelibly upon

my memory. I thought I was sitting with her in her drawing-room (chairs, carpet, and everything are now visibly present to my mind's eye) when the devil was introduced as a morning visitor. Such an appearance, for he was in his full costume of horns, black batwings, tail, and cloven feet, put me in ghostly and bodily fear; but she received him with perfect politeness, called him dear Mr. Devil, desired a servant to put him a chair, and expressed her delight at being favoured with a call."

This was a curious dream; and indicates, we think, an awakening of the moral sense, and a sort of instinctive detection of the *illæcebræ* of theatrical illusion. There must have been some workings of mind, which enabled him to see, or rather to feel, that, under the mask of high-wrought sentimentality and generous emotion, all was not moral purity; and that Satan's ends are often answered, when, by the dramatist, or the frequenter of the theatre, very different ends are hoped to be attained. It would be beside our purpose here to introduce any dissertation upon the uses or the abuses of theatrical representations; nor does it, in truth, concern us to notice the subject, further than may be necessary to illustrate the change which was gradually taking place in the young poet's mind, and the manner in which the moral and spiritual parts of his nature were beginning to assert their ascendancy over the seductions by which, in differently constituted minds, they might have been enthralled. His satanic majesty, by whom his horror was moved, received by his fair entertainer, herself no evil-minded woman, as an angel of light, was an apt personation of the spiritual blindness produced by pursuits which make an idol of the creature, and are altogether irrespective of true religion; and although Southey does not dwell upon the incident as indicating any epoch in his existence, we cannot read it without perceiving that there was a principle within him which wrought effectually against the evil tendencies of his pursuits and his position; that he was one

"Whose heart the holy forms
Of young imagination had kept pure;"

and that there was a heart within his heart which made its beatings felt whenever his moral purity was endangered.

The following is his deliberate opinion upon the contested subject of public and private education:—

"A juster estimate of one's self is acquired at school than can be formed in the course of domestic instruction, and what is of much more consequence, a better intuition into the characters of others than there is any chance of learning in after life. I have said that this is of more consequence than one's self-estimate; because the error upon that score which domestic education tends to produce, is on the right side—that of diffidence and humility. These advantages a day-scholar obtains, and he avoids great part of the evils which are to be set against them. He cannot, indeed, wholly escape pollution; but he is far less exposed to it than if he were a boarder. He suffers nothing from tyranny, which is carried to excess in schools; nor has he much opportunity of acquiring or indulging malicious and tyrannical propensities himself. Above all, his religious habits, which it is almost impossible to retain at school, are safe. I would gladly send a son to a good school by day; but rather than board him at the best, I would, at whatever inconvenience, educate him myself. What I have said applies to public schools as well as private; of the advantages which the former possess I shall have occasion to speak hereafter."

Of many of his school-fellows he retained vivid remembrances. Of one in particular, a Creole, he thus writes:—

"One of them (evidently by his name of French extraction) was, however, the most thoroughly fiendish human being that I have ever known. There is an image in Kehama drawn from my recollection of the devilish malignity which used sometimes to glow in his dark eyes; though I could not there give the likeness in its whole force, for his countenance used to darken with the blackness of his passion. Happily for the slaves on the family estate, he, though a second brother, was wealthy enough to settle in England; and an anecdote which I heard of him when he was about thirty years of age, will show that I have not spoken of his character too strongly. When he was shooting one day, his dog committed some fault. He would have shot him for this upon the spot, if his companion had not turned the gun aside, and, as he supposed, succeeded in appeasing him; but when the sport was over, to the horror of that companion (who related the story to

me), he took up a large stone, and knocked out the dog's brains."

We think we remember, after an interval of little less than forty years, the image in *Kehama* to which he alludes, and which the countenance of this fiendish individual suggested. It occurs when *Ladurlad*, stricken by

the curse of his powerful enemy, "with a fire in his heart and a fire in his brain," is praying to his guardian goddess, whose image he has crowned with a garland, not for himself, but for his beloved daughter, who is, he knows not where, exposed to the fiendish malignity of his tormentor:—

"Not for myself, the unhappy father said,
Not for myself, O mighty one, I pray;
Most wretched as I am, beyond all aid:
But oh! be gracious still to that dear maid,
Who crowned thee with these garlands day by day;
And danced before thee, aye, at eventide,
In beauty and in pride.
Oh! Mariatly, wheresoe'er she stray,
Forlorn and wretched, be thou still her guide.
A loud and fiendish laugh there came,
Scoffing his prayer.
Aloft in air
The visage of foul *Arvalan* shone forth—
Only his face, amid the clear, blue sky,
With long-drawn lips of insolent mockery,
And eyes, whose lurid glare,
Were like the sulphur fire,
Mingling with darkness ere its flames expire."

Southey's images, he has himself told us, were almost always taken from actual occurrences in human life, or striking aspects of nature; and to this they owe much of the force and the truthfulness by which they are characterised. The line describing the last agonies of the dying bull in "*Thalaba*," was suggested by what he witnessed at a bull-fight, at which he was present in Portugal:—

"And now the death-sweat darkens his dun hide,"

He mentioned, at the same time, the image which, in all his poetry, pleased him the most. It was that in which he describes the eye of one of his female characters as being

"Dark as the depth of Ganges' spring
 profound,
When thought hangs over it;
Bright as the beam
Which quivers o'er its pure, up-
 sparkling, stream."

But we must not anticipate; we are still with him in his schoolboy days.

The following very just observations were suggested by a composer of wretched doggerel rhymes, one Jones, who was a frequent visitor at the school; and a welcome one, for he

often procured for the boys a holiday:—

"In the earliest ages certain it is, that they who possessed that gift of speech which enabled them to clothe ready thoughts in measured or elevated diction, were held to be inspired. False oracles were uttered in verse, and true prophecies delivered in poetry. There was, therefore, some reason for the opinion. A belief akin to it, and not improbably derived from it, prevails, even now, among the ignorant; and was much more prevalent in my childhood, when very few of the lower classes could write or read, and when in the classes above them, those who really were ignorant knew that they were so. Sleight of hand passed for magic in the dark ages, slight of tongue for inspiration; and the ignorant, when they were no longer thus to be deluded, still looked upon both as something extraordinary and wonderful. Especially the power of arranging words in a manner altogether different from the common manner of speech, and of disposing syllables so as to produce a harmony which is felt by the dullest ear (a power which has now become an easy, and, therefore, is every day becoming more and more a common acquirement), appeared to them what it originally was in all poets, and always will be in those who are truly such; and even now, though there are none who regard its possessor with superstitious reverence, there are many

who look upon him as one who, in the constitution of his mind, is different from themselves. As no madman ever pretended to a religious call, without finding some open-eared listeners ready to believe him, and become his disciples, so, perhaps, no one ever composed verses with facility, who had not some one to admire and applaud him in his own little circle.

"I have been acquainted with poets in every intermediate degree between Jones and Wordsworth; and their conceit has almost uniformly been precisely in an inverse proportion to their capacity. When this conceit acts upon low and vulgar ignorance, it produces direct craziness, as in the instances of which I have been speaking. In the lower ranks of middle life I have seen it, without amounting to insanity, assume a form of such extravagant vanity that the examples which have occurred within my own observation, would be deemed incredible if brought forward in a farce. Of these in due time. There is another more curious manifestation of the same folly, which I do not remember ever to have seen noticed; but which is well worthy of critical observation, because it shows in its full extent, and therefore *in puris naturalibus*, a fault which is found in by much the greater part of modern poetry—the use of words which have no signification where they are used, or which, if they mean anything, mean nonsense—the substitution of sound for sense. I could show you passage after passage in contemporary writers—the most popular writers, and some of them the most popular passages in their works, which when critically, that is to say, strictly but justly, examined, are as absolutely nonsensical as the description of a moonlight night in Pope's *Homer*. Pope himself intended that for a fine description, and did not perceive that it was as absurd as his own 'Song by a Person of Quality.' Now, there have been writers who have possessed the talent of stringing together couplet after couplet in sonorous verse, without any connection, and without any meaning, or anything like a meaning; and yet they have had all the enjoyment of writing poetry, have supposed that this actually was poetry, and published it as such. I know a man who has done this, who made me a present of his poem; yet he is very far from being a fool; on the contrary, he is a lively, pleasant companion, and his talents in conversation are considerably above par. The most perfect specimen I ever saw of such verses was a poem called 'The Shepherd's Farewell,' printed in quarto, some five-and-thirty years ago. Cole-

ridge once had an imperfect copy of it. I forget the author's name; but when I was first at Lisbon, I found out that he was a schoolmaster, and that poor Paul Berthon had been one of his pupils. Men of very inferior power may imitate the manner of good writers with great success; as, for example, the two Smiths have done; but I do not believe that any imitative talent could produce genuine nonsense verses like those of 'The Shepherd's Farewell.' The intention of writing nonsensically would appear, and betray the purport of the writer. Pure, involuntary, unconscious nonsense is inimitable by any effort of sense."

"The Song by a Person of Quality," is Swift's, not Pope's; and we do not think the description of moonlight alluded to illustrates his position quite as happily as the poet intended. It is rather an instance of mis-description and mistranslation, into which an observer of actual nature, like Southey, could never have fallen, than of that surplusage of unmeaning phraseology, in which sound is substituted for sense. It is very true that, on the night of cloudless moonlight which the original describes,

"Stars unnumbered" do not "gild the glowing pole;"

but it is equally true that, if they did, the description would be both correct and happy.

His dancing master he seems to have regarded with especial detestation:—

"That poor man was for three years the plague of my life, and I was the plague of his. In some unhappy mood he prevailed on my mother to let me learn to dance, persuading himself as well as her, that I should do credit to his teaching. It must have been for my sins that he formed this opinion: in an evil hour for himself and for me was it formed; he would have had much less trouble in teaching a bear, and far better success. I do not remember that I set out with any dislike or contempt of dancing; but the unconquerable incapacity which it was soon evident that I possessed, produced both, and the more he laboured to correct an incorrigible awkwardness, the more awkwardly of course I performed. I verily believe the fiddlestick was applied as much to my head as to the fiddle-strings, when I was called out. But the rascal had a worse way than that of punishing me. He would take my hands in his, and

lead me down a dance; and then the villain would apply his thumb-nail against the flat surface of mine, in the middle, and press it till he left the mark there; this species of torture I suppose to have been his own invention, and so intolerable it was that at last, whenever he had recourse to it, I kicked his shins. Luckily for me he got into a scrape by beating a boy unmercifully at another school, so that he was afraid to carry on this sort of contest; and giving up at last all hope of ever making me a votary of the graces or of the dancing Muse, he contented himself with shaking his head, and turning up his eyes in hopelessness, whenever he noticed my performance."

But if he possessed little aptitude for what has been called the poetry of motion, for the poetry of thought and feeling he exhibited a ripeness beyond his years; and he congratulates himself—justly, we think—upon the entire freedom from officious or pedantic restraint in which he was suffered to prosecute his favourite amusement. He was haunted, like passion, by a spirit which would not be repressed or subdued, and grew by what it fed on:—

"That spirit was like a plant which required no forcing, nor artificial culture; only air and sunshine, and the rains and the dews of heaven. I do not remember in any part of my life to have been so conscious of intellectual improvement as I was during the year and half before I was placed at Westminster: an improvement derived, not from books or instruction, but from constantly exercising myself in English verse; and from the development of mind which that exercise produced, I can distinctly trace my progress by help of a list, made thirty years ago, of all my compositions in verse, which were then in existence, or which I had at that time destroyed."

Brought up as he was, his first efforts were in the dramatic line; but soon—

"They received a more decided and more fortunate direction from the frequent perusal of Tasso, Ariosto, and Spenser. I had read also Mickle's *Lusiad* and Pope's *Homer*. If you add to these an extensive acquaintance with the novels of the day, and with the Arabian and mock-Arabian tales, the whole works of Josephus (taken in by me with my pocket-money in three-score six-

penny numbers, which I now possess), such acquaintance with Greek and Roman history as a schoolboy picks up from his lessons and from Goldsmith's abridged histories, and such acquaintance with their fables as may be learnt from Ovid, from the old Pantheon, and, above all, from the end of Littleton's Dictionary, you will have a fair account of the stock upon which I began. But Shakspeare, and Beaumont and Fletcher must not be forgotten; nor Sidney's *Arcadia*, nor Rowley's *Poems*; for Chatterton's history was fresh in remembrance, and that story, which would have affected one of my disposition anywhere, acted upon me with all the force of local associations."

To a careless or incompetent observer, his life, at this period, would appear but "idless all," and his studies fantastical and ill-directed; but the vast amount which he had written, even before anything readable had been produced, proves the closeness and eagerness with which he plied his task, if task it might be called, wherein all was pleasure; and contributed, no doubt, to that early command, both of metre and language, in which he soon became almost unrivalled. Nor was this from any vanity in the exhibition of his verses, which often actuates youthful votaries of the muse. On the contrary, he possessed, or rather was possessed by, a constitutional shyness, which made him shrink from any parade of his accomplishments, with even more of instinctive horror than many would feel at detection in a crime. His portfolio, therefore, he tells us, "was held sacred."

"One day, however, it was profaned by an acquaintance of my aunt's, who called to pay a morning visit. She was shown into the parlour, and I, who was sent to say my aunt would presently wait upon her, found her with my precious Egbert in her hand. Her compliments had no effect in abating my deep resentment at this unpardonable curiosity; and, though she was a good-natured woman, I am afraid I never quite forgave her. Determining, however, never to incur a second exposure, I immediately composed a set of characters for my own use."

The following will be read not without interest by all who are desirous of noting the progressive development of the poetic power in a youthful mind:—

"I wonder whether Spurzheim could, at that time, have discovered an organ of constructiveness in my pericranium. The Elysian drama might seem to indicate that the faculty was there, but not a trace of it was to be found in any of the heroic poems which I attempted. They were all begun upon a mere general notion of the subject, without any pre-arrangement, and very little preconception of the incidents by which the catastrophe was to be brought about. When I sat down to write, I had to look as much for the incidents, as for the thoughts and words in which they were to be clothed. I expected them to occur just as readily; and so indeed, such as they were, they did. My reading in the old chivalrous romances has been sufficiently extensive to justify me in asserting that the greater number of those romances were written just in the same way, without the slightest plan or forethought; and I am much mistaken if many of the Italian romantic poems were not composed in the same inartificial manner. This I am sure—that it is more difficult to plan than to execute well; and that abundance of true poetical power has been squandered for want of a constructive talent in the poet. I have felt this want in some of the Spanish and Portuguese writers, even more than their want of taste. The progress of my own mind towards attaining it (so far as I may be thought to have attained it) I am able to trace distinctly; not merely by the works themselves, and by my own recollections of the views with which they were undertaken and composed, but by the various sketches and memoranda for four long narrative poems, made during their progress from the first conception of each till its completion. At present, the facility and pleasure with which I can plan an heroic poem, a drama, and a biographical or historical work, however comprehensive, is even a temptation to me. It seems as if I caught the bearings of a subject at first sight; just as Telford sees from an eminence, with a glance, in what direction his road must be carried. But it was long before I acquired this power—not fairly, indeed, till I was about five or six and thirty; and it was gained by practice, in the course of which I learnt to perceive wherein I was deficient.

"There was one point in which these premature attempts afforded a hopeful omen, and that was in the diligence and industry with which I endeavoured to acquire all the historical information within my reach, relating to the subject in hand. Forty years ago, I could have given a better account of the birth and

parentage of Egbert, and the state of the Heptarchy during his youth, than I could do now without referring to books; and when Cassibela was my hero, I was as well acquainted with the division of the island among the ancient tribes, as I am now with the relative situation of its counties. It was, perhaps, fortunate that these pursuits were unassisted and solitary. By thus working a way for myself, I acquired a habit and a love for investigation, and nothing appeared uninteresting which gave me any of the information I wanted. The pleasure which I took in such researches, and in composition, rendered me in a great degree independent of other amusements; and no systematic education could have fitted me for my present course of life so well as the circumstances which allowed me thus to feel and follow my own impulses."

In 1788 he was sent to Westminster, his uncle Hill defraying his expenses. Of his fellow-students he thus writes:—

"The great majority were of a kind to be whatever circumstances might make them; clay in the potter's hand, more or less fine; and as it is fitting that such subjects should be conformed to the world's fashion and to the world's uses, a public school was best for them. But where there is a tendency to low pursuits and low vices, such schools are fatal. They are nurseries also for tyranny and brutality. Yet, on the other hand, good is to be acquired there, which can be attained in no other course of education."

We are sorry to say that the autobiography concludes before his removal from Westminster; an event occasioned by some strictures in a periodical called "*The Flagellant*" (got up by some of the senior boys), by which the head of the establishment was offended. The paper which aroused the wrath of Dr. Vincent, was an attack upon corporal punishment, as then administered in the school, and the irritated master immediately commenced a prosecution against the publisher for a libel. This was surely enough to provoke the ejaculation,

"*Tantane animis coelestibus,*" &c.

and may well give colour to the suspicion, that gentleness was not his characteristic. Young Southey, who could not endure that an innocent

man should suffer for *his* wrong, immediately declared himself the author of the publication, and apologised for it. In vain! The angry pedagogue would not be propitiated, and the future laureate was removed from the school, greatly to the grief both of himself and of his relatives, who felt his removal, under such circumstances, as a death-blow to his future prospects.

At this time his father had become a bankrupt, and he was much occupied in arranging his affairs. Although the injury which he had sustained strongly affected him, striking, as it did, both at his character and his prospects, he did not sink under it, as the following extract from one of his letters at this period will show, indicative of the spirit-stirring activity by which he was already distinguished:—

“‘The Flagellant is gone,’ he writes at this time to his schoolfellow and coadjutor, Mr. Grosvenor Bedford; ‘still, however, I think that our joint productions may acquire some credit. The sooner we have a volume published the better; “The Medley,” “The Hodge Podge,” “The What-do-you-call-it,” or, to retain our old plan, “Monastic Lucubrations;” any of these, or any better you may propose, will do. Shall we dedicate to Envy, Hatred, and Malice, and all Uncharitableness? Powerful arbitrators of the minds of men, who have already honoured us with your marked attention, ye who can convert innocence into treason, and, shielded by the arm of power, remain secure, &c. &c. &c.; or shall we dedicate it to the doctor or to the devil, or to the king, or to ourselves?—Gentlemen, to you, in whose breasts neither envy nor malice can find a place, who will not be biassed by the clamours of popular prejudice, nor stoop to the authority of ignorance and power, &c. &c.

“‘I see no reason why we should not publish pretty soon; it will be at least four months before we can prepare it for the press, and, surely, by that time we may venture again upon the world.

“‘. We have ventured,
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
These last nine numbers in a sea of glory,
But far above our depth; the high blown bubble
At length burst under us, and now has left us
(Yet smarting from the rod of persecution
Though yet unwearied) to the merciless rage
Of the rude sea that swallowed Number Five.”

On the 2d of November, 1792, he matriculated at Baliol College, Oxford, from which he was summoned suddenly, in consequence of his fa-

ther's dangerous illness, and returned only in time to follow him to the grave:—

“It had been intended that he should enter at Christ Church, and his name had been put down there for some time; but the dean (Cyril Jackson), having heard of the Flagellant, refused to admit him, doubtless supposing that he would prove a troublesome and disaffected undergraduate, and little dreaming the time would come when the University would be proud to betow upon him her highest honours.”

The following, to the correspondent alluded to in the last extract, will describe his feelings upon his entrance at Oxford:—

“I feel myself entered upon a new scene of life, and, whatever the generality of Oxonians may conceive, it appears to me a very serious one. Four years hence I am to be called into orders, and during that time (short for the attainment of the requisite knowledge) how much have I to learn! I must learn to break a rebellious spirit, which neither authority nor oppression could ever bow; it would be easier to break my neck. I must learn to work a problem instead of writing an ode. I must learn to pay respect to men remarkable only for great wigs and little wisdom.”

That he had, at this period, a sustaining faith, although his religious views were but crude and imperfect, the following will prove. He is writing to the same correspondent:—

“Twenty years hence this journal will be either a source of pleasure or of regret; that is, if I live twenty years, and for life I really have a very strong predilection; not from Shakespeare's fearfully beautiful passage—‘Ay, but to die and go we know not whither,’ but from the hope that my life may be serviceable to my family, and happy to myself; if it be the longer life the better, existence will be delightful and anticipation glorious. The idea of meeting a different fate in another world is enough to overthrow every Atheistical doctrine. The very dreadful trials under which virtue so often labours must surely be only trials; patience will withstand the pressure, and faith will lead to hope. Religion soothes every wound, and makes the bed of death a couch of felicity. Make the contrast yourself: look at the warrior, the hypocrite, and the libertine, in their

last moments, and reflection must strengthen every virtuous resolution. May I, however, practise what I preach. Let me have £200 a-year and the comforts of domestic life, and my ambition aspires not further."

That he escaped the contamination of bad society, and kept clear of Oxford dissipation and extravagance, is clear from what follows :—

"As for me, I regard myself too much to run into the vices so common and so destructive. I have not yet been drunk, nor mean to be so. What use can be made of a collegiate life I wish to make; but in the midst of all, when I look back to Rousseau, and compare myself either with his *Emilius*, or the real pupil of Madame Brulenk, I feel ashamed and humbled at the comparison. Never shall child of mine enter a public school or a university. Perhaps I may not be able so well to instruct him in logic or languages, but I can at least preserve him from vice."

He had entered Oxford with a view to the Church; but of the possibility of subscribing to the Thirty-nine Articles, he soon began to have serious doubts, as will appear from the following extracts from his letters to Grosvenor and Horace Bedford :—

"What is to become of me at ordination, heaven only knows! After keeping the straight path so long the Test Act will be a stumbling-block to honesty; so chance and providence must take care of that, and I will fortify myself against chance. The wants of man are so very few that they must be attainable somewhere, and, whether here or in America, matters little; I have long learned to look upon the world as my country."

"The million would say I must study divinity; the bishops would give me folios to peruse, little dreaming that to me every blade of grass and every atom of matter is worth all the Fathers. I can bear a retrospect; but when I look forward to taking orders, a thousand dreadful ideas crowd at once upon my mind. Oh, Horace, my views in life are surely very humble; I ask but honest independence, and that will never be my lot."

That much of this was ascribable to his early bringing up, his son makes very plain :—

"His aunt, Miss Tyler, although possessing many good qualities, could

hardly be said to have been a religiously-minded person. He had been removed from one school to another, undergoing 'many of those sad changes through which a gentle spirit has to pass in this uneasy and disordered world;' and he has said himself, doubtless from his own experience, that such schools are 'unfavourable to devotional feelings, and destructive to devotional habits; that nothing, which is not intentionally profane, can be more irreligious than the forms of worship which are observed there; and that at no time has a school-boy's life afforded any encouragement, any inducement, or any opportunity for devotion.' It must also be borne in mind that the aspect of the church in this country at that time, as it presented itself to those who did not look below the surface, was very different from that which it now presents. A cloud, as it were, hung over it; if it had not our unhappy divisions, it had not also the spur to exertion, and the sort of spiritual freshness, which the storms of those dissensions have infused into it—good coming out of evil, as it so often does in the course of God's providence."

In truth, the devotional attractions, by which the highest minds are influenced, did not then appear, either in the preaching or the teaching of the Established Clergy. The Church was regarded merely as a profession, by which a livelihood was to be obtained; and there was, perhaps, more real piety in Southey's conscientious refusal to take orders, than in the taking of them by numbers by whom his objections were not entertained.

As soon as he felt this invincible repugnance, which he had every human motive to desire to overcome, he addressed himself to the study of medicine, from which he was soon driven by the disgust of the dissecting-room. He then set himself about looking for some employment in one of the public offices, such as might afford him the moderate competency with which he could be well content; but here, too, he found difficulties, for which it is strange that he should have been unprepared. His political opinions were of a revolutionary cast; and no one entertaining and avowing them, as he never scrupled to do, could hope for government patronage, which, extensive as it was, was little enough for their true friends.

About this time it was (June, 1794) that his acquaintance with Coleridge

commenced. He thus describes, to his constant correspondent, his new friend:—

“Allen is with us daily, and his friend from Cambridge, Coleridge, whose poems you will oblige me by subscribing to, either at Hookham’s or Edwards’s. He is of most uncommon merit—of the strongest genius, the clearest judgment, the best heart. My friend he already is, and must hereafter be yours. It is, I fear, impossible to keep him till you come, but my efforts shall not be wanting.”

The scheme denominated “Pantisocracy” was then, for the first time, made known to him by Coleridge. That Southey should have ardently embraced such a proposal, all his antecedents would lead us to believe. It was strange, wild, visionary, romantic, and therefore with many attractions for one who lived in a world of imagination. It was redolent of Arcadian purity and simplicity; and therefore in accordance with the wishes of one who yearned for some happier lot than he could ever hope to realise in our old world, and everyday, existence. It was far away from the strife of multitudes, and the tyranny of kings; and this alone would have rendered it irresistibly engaging to one who hated strife and abominated tyranny. And it was free from what he then believed a system of falsehood, priestcraft, and superstition, by which man was debased and God was dishonoured. So that, considering the various accidents and calamities by which one of his high-wrought sensibility seemed to have been dislocated from any fixed position in society which might assure to him a reputable independence, it would be strange, indeed, if he did not jump at a project which promised an exemption from many evils, and a realisation of much good; sighing, as one of his temperament must so often have sighed,

“For a lodge in some vast wilderness,
Some boundless contiguity of shade;
Where rumour of oppression and deceit
Of unsuccessful or successful war,
Might never reach him more.”

It was while he was under the hallucination of Pantisocracy that he became acquainted with Miss Fricker, a lady for whom he conceived an

ardent affection, and who afterwards became his wife. All, both the scheme of emigration and the intended marriage, were, although communicated to his mother, who was to make one of the party, studiously concealed from his aunt, Miss Tyler, under the assured conviction that a knowledge of them would only produce an outbreak of that lady’s temper, of the most violent kind. But soon the murder was out! and the thunder-cloud burst upon poor Southey with a fury for which he was little prepared. He thus describes the scene which took place, to his brother Thomas, who was to be admiral of the expedition which was to bring the emigrants to the promised land:—

“Here’s a row! here’s a kick up! here’s a pretty commence! we have had a revolution in the College Green, and I have been turned out of doors in a wet night. Lo and behold, even like my own brother, I was penniless: it was late in the evening; the wind blew and the rain fell, and I had walked from Bath in the morning. Luckily my father’s old great coat was at Lovell’s. I clapt it on, swallowed a glass of brandy, and set off; I met an old drunken man three miles off, and was obliged to drag him all the way to Bath, nine miles! Oh, patience, patience, thou hast often helped poor Robert Southey, but never didst thou stand him in more need than on Friday the 17th of October, 1794.”

He was not moved from either of his purposes by this burst of vengeance. Pantisocracy still continued his idol, and Miss Fricker soon became his wife.

It was not, however, to be supposed that he could long continue the slave of the illusion of transatlantic virtue and happiness which the ardent genius of Coleridge had conceived. Every hour of reflection and experience must have gradually drawn him towards a conviction of the shadowy foundation on which it was laid. And, fortunately, many such hours were afforded, from the difficulty of providing funds for the purchase of land in their adopted country, and the conveyance of the idealists to their intended home. Meanwhile Southey was earnestly engaged upon his poem of “*Jean of Arc*,” which he had commenced as early as 1793, and which he had hoped to publish by subscription. But subscribers came in so slowly,

that, had it not been for an acquaintance, then newly formed, it is doubtful whether any means of publication could have been obtained. This was the bookseller, Mr. Cottle. The account of the interview which led to the purchase of the copyright of the poem, we give in the poet's own words:—

"One evening I read to him part of the poem, without any thought of making a proposal concerning it, or expectation of receiving one. He, however, offered me fifty guineas for the copyright, and fifty copies for my subscribers, which was more than the list amounted to, and the offer was accepted as promptly as it was made. It can rarely happen, that a young author should meet with a bookseller as inexperienced and as ardent as himself; and it would be still more extraordinary, if such mutual indiscretion did not bring with it cause for regret to both. But this transaction was the commencement of an intimacy which has continued without the slightest shade of displeasure at any time on either side, to the present day. At that time few books were printed in the country, and it was seldom, indeed, that a quarto volume issued from a provincial press. A font of new type was ordered, for what was intended to be the handsomest book that Bristol had ever yet sent forth; and when the paper arrived, and the printer was ready to commence his operations, nothing had been done towards preparing the poem for the press, except that a few verbal alterations had been made.

"I was not, however, without misgivings; and, when the first proof-sheet was brought me, the more glaring faults of the composition stared me in the face. But the sight of a well-printed page, which was to be set off with all the advantages that fine wove paper and hot pressing could impart, put me in spirits, and I went to work with good will. About half the first book was left in its original state; the rest of the poem was recast and recomposed while the printing went on. This occupied six months."

"Madoc" had been commenced before "Joan of Arc" had gone to press, and was now laid aside, that his entire attention might be directed to the latter. His uncle Hill had arrived in England, and given an entire new turn to his thoughts. Pantisocracy, to the great discomposure of Coleridge, was abandoned. He had learned to put away childish things.

No persuasions could induce him to enter the Church. "The gate," he said, "is perjury; and I am not disposed to pay so heavy a fine at the turnpike of orthodoxy." He now seriously meditated the study of the law.

Upon his uncle's arrival, it was proposed that he should accompany him to Lisbon upon his return; partly with a view to take him out of the atmosphere of seditious politics, and partly to wean him from what he deemed "an imprudent attachment." In the first, the good effects expected were, to a certain extent, produced. His opinions were the accidents of his position and circumstances; and a temporary removal from the democratic influences around him, enabled him to see more clearly, and to reason more justly. But his "attachment" was of the essence of his being. It could not change. And when the day for his departure was fixed, he fixed that also for his wedding-day, and, on the 14th of November, 1795, was united, at Radcliffe Church, Bristol, to Edith Fricker.

"My mother," his son writes, "wore her wedding-ring hung round her neck, and preserved her maiden name, until the report of the marriage had spread abroad."

It would not be justice to the poet not to give one of his motives, as stated by himself, for thus precipitating a connexion of which he never after had reason to repent, and to which he never referred without an ardour of affection quite romantic:—

"I have learnt from Lovel the news from Bristol, public as well as private, and both of an interesting nature. My marriage is become public. You know my only motive for wishing it otherwise, and must know that its publicity can give me no concern. I have done my duty. Perhaps you may hardly think my motives for marrying at that time sufficiently strong. One, and that to me of great weight, I believe was never mentioned to you. There might have arisen feelings of an unpleasant nature, at the idea of receiving support from one not legally a husband; and (do not show this to Edith) should I perish by shipwreck, or any other casualty, I have relations whose prejudices would then yield to the anguish of affection, and who would love, cherish, and yield all possible consolation to my widow. Of such an evil there is but a possi-

bility; but against possibility it was my duty to guard."

Of Cottle the reader may learn something, from an alteration which he ventured to make in "*Joan of Arc*," which is thus alluded to by the poet, in a letter bearing date "Lisbon, Feb. 24, 1796," to his friend Bedford:—

"By the by, if ever you read aloud that part of the fifth book, mind that erratum in the description of the Famine:—

"With jealous eye,
Hating a rival's look, the husband hides
His miserable meal."

After I had corrected the page and left town, poor Cottle, whose heart overflows with the milk of human kindness, read it over, and he was as little able to bear the picture of the husband, as he would have been to hide a morsel from the hungry; and, suo periculo, he altered it to '*Each man conceals*,' and spoilt the climax. I was very much vexed, and yet I loved Cottle the better for it."

The following contains his Uncle Hill's estimate of his character at this period:—

"'He is a very good scholar,' he writes to a friend, 'of great reading, of astonishing memory; when he speaks he does it with fluency, with a great choice of words. He is perfectly correct in his behaviour, of the most exemplary morals, and the best of hearts. Were his character different, or his abilities not so extraordinary, I should be the less concerned about him; but to see a young man of such talents as he possesses, by the misapplication of them, lost to himself and to his family, is what hurts me very sensibly. In short, he has everything you could wish a young man to have, excepting common sense or prudence.'"

He was now busy preparing his letters from Spain and Portugal. It was, to him, dry work. They occupied his time more than they engaged his mind; and "to go on with Madoc," he tells us, was *almost* necessary to his happiness, although the study of the law, upon which he was now intent, might well have laid claim to his every moment. "I had rather," he observes, "leave off eating than poetising. I shall feed upon law, and digest it—or it shall choke me." . . . "My feelings were once like an ungovern-

able horse; now I have tamed my Bucephalus: he retains his spirit and strength, but they are made useful, and he shall not break my neck."

His aversion to London, in or near which he now felt himself compelled to live, or rather to vegetate, was quite as strong as Johnson's fondness for it. The hum of life and the bustle of business which aroused and excited the one, only disturbed or disgusted the other. "It is strange," he says—

"But I never approach London without feeling my heart sink within me; an unconquerable heaviness oppresses me in its atmosphere, and all its associated ideas are painful. With a little house in the country, and a bare independence, how much more useful should I be, and how much more happy! It is not talking nonsense when I say that the London air is as bad for the mind as for the body, for the mind is aameleon that receives its colours from surrounding objects. In the country everything is good, everything in nature is beautiful. The benevolence of Deity is everywhere presented to the eye, and the heart participates in the tranquillity of the scene. In the town my soul is continually disgusted by the vices, follies, and consequent miseries of mankind.

"My future studies, too. Now, I never read a book without learning something, and never write a line of poetry, without cultivating some feeling of benevolence and honesty: but the law is a horrid jargon—a quibbling collection of voluminous nonsense; but this I must wade through—ay, and I will wade through—and when I shall have got enough to live in the country, you and I will make my first Christmas fire of all my new books. Oh, Grosvenor, what a blessed bonfire! The devil uses the statu'es at large for fuel when he gives an attorney his house warming."

The reader may well suppose that, with such feelings, the study of the law could not be prosecuted with much advantage.

In 1798, we find him at a small house in Westbury, about two miles from Bristol, passing one of the happiest portions of his life.

By this time he had found that it was idle to struggle against the bent of his nature; that poetry was his absorbing passion; and that when he did enter upon the region of legal studies, it was through an element which lifted him above them, and prevented that

solid footing, without which no progress could be made—

“Like those who tread through waters deep,
And scarce can keep them to the ground.”

In a short time, therefore, and with little regret, all further efforts in that line were abandoned.

He had already started as an author, and was therefore to depend upon literature for his subsistence and his fame. His mind had been disciplined, his character had been formed; his opinions and his principles, erroneous as they were, indicated an honesty and a rectitude, which were sure, in the end, to lead him right. And he had acquired, by habits of composition, a command of language, an extent and variety of information, a power of metrical combination, which suited the sound to the sense; an observation of physical, and an insight into human nature, at once profound and accurate;—all which, combined with his persevering industry, could scarcely fail in securing for him high distinction, and that moderate competency which he looked forward to as his earthly *summum bonum*.

“Joan of Arc,” as an epic poem, has its imperfections; but it is perfectly wonderful, when we regard it as the production of a youth scarcely out of his teens. It contains specimens of almost every excellence. Incidents happily imagined, characters finely conceived and contrasted; a story, the interest of which grows as it proceeds; and a presentation of the principal character, and the incidents and motives which engaged her in the holy war against her country’s enemies, which resolves the phenomenon of her almost miraculous rise and progress in a manner more satisfactory than that of the regular historian. So that we not only see *how* it was that Joan was moved to do what she did; but that, under her circumstances, and with her character, she could not have done otherwise.

Further commentary we suspend, until, in the succeeding volumes, an opportunity be afforded us of entering more largely into the genius of his poetry. We have seen him, in his progress to manhood, tested by no ordinary difficulties, and persevering in his integrity under great temptation, with a single-mindedness that commands our admiration. His youth was passed

in the stormy period of the French Revolution. The abuses of old establishments were then far more visible to the ardent philanthropist than any benefits arising from them as the bulwarks of social order. We need not remind our readers of the great division of opinion which prevailed at that period, respecting the political changes which were imminent, or in progress; one party regarding the outburst of the French Revolution as the euthanasia of liberty—the other, as the pulling up of the flood-gates of anarchy, by which all things, human and divine, were to be mixed and confounded. Southey early identified himself with the zealots of change; and therefore attracted no small portion of the sarcasm and indignation of the friends of our regulated monarchy, who refused to see in the poet anything better than what appeared in the politician; or to countenance, by their approbation, the productions of a misty republican, whose principles, if they were suffered to prevail, must lead to universal disorder. Hence, a strong current against him, which it required no ordinary energy and perseverance to overcome.

Another cause of unpopularity consisted in the boldness of his metrical innovations, and the courage with which he carried out his own views of what poetry ought to be. Nor can it be denied that the elevation and purity of his moral sentiments met but little response in a prevailing degeneracy of taste, which very often sacrificed the truthful and the beautiful, to the fantastic and extravagant, and sought, by a profusion of imagery, or a melody of words, to compensate for the absence of nature. It cannot be denied, at the same time, that in avoiding this extreme, the poet carried his simplicity to an extent which rendered him justly liable to severe animadversion; nor were his verses always exempt from the appearance of a sickly sentimentalism, which the lovers of the ludicrous found it easy to caricature.

These, it will be admitted, were great impediments to his early, or rapid, success. The *popularis aura* was a-wanting. The public had not caught the tune of his verse. Its very form, as it meandered through the hot-pressed pages, was regarded with surprise and wonder; and few there were, even

of those who might be considered real judges of poetry, who would venture to pronounce a decided opinion of a production which, both in conception and execution, appeared alike startling and extraordinary. The simplicity of the Greek, in which he delighted, offended those who were accustomed to the florid exuberance of the Roman school. Pope's "Homer" had done much, we will not say to debauch the public taste, but to confirm unhealthy predilections. The massive grandeur, the effortless sublimity, and the rigid adherence to nature which characterise the original, are but feebly represented in the smooth-flowing and highly-ornamented versification of the British bard, who is evidently more studious that his own tuneful numbers should please the ear, than that the boldness and vigour of his author's conceptions should be adequately presented to the imagination of his readers. The great epic has been melo-dramatised. The scenery, the dresses, and the decorations, are regarded as the principal objects; or, rather, it has been turned into an opera, in which passion is superseded by sentiment, and the action is always subordinate to the music. We write this, well remembering the fascination of this splendid illusion, and the eager delight with which we devoured its pages, long before we were capable of appreciating the "Iliad" in the language in which it was written. And we do so, not to undervalue the great master of British didactic versification, whose genius shed a lustre upon the age in which he lived, but to indicate the sort of counter-current against which a youth like Southey had to contend; when, casting aside the trickeries of art, and disregarding received traditions in the canons of poetical criticism, he ventured to follow the guidance of nature.

Nor did he lack the vigour or the resolution by which the course which he struck out for himself would, in the end, be vindicated in the eyes of the world. His full fame might not come soon; but in the end it would not tarry. The shallowness and impertinence of conventional criticism he could afford to despise; and the full occupation to which he was accustomed, adopted from choice almost

as much as imposed by necessity, while it was every day giving fluency to his pen, and adding to his stores of knowledge, encased him, as it were, in a coat of mail, upon which the weapons of hostile criticism fell and rattled harmless. He literally had not time to attend to them; and were it not that they interfered with the profits of his works, upon which he was dependent for his daily bread, would have regarded them more with mirth than anger.

"Madoc" had been upon the anvil of his brain before "Joan of Arc" was thought of, and continued, after the publication of the latter, to engage his chief attention. He thus announces its completion, according to his original conception, to his brother Thomas, and also certain radical alterations which he felt constrained to make, and which must still defer its publication to a more distant day than he had intended:—

"Yesterday I finished Madoc, thank God! and thoroughly to my own satisfaction; but I have resolved on one great, laborious, and radical alteration. It was my design to identify Madoc with Mango Capac, the legislator of Peru: in this I have totally failed; therefore Mango Capac is to be the hero of another poem; and instead of carrying Madoc down the Maranon, I shall follow the more probable opinion, and land him in Florida: here, instead of the Peruvians, who have no striking manners for my poem, we get among the wild North American Indians; on their customs and superstitions, facts must be grounded, and woven into the work, spliced so neatly as not to betray the junction. These alterations I delay. . . . So much for Madoc; it is a great work done, and my brain is now ready to receive the Dom Daniel, the next labour in succession. Of the metre of this poem I have thought much, and my final resolution is to write it irregularly, without rhymes: for this I could give you reasons in plenty; but as you cannot lend me your ear, we will defer it till you hear the poem. This work is intended for immediate publication."

"Thalaba" was now in progress, and proceeding rapidly. The delicate state of his health admonished him that change of climate was necessary; and for the means he looked to the proceeds of that publication. The fol-

lowing is from a letter to Coleridge, bearing date Dec. 27, 1799 :—

“With Thalaba I must make sure work and speedy, for abroad I *must* go. Complaints of immediate danger I have none, but increased and increasing nervous affections threaten much remote. I have rushes of feeling nightly, like fainting or death, and induced, I believe, wholly by the dread of them. Even by day they menace me, and an effort of mind is required to dispel them. . . . So I *must* go, and I *will* go. Now, then, the sooner the better. Some progress is made in the sixth book of Thalaba; my notes are ready for the whole, at least there is only the trouble of arranging and seasoning them. If the bargain were made, it would be time to think of beginning to print, for the preliminaries are usually full of delays, and time with me is of importance. I must have the summer to travel in, and ought to be in Germany by the beginning of June. Treat, therefore, with Longman, or any man, for me.”

To Germany he did not go. A letter from his uncle determined him to try once more the air of Lisbon.

During this visit he greatly added to his stores of Portuguese literature. Upon a history of the country he had pre-resolved, and contemplated it as the great work of his life. He therefore neglected no means, and declined no labour, for acquiring the necessary knowledge; and, had the “*res angusta domi*” not crippled him, he would, no doubt, have postponed everything else to a work which would have been to him a labour of love. But, strange to say, what he chiefly lived for was destined never to be accomplished.

The advantage of having a predominant object in life, by which the mind may be sustained in its elevation, and directed from more vulgar cares, has seldom been more strikingly exemplified than in the following passage from a letter to his friend Grosvenor Bedford, whose intellectual powers he estimated highly, and whom he would fain have stirred up to some useful exertion, by which he, too, might attain a name in the world :—

“Your letter was unusually interesting, and dwells upon my mind. I could, and perhaps will some day, write an eclogue upon leaving an old place of residence. What you say of yourself

impresses upon me still more deeply the conviction, that the want of a favorite pursuit is your greatest source of discomfort and discontent. It is the pleasure of *pursuit* that makes every man happy; whether the merchant, or the sportsman, or the collector, the philo-bibl, or the *reader-o-bibl*, and *maker-o-bibl*, like me—pursuit at once supplies employment and hope. This is what I have often preached to you, but perhaps I never told you what benefit I myself have derived from resolute employment. When Joan of Arc was in the press, I had as many legitimate causes for unhappiness as any man need have—uncertainty for the future, and immediate want, in the literal and plain meaning of the word. I often walked the streets at dinner time for want of a dinner, when I had not eighteen-pence for the ordinary, nor bread and cheese at my lodgings. But do not suppose that I thought of my dinner when I was walking—my head was full of what I was composing: when I lay down at night I was planning my poem; and when I rose up in the morning, the poem was the first thought to which I was awake. The scanty profits of that poem I was then anticipating in my lodging-house bills for tea, bread, and butter, and those little et ceteras, which amount to a formidable sum when a man has no resources; but that poem, faulty as it is, has given me a Baxter's shove into my right place in the world.”

What a light does this let in upon the early difficulties and privations of the poet, of which, while he was enduring them, he never complained; and which he now only mentions for the purpose of impressing upon one whom he loved the importance of a practice which he had himself found so useful!

Of his generous devotedness to the interests of his family, let the following suffice; we extract it from a letter to his mother, written while he was yet in Portugal :—

“About Harry, it is necessary to remove him—his room is wanted for a more profitable pupil, and he has outgrown his situation. I have an excellent letter from him, and one from William Taylor, advising me to place him with some provincial surgeon of eminence, who will, for a hundred guineas, board and instruct him for four or five years;—a hundred guineas! well, but thank God, there is Thalaba ready, for which I ask this sum. I have, therefore, thus eat my calf, and desired

William Taylor to inquire for a situation, —and so once more goes the furniture of my long expected house in London."

This sacrifice was unnecessary. His good uncle Hill paid the fee. For "Thalaba," which was shortly after published, he received £115, the edition not to exceed one thousand copies, and the copyright remaining in his own hands. Of the review of the poem which appeared in the *Edinburgh*, he thus writes to his friend Wynne:—

"*Vidi* the Review of *Edinburgh*. The first part is designed evidently as an answer to Wordsworth's Preface to the second edition of the *Lyrical Ballads*; and, however relevant to me, *quoad* Robert Southey, is certainly utterly irrelevant to *Thalaba*. In their account of the story, they make some blunders of negligence: they ask how *Thalaba* knew that he was to be the destroyer, forgetting that the spirit told him so in the text; they say that the inscription of the locust's forehead teaches him to read the ring, which is not the case; and that *Mohareb* tries to kill him at last, though his own life would be destroyed at the same time,—without noticing that that very 'though' enters into the passage, and the reason why is given. I added all the notes for the cause which they suspect: they would have accused me of plagiarism where they could have remembered the original hint; but they affirm that all is thus borrowed—without examining, when all that belongs to another is subtracted, what quantity of capital remains. This is dishonest, for there is no hint to be found elsewhere for the best parts of the poem, and the most striking incidents of the story.

"The general question concerning my system and taste is one point at issue; the metre, another. These gentlemen who say that the metre of the Greek choruses is difficult to understand at a first reading, have, perhaps, made it out at last, else I should plead the choruses as precedent, and the odes of *Stolberg* in German, and the *Ossian* of *Cesarotti* in Italian; but this has been done in the *M. Magazine's* review of *Thalaba*. For the question of taste, I shall enter into it when I preface *Madoc*. I believe we are both classics in our taste; but mine is of the Greek, theirs of the Latin School. I am for the plainness of *Hesiod* and *Homer*, they for the richness and ornaments of *Virgil*. They want periwigs placed upon bald ideas. A narrative poem must have its connecting parts; it cannot be all interest and incident, no more than a picture all light, a

tragedy all pathos. . . . The review altogether is a good one, and will be better than any London one, because London reviewers always know something of the authors who appear before them, and this inevitably affects the judgment."

He was evidently sore at what he felt to be injustice. His bread was at stake, and he could not be indifferent to what must materially affect the market-value of his work. *Jeffrey* was at that time at the head of English criticism, and to be denounced by him was a severe blow to his prospects. But his confidence in the principles upon which the structure of his "wild and wondrous" poem had been laid, continued unshaken; and "*Kehama*" was now engaging his attention, in the sure and certain hope that a better day would come. We well remember that our first acquaintance with his writings was through the medium of this very review, which proved, in our case, its own antidote, and gave rise to a youthful admiration, both of the moral purity of his purpose, and the freshness, the raciness, and the vigour of his verse, only, perhaps, a little too unbounded.

"*Madoc*" was his next publication. In this the tone is of a more autumnal cast, grave and sober; giving the idea of being the production of an older man; although conceived, and in progress towards its birth, before either "*Joan of Arc*" or "*Thalaba*" had been written. As the reception of the latter disappointed, that of this somewhat surprised him. At first he repented having printed a quarto edition. By its high price, he conceived that one-half of it would be "condemned to be furniture for circulating-libraries;" that he "should get no solid pudding by it;" and "that the loss on the first edition would cut up the profits of the second, if the publishers, as I suppose they will, should print a second while the quarto hangs on hand." But from these apprehensions he was soon freed. "*Madoc*," he tells his friend Wynne, in a letter, bearing date June 25, 1805:—

"Is doing well; rather more than half the edition is sold, which is much for so heavy a volume: the sale, of course, will flag now, till the world shall have settled what they please to

think of the poem, and if the reviews favor it, the remainder will be in a fair way."

A fuller notice of this, as well as of his works in general, we reserve for a future number. We are now dealing with the incidents of his life, and had almost forgotten that for a brief period, in 1801, he filled the office of private secretary to Mr. Corry, the Irish Chancellor of the Exchequer for Ireland. He landed at Balbriggan, and describes the country which he crossed to reach Dublin as destitute of trees; a fact which he accounts for by an instinctive dread of the gallows on the part of the natives. Upon inquiry, however, he found that "they had all been cut down to make pikes."

He did not spend more than a few days in Dublin when he was called to London; Mr. Corry's office requiring his residence there for the winter portion of the year. Here, his son tells us,

"He appears to have experienced somewhat of the truth of the saying, 'When thou doest well to thyself, men shall speak good of thee.' 'I have been a week in town,' he writes to Mr. William Taylor, 'and in that time have learnt something. The civilities which have already been shown me, discover how much I have been abhorred for all that is valuable in my nature; such civilities excite more contempt than anger, but they make me think more despicably of the world than I could wish to do. As if this were a baptism that purified me of all sins—a regeneration; and the one congratulates me, and the other visits me, as if the author of Joan of Arc and of Thalaba were made a great man by scribing for the Irish Chancellor of the Exchequer."

But his official greatness did not long continue. The office, at best, was but little suited to his taste; and Mr. Corry seeking to superinduce upon it that of tutor to his son, as that was not in the bond, the poet unhesitatingly relinquished the appointment.

In 1805, he visited Edinburgh, and met Brougham, Jeffrey, and others of the reviewers. "Madoc" was about to be reviewed. He tells Mrs. Southey that

"Thomson brought with him the review of Madoc (which will be pub-

lished in about ten days), sent to me by Jeffrey, who did not like to meet me till I had seen it. There was some sort of gentlemanlike decency in this, as the review is very unfair and very uncivil, though mixed up with plenty of compliments, and calculated to serve the book in the best way, by calling attention to it and making it of consequence. Of course I shall meet him with perfect courtesy, just giving him to understand that I have as little respect for his opinions as he has for mine; thank him for sending me the sheets, and then turn to other subjects."

Of the reviewers themselves, he does not appear to have carried away a very exalted notion—

"The Edinburgh reviewers I like well as companions, and think little of as anything else. Elmsley has more knowledge and a sounder mind than any or all of them. I could learn more from him in a day than they could all teach me in a year. Therefore I saw them to disadvantage, inasmuch as I had better company at home. And, in plain English, living as I have done, and, by God's blessing, still continue to do, in habits of intimate intercourse with such men as Rickman, William Taylor, Wordsworth, and Coleridge, the Scotchmen did certainly appear to me very pigmies—literatuli."

Here we must conclude for the present. The poet had now reached his thirty-second year, and had given the public three poems, which, had he written nothing else, would have won for him undying fame. "Kehama" was soon to appear, and the first conception of "Roderick" had been formed. His labours for the periodical press in the department of reviewing were so extensive that we wonder how he could have found time for anything else; and yet, during this period, the letters from Spain were written; and the preparations for his history evince an ardent and insatiable thirst for knowledge, which, probably of all his contemporaries, no one but himself could have rendered compatible with his other avocations. We now take leave of him until the editor presents us with one or two more volumes, when we shall see him in his connexion with the *Quarterly Review*, which was, probably, the most active and useful portion of his existence.

THE ORANGEMEN OF IRELAND AND THE QUARTERLY AND EDINBURGH REVIEWS.

THE two great organs of public opinion in England have met in conflict—the *Edinburgh Review*, as the apologist, the *Quarterly*, as the antagonist, of Lord Clarendon in his dealings with the Orangemen of Ireland. This gives an interest to Irish politics which they long have wanted, the loyal party in that country having been almost disclaimed by Conservative politicians of the Peel school, and abandoned to the scurrilous defamation of the worst enemies of the British empire; while their enemies were exalted into paragons of suffering virtue, for whom all the sugar-plums of patronage were to be reserved, and whose excesses, so far from provoking censure, were only to be regarded as a reaction against tyranny, deserving less of punishment than of sympathy and commiseration. It is something to find, at length, that a wiser and better spirit has been awakened; that statesmen of the highest class will no longer be deluded by the juggle which passed off upon them treason for loyalty, and loyalty for treason; and, disastrous as were the outrages connected with the solitary violation of law at Dolly's-Brae, which was an exception to the general tranquillity by which the Orange processions were characterised on the 12th of July last, the discussions and the exposures which have taken place in consequence of them must do much to show, to every candid mind, who the real delinquents were, and to tear the mask from a faction who have hitherto, but too successfully, traded upon the miseries of Ireland.

This is a position of which the Orangemen of Ireland may well feel proud. They now have all that they ever desired—"a clear stage, and no favour." The questions at issue between them and their antagonists must be discussed upon equal terms. They can no longer be sneered down. They must be seen as they are, not as a disloyal faction would make them be. Their good can no longer be evil spoken of without provoking indignant remonstrance, in quarters where, heretofore, but too much heed had

been given to railing accusers. And if they only properly appreciate their position, and persevere in the firmness and moderation which have won for them gracious acknowledgments on the part of many who had participated in the prejudices which prevailed against them, and to whose discountenance was owing much of the obloquy under which they laboured, the time is not distant when they must be recognised by all who are loyal and virtuous in the empire, as the firmest friends of social order, and the strongest bulwark of the British crown.

And to whom are they indebted for this? Verily, "*qua minime reris*," to his Excellency the Earl of Clarendon.

Our readers need not be reminded of the perils of this country in the winter and spring of 1848, when the Young Ireland Repealers were concocting their treason, and "had frightened our isle from its propriety." The world seemed impregnated with the seeds of universal change. Day after day was bringing the tidings of explosion after explosion in the kingdoms of Europe. The democratic element was high in the ascendant. Kings and emperors were hurled from their thrones—ancient dynasties were uprooted. With one universal shout republicanism seemed established upon the ruins of monarchy; if, indeed, anything could be truly said to be *established*, in that elemental strife of first principles, which had shaken society to its foundations, and where a chaotic anarchy

"Umpire sate,
And by decision more embroiled the fray."

Then it was that Lord Clarendon began to tremble for the tranquillity of Ireland. He had been appointed as Chief Governor over a country upon the verge of insurrection. He had been directed to look for his allies amongst those whom he discovered to be rooted enemies to the connexion with Great Britain. A press, the most daringly seditious that ever crested itself against public authority, openly

bade him defiance. It was no longer the old O'Connell cajolery; which grumbled, in its hunger for place and patronage, and having received its sop, for the time was satisfied. The agitation then carried on, in the committee-room and upon the platform, proceeded from the fierce resolves of earnest men who "would do or die;" and the Viceroy plainly perceived that if he were not strongly reinforced from the ranks of the loyalists, a crisis was at hand in which British connexion might be given to the winds. To whom, in this hour of difficulty, did he turn for countenance and support? We say it proudly—to the Orangemen of Ireland.

The merit of this tardy acknowledgement of worth and of loyalty, his Excellency now has the grace to disclaim. It was necessary when it was made. Without it, as he deemed, Ireland might have been involved in civil war. But it would be invidious to have it remembered. His old friends and protégés, the popish faction, would be scandalised if it should come to their knowledge that, at the eleventh hour, he had recourse to the only means by which treason such as theirs could be arrested. And therefore the Orangemen were not more courted when their assistance was necessary to prevent the Castle of Dublin from being taken by a *coup de main*, than they are spurned and insulted when his business is done, and their aid no longer deemed necessary for the maintenance of British authority in Ireland. They were applauded, they were cherished, they were furnished with arms, they were his Macedonian phalanx, as long as treason talked big, and disaffection seemed momentarily bursting into rebellion;—when "no man could tell what a day might bring forth," so long the instincts of faction were overruled by the perils of the empire. But when the storm had passed over, and his Excellency breathed at ease, and felt that he was safe, these instincts resumed their ascendancy, and nothing was to be thought of but the interests of the party, and how the Whigs might best be strengthened in parliament. He could not afford to relinquish the support, much less to provoke the hostility, of the popish party, upon whom chiefly the majority of ministers in the House

of Commons depended. And therefore the Orangemen were to be cast off and stigmatised, and the foulest opprobrium heaped upon them by his organs in the press, as some atonement to the wounded feelings of the innocents whose designs they had so grievously traversed, when they were only bent, poor souls! upon the regeneration of Ireland.

It would be idle to fill our pages with *any proofs* that such is the real state of the case. It is now acknowledged by every candid man who has paid any attention to Irish affairs. And the report of the Grand Orange Lodge contains such an overwhelming mass of evidence of the relations subsisting between them and the government, during the spring of 1848, that no sane understanding can resist it. And yet this is the case upon which Lord Clarendon and his partisans now join issue with that body, and boldly deny that *any such relations ever subsisted!* Before we have done, the reader shall have an ample opportunity of judging between them.

It cannot, indeed, be denied that his Excellency might have boldly bade them such defiance, had the discussion been confined to Ireland. Here we are provincialised. Scarcely anything connected with us excites any interest in England. There the most flagitious misrepresentation may be made, and, if only backed by plausible authority, pass for gospel. There public opinion has been drugged by calumnies, until no process could convict Ribbonmen of disloyalty, and no allegations, however sustained, exonerate Orangemen from the suspicion of treason. The former are regarded as the innocent victims of the latter, who are represented as a meritorious and most peaceably-disposed description of persons, who never could have been betrayed into any acts of outrage, but for the insolent and wicked provocations of antagonists who aim at their extermination. So that, had the present case, in its length and its breadth, been only made known to the British public through the medium of Irish publications, it would have been either scornfully passed over, as something unworthy of any wise man's notice, or met with a contemptuous railery, which would serve with multitudes for convincing argument; and his Excel-

lency's partisans might suffer it to pass them, as the idle wind by whose blusterings they could not be disturbed.

Far different, however, is the case when the *Quarterly Review* takes up the subject. That great publication claims the highest position in the British periodical press. Its strongholds are amongst the nobility and gentry, and it finds its way largely amongst the body of the people. It is, withal, remarkable for its anti-Protestant tendency, and the so-called liberality of its views towards the Roman Catholics of Ireland. Here his Excellency might have looked for an ally. Here he might have expected laudation, as one whose even-handed justice would give a triumph to neither party. And here, no doubt, he would have received it, had the case been one which at all admitted of such a representation. But it did not. As far as the government is concerned, no plausibility could varnish its baseness. And the writer in the above-named publication felt, that to defend Lord Clarendon would be to abandon sound policy, and to fly in the face of reason; and he has therefore entered into the matters at issue between him and the Orangemen, with a power, an ability, and a fulness of information, which leaves nothing to be desired, except that the readers of the *Quarterly* may peruse this paper with a diligence proportioned to its importance.

Great was the consternation amongst the government officials when it was rumoured that such a paper was to appear. No longer was his Excellency's organ, the *Evening Post*, or even the *Times*, to be relied on as sufficient to defend him against the very gravest accusations. At a moment's notice the *Edinburgh Review* was put in requisition, and its ablest hands called upon to supply a paper which might do something towards counteracting the impression but too likely to be made by its great rival. Who the individuals thus favoured by his Excellency's choice, or that of the prime minister, were, we pretend not to know. Rumour will have it that William Henry Curran, son of the celebrated John Philpot, and Thomas Babington Macaulay, have been the advocates in whose hands the case of

the government has been placed. Better, undoubtedly, they could not have. The one, no doubt, would have been better pleased to be left at his History, and the other to the enjoyment of his "dolce far niente" in the neighbourhood of the Dublin mountains, than again to be dragged into the polemics of faction; but both were far too deeply obliged to their patrons to decline the call: and we rejoice that it has fallen into hands in which, if it does fail, by none others could it be supported. The English public may now authoritatively learn, from the one publication, how much may be said against the conduct and the policy of the Irish Lord Lieutenant; but the case were still incomplete, if, from the other, it did not also learn how little even his ablest advocates can say in his favour.

In truth, never before was the true state of Ireland more likely to be laid bare to the empire at large. Nothing can now prevent ample details of all things connected with its political condition, and its requirements; and if the British parliament still continue blind or obstinate, in prescribing remedies which only increase the disease, what was folly will become guilt, and no language which we could employ would adequately represent their wickedness or their infatuation.

What, then, is the question to be tried? It is not the abstract legality of Orange processions—that is admitted by both the advocates. It is not the misconduct of parties engaged in Orange processions in former days; that would be to re-open questions which have been long disposed of, where the party aggrieved may have been the party calumniated;—and, while allowable as a feint to divert discussion from the matters really at issue, could not be regarded by any well-judging men as anything better than "a weak invention of the enemy." Orange processions may have been a good or an evil: they may have been well-conducted or ill-conducted in former times. Their leaders may have been wise or unwise—mischievous or well-intentioned. But it is not with *them* we are concerned. What we have now before us is the procession of the 12th of July last, which passed through Dolly's-Brae, and the unhappy collision there with the Rib-

bonmen, in which several lives were lost. And the question is, how far are the Orangemen guilty of an infraction of the laws in walking in *that* procession? and how far is Lord Clarendon praiseworthy or censurable; in the stigma which he has inflicted upon *them*, and the punishment which he has inflicted upon *their* leaders?

This we say, because the *Edinburgh* commences its defence of the Irish viceroy by a laboured enumeration of former processions, in which riots occurred, and the Orangemen are *presumed* to be in the wrong. It would lead us from our purpose were we to follow him in these irrelevancies, and prove, as we might easily do, that, in every instance which he enumerates, those whom he represents as *the aggressors* were the *aggrieved*. But we should be light, indeed, if we could be so easily drawn from the matter in hand, which is this—did Lord Clarendon, or did he not, cherish in 1848 the body whom he disparages in 1849? Did he, or did he not, state to them, under his hand, and through recognised official agents, that their services were invaluable when civil war impended, and that upon the Protestant body alone could he place implicit dependence, whenever the flag of rebellion should be unfurled? And did he, or did he not, encourage those meetings, and express his delight at those processions, which exhibited the Protestant strength and organisation in 1848; while in 1849, when, for his political purposes, they were no longer necessary, he makes a merit of condemning them, in order to win favour with the faction from whom he found but little countenance when his government was menaced with real danger?

Such is the question which is really to be tried; and it cannot fail to arrest the reader's attention, that the worse the Orangemen were, and the blacker by-gone transactions represent them, as a band of infuriate political fanatics, whose orgies were celebrated in the blood of Popish victims—the more utterly inexcusable was the conduct of the Viceroy, in lending to their proceedings any countenance, or ever using towards them any language but that of the sternest reprobation.

To come to the fact, then;—a Re-

port has been published by the Orange Committee, which establishes, beyond a doubt, Lord Clarendon's communications with them, when he sought their support, and put arms into their hands, as his best allies for the suppression of treason. This Report, in the article which has appeared in the *Quarterly Review*, is thus characterised:—

“This exposure, for such it no doubt is, is too long to be extracted *in extenso*, and too consecutive a series, both of facts and inferences, to be separated; but as it has been printed in all the newspapers, and is now published in a separate shape, we need only recommend it to the attention of any of our readers who have not looked at it as closely as its curiosity and importance almost equally deserve. The result is this, that the negotiation was carried on with Major Turner, Master of the Horse to his Excellency, and the money for the purchase of arms was issued by Captain Kennedy, who was understood to be employed by the government to make arrangements for the military defences of Dublin. The Lord Lieutenant's newspaper organs cannot deny this; but they state that Captain Kennedy, from a mere spirit of individual generosity, volunteered to contribute the money, 600*l.*, totally without his Excellency's participation or knowledge; and they add, by way of throwing suspicion on the facts they cannot deny, that Major Turner is dead, and Captain Kennedy gone to India. The first assertion, as to Captain Kennedy's private generosity, is incredible in itself, and, as we think, positively disproved by a train of circumstances. Captain Kennedy, no doubt, stated that he had raised the money by a *private subscription*; but this was evidently—as it has been since shown to be—a mere cloak, the use of which only indicates more clearly the secret source whence the money must have come. The inuendo about Major Turner's death and Captain Kennedy's absence is not more fortunate; for Major Turner was merely named as the medium of communication between Lord Clarendon, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and Lord Enniskillen, Grand Master of the Orangemen of Ireland, both alive, and capable of explaining what that communication was; and, as to Captain Kennedy, though he is absent, *literæ scriptæ manent*, cheques for 600*l.*, to Mr. David Stuart, who had no possible concern with any such matters, except as *Grand Master* of the Dublin Orangemen, and two letters,

one of them to the *Grand Orange Secretary*, ordering the supply, and specifying the quantity and quality of the arms.

"The arms, accordingly, were ordered at Birmingham, and came to Dublin; but, by some accident, one of the cases, containing thirty stand, was seized and detained at the Custom-House—upon which another Government department, the Chief Commissioner of Police, interfered to release them:—

"August 9, 1848, Lower Castle-yard.

"The police have directions not to interfere with Mr. David Stuart, while conveying thirty stand of arms from the Queen's stores to his residence, No. 60, William-street.

"E. BROWNE, Commissioner."

"And again, after the arms had been distributed to the Orangemen, the police, in their searches after unlawful arms, seized those of some Orangemen, upon which the *Grand Secretary* wrote, in his official capacity, to the commissioner of police to claim them—and they were restored; and to put the knowledge of who the claimants were out of all doubt, the claim was made on a paper officially headed—'*Orange Institution*;' and it was on the face of that paper that the commissioner of police wrote his order for the re-delivery of the arms. And, to complete the chain of evidence, the Orange Report states (pp. 26, 27)—and the statement has not been, and we therefore suppose cannot be, denied—that Sir Edward Blakeney, commander of the forces in Ireland, and, by his direction, General Bainbrige, commanding in Belfast, made arrangements with deputations from the Orange districts of the county of Antrim for calling out, arming, and officering, in case of an outbreak, the Orange lodges of those neighbourhoods.

"All this is perfectly intelligible—perfectly proper; but what we cannot understand is, Lord Clarendon's solemn denial of having had any share in the transaction. To the best of our judgment, and with a predisposition to give the most implicit credit to his personal assertions, we were forced to confess that there is a mass of evidence, direct and circumstantial, of these things having been done with his knowledge and consent, that would satisfy any tribunal in the world. And so, we believe, the case is looked at by men of all parties in Ireland—so it is certainly treated by every newspaper of every side that we have seen, with the single exception of the *Dublin Evening Post*, the original organ of the universally discredited denial. If, as we fear, Lord

Clarendon has got himself into these humiliating difficulties by a desire to conciliate the 'opposing party,' he has sadly failed, for there is no term of abuse with which the press in that interest does not visit his unfortunate—diplomacy we choose to call it, rather than use the coarser terms with which every voice and every press in Ireland groans."

We speak advisedly when we say that the merit of this important document is not overrated. We know enough to assure our readers, that had they known all which the Orange Committee could have disclosed, *they would be astonished at their moderation.* The gentlemen composing that body confined themselves strictly to what was absolutely necessary for their defence. Had they availed themselves of the documents in their hands, which they still possess, and which many in their circumstances might be tempted to use, their case, although it would scarcely be more complete, would be fuller and more emphatical in condemnation of Lord Clarendon, by whom they were first seduced, that they might afterwards be betrayed. The time may yet come when such disclosures shall be extorted from them; and if it should, we promise our readers that the Irish Government shall be made to appear in a point of view from which the basest of their advocates will recoil disgusted.

The *Edinburgh* reviewer does not venture to grapple with any of the facts of this part of the case. His denial of them is rather implied than expressed. "He did not permit any arms to be issued to volunteers." True; but that only renders it the more remarkable that he *did* permit them to be issued to the Orangemen. "He received, with becoming and grateful acknowledgments, the address from the Dublin University, but prohibited the intended procession of two thousand students." True; but what has that to do with the case? Does that disprove *the fact*, that five hundred stand of arms were put at the disposal of the Dublin Orangemen? And who *bespoke* the procession from the University? The reviewer does not tell his readers that. He does not tell them that it was no other than Lord Clarendon himself who deemed that the countenance of such a body would strengthen him

against the conspirators ; but who was so dismayed at the lowering aspect of the groups through which the unarmed procession must advance, on its way from the University to the Castle, that, although already formed, it was, by a special messenger, countermanded. It is now very well for a partisan of his Excellency to talk of the contemptible nature of a movement which eventuated in such a disgraceful failure. But the reasoning British public will look at matters as his Excellency looked at them then, and not be deluded into the belief that he could not have done what was prompted by his prudence and his fears, because after events proved it to be unnecessary. *The fact* that Lord Clarendon *did* arm the Orangemen, *did* countenance the Orangemen, *did* express his reliance upon them by word and by deed, is placed in too clear a light, and upon too strong a basis, to be shaken by any inference as to what he might have done, or should have done, had he been wise by anticipation. We grant that, when he armed the Orangemen, he thought their services would be required ; and we grant, moreover, that he did so with reluctance, and would not have done so had he not been constrained by what he felt to be an overruling necessity. But, if it be any advantage to him, we make his friends a compliment of the admission, that his conduct was guarded, in this whole transaction, by a caution that does more credit to his diplomacy than to his candour ; and that, while the requisition of the Orangemen was complied with, which was insisted on as a test of his sincerity, it was managed in such a way as still left him at liberty to say to any future accusers,

'Thou canst not say 'twas I did it.'

The following is taken from the Report of the Grand Orange Lodge:—

'We conceive it to be undeniably established, therefore, that Captain Kennedy had a permission or a commission to supply arms ; and we may be excused for suspecting further, that the design was, that he should do so indirectly, and without committing the Government. Let us analyse (by the light of subsequent events) the dilemma in which the Government were placed : 'We cannot take any step which would

deprive us of the active and cordial support of the Orangemen in this emergency, nor can we take any step which shall deprive us of the power of receding from our connexion with them when the emergency has passed away.' How was this to be managed ? How was this problem to be solved ? By taking a step which should appease the Orangemen, and lead them to believe that there was a tacit but *bonâ fide* recognition of them by the Government, but which should, at the same time, be of such a nature that it could be repudiated at a future time when convenient.

'It is the discovery, on the part of the Orangemen, not only that they are renounced when the time of need has passed away, but that, even during the very crisis when they were flattered, and favoured, and armed, it was not forgotten or neglected to make provision for this future divorce—it is this discovery that is calculated to increase their indignation.

'We think we see that the intervention of Captain Kennedy was resorted to as affording a facility of renouncing the alliance when the storm passed by—that it was the contrivance of one who foresaw that the pressure of his political connexions, and the principles to which he was committed with his party, would again, when the agitation had subsided, force him into alliance with, and concession to, the very men who were then denouncing his Government, and rebelling against his Queen—the Roman Catholic party—the *parti prêtre*—of Ireland ; and that it was not likely to come to pass that friendly relations could ever be maintained by a Whig Government, with the Orange body, no matter how loyal, and brave, and constitutional they might be—no matter how indispensable their support in the hour of danger.'

We trust it has now been fully established that Lord Clarendon showed favour to the Orangemen, accepted their services, supplied *them* with arms alone of *all* the volunteer bodies who associated in defence of the Government at that critical time, and relied upon them as certain to afford most valuable assistance in the event of an outbreak of the Repealers. We now proceed to contemplate him under a different aspect.

The rebellion had ceased ; the 12th of July approached ; and, Parliament having broken up without renewing the 'Processions' Act, the

Orangemen resolved to have their customary demonstration. Of fifteen hundred lodges who assembled and walked in armed procession, with drums beating and banners flying, in different parts of the country, but *one* met with any interruption, or was attended with any breach of the peace; and of that one the Government were forewarned, and, had they chosen to forbid it, the Orangemen would have been obedient to their commands.

Instead of that (which was clearly their duty if they apprehended a breach of the peace) and without any specific instructions to the local magistrates, they sent down a strong force of police and military, and appointed two stipendiary magistrates to command them, and direct the proceedings of the day. The Report of the Grand Lodge thus proceeds:—

“As had been anticipated, these magistrates found a very great multitude of Ribbonmen, armed, and in a position which commanded the proposed line of the Orange procession. The magistrates made no attempt to disperse them, or to show that their assemblage, threatening as it was, was illegal. They were similarly abstinent when they met the Orange procession. Neither Orangemen or Ribbonmen were instructed on that melancholy day that their proceedings were contrary to law. They were, on the contrary, betrayed by the conduct of those magistrates, whom Government deputed to act as its agents, into the idea that the assembling in arms, on the one side and on the other, was strictly legal.

“Thus advised, and headed by the police and dragoons, the Orangemen proceeded on their way. They could see no just reason why the Queen’s highway should not be open to them as well as to their adversaries. They would have turned aside had they been instructed, on sufficient authority, that to continue their march would have been to violate the law, but they would not swerve from the line of march they had laid down, because there was danger in the path, and adversaries were there to daunt them. They knew well that if they shrunk back, or turned aside, under the influence of fear, the danger they shunned would pursue them in their retreat. They had no design of giving offence, or provoking a collision. Their wives and children accompanied them. They had arms only to use in self-defence, and they did not use them until assaulted. They would have obeyed

the law, as indeed they had pledged themselves in the morning to do, if it were declared to them on that day, even as it has since been interpreted, but they knew it was unwise, as they felt it would be base, to forego the rights of British subjects, solely at the intimidation of threatening and lawless adversaries. In this spirit the Orangemen proceeded on their way, peacefully, patiently, and, in the early part of the day, safely.

“In the evening they were assailed: the Ribbonmen had knelt down, and received the priest’s benediction; and a fire was opened upon the Orangemen, with murderous intent, and, in the conflict thus provoked, lives were lost on their side, as well as on that of those who had commenced an attack which they hoped would end in a massacre, and who were defeated by the steadiness and spirit of their purposed victims.”

Such is a plain, unvarnished, statement of the facts of the case. A party of loyal men are engaged in a procession clearly not illegal. They are proceeding peaceably along the Queen’s highway, [not meditating evil towards any human creature. They are met by an opposing body, who are resolved to dispute the pass; shots are fired upon them; lives are lost; and were it not for their determined valour, the massacre at Carrickshock might have been repeated, and the whole body murdered. Such was the lamentable result of the neglect of Government, which had had timely warning, in not giving its officials directions to remove the Ribbonmen from their offensive position on the side of the hill, where they were posted clearly for purposes of aggression; or issuing their edict to the Orangemen to forego their demonstration, upon the very justifiable ground, that if they proceeded in it, the public peace would be endangered.

Such was the offence of the Orangemen. It was not that they marched in an illegal procession. The procession is acknowledged not to have been illegal. It was not that they did so with any *malice prepense* against a human being—no such malice is pretended. But it was, that being assailed by a murderous hostility, they used their arms in defence of their lives. For this they are arraigned before the empire, and prejudged as criminals of the deepest dye; for this their magistrates are dismissed as unworthy of holding

the commission of the peace ; and for this a prosecution has been threatened, which, had it been persevered in, would have outraged every principle of justice !

But Lord Roden received the procession at Tollymore Park, and was civil to them. Why not ? Was it a new thing for Lord Roden so to do ? The procession, which Lord Clarendon did not forbid, *he* undoubtedly received with his customary courtesy and hospitality ; and with the more readiness, because he hoped to avail himself of the opportunity thus afforded of impressing upon them the duty of returning as peaceably as they had come, “and even if insulted, not to resent it.” This he did with a paternal earnestness ; and no one, on either side, pretends, that, had the party been suffered to return as it had advanced, and had not a murderous onslaught been made upon it, the procession which took place at Dolly’s-Brae on the 12th of last July, would have come off with as much good-humour and tranquillity as every other similar procession in every other part of Ireland.

The advocate of the Government in the *Edinburgh* observes :—

“Of those who maintain that the Irish executive ought to have issued a proclamation prohibiting this procession, we would ask, what was Lord Clarendon to prohibit ? The procession ? It was not in itself illegal ? The passing by Dolly’s-Brae ? The Queen’s highway is open to all ? The carrying of fire-arms ? That is an offence by the common law. He might as well have prohibited murder and arson.”

Now we would ask, in reply, is not this reasoning as applicable to the case of Lord Roden as to that of Lord Clarendon ? What was *he* to discountenance ? A procession manifestly not illegal ? What was *he* to advise ? That peaceable subjects should not, under an escort of police and military, proceed to their destination by the Queen’s highway ? Unless it be pretended that he should have added to the good advice which he gave them—that if, indeed, they should be attacked, they should all cast away their weapons of defence, and submit, without resistance, to be brutally murdered.

But we will tell the innocent re-

viewer what his Excellency should have prohibited. He should have prohibited the Ribbon assassins from occupying their position on the hill. They had no business there. Their object was clearly aggressive. Upon their own anniversary they were protected by magistrates—even by the Orange magistrates—and no one desired, or would have been suffered, to molest them. Now the case was different. They appeared in arms, and in military array, to obstruct the procession of the Orangemen, when it was undeniable that these latter were desirous to avoid all collision with them ; and as *they* were the parties, and the only parties, who menaced the public peace, against *them* the vigour of the executive should have been directed. The same measures which would have been taken against the Orangemen, had *they* sought a collision with the Ribbonmen on the 17th of March, should now have been dealt out to Ribbonmen, when they assembled with a deadly intent to obstruct the Orange procession on the 12th of July ; and thus, even-handed justice would have been administered, the character of Lord Clarendon for impartiality would have been vindicated, and serious loss of life have been prevented.

This, however, would not suit his Excellency’s party politics. He had given some offence by the suspicion of his partiality to the Orangemen during the crisis of 1848 ; and the occasion was too good a one not to be made use of, to convince his Romish partisans that he never had entertained any such predilections.

Accordingly, Mr. Berwick, a barrister of strong anti-Orange opinions, was despatched to the scene of action, to hold a commission of inquiry respecting the lamentable occurrences which had taken place. The report which he made is thus characterised by the Committee of the Grand Orange Lodge ; and our readers shall, before we have done, have an opportunity of judging how far their strictures upon that document are justified by facts, and how far the commissioner is to be regarded as an impartial inquirer :—

“We have declared our dissatisfaction with the Report of the Government Commissioner ; we now proceed to assign reasons for that complaint. We

emphatically deny the accuracy of that document: it is characterised by ignorance of notorious historical facts, as well as by unfairness in presenting the evidence on which it professes to be founded. It is not, however, deficient in skill: by the suppression of some facts, by giving undue weight to others, and by various changes in the aspect of the evidence, a complexion has been given to the whole very different from the truth. Our reasons for such an opinion will appear by a comparison of the Report with the evidence taken.

"The commissioner traces the party feeling of 1849, in some measure, to circumstances that occurred in the same locality in 1848.

"The facts were these: that some Orangemen, on July 12, 1848, returning to their lodge-room in the evening, were fired on from a house close at hand, and near the residence of the priest (Mr. Morgan). They at once attacked and dislodged the Ribbonmen. Some of the Orange lodges returned, on hearing the report of fire-arms, but the affray was over, and they merely fired a few shots to let the assassins know they were ready to protect the little band of their brethren.

"We now compare Mr. Berwick's version of this affair, not with the above, but with the evidence of Mr. Morgan himself. His report says:—

"'Unfortunately, however, after the procession had ended, some stragglers from the *Orange party committed some acts of violence*, and fired shots in the evening, on their way home, in the neighbourhood of Mr. Morgan's house—the balls from two of which came so close to that gentleman, that he was of opinion that they were fired at him—and his parishioners were, in consequence, much exasperated.'

"Rev. Patrick Morgan's evidence ran thus:—

"'On the evening of the 12th, as the procession was returning, by the new way, *some Catholics were firing off a few shots*; the Orangemen *thought* these shots were fired at them, and a portion of the procession came back in a great fury, and fired many shots, some of them at my own house, and about myself; I am speaking of July, '48.

"'Why are these few 'Catholic shots,' which the Orangemen *thought* were fired at them, suppressed by the commissioner? Is it not to convey the impression that the firing of the Orangemen was unprovoked and gratuitous? Does it not suppress the important circumstance, that although, in 1848, the Orangemen went and returned by the new road, and not by the road said to be disputed, they were, nevertheless, attacked by the 'Catholic party?'"

Thus the antecedents which Mr. Berwick endeavours to press into his service against the Orangemen, are clearly made to testify against him.

Upon the report thus framed, the Lord Lieutenant grounds his directions to Mr. Redington to write to the Lord Chancellor, ordering the dismissal of the magistrates. The reasons for Lord Roden's dismissal are these:—

"1. That he received and entertained the procession in his demesne; thereby aiding and abetting an unlawful assembly:

"2. That although he had promised to speak to the Orangemen, and to Mr. W. Beers, to persuade the processionists from returning by Dolly's-Brae, he abstained from any attempt to dissuade them, in his address to the Orange body; and,

"3. That he took part, as a magistrate, in refusing informations against the members of that unlawful assembly, whose proceedings he had abetted and encouraged.

"As to the first charge, the Under Secretary suppresses what Mr. Berwick had stated, that Lord Roden admitted the Orangemen on the idea that they would be *more safe* there than in a field outside of his park; and, no doubt, he was right.

"That the assembly was an unlawful one, is an assertion entirely disposed of by the instructions to the Armagh magistrates in 1846, but which may be noticed again.

"As to the second charge, one would scarcely conjecture that the fact was, that Lord Roden did communicate with Mr. Beers, about the line of return of the procession; that Mr. Beers assigned reasons, which seemed satisfactory to his lordship; and that therefore Lord Roden omitted this topic in his address.

"Mr. Redington suppresses this also, and yet Mr. Berwick had stated it. But neither the one nor the other allude to the tenor of Lord Roden's discourse to the Orangemen—*inculcating, as it did, patience, peace, and order.*"—*Report of the Special Committee of the Grand Orange Lodge.*

We have already disposed of the reception of the Orangemen by Lord Roden, in Tollymore Park; but it would not be doing his lordship justice if we did not give, in his own words, the advice with which he sent them away:—

"Acting under the teaching of God's Word, which enjoins forbearance and

love to all, I trust you will even now show those who disapprove of your organisation, that you are not a faction, driven by party violence to commit unlawful acts; that you do not desire to infringe the liberties and happiness of others, but that you wish to see all denominations of your fellow-subjects enjoying the blessings which you seek for yourselves. *I trust you will rather take evil than provoke it; . . .* that nothing will induce you, in returning to your homes to-day, to resent even any insult you may receive."

A godless reviewer, who believes in nothing, may be moved to mockery by language such as this. But those who know Lord Roden, know that it proceeded from his heart; that his words were those of truth and soberness; and that any one of the vast multitude by whom they were heard, would rather cut off his own right hand than violate their spirit, by returning railing for railing, or wantonly provoking a collision. The procession would have moved back with the quietness with which it had moved forward, were it not that no alternative remained between overwhelming destruction and a vigorous effort for the saving of their lives.

It has been made matter of accusation against Lord Roden and the other magistrates that they did not use their influence with the processionists to return by the new road rather than the old; as thereby the "bone of contention" would be avoided. But the *Edinburgh* reviewer does not mention the reason why. It was because that the danger of collision would not be avoided, and the Ribbonmen would be thus enabled to take their opponents in straggling parties, and at more advantage. Had they given such advice, it is our belief that, besides dishonouring the laws, by yielding to the threats of a wicked and unlawful faction, they would be responsible for a much greater loss of life than occurred by suffering the processionists to return by the way they came:—

"It is one of the charges against Lord Roden, that he did not use his influence with the Orangemen to return by the new road. This his lordship was disposed to have done, but Mr. William Beers, the county grandmaster, overruled his inclination, alleging for it that the Orangemen would not consent to take a different road, and

that the new road would be in fact the most dangerous. Both these reasons seem to have been just, and there was also another which influenced the leaders. Many of the lodges were from the north side of the old road, and these must necessarily have passed over Dolly's-Brae; and if the general body had once been '*split*' into sections, moving different ways, and without the combined protection of the military and police, danger to all would have been imminent—indeed certain. But there was another reason, which was more powerful still with the higher authorities. They knew what the old road was—they had passed it safely.—Dolly's-Brae was occupied by the troops—the position of the Ribbonmen in the old road was less formidable than the position they might have taken up in the new road; and, finally, every military eye saw that the new road, if an attack were really intended, was much the more dangerous of the two. Here we meet another of Mr. Berwick's serious misrepresentations; he says:—

"The magistrates who were there assembled at the hill of Dolly's Brae, all agree that it would be most dangerous to allow the Orange party to come back the same road.'—*Report.*

"No doubt some of the magistrates at first thought so, but there is no proof that any of them continued to be of that opinion, and Mr. Berwick altogether suppresses the following impartial and experienced judgments:—

"Mr. Tabuteau.—If the Orangemen had gone by the new road there would have been a chance of a collision, for the Ribbonmen could then have come down on them from the other side of the hill (Maghermayo).'—*Evid.*, p. 15.

"Mr. Shaw.—The new road is circuitous—like an arch—round the other; the new road is commanded by hills on both sides.'—p. 20.

Mr. Hill.—The Orangemen having passed Dolly's-Brae—the bone of contention in the morning—my opinion is, that as the new road is more surrounded by hills than the old one, the *Orangemen would have been more exposed if they had come that way in the evening*, if the others had been determined to attack them.'—p. 40.

"Captain Sydney Darling, of the 9th Regiment, who made a military survey of the locality, says:—

"In a military point of view, the new road is much better commanded from the other side of Maghermayo hill, and it is, therefore, much the more dangerous road; the old road is the shorter and more direct way; considering it probable there would be an attack, I should say *the old road is decidedly the safer of the two.*'—p. 33.

“Mr. Berwick not only suppresses these conclusive opinions, but he endeavours to attenuate and explain away the equally decided advice of Mr. Morgan, the priest, that the procession should return the same way, he ‘offering to ride at the head of it.’ We should now have little reliance on Mr. Morgan’s advice, but it had a great weight with all the magistrates on that day; and this advice and offer, connected with all the rest of Mr. Morgan’s conduct, is so remarkable, that Mr. Berwick’s travesty of the priest’s opinion is as unpardonable as his suppression of the other evidence we have quoted.”

Now, what can be thought of the advocate who can prefer such a charge as a ground for Lord Roden’s dismissal, and not give his reader an inkling of the evidence by which it is so completely refuted?

The third ground upon which the *Edinburgh* reviewer justifies Lord Roden’s dismissal from the magistracy, is, that no active proceedings were taken by him and others for the arrest and the punishment of the Orangemen who were guilty of defending their lives against a murderous attack, although several Ribbonmen, who had been taken prisoners during the conflict, were committed for firing upon her Majesty’s troops and police, and her peaceful subjects, and remained in confinement awaiting their several trials; and that—

“At a subsequent period, when the Government thought it right to interfere, Mr. Ruthven, the Crown Solicitor, tendered informations against a number of Orangemen, and Mr. Berwick attended to advise the magistrates as to the law; although if any doubt had existed on this point, it could hardly have failed to have been dispelled by the discussions which had taken place, and the authoritative opinions which had been expressed in the House of Commons and elsewhere, as well as officially by the Irish Attorney-General. Mr. Keown, the brother of the high sheriff, appeared, however, as counsel for the Orangemen. Five of the magistrates, under these circumstances, were willing to receive the informations; but the course of justice, which in other parts of Ireland is sometimes arrested by accomplices on the jury, was turned aside at the Castletewellan petty sessions, by accomplices on the bench. Lord Roden himself came to the rescue, accompanied, we grieve to say, by three clergymen—Mr. Annesley, Mr. Forde, and Mr. Johnston

—who had not attended the previous investigation; and these gentlemen being, according to their own confession, ignorant of the law, and preferring to be guided by their own ignorance rather than by the eminent advice at their command, outvoted the others, and refused to accept the informations!”

Now, would not any one suppose from this that the informations tendered were for the part which the Orangemen had taken in the conflict at Dolly’s-Brae, and the lives which they sacrificed, and the blood which they shed? Would not any one imagine that the case against the Orangemen was exactly similar to that against the Ribbonmen, and that both were equally implicated in the crime of riot and murder? No such thing at all—no hint of any such thing. The informations which Lord Roden and his brother magistrates refused to receive were for the *illegality of walking in an armed Orange procession*; informations which might have been equally tendered before the collision took place, and while the Orangemen were enjoying his hospitality in his princely demesne, or while they were proceeding with a joyous hilarity to their destination, meditating evil to no man. And *their guilt* consists in refusing to accept Mr. Berwick’s new version of the law, disregarding the greatest judicial authorities, setting aside the recorded opinions of the Government itself, and abandoning their own settled convictions! This would be to put Mr. Berwick’s law in the place of their own consciences, and to be guilty, at the same time, of base subserviency and flagitious injustice. Had they acted upon the dictum of the Commissioner, they would, indeed, have been unworthy of holding the commission of the peace.

We stated that a rumour had reached us that this paper in the *Edinburgh* was the production of Mr. Macaulay, or Mr. Curran, Commissioner of Bankrupts, Lord Clarendon’s old ally upon the secret privy council, during Lord Anglesey’s administration—or of both. We utterly disbelieve it. No gentleman could have lent himself to such a work. Partisanship we could pardon; but flagitious dishonesty, never. Here this writer represents the refusal of the magistrates to take informations against the Orangemen for walking in an

Orange procession, as though it were a refusal to receive informations against them for a proveable misdemeanour, or some graver charge; and he compares their very proper determination not to be thus entrapped into an adjudication upon the law contrary to their convictions, to that of accomplices in the jury-box, who refuse to concur in a righteous verdict! No; the gentlemen to whom we have alluded are incapable of this utter baseness; and our only apology to them is, that when the rumour reached us we had not read the paper—in connection with which they never should be named.

This monstrous proceeding of the Lord Lieutenant renders the following correspondence, which we extract from the Report of the Orange Committee, and which appears also in the masterly paper in the *Quarterly*, of unspeakable importance:—

“On this occasion, local magistrates accompanied the stipendiaries of the Government, in escorting the procession on its line of march. In this they had a clear precedent to guide them. In the month of March preceding, an armed body of Ribbonmen was similarly escorted, and the Government had signified its approval of the conduct of its officials.

“But we have more direct proofs of the judgment of the Government as to the legality of party processions, and the duties of the magistrates on such occasions, in a correspondence between the Government and the magistrates of Armagh, in the year 1846; and the similarity of this case with that of 1849 cannot fail to strike attention.

“In June, 1846, a letter was addressed to the Government by the Sovereign of Armagh, Wilson Paton, Esq., which stated that, ‘unless a sufficient force were placed at the disposal of the magistrates, they would not be responsible for the peace of the city on the approaching 12th July;’ and the opinion of the Government is desired on the following statement, that—

“‘An affray and homicide on the 12th July, 1845, arose between a procession and some of the inhabitants of a portion of the district occupied by Roman Catholics; and the magistrates having heard that it is the intention of the Orange party, on the ensuing occasion, to walk through the same district of the city; and feeling that such an attempt would inevitably lead to resistance and serious outrage, are desirous of ascertaining whether they would be justified in preventing the Orange procession

from entering that portion of the town, either with or without sworn informations being previously laid before them that such an attempt would be likely to lead to a breach of the peace.

“(Signed) W. PATON.’

“The reply of Richard Pennefather, Esq., then Under-Secretary, dated July 7th, informed the querist that—

“‘The Act of 2 and 3 William IV., c. 118, having expired, party processions, as such, are no longer illegal; and the magistrates should therefore be *very circumspect in interfering with them, if no breach of the peace be actually committed*. If the persons composing the procession be conducting themselves properly, the magistrates should not interfere with them further than to endeavour to persuade them not to go into any particular part of the town, where their appearance in procession may exasperate the others to commit a breach of the peace.’

“Mr. Pennefather concludes by telling Mr. Paton that a strong reinforcement had been made to the military at Armagh, from which the magistrates could have a sufficient force, and that a stipendiary should be sent down on the 11th of July.

“Mr. Paton wrote on 9th July, to complain that the reply was not satisfactory, and to ask for a more explicit answer to the question—‘Whether, under the circumstances therein stated, the magistrates would, either with or without sworn informations, be justified in preventing the Orange procession from entering that part of the town where disturbances might be apprehended?’

“Just at this very time, Mr. T. N. Redington had taken the place of Under-Secretary, *vice* Mr. R. Pennefather; and the second reply to Mr. Paton was from him, dated the 12th July, 1846:—

“‘SIR—I am directed by the Lord Lieutenant to acknowledge your letter of the 8th instant, and to acquaint you that it must be left to the discretion of the magistrates how far the sworn informations received will justify your interfering to preserve the public peace, by arresting the progress of the procession. *It is obvious that the most effectual mode of preserving order will be by placing a strong force in the locality where collision between hostile parties is principally feared.*

“‘I have the honour to be, &c.

“‘T. N. REDINGTON.’

“We have here the decision which was to guide the magistrates, in the event of an Orange procession passing a disputed locality, where there had actually been loss of life in the preceding year. It is clearly settled (first) that such a procession was not illegal; (secondly) that therefore magistrates

should be very circumspect how they interfered with it, if no breach of the peace were actually committed; (thirdly) that even if sworn informations be laid, that the march of the procession by a particular road would be likely to lead to a breach of the peace, it must be left to the discretion of the magistrates to arrest it or not; and (fourthly) that the most effectual mode of preserving order is by placing a strong force in the locality where collision is feared.

"If these instructions had been addressed to the magistrates of County Down in 1849, they could not have been more literally complied with."

Does this, or does it not, furnish a justification for the conduct of Lord Roden, and the other magistrates? If it does, what becomes of the Report?—what becomes of the dismissals from the magistracy? If it does not, what purpose could it answer but to mislead them?

But now, it seems, it is convenient to proclaim, that Orange processions were, *per se*, illegal, if the processionists appeared, as they always did, with arms in their hands. Such is the law, as laid down by Mr. Berwick—such is the law, as laid down by the *Edinburgh* reviewer—although, in so pronouncing, he contradicts himself; for while, as has been seen, he vindicates Lord Clarendon for not prohibiting the procession, although forewarned of the danger, because it was *not, per se*, contrary to law; he condemns the magistrates for not receiving information against the processionists, because it *was* contrary to law. We leave him to reconcile this glaring inconsistency. Let the reader hold in mind, that the *very* Orange procession, and no other, which the writer in the *Edinburgh* declares the Lord Lieutenant should not interfere with, because it was, *per se*, legal, is the procession which Mr. Berwick now declares to have been, *ab initio*, illegal; from which opinion Lord Clarendon pronounces it criminal in the magistrates to dissent, and punishes them for that criminality by contumelious dismissal from the commission of the peace! But let us hear what the able writer in the *Quarterly* says upon this subject:—

ment, nor on the higher authorities of the law only, but, as we have already shown, on that of the Government itself; and the argument *ad hominem* is a sound one against those who set themselves up as authorities. But we shall take a larger view of the subject.

"The first proof that party processions are not *per se* illegal is that stated by the two secretaries, in July, 1846, namely, that the Processions' Act—passed not to *declare*, but to *render* them illegal—was suffered to expire. But to this it may be answered, True; but the legal effect of the statute was not to alter the common law, relating to all and any popular assemblies, which might be, or might not be legal, according to *circumstances*—but only provided that *under any circumstances*, and without the process of examining the circumstances, certain party processions should be *ipso facto* illegal. This construction we are willing to admit, but it does not impugn all that we contend for—namely, that when the act had thus expired, party processions became not merely not illegal, but wholly unknown to the law, and were therefore in the condition of any other assemblage whatsoever, and only liable to become illegal from strong collateral circumstances. Now, let us see how an innocent assemblage may become an illegal one. Let us take the definition given by the Chairman of the Newry Quarter Sessions, on the trial of some Ribbonmen, in the preceding month of June, quoted and relied upon by Mr. Berwick and Lord Clarendon—that, at common law, a meeting becomes unlawful 'under such circumstances as are calculated to excite terror and alarm in the minds of reasonable, firm, and courageous men; and it is for the jury to draw the conclusion, from a due consideration of the appearance of the meeting, and all the circumstances belonging to it, whether it be calculated to excite such terror and alarm.'

"We accept this definition, which, in the case to which it was addressed, was sound and legal, but wholly deny that it applies to this case. Did this assembly at Ballyward 'excite terror and alarm in the mind of any reasonable, firm, and courageous man?' Did it even excite terror and alarm in *any* man's mind—in the mind of many hundred women and children, who accompanied it as a party of pleasure? Lord Clarendon and Mr. Berwick lay great stress on the procession being armed, as if that alone was enough to excite alarm and constitute illegality; and it may tend to create such an impression among those who do not remember that these meetings have *always* been, in greater or less proportions, armed, not either for

"Now that assumption we totally, and in the teeth of Mr. Berwick and Mr. Attorney-General for Ireland, deny; and we deny it, not on our own judg-

offence or defence (though, no doubt, capable of being applied to either), but because firing in the way of salutes and *feux de joie* has always been one of the essential features of such celebrations, long before there was any opposition or jealousy about them. The hundred processions of the 12th July, all over Ireland, began, and kept up, and concluded their exhibitions by firing—a mode of rejoicing known in all countries, and practised on all occasions, from the Park and Tower guns on the Sovereign's birthday, down to the pistol-shots, squibs, and rockets of minor rejoicings. We find, from the Irish papers, that a similar celebration took place on the same day in Lord Massereene's park, near Antrim, but on an infinitely larger scale of what Lord Clarendon and Mr. Berwick would call formidable illegality than that at Tollymore. There were no less than 140 lodges, and it was calculated that there were from 50,000 to 60,000 persons congregated in the park; there were banners, music, platform, marquees, on a grand scale, and *thousands of shots were fired all day long*, amidst the universal good-humour of all classes and denominations.

"This custom of carrying fire-arms on such occasions is of so long standing, and of such universal practice, that the law would take notice of it as negating any 'reasonable alarm,' or any special danger to the public peace. In Dalton's '*Justice of the Peace*,' an old book, but of high authority, we find a curious passage, clearly indicating the indulgence of the common law to the use of arms in such celebrations:—

"'The assembly of people, and their use of *harness* [all warlike instruments—*Law Dict.*] upon *Midsummer Night in London*, being only for disport, is lawful, though it be with a great assembly of people, and in armour.—p. 322.

"And this is also stated, and with a particular view to these very Irish rejoicings, as the common law of Ireland, in '*A Justice of the Peace: by Sir Richard Bolton, sometime Chief Baron of the Exchequer in Ireland, ed. 1750:*'—

"'So the assembly of people and their use of arms, upon usual days, in Dublin and other cities and towns, being only for disport or exercise of arms, is lawful; and though it be with a great assembly of people, and in armour, yet it being neither in *terrorem populi*, nor to do any act with force or violence against the peace, it is lawful."

Such are the authorities by which the magistrates might have fortified themselves, when Mr. Berwick propounded his new-light law to the

magistrates assembled at Castlewella petty sessions. And will it be presumed that the case was so clearly against them, and that the force of reason and authority was so clearly with the Lord Lieutenant's anomalous commissioner, that Lord Roden, and his brethren on the bench, rendered themselves justly liable to an extraordinary visitation of official vengeance?

The *Edinburgh* reviewer tells us of Judge Bayley's law upon the subject of processions, &c., which he quotes as follows:—

"As the Orange party profess to despise Mr. Berwick's statement of the common law on this point, we will quote that given by Mr. Justice Bayley in 1820, on the occasion of the trial of Hunt at York.—'An assembly of great numbers of persons, which from its general appearance and accompanying circumstances is calculated to excite terror, alarm, and consternation, is generally criminal and unlawful.'"

To this dictum we subscribe. By it we are willing to abide. It applies strictly to the Ribbon assemblage; it applies not at all to the Orange procession. Who would maintain, could Mr. Berwick himself maintain, that the latter was, from its general appearance, and accompanying circumstances, calculated to strike terror? Who, in the least regardless of truth, would assert that the processionists would have harmed a single being if they were let alone? Who believes, does Lord Clarendon believe, does Mr. Berwick believe, does the writer in the *Edinburgh* believe, that they assembled with any other intent than to celebrate, with due honour, their old anniversary, and to show that they were not ashamed of the principles of the men to whom they felt indebted for the glorious inheritance of civil and religious liberty? And will any have the face to say that the Ribbon gathering was not with a hostile intention? Did they travel all night from a distance merely to enjoy the sight of the procession as it passed along? Were they not, on the contrary, bent upon a conflict; and knowing the purpose for which they came, and the animus by which they were possessed, was not their apparition well calculated "to strike terror, alarm, and consternation?" Such is the legal dictum by which the Orange-

men are now sought to be implicated in a violation of the law, whose conduct, in all essential particulars, was at direct variance with that of their wicked and cowardly assailants.

Now, it was for not regarding this perversion of Judge Bayley's law as incontrovertible, that the magistrates were dismissed from the commission of the peace—a perversion which they were only maintaining the true meaning, the dictum, of that upright and venerable judge, when they indignantly rejected!

We cannot deem it necessary to dwell upon the insolent assumption that Lord Roden should not take his place upon the bench of magistrates, "*because he was ARRAIGNED!*"—that is, because he was foully calumniated by Ribbonmen and traitors. Was not Lord Clarendon himself "arraigned?" Was there a foul-mouthed incendiary in the empire who did not arraign *him*, when he proclaimed down and prosecuted the Repealers? And did he, on that account, the less perform his bounden duty, or come to a foregone conclusion against himself, admitting as reasonable objections to his official acts what he knew to be atrocious calumnies? And why should Lord Roden act after a different manner? Why should he abdicate his magisterial functions because he was falsely accused of provoking the collision, which he did all in his power to prevent? If Lord Clarendon showed no deference to the malignant inculpations of his old friends, why should he of his inveterate enemies? But this we say, that if there was any colourable charge against him, Lord Clarendon should have directed his law-officers to serve upon him notice of trial; in which case he would, no doubt, have abstained from any magisterial act until he had had an opportunity of legally confronting his accusers. But the Viceroy knew that he dared not do that; that any such attempt would result in utter defeat; and yet he deems it, or affects to deem it, passing strange, that Lord Roden should not have volunteered to give, as it were, a verdict against himself, in a case where he stood, in the eyes of all honourable men, "*sans peur et sans reproche*," and upon the unaccredited accusations of nameless and unprincipled accusers.

With respect to the Messrs. Beers,

we must refer our readers to the triumphant vindication of them in the *Quarterly Review*. Our space does not permit us to enter into it at large. But nothing can be more complete than the answer there given to the accusations against them. The expression of Mr. William Beers, at a public dinner given to them, is shewn, by his own most unforced and natural explanation of it, to be utterly void of any offence. The Lord Lieutenant appears to have acquiesced in this explanation, as any honest and rational man must do, for nearly three weeks; and then, when the necessities of party required a reaction, to have had recourse to it, disregarding the explanation, as a ground for dismissing him from the commission of the peace!

That we cannot, on the present occasion, follow the writer in the *Edinburgh* through all the cases, in which, as he alleges, the Orangemen were, on former occasions, guilty of bloodshed and battery against unoffending Romanists, sincerely grieves us. We could easily show that, in every one of them, they were more sinned against than sinning; and that, as in the case at Dolly's-Brae, their aggressions, as they are called, were nothing more than acts of defence for the preservation of their lives. But we trust, on a future occasion, to bring our reminiscences to bear upon this part of the subject, and to furnish our readers with an additional chapter on the "*Bye Ways of Irish History*," by which they will be not a little interested. The several affrays to which the writer in the *Edinburgh* has alluded, we can recal distinctly to our minds; and we would desire no better evidence than they furnish of the peaceable and orderly character of the Orange association, and their steady determination to keep the peace, unless wantonly provoked by implacable and merciless enemies.

But is it not a sad thing that these feuds should be perpetuated, and that an association should exist, and processions should be suffered to take place, which give rise to so many unhappy collisions? This is the language of many quiet and well-meaning persons, who have taken but little pains to inform themselves rightly upon the subject. It is also the language of more unprincipled,

but far better informed individuals, who know well that designs which they fondly cherish are only prevented taking effect by the extent and the character of the Orange organisation. With respect to the former, have they informed themselves of the state of Ulster before the Orange association had any existence? If they had, they would know that it rivalled in atrocity and outrage the worst parts of the south and west of Ireland at the present day. And what is it now? It will bear a comparison with the most tranquil, and orderly, and prosperous parts of the empire. During the proceedings of the Orange Committee in 1835, Mr. Shiel asked a witness, who was under examination, whether riots and loss of life did not sometimes take place at Orange processions. He was answered, "Yes; the Orangemen have sometimes been attacked, and they defended themselves." "Oh," said the right hon. gentleman, "I do not ask who were the aggressors, but have not lives been lost?" "Yes," was the reply, "lives sometimes have been lost; but I will undertake to show the right hon. gentleman that more lives have been lost in the county which he represents (he then represented Tipperary), in one year, than in all Ulster for seven-and-twenty years, or since the rise and spread of the Orange association." This challenge of the witness was not answered.

But what should now be done? Should a permanent law be passed prohibiting all processions? To this view of the subject the writer in the *Quarterly* reluctantly accedes. He seems to feel the evils of a discontinuance of those demonstrations, by which loyal and patriotic feelings have been cherished, and only acquiesces in it as under an overruling necessity. The writer in the *Edinburgh* considers it a hardship that there should be any such interference with the liberty of the subject; and if any such law should be passed, imputes it to the Orangemen as a crime, that by them it will have been occasioned. In an ordinary or natural state of things, no doubt such a law would be an evil. In any state of things, it must, to a certain extent, be an evil. The only

question is, whether, in the present abnormal condition of Ireland, the evil would not be more than counterbalanced by the good. We do not undertake, unhesitatingly, to pronounce that such would be the case. A fool can see the evils to which Orange demonstrations are sometimes said to furnish accusation, as has been admirably observed in the well-weighed pages of the last Report of the Grand Orange Lodge. A wise man alone can see the good; the habits of peace, and loyalty, and of order, which they generate and preserve, and the manner in which they have transmuted Ulster from a battle-field of faction, into one of the most loyal, and tranquil, and prosperous parts of the Empire. That repealers and traitors, that the Romish clergy, should object to this state of things, and the proximate cause to which it is owing, is natural enough. In so doing they are undoubtedly wise in their generation. But that any who value revealed truth and social order, which are inseparably bound up in this country with British connection, should be of that mind, argues a laxity of opinion, or a weakness of judgment, which may, perhaps, be more to be pitied than condemned. However, we would counsel the Orangemen to submit to the decision of their leaders and best friends; whatever these advise will, we have no doubt, be most expedient. A new era has begun to dawn upon them. The great public organ, the *Quarterly Review*, has taken up their cause. Hitherto they are grievously to blame for having taken no care to provide themselves with a publication which should command public attention, in which the calumnies against them would be refuted, and which should be a fair and impartial exponent of their views and principles. That work has now been nobly done, in the particular case to which this paper has been devoted; and we would earnestly counsel them, for the future, that if they value public opinion, which is omnipotent in this our day, they should leave themselves no longer unrepresented in the English press. We promise them, that, if it be not their own fault, they shall not want able and intrepid defenders.

FREE TRADE AND THE POOR LAWS INCOMPATIBLE.

THE late meeting of Protectionists at the Rotundo was very important, for the evidences it afforded of a strong and general feeling in favour of the object the requisitionists had in view; but of far more moment for the sound intelligence of which it exhibited unmistakeable symptoms. The speakers proved themselves acquainted with their subject. Their complaints were not merely the cries of men who felt themselves aggrieved, and who clamoured for relief and release at the cost of others—they were the remonstrances of persons who had studied the condition of their country, and who, regarding themselves as members of a suffering community, were studious to devise measures from which all could profit, and to effect some salutary changes in a system which threatened all (each interest in its turn) with irretrievable ruin.

Some incidents which diversified the proceedings of the day, exemplified strikingly the unanimity of feeling by which the meeting was pervaded. At one period, a gentleman arose in the body of the assembly, and addressed the chair. After some time, and some little opposition, he was conducted to the platform, and proved to be Mr. Fitzgibbon, the clothier, of Dawson-street, who, instead of the address which they would have expected who look for hostile opposition between the mercantile and the agricultural classes, delivered an argument, of great force and clearness, in favour of the principle of protection, and in proof of its necessity. In like manner, and to the same effect, Mr. Boylan, paper-stainer, addressed the meeting, and illustrated, from his own personal experience of its consequences, the deleterious influence of the free-trade politics. The speeches of both these gentlemen added greatly to the interest of the occasion, and will be read in the reports of them with much profit.

It will be no novel intelligence to our readers to learn that Mr. Butt spoke with admirable power, and that he was heard with enthusiasm—in breathless silence, or in storms of

cheer; but when we say that he exceeded himself on this occasion, almost as much as he exceeds other speakers on all occasions, those who lost this opportunity of hearing him in the fulness of his strength, will scarcely thank us for our, too late, information. They may, however, find some compensation in the careful report which has been made of his great oration. Much as it has lost, it retains enough to supply the material of many rich discourses. But there is one thing irrecoverably lost—the life and spirit, the light and shade, of the delivery. There were fine incidents in the speech. When occasionally the great orator was interrupted by a question or remark from the crowd,—whatever was the topic on which he was at the moment engaged—however elevated the tone of feeling—however earnest and searching the process of his argument—he came down, at once, from the elevation in which he was careering, came forth from the labyrinths he was investigating, and, with the calm and ready good sense which belongs to a man of the world, gave his querist the answer which precisely suited the demand, and then returned to his subject with as much clearness and composure as if he had never been interrupted.

And Mr. Butt is not a member of parliament. His powers may be exercised everywhere unless in that assembly where they would be truly effective. As we listened to him in public, and as we read his reported address, there was this one drawback on our gratification:—His presence at the late assembly, and his splendid display of argument and eloquence, seemed to be a lesson to us to show how causes are lost. Fill the benches of St. Stephen's with senators who can command no attention in the house—leave men like Mr. Butt to exercise their talents elsewhere; and he not surprised that in the assembly where

“The battle's lost and won,”

the cause that denies itself the advocacy of erudition, eloquence, and genius, shall experience disaster.

It would afford us much gratification to select from Mr. Butt's, and from many other speakers' addresses on the late occasion, illustrations of the day's proceedings. Our limits in space, unhappily, act as a prohibition; and we regret our restriction the less, inasmuch as we feel confident that the report of the meeting will be generally studied, and that many of the maxims, so eloquently exemplified and enforced, will become as "household words" in the memories of instructed and grateful readers. We would gladly select from Lord Suidale's speech, or rather copy it, without selection, for two reasons:—First, for the impressive narratives it contains, attested on the noble lord's own experience, and enriched by his reflections; and, secondly, because we would desire to have in our columns the first public effort of one, who, if we can augur his future from his recent performance, will take his place—and a high place—among the most eminent of our senators and statesmen.

We must deny ourselves, also, the gratification we should have had in citing from such speakers as Earls Glengall and Mayo, from Mr. McCartney's graphic, and terse, and cogent strictures and arguments—because of our limited space, and because we wish to offer some observations from ourselves, which, we believe, ought to be laid before our readers.

When Mr. Butt professed himself ready to argue the question in which the country was so deeply interested, either on what are called the principles of political economy, or according to the maxims of reason and common sense, he acted as became a man of his directness and genius. Ultimately, all true science, which finds its material and its objects in human nature and human interests, must be found reconcilable with the maxims which the common sense of mankind recognises as just and beneficial.

With this persuasion in our minds, we believe that economists by profession would agree with men of practical good sense in this—that, whatever may be thought of the imposition of a poor-law, like that which weighs us down, on any people, or of the withdrawal of protection from their agriculture, if only one of these

measures were to be adopted; the joint operation of the two, at the same time, and especially under such circumstances as they have been inflicted on Ireland, must, inevitably, prove disastrous. To us it appears clear as demonstration, that a poor-law like the Irish implies protection as its indispensable adjunct; and that the policy of free trade, in the present state of human society, rejects, as wholly incompatible with its principles and provisions, such a system as that of the Irish poor-laws.

The malignant system to which this name is given, pronounces the pauper the only unconditional, irresponsible, proprietor of the Irish soil. Poverty, from whatsoever cause it has proceeded, whether it be vicious, virtuous, innocent, or guilty, is pronounced the only title which is now respected in Ireland. To supply its wants, industry and possession may be taxed, and, in various instances, *are taxed* beyond their power to meet the iniquitous demands upon them; and these demands press upon many upright and self-denying families so heavily, that even for the coarsest and least inviting species of food upon which life can be sustained, they are forced to incur debts, surrendering all their available and marketable stores to the enforced rapacity of the poor-rate collector.

Now, it appears to us that a state of things, in which such incidents are of ordinary occurrence, is proof in condemnation of the laws which have induced it. The proof appears to us cogent and clear. The principle of our poor-law is, that the people must be fed, and, to effect this object, it assigns a certain species of property as the mensal domain of pauperism. If it were asked of the contrivers of the law whether it is their purpose, when the boundaries of an electoral division have been traced out, to make over the soil comprised within them for the exclusive benefit of the paupers, in such sort that if it were only sufficient for their wants, the owners and occupiers must forfeit all share in its produce, and so be starved to death; we can hardly think that we should hear so wicked and so wild a purpose openly avowed. But, even were it acknowledged, the acknowledgement would not settle the question. It

would then be urged that, although as owners and occupiers the claims of industrious men were to be dispensed with, yet when they had renounced the name with the reality of independence or possession; when they had descended to the level of that mingled mass of the profligate and the idle and the afflicted, who were constituted one by their common poverty, they should share in the rights of destitution, and it might be asked—would they not acquire, as paupers, the title which was denied them as proprietors, and would not the poor-law invest them, in their abject estate, with the right of which it robbed them, while they held possessions—the right to live and to be fed? Keeping in mind, then, that the whole of Ireland may be reduced to the condition of its worst electoral division—keeping in mind that the poor-law system has already been signalled by deaths from famine, by crimes and miseries, unexampled in our history—is it not perfectly clear that the portion of property assigned for the maintenance of the poor may prove deplorably inadequate to the office assigned to it? And is it not a natural consequence of this probability, that the state, which, by taking upon itself the burden of poverty, makes itself responsible for the fair issue of its undertaking, has become pledged to see that the value of property it assigns is made adequate to the maintenance of the masses whom it is to feed?

At this moment, Poor Law Commissioners take upon them to pronounce what the dietary of the pauper must be. The industrious farmer, the anxious proprietor, engage not their sympathies, have no share in their protection. It matters not, when the poor-rate collector has denuded the farmers', or the proprietors' abode, of the goods distrained for the rate, that a family may be left behind without food, fire, or clothing. Such things disturb not the feelings, at least they have no effect on the acts, of the commissioners. Paupers are their concern. They insist, that, however rate-payers stint and starve, paupers must feed full. They prescribe the dietary, and a more wholesome and a more inviting dietary than that of the great majority of those who pay for it. Well! Does not this assertion of power for the commissioners imply

that paupers are to be fed, whatever their numbers may be? And if the rules of the commissioners are to be obligatory when they prescribe how the pauper is to be maintained, does it not follow, as matter of course, that the portion of property assigned to him shall be, or shall be made, adequate to his maintenance. Should the elected guardians decline striking a rate adequate to the necessity vouched for by these commissioners, they are set aside, and paid vice-guardians (of whom it would appear there were seventy-six in March, 1849) appointed in their room. These vice-guardians, on their appointment, become invested with an arbitrary power of taxation. They declare the amount required to maintain the poor, and inflict the rate which is to raise it on the territory surrendered to their despotism. All this implies that the poor shall have assigned to their use an amount of property commensurate to their wants. The invention of "the rate-in-aid," and the acknowledgement (in the pledges given at its introduction) of its anomalous and unconstitutional character, is an admission that the agricultural resources of various electoral divisions are inadequate to the maintenance of the paupers charged upon them. What then ought to be the natural sequence? To provide ampler resources for wants confessed to exist and invested with a title to be relieved. The poor are to be fed,—*rateable* property is not sufficient to yield them food; other property must therefore be rated, or a new and increased value must be given to that which is already chargeable, that it may accomplish the end to which it has been devoted.

We are setting aside, it may be said, in arriving at this conclusion, the judgment of Sir Robert Peel, if we are correctly informed that he proposed the confiscation and sale of twenty-one bankrupt unions to pay up the arrears which had accumulated on them. We demur to such a judgment, not merely because we hold it uncharitable and dishonest, but because of its inexpediency. It would, at the best, if carried into effect, merely delay the catastrophe to which things seem tending, and it would create so general a feeling of insecurity, and give such a shock to morals,

that our social estate and the character of our people might never recover from it. We, therefore, "make believe," very much to preserve the illusion, that the poor-law is intended to be what it professes—that it is a law not for the spread of pauperism, but the maintenance of paupers, and, while it coerces property to the duty of supporting the destitute, takes heed that, in the discharge of this duty, the strain upon the resources of the humane and charitable shall not prove utterly destructive to them. Under this cherished delusion, assuming that it is the purpose of the poor-law not to impoverish one class but to make provision for the wants of another, we regard it as matter of obvious inference, that property in general should be declared liable to a rate, rather than that one species of property should be condemned to confiscation. Rate the thirty-six millions of Irish annual income, and the poor may be fed, while property remains protected. Deny to the poor more than the present law gives over to them, and, while owners and occupiers are of necessity reduced to impoverishment and ruin, legislation is made answerable for the despair, and vices, and crimes, of the ghastly multitudes whom it has betrayed; and for the appalling count of the deaths by famine, seen and unseen, those portents and prodigies of civilised society, which, when they are direct visitations from God, proclaim his indignation against national sin, and when they are the result of ill-judged laws, or dread incidents in the social war of classes or parties, provoke the divine vengeance, and call down upon the state, which permits such enormities, the most terrible of all visitations.

In truth, if the state lay down as a fixed principle that no man shall be permitted to die of want—if, following out this principle into its consequences, it prescribe the sufficient dietary according to which every pauper is to be maintained, and impose a tax to provide for the attendant expences—justice and consistency, and the genius of our constitution, would proclaim, that, in the responsibility assumed by the State, every individual subject must participate. While, therefore, the diet of the poor is carefully defined, that of those who are required to make provision for it should not be over-

looked. No man should be at liberty to indulge his appetites without contributing his part to the fund from which a poorer brother is to satisfy his hunger. The law should take its tone from that form of words so commonly recited as the "thanksgiving after meat" at our social tables. A spirit and substance should be given to that instructive form, and consumption by those who can purchase food should be an occasion and a process through which funds would be raised for the poor destitute. Hence a manifest propriety in raising a duty on all articles of consumption imported for our use. If prices are thus a little increased, the augmentation has a charitable end, and the very means by which it is effected, give proof that the burden it imposes is not too heavy to be borne. Raise a tax for the poor on consumption, and the utmost inconvenience caused to the payers is some little wholesome self-denial. Raise it as it is extorted now, and you neither procure the means of feeding the hungry, nor can you protect the affluent, and charitable, and industrious, against ultimate and absolute ruin. Every just view, therefore, of the poor-law, its object, its agency, teaches that a "rate-in-aid" is essential to its success. But the rate-in-aid should be, not an additional load on parties already over-burdened, but an impost which should alleviate, by equalising, a pressure which all classes in the state should combine their energies to sustain. Our rate-in-aid, we repeat, as we have argued in former numbers, we would raise, not by assessing what are called the monied classes, fund-holders, officials, &c., but by a tax levied on consumption, to which, in all probability, the foreigner would contribute his share, and which would certainly not have the effect of ruining the parties by whom it was yielded. We believe it good that the owners and occupiers of real property should have assigned them duties and powers such as the principle of the poor-law gives them,—we do not therefore murmur at seeing them moderately taxed for an object which they are empowered to render beneficial, and we would aid them by a subsidy which implied ability on the part of those upon whose indulgences it was levied.

But this scheme of ours would have

the effect of acting as a protection to the agriculturist. Is such protection an evil? Does the nation suffer because agriculture thrives? The artisan pays a halfpenny more for his sixpenny loaf: suppose—the worst that can befall him—he is thus constrained to deny himself, and to consume less by a twenty-fifth than he had used before—is this an uncompensated evil, if it be an evil? Is it not better that he should have some slight restraint on his appetites than to have many a destitute being starved to death, and to have industrious farmers and labourers reduced to a state of sluggish pauperism? We are here assuming that the whole burden of a duty on imports would fall on the consumer. It may be that the foreigner would have to bear it, but we wish to consider the incident as it may most serve the cause of our adversaries. We confidently affirm, then, that a rate-in-aid of the poor-law is necessary, and that the best rate-in-aid will be raised by a duty on imports.

It is true such a duty would not only benefit the farmers, but would help landed proprietors to gather in their rents. And this is unblushingly announced as matter of objection on the part of free-traders: Landlords, according to Mr. Cobden, desire to have their rents affected by acts of parliament. We ask, why should they not? If acts of parliament have burdened their possessions, why shall they not also give them some compensation? If protection is withdrawn, why are not burdens also removed? Let the adverse and the favourable alike be

taken away, or let both be retained to ensure an equilibrium. Hear Mr. Butt:—

“But let me ask, have we free-trade? Is there free-trade for the home agriculturist? Can he bring the produce of his farm to market without paying a taxation? What taxation is paid upon every quarter of wheat raised at home? I have endeavoured to obtain information upon this. How stands the case in the County of Limerick? In Limerick the grand jury cess and poor-rate of last year amounted to £229,000. What is the value of all the grain crop raised in the county this year, as ascertained by the committee of which Lord Monteagle was chairman?—£225,000. It takes every grain of wheat and oats raised in the county to pay the poor-rate and county cess. . . . I have obtained similar returns from other parts of Ireland. I have one from Kerry in my hand, but I will not weary the meeting by going through these details; and I believe that I do not exaggerate when I say, that in local charges every quarter of wheat raised at home pays a taxation of ten shillings—charges, observe, applied for the benefit of all, but levied exclusively on land; and then the manufacturers—protected themselves by a duty of ten per cent., burdening Irish agriculture with a duty of ten shillings a quarter, importing, duty free, the untaxed corn of the serfs of Poland and Lithuania—turn round upon the Irish agriculturists and say, free competition and we beat the world. And what is it that has so fearfully aggravated the poor rate?—this, that for the benefit of the English manufacturer our Irish manufactures have been crushed, and the population once supported by them thrown upon the soil.”*

* We were recently favoured with permission to see a lithographed impression of a sketch taken from life, the work of female genius, one of those melancholy scenes which exhibit the agency of the poor-law in disabling proprietors of the soil to support the burden thus cast upon them. The subjoined letter, in which we suppress nothing but names, explains it.

“I beg your pardon for not sooner answering your note, but Christmas occupation prevented me. The ‘dismissal’ you witnessed here arose as follows:—From Christmas, 1848, to May, 1849, I employed, daily, about forty-five men on an average, whose wages came to about fourteen or fifteen pounds per week. The number of persons supported by their wages was about two hundred.

“I had before endeavoured to engage the electoral division in a general plan of employment; but utterly failed, owing to the poor-law, and our local circumstances connected with it.

“As the poor-law led almost everyone else to employ as few as possible, our rates were high, and my employment made no perceptible reduction. During that half-year, I paid over three hundred pounds in poor-rate, out of an available income of about six hundred pounds; of this latter sum, one hundred and fifty

If, in a financial point of view, the poor-law and protection are necessarily associated, and free-trade and the poor-law irreconcilably opposed, it is no less manifest that in their moral aspects these principles observe towards each other the same relations.

Advocates of the free-trade policy insist upon its advantages, and offer, among the proofs of them, the increased consumption in which our people are free to indulge. The comforts, conveniences, and luxuries of all parts of the world are offered to them; gratifications, which must otherwise remain unknown, are rendered attainable; and thus, they would imply, the happiness of the masses, or, to use the proper term, "of the greater number," is wisely cared for. The artisan may eat and drink more freely and more daintily than under the illiberal policy of old; he may add to his habits of sumptuous fare those of gayer clothing; and from the variety of forms in which the new luxuries court him, he is, it must be confessed, strongly tempted to indulge in them. Is this good for the individual or the country? Free-traders will be flippant to reply. Sir Robert Peel seems to pride himself on the increased consumption to which his policy has tended; and having entered into details of the change he has brought to pass, asks triumphantly what evil has followed in its train—has it produced fever, or pestilence, or cholera? Perhaps it has not; we are not careful to search out instances in which it has. Enough for us to know that it has, in all probability, induced an evil worse than any transient calamity—the evil of sense-indulging habits. We are not afraid to make this avowal of our

belief. We are aware how it may be tortured to our disadvantage. Would we deny to the poor man such comforts as may be procured for him? Would we reserve all luxury for the rich? Shall none but the favoured of fortune be able to enjoy the bounties which nature offers to all? Such is the cant of many whom their benevolence tends to deceive—of some who are deceivers. We answer, confidently, that we desire for all classes of our countrymen every indulgence compatible with their permanent good, and that our objection is to appliances which render the passing moment and the offered indulgence so powerful, as to deprive the future of all authority and influence.

We would, therefore, restore to the future its power to counteract or control the seductions with which the present has been invested. The passing hours have their attractions in the dainties with which free-trade has enriched them—wife, and children, and the best of our natural affections, are monitors of the hours to come. We frankly confess, that our notions of what we should desire, for the people as for ourselves, would be habits of self-denial in their and our persons, resistance to the seductions of the present, habits of thrift and providence, of which those for whom we are most interested are to have, at a future day, the benefit. In short, we would have not consumption but acquisition—the habit most to be recommended; the indulgence we should most desire to see enjoyed, is that which is to be found in parental affection, and in the provident care of a cherished offspring, which it inculcates and engenders.

pounds consisted of the farm at a high valuation, which prices did not enable me to realise.

"After paying the poor-rate and wages, I had, therefore, nothing to live on. This could not last, and I was compelled to follow my neighbours, and limit my employment as much as possible—for I could retrench in no other way. I struggled longer and stronger than any other person here, to keep up employment; but *the law* was against me, and whoever struggles against *the law*, for good or evil, will, sooner or later, find himself driven to submit, or be crushed. This was my case; when I struggled to do good, I found the poor-law, as it now stands, was against, and it was too strong for me, and I had to submit, to avoid ruin. I had, therefore, no alternative but to summon my men, and tell them how impossible it was for me to go on—which the poor fellows admitted to be true, as you heard.

"Until some change be made in the law, it must continue to be a legal necessity—almost a legal duty—to support our labourers in idleness upon rates, instead of in industry on wages."

Now, a poor-law like ours is a contrivance to abate anxiety for the future, and thus to leave the attractions of the present without "cor- rival." Leave a man to the influence of those apprehensions which prudence, or love of children or wife, keep alive, and you will leave with him strength to resist free-trade allurements; but let him feel that he may indulge his own appetites, gratify his children and his mistaken affection for them, by giving loose to caprice and inclination, and that however thriftless, dissolute, and idle, may be his and their habits, the worst result that can ensue will be their becoming burdensome to the parish, or the division; and you hold out an encouragement to the baser appetites of our nature, against which the better affections will have much difficulty in contending.

We would, therefore, confidently affirm that free-trade and a poor-law ought not to be found in union. They "tune harsh discords;" they exercise in combination a most pernicious influence. They invite the sensual to gross indulgence; they menace the self-restrained with a boding cry that their industry and self-denial will be unrewarded. Loose livers learn from them that providence is unne-

cessary; men of respectable habits are warned by them that providence is vain. Thus will national character be corrupted. The tendencies of our fallen nature are sufficiently debasing to demand restraint; but relieved, as they will be, from prudent control by disastrous legislation, the course of national degeneracy and crime will become rapid and irretrievable.

We believe our views are but little different from those even of the economists. To superadd the pests of free-trade to the evils of a poor-law is not their doing, nor is it their suggestion. They who inflict upon the country the double evil, confess the malice of their intentions. Their object is not relief for the poor, but ruin to the landlords. To accomplish the latter object, they willingly render the former impracticable. Paupers waste, and starve, and die; thoughtlessness and profligacy spread wider and wider; natural affection dies out in hearts of which it was once the "living soul." What matters all if landlords are impoverished and exterminated?—Shall not this malignity be resisted. The truth would set men free from its deceits, if only truth were perseveringly inculcated.

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ABSENTEEISM : ITS SOCIAL AND ECONOMIC EFFECTS UPON IRELAND.

ALTHOUGH there is not much, perhaps, to be said in the way of novelty upon the subject of absenteeism, yet as it is of the greatest importance that the causes of the present miserable condition of Ireland should be rightly understood, and as that subject is intimately connected with its present social condition, it is proposed to dedicate a few pages to an inquiry into the economic and social evils that spring from that source. The subject has been lately brought forward by the Honourable John P. Vereker, and we propose in the present article freely to avail ourselves of his publications.*

Of all countries, Ireland affords, perhaps, the most extraordinary spectacle—peopled by a race of men whose talent has shed lustre on every court and cabinet of Europe, and whose valour has shone conspicuous in many a battle-field—boasting of physical and geographical advantages, equalled by few, and surpassed by no nation in the world—possessed of a fertile soil, of extensive mines, intersected by navigable rivers and inexhaustible coal fields—amidst all these natural advantages, her inhabitants, though willing to work, are dying of starvation, or flying from her shores, and Ireland remains the most pauperised and helpless of the civilised nations of the earth. The finest lakes and rivers in the United Empire afford water-communication from one side of the kingdom to the other. Mines of iron, copper, coal, silver, gold, lead,

manganese, antimony, cobalt, zinc, nikle, chrome, and bismuth, lie scattered through the country. The manufacturer may defy competition with cheap coals, cheap labour, and no cost of carriage. The bogs of Ireland afford, at little cost, an unlimited quantity of charred turf—the best charcoal that can be manufactured for smelting iron, and of great value also for generating steam; while the available water power of Ireland is estimated at half a million of horse power (although only 2,147 horse power is actually employed). Her seas abound in fish of every description; her harbours are large and commodious; her climate is salubrious and genial; and the proximity of the sea affords every facility for trade and commerce. No wonder, when we reflect on all these advantages—neglected and unemployed—and turn our aching eyes from the present gloomy state of our country to the proud position which she appears by nature destined to have filled, that we should seek to discover the occult causes of her anomalous condition, and that we should ask ourselves, in Bishop Berkeley's words—"What hinders us Irish from exerting ourselves, using our hands and brains, doing something or other, man, woman and child, like the other inhabitants of God's earth?"

It is now more than one hundred years since this question was first put to us by that learned bishop; and the same question has been frequently repeated since; for it is impossible for

* *Absenteeism Economically Considered*.—A Paper read before the Dublin Statistical Society; and printed for the Society by Hodges and Smith, Grafton-street 1850; and also, *Absenteeism Considered in its Social and Economic Effects upon Ireland*. E. Ponsonby, Grafton-street. 1848.

any one to compare the natural wealth and advantages possessed by our island, with the poverty and misery that everywhere abounds, without feeling that some extraordinary causes must operate in her case ; and that some problem in political economy, yet to be solved, must apply exclusively to her.

By some the poverty of Ireland has been attributed to the character of the Celtic race. They are too apathetic, it has been said, for the active pursuits of industry, and too indifferent to the enjoyments, the comforts, and the decencies of life. But the success that has attended the industrious exertions of the Irishman in other countries, proves, beyond all doubt, that the state of Ireland does not depend on any physical incapacity upon the part of her inhabitants.

Possessed, then, of ample and extraordinary resources, and peopled by a hardy, active, and industrious race, why is Ireland poor? What powerful demon paralyses her exertions, and prostrates her energies, as often as she attempts to rise from her fallen state?

In the course of the following pages we will trace the origin of the present evils of Ireland, first—to the poverty of the country, and the absence of capital and commercial enterprise, resulting from the constant drain of absentee-rent from our shores ; and, secondly—to the absence of the moral influence and example of those who desert the position in which their lot has been cast, and forsake those whom providence has committed to their charge—in other words, to *absenteeism*.

But before we consider the principles of political economy upon which the theory of absenteeism depends, perhaps it will not be disagreeable to our readers, if we give a short historical sketch of the origin and progress of absenteeism in England and Ireland, and of the different legislative enactments passed to control or modify its progress in both countries.

Absenteeism never existed to any very prejudicial extent in England. As the court and legislature resided in the country, every inducement existed for its proprietary to remain at home ; yet, whenever it was found necessary, acts of parliament of the severest stamp were passed against non-residence ; and these acts were put into

execution with great severity. Thus we find by an entry in the rolls of parliament, that the Anglo-Normans who held estates both in Normandy and England, in the reign of King John, were ordered to make their election between their two estates, and to reside in the country of their adoption. In the 35th year of the reign of Edward the First, by a royal ordinance, all the lands, chattels, and other estates of certain persons enumerated, were forfeited to the King, because—*receserunt abinde ad partes transmarinas*—because they had become absentees. And again, in the reign of Edward the Third, another royal ordinance swept away the last remains of absenteeism, by compelling, under the penalty of forfeiture, every one who had estates in France and England to dispose of his French estate, notwithstanding any entail or settlement.

It is very probable, if these acts had not been passed, that Englishmen, seduced by the superiority of the French climate, would have resided upon their Norman estates, that France would have become the ruling power, and that England would have filled, during the last two centuries, the same situation in respect to France, that Ireland does now in respect to England. But, in addition to the direct enactments against absenteeism, there were a number of other acts, whose policy was indirectly to prevent its growth. The acts which prohibited foreigners from purchasing lands in England, and thus becoming absentee proprietors, had this object in view. This was also the policy of several of the “ Alien Acts.” The law of settlement, and the numerous laws that prohibited artisans and mechanics from emigrating to foreign countries (several of which still remain upon our statute books), have also some analogy to anti-absentee enactments. In addition to this, we must remember that the public opinion of England was always, and still is, extremely hostile to absenteeism or centralisation, and that even the temporary absence of the nobility or gentry from their estates was discouraged as much as possible. Of this Lord Bacon has preserved a remarkable corroboration in an apothegm of King James the First : “ He was very earnest,” he tells us, “ with the country gentlemen to go from London to their country

seats ; and sometimes he would say thus to them : ‘ Gentlemen, at London you are like ships in a sea which show like nothing ; but in your country villages you are like ships in a river, which look like great things.’ ” Pursuing this policy, and firmly convinced that absenteeism was incompatible with the prosperity of their country, it is not surprising that it never was permitted extensively to prevail ; and accordingly, whatever other misfortunes England may have suffered, absenteeism is an evil to which she has been very little exposed.

Let us now trace the progress of absenteeism at this side of the channel. It is an evil exclusively Irish. The very word “ Absenteeism ” is defined by Dr. Johnson, in his dictionary, by an allusion to this country. It originated principally in the false policy of England. Instead of attaching the Irish aristocracy to the British government, and through them their dependants, grants of Irish property were generally made to persons who already possessed estates in England, under the mistaken notion that the two kingdoms would be thus more closely bound together and consolidated. The fatal result of this policy soon manifested itself. The Irish estates were neglected and forsaken by their English proprietors ; and the middle and lower classes, deserted by their lords, and without the influence of men of education and property to direct and control their conduct, fell under the guidance of the interested or disaffected. Thus even the English settlers, in a short time, became—*ipsis Hibernicis Hiberniores*—more Irish than the Irish themselves. The rapid spread of disaffection and discontent arising from these causes, and threatening the annihilation of English rule in Ireland, compelled the British government soon to take vigorous measures for the suppression of absenteeism.

The first ordinance against absenteeism was passed in the third year of the reign of Richard the Second : by it, two-thirds of the profits of the lands of those who neglected to return to Ireland, and to reside upon their estates, were forfeited. Several acts were also passed in the 25th year of the reign of Henry VI. for similar purposes. These ordinances were vi-

gorously executed for many years afterwards, and numerous seizures were made in pursuance of them in the reigns of Richard II. and Henry IV., V., and VI., of which the records still remain in the Remembrancer’s office. Even such men as the Duke of Norfolk, the Earl of Shrewsbury, and Lord Berkeley, were not exempt from its operation. Their Irish lands were re-vested in the Crown by an act passed in the 28th year of the reign of Henry VIII., of which the preamble is very remarkable, and well worthy of our attention. “ Forasmuch,” it states, “ as it is *notorious and manifest* that this the King’s land of Ireland hath principally grown into *ruine, desolation, rebellion, and decay*, by occasion that great dominions, lands, and possessions within the same land, have descended to noblemen, who, demouring within the realm of England, and not providing for the good order and surety of the same, in their absence and by their negligence, suffered (various malpractices, &c., to take place upon the said estates), *which hath been the principal cause of the miserable estate wherein it is at this present time.* ” The 10th of Charles I., cap. xi., is also directed against absenteeism, as well as the 2nd George I., cap. iii., sec. 59. And residence for a specified period was made a condition in all the grants in the Ulster Plantation.

But, notwithstanding all these preventive measures, the laws were so laxly administered, and so many licences granted for their infringement to those who had interest or money enough to obtain them, that absenteeism continued to gain ground. Of this, many of the contemporary writers bitterly complain ; and while they impute the slow progress of English influence to these causes, they also demonstrate, in the clearest manner, that the two kingdoms never will be consolidated as long as absenteeism is suffered to exist. Our limits permit us only to give one example, which we have selected from the works of Sir John Davies, an Englishman, and attorney-general in the reign of King James the First. “ The absence,” he has observed, “ of the great lords (who, having great estates in Ireland, yet kept their continual residence in England) was the principal cause of

the slow progress made by the English in Ireland." "All writers do impute the decay and loss of Leinster," says he, "to the absence of the English lords. They could not be drawn to make their personal residence in the kingdom, but managed their estates by their seneschals and servants." He also imputed the decay and loss of Ulster and Connaught to the same cause; and to it we must still attribute the "ruine, desolation, rebellion, and decaie" of Ireland.

Before leaving this portion of our subject, we may mention, that the strictest laws exist against absenteeism in most other countries. A subject cannot leave Russia without the permission of the Emperor (which is seldom given); and the heavy passport duty, payable in every Russian town through which the traveller passes, operates as a heavy absentee tax. Residence is the tenure on which possessions are held in some of the Italian states. Many laws were enacted against it in France, and it is prohibited by the Code Napoleon. When Lord Baltimore and others abandoned America, their estates were confiscated. When Portugal and Spain were united under Philip the Second, the Portuguese nobility took up their residence in Spain. The Portuguese, sensible of the injury they sustained, rose in arms, overthrew the Spanish viceroy, placed the Duke of Braganza on the Portuguese throne, confiscated the estates of the absentees, enacted severe measures against their apostate countrymen; and soon after, from a mendicant and prostrate nation, Portugal rose to opulence and power.

Although we have stated that the effects of absenteeism were never severely felt in England, it must not be supposed that they never were felt at all. The fact of so many acts having been passed to secure the residence of the landed proprietors, is at least an argument that some inconvenience was experienced from their absence. This was particularly felt when the conclusion of the late peace opened the continent to the British. The number of English who then availed themselves of this opportunity of travelling abroad, caused a drain of capital from their own country which was severely felt. Accordingly, in the year 1816, Lord Bulkeley proposed, as a species of

absentee-tax, a heavy duty upon passports. The Earl of Liverpool, in reply, said that the subject was under the consideration of the treasury. The project of an English absentee tax was again brought before the notice of parliament in the month of May 1822. It was sought to impose a tax, not upon those who were travelling abroad for their pleasure or health, but upon those who had fixed themselves habitually upon the Continent, and whose object was to avoid the taxes, and to expend their incomes in a foreign country; thereby stimulating the agriculture and commerce of hostile nations, with that money which ought to stimulate the agriculture and commerce of England. The *bonus* might be pleaded in excuse, it was said, of the absentee; but it might also be pleaded in justification of the house, if they imposed a tax equal to this *bonus*, which was exactly the amount of the taxes and burdens the absentees thus contrived to escape. "In fact," says Mr. Vereker, "unless an absentee tax is imposed in England, it would appear that the principal result of the millions which were spent in the late war, of the lives of our countrymen so profusely sacrificed, and the mortgaged possessions of our posterity, has been, that the English who remain at home are oppressed with heavy taxes, which induce other Englishmen to leave their country, and to export millions to France which she would never have otherwise obtained; giving a stimulus to French agriculture and commerce, and encouraging a competition with England, which seems likely to prove in the last degree ruinous and detrimental to the British merchant." It is the duty of every man "to abide in the same calling in which he is called;" and we sincerely hope an act of parliament will soon show, even to absentees, that—

"England expects every man to do his duty."

An Irish absentee tax has frequently been brought before the notice of parliament. In the year 1814, Sir Robert Peel, in advocating a duty upon powers of attorney, considered that it would operate as a sort of absentee tax; "it would have the effect of compelling gentlemen to reside upon their estates,

by making it expensive to employ agents; and *nothing could contribute more to the peace and prosperity of the country.*" On another occasion the Duke of Wellington declared, that "the miseries of Ireland were *mainly attributable* to their lordships wholly abandoning the country." Judge Fletcher in his charge to the grand jury of Cavan, said of absentees—"They are a class of persons to whom, in the chief degree, all the miseries of Ireland are to be attributed; leaving their estates and tenantry in the hands of venal agents, who, while they sedulously exert themselves to fill their own pockets, strive to gratify their employers by a large rental on paper."

In the debate upon absenteeism in the House of Commons in 1833, its baneful effects were condemned by Mr. Spring Rice (now Lord Monteagle, Lord Althorp, Mr. Hume, &c. The last time it was brought forward (on the 18th of March 1847), Mr. Labouchere admitted, "that it was a grievous misfortune which he trusted would be remedied as much as possible by fair and legitimate means." "He was willing to acknowledge," he said, "that in the course of his official experience in Ireland, he had been much struck with many cases in which the honourable exertions of resident proprietors to meet and avert the distress which existed around them, had been thwarted and checked by the refusal of those not resident to co-operate with them." These discussions, however, led to no practical results. Upon a division taking place, *several of the Repeal members divided against the motion.*

We have given this short historic sketch of absenteeism, in order to shew that it has been declared by the highest authorities to be incompatible with the welfare of Ireland—that residence was fixed as a duty upon those who obtained land in this country, and that penalties, attached to non-residence, are almost a part of the common law of the land.

Let us now consider for a few moments the question of absenteeism economically. Reduced to its simplest form, it resolves itself into this:—If the wealthy proprietors of A go to reside in B, will not A suffer an injury, and B obtain a benefit? This question is seldom met directly by political econo-

mists. When put to them they ask, "Have I not a right to reside where I like?" or, "How would you prevent absenteeism?" or, "Is not a Cork man who resides in Dublin an absentee so far as Cork is concerned?" But do these questions answer or touch upon the proposition, "Is A impoverished or B enriched?" The most plausible argument used in extenuation of absenteeism, is that advanced by those who assert that it is a matter of indifference to a community whether a certain sum of money is paid to an absentee or foreigner, or not, as in the event of any individual desiring to obtain any portion of that money, he must purchase it with the product of his own industry, and that it is immaterial whether this produce is paid in exchange for gold to an Irishman or a foreigner; and that, therefore, the only loss a country receives is the price or expense of exporting the produce, &c. A little reflection, however, will shew the sophistry of this argument. If the absentee rent amounts to £1,000, and is paid to an Irishman in France, Ireland is evidently poorer by £1,000. If she exports produce, and purchases back the £1,000, she is still poorer by £1,000 worth of produce. If paid to a landlord at home, she loses nothing. The £1,000 will be bought from him for £1,000 worth of produce; but Ireland continues in possession of both the £1,000 and the produce, saving, besides, the cost of exporting her produce, freight, duty, insurance, brokerage, port dues, &c.

Let this question be examined in any light, and the same conclusion will always follow. Political economy informs us that all payments actually take place by barter. Assume it to be so. Now let us trace the process through which his rent is paid to an absentee, supposing it to be made in kind. Our absentee remittances are estimated at £4,000,000 per annum, and let us suppose the entire of this rent to be paid by one tenant, to one absentee, in a single payment, and at the same port. The revenue of Ireland consists of her produce—cattle and corn. It is, therefore, in these the payment will be made. On the gale-day a number of vessels will arrive in which cattle to the value of £4,000,000 will be embarked, and con-

sumed and enjoyed elsewhere, while the only equivalent the country will receive will be the receipt for his rent from the absentee—a mere piece of dirty paper. Had absenteeism not existed, these cattle, &c., to the value of £4,000,000, or their equivalent, would have been consumed and enjoyed by Irishmen. It is necessary, too, to bear in mind this fact—that of £10,000 paid to a resident landlord, a very small portion of it is consumed or annihilated by himself. The greater portion of it is paid in wages to his servants or labourers, and by them expended in the country; and of that portion which he and his household annihilate—the bread, meat, &c., they consume—the retail dealer by whom they are supplied retains his profit, which generally amounts to £20 or £30 per cent. Thus every portion of his income, except what he and his household actually annihilate, goes into the pockets of his countrymen (instead of foreigners), and upon that portion of his income which is expended upon articles for immediate consumption, the dealers and tradesmen who furnish them, obtain a handsome profit.

From these facts, the author already quoted draws the following conclusions. The rental of Ireland was, according to the poor-law valuation, thirteen millions a-year (what is it now?); and upon the authority of Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall (subsequently adopted by Sir Robert Kane), the linen trade of Ireland is supported and entirely dependent upon a capital of five millions, and yet gives constant employment to half a million of persons, distributing annually the sum of £1,200,000 in wages. “Let us reflect upon this,” he says. “Every four years a sum of money greater than three times the entire capital embarked in the linen trade of Ireland—to the existence of which the comfort and prosperity of Ulster are mainly due—is taken out of the country, and expended or invested in foreign climes,—a sum of money which, invested in trade or commerce, would enable in eight years the sum of more than £7,500,000 to be annually spent in paying wages to native workmen—a sum exceeding half the present rental of Ireland!”

Absenteeism is, therefore, beyond all doubt, “the cause of the poverty of Ireland—of the absence of capital and

enterprise—of her dilapidated resources—her expiring commerce and bankrupt tradesmen—of her unexplored treasures and unworked mines—her barren wastes—and, above all, her unemployed population.”

Naturally poor and discontented, and without the means of obtaining food or employment, the labouring man is obliged to look to the soil as his only means of support; and hence the intense competition and consequent high rents for land, from which Ireland has so much suffered. Unwilling, under these circumstances, to pay his rent, often unable to do so, and hostile to the absent and unknown proprietor of the soil, the tenant finds the place that is filled in other countries by the man of education and property, filled in Ireland by the agitator, or place-hunting demagogue. By him all classes are taught to look upon the rights and securities of property as a sort of legal spoliation, and upon the laws as an organised system of tyranny, upheld by the aristocracy out of self-interested motives, but opposed alike to the liberty and prosperity of the country. From him the people imbibe the seeds of disaffection and rebellion; and the few gentlemen still resident, unable to cope with the flood of social disorganisation, are often obliged to swell the evil by becoming themselves absentees.

Ireland is poor and disaffected, because the great bulk of her gentry live aliens to the land from which their incomes are derived—strangers to the tenants who toil and labour for their maintenance, and separated from all those social affections which every man owes to the land of his birth. Ireland is squalid, dirty, and wretched, because the great bulk of the people do not know what is meant by the comforts and decencies of life; because they have never even heard of many of those things which the English labourer considers the absolute necessities of life; and because many of them have never conversed with an educated man, nor seen a well-dressed person, except the absentee’s driver or bailiff.

It is frequently pleaded as an excuse by the absentees for abandoning their country and their duty, that their “lives are not safe,” and that the numerous agrarian outrages prevent their residing; but we have already shewn that absenteeism is the cause of these

very disturbances, and that they can never be subdued except by the slow and silent influence of the loyal, educated, and high-principled gentleman. When the people revolted from their lawful sovereign, and chose Wat Tyler as their leader, whose fall exasperated the people, King Richard rode up to them, and asked what they sought. "You have lost a leader," said he; "follow me, and I will be your leader." This is what Ireland wants. The Wat Tylers who sway the public mind must fall, and those who are the natural protectors of the people, must become their leaders. A contest must be fought—and may it be a long and protracted one. Irishmen must strive to repair past misconduct, and exert themselves in mutually supporting one another, till the several classes in this country form at last "that perfect pillar of the state where all above is grace, and all beneath is strength."

We do not pretend, in the present paper, to plead the cause of the Irish landlords; but we wish to draw a very marked distinction between the Irish resident landlords and those who reside, as Swift calls it, "in England, upon their Irish estates." The resident landlord is acquainted with the private history and the petty cares of his tenants; he advises them in their difficulties—he encourages them as they labour for him. Let him be hard-hearted or cruel, he still cannot—human nature cannot—close the bowels of compassion to many of the sufferings endured—perhaps daily—by thousands of our miserable countrymen; and even a tyrant will preserve his dependents from the tyranny of his inferiors. But what assistance do their tenants obtain from those who, when they see them wounded and bleeding, like the Pharisee of old, *cross over to the other side*.

Whenever we hear a man in a London drawing-room describing the blood-thirsty and barbarous character of the Irish peasantry, or railing at the Irish landlords, we may rest assured that he is an Irish absentee, and that he resides in England, not because the laws of Ireland protect him less, but because he loves London more. In fact, the landlordism of Ireland is in England. In the county of Clare four-fifths of the soil is the property of men who reside in Eng-

land. In the county of Limerick the proportion is nearly the same; and most of the estates in Ireland which excite the indignation of the English tourist belong actually to English proprietors; while numbers of men, whose farms at the other side of the channel are models of good management and presiding care, permit their tenants in this country to live almost in an *unnatural* state of nature, debased and degraded. When will Englishmen feel that Irishmen are their fellow-subjects, and that the same code of morality and public opinion ought to prevail at both sides of the channel? The absentees are generally (with many bright exceptions we are glad to say) careless and severe in their conduct towards their tenantry; for love for one's country is a virtue bestowed alone on those who reside; and those who abandon their native land, and exaggerate all the faults of their countrymen for the sake of propitiating the foreigner, are universally despised, and never leave a favourable impression of themselves or their country in the places they frequent. Thus the Irish absentees who flock to England have brought their country into disrepute, just as the English who squander millions in France have only increased the anti-British feeling of the French.

Absenteeism, we have already said, increases absenteeism. The resident gentleman is worn out in a fruitless endeavour to do the work that ought to be shared by many. It is in vain that he endeavours to introduce improved methods of farming upon his property, when all the surrounding estates continue under a primitive state of cultivation. His exertions often meet with opposition—always with ridicule—till fairly tired out, he frequently gives up in despair. Two or three resident proprietors, possessed perhaps of only a small portion of the soil, are obliged to manage a poor-house, comprising many hundred paupers, although their own estates do not furnish a single one; and their whole lives are spent in giving encouragement and employment to the poor in their neighbourhood, and in ameliorating and improving the condition of their tenantry; for the estates of absentees are the principal nurseries of pauperism. In their capacity of grand

and petty jurors, of magistrates, and in the various other situations in which the gentry of a country are placed, an undue amount of labour is thrown upon the few residents, while the non-residence of neighbouring proprietors, not only deprives them of society and mutual support, but takes away at the same time the greatest spur to exertion—that stimulus which arises from the praiseworthy emulation of neighbouring proprietors. If the resident is guilty of an act of harshness, his conduct is commented upon in the neighbourhood—*scenum habet in cornu*. The absentees, on the other hand, are completely exempt from the influence of public opinion; and to this, in a great measure, the mismanagement of their estates must be attributed, as well as many acts of a less venial character, which have been frequently made the just cause of complaint.

Over-population is another fertile cause of poverty in Ireland, and the attention of many has been directed towards the subject. It is evident that people who know of and desire none of the necessities or comforts of civilised life, can have but few inducements for refusing to enter into the matrimonial state. The man who is perfectly satisfied with a mud hut, potatoes, and a bundle of straw, will not be deterred from marriage by the consideration that his offspring will fare no better than their parents. It is only when, by a contact with civilised people, and by constantly seeing and desiring, and at last imitating the comforts and utilities of civilised life, that people will become used to many things they do not even dream of under other circumstances. When this has taken place, the people will see they have but two alternatives—either to resign the comforts they have lately adopted, and the enjoyments they now consider indispensable, or to postpone their marriage—as the higher classes in Ireland, and all classes in every other country in Europe do—till they have accumulated by their industry enough to support them and their offspring in the condition they now consider indispensable. This is the only practical method of restraining population within wholesome limits; and this consummation never will take place until the poor see in the posses-

sion and enjoyment of others the comforts and humble luxuries to which we have already alluded.

Civilisation will only be extended and spread by actual contact with the educated and civilised. When we look at the advantages that Sarawâk has derived from the *residence* of a single English gentleman, and the enormous benefits it has obtained, must we not feel that Ireland would be a different country if a few Mr. Brookes made it the scene of their philanthropic exertions? But we seek no extraordinary assistance from extraneous sources. We don't ask for foreign capital; we only wish to retain the capital created in our own country by our own industry, assisted by the natural agency of those resources with which Heaven has blessed us. We do not seek for foreign landlords—not even for “practical instructors”—after all, only an excuse, and a lame excuse, for resident landlords; all we want is our own gentry—the natural leaders and instructors of the people—for without them, we contend, Ireland will never emerge from her present state of ignorance: nor will the laws be ever respected and firmly established without the co-ordinate assistance of an impartial government and a resident aristocracy.

A proper system of education may, and will, do a great deal to civilise Ireland, and to elevate the character of the people; but the example of one good man is worth a thousand books, and a well-spent life will inculcate more moral precepts than an entire library could enforce. Unless reading is familiar to a man, and ample leisure for study presents itself to him, he will never derive much advantage from books: an artisan or labourer is generally more anxious to relax his mind, after the labours of the day, than to fatigue it with the perusal of some abstract work upon polemics or social philosophy. It is by the example of others that he generally guides and shapes his own conduct; and from the conversation of the enlightened, the wise, and the good, that he obtains real advantages. His heart must be touched—his sympathies must be invoked—he must be addressed, by the apostle of moral and social truth, in the language of the soul.

In addition to all these advantages

that flow from the residence of an aristocracy, we must add that the ignorant, and more particularly the Irish poor, seldom adopt any improvement until they have seen it actually tried, and have been witnesses of its success. It is in vain that we talk, in the mountains of Connemara, and the dreary wilds of Skibbereen, of the excellence of South Down sheep, or the superiority of Durham or Ayreshire kine. A resident* gentleman, whose leisure has enabled him to travel, and to compare their respective merits, will introduce the most suitable breeds of cattle, at an outlay far exceeding, it may be, their actual value; but the same money, if he were an absentee, would probably be idly expended abroad,—and in time, perhaps, the neighbourhood will have the benefit of a “Tamworth bull.” Turnips were only introduced very lately into some parts of the west of Ireland by the resident gentry; and most of the improved implements and seeds used have all been adopted by the farmer in consequence of seeing the advantages that resulted from their use upon some contiguous properties; for the small capital possessed by the farmer seldom enables him to run the risk of making experiments. Many particular instances of the exertions and success of the resident gentry of Ireland were enumerated by us in an article published a short time since;† and we need only appeal to any man’s experience for numerous facts in corroboration of what we have stated.

A resident gentleman will also indirectly encourage industry and honesty by promoting the most active and intelligent of his tenantry. A kind word from his landlord will often induce a tenant to commence an expensive undertaking. A timely mediation upon his part will often compromise an angry quarrel, and preserve harmony in the neighbourhood. His presence is often necessary to induce parties to consent to new roads, or extensive works of reclamation, however advantageous they may be for all parties; and he is far more likely to advance money to his tenants for such

improvements, when he actually sees them in course of completion, than a person who has never even seen his estate. The sons and daughters of his tenants will also be taken into his house as domestic servants, and may, after a time, be advanced, should their conduct deserve it, to the most confidential posts in his household; and thus a feeling of sympathy, which always enhances the value of services, will be engendered between the higher and lower classes; and as soon as the people discover that industry has its reward, they will strive to become industrious: for at present crime exists in Ireland because there is a market for crime, and a reward for lawlessness; and industry does not exist, because there is no demand for honest labor, and because it affords no refuge from distress. Poverty is the primary cause of Irish discontent—“Doth the wild ass bray when he hath grass; or loweth the ox over his fodder?”—and before we can expect to make the people satisfied with their condition, we must make them feel that industry affords a perfect safeguard against misery and distress. After a time, when they have fairly entered into an industrial career, and espoused industry as an occupation, there is very little fear of their again retrograding; and residence may then, to a certain extent, be dispensed with.

Ireland is, then, miserable and degraded because she is deserted by those who should be the prop of the poor and the solace of the afflicted—the support of the weak—the comfort of the comfortless—the friends of those who have no friends; by those who should be the rewarders of genius—the promoters of virtue—the supporters of trade—the patrons of commerce—the guides of the ignorant—and the instructors of the people.

We might ask the absentees who encounter dangers of every sort, and fly to foreign climes in search of adventure, why they do not return to their own native land? Does it not supply an unlimited field for their praiseworthy exertions?—and will it not afford pleasure to the heart of

* We intend no bull. By a resident gentleman is meant one who resides the greater portion of the year.

† “Ireland’s Industry and Ireland’s Benefactors.” No. CXCH.

man to reflect that he has done his duty? Will he not feel gratified in viewing the happiness and civilisation introduced into the district through his exertions; and in receiving, as he passes along, the blessings of those whom he has blessed—of orphans whom he has taught to smile—of widows whom he has taught to weep no more? To support the authorities, to maintain the laws, to rebuke the tyrannical, to protect the humble, to reward the deserving, to banish vice, to foster virtue, to discountenance idleness, to encourage industry and learning,—these are the duties of a resident proprietor, and comprise all the pleasures of royalty, exempt from its anxieties and cares. To conclude, with another extract:—

“If those who live out of their own country, amidst the jealousy and envy of fashionable life, knew how sweet it was ‘to minister to the mind diseased, to pluck from the memory the rooted sorrow,’ and to enable meritorious poverty to triumph over the accidents

of time and fortune, they would soon return to their own sequestered homes, ‘where the syrens of flattery are rarely to be heard, where beauty sparkles without praise or envy, and wit is repeated only by the echo,’ and they would spend that money which had hitherto been spent in idle pursuits or sensual gratifications, in dispelling the gloomy cloud that hovers over many a once happy home, bringing glad tidings and great joy into the abodes of misery and the mansions of despair. For to a well-ordered mind their own country affords, as fully as any other in the world, the elements of pleasure and happiness; and many a great and many a good man has confessed before now, that he has turned over the pages of history, and that he has searched the cold records of learning in vain, and that he has at last obtained the philosophy and the virtue he sought, by studying—

“ ‘The short and simple annals of the poor.’ ”

I NEVER CAN FORGET.

Oh, take those lips away, their fairest charms are o’er,
Since beautiful as ever they smile on me no more;
Though the same dark locks are clust’ring around thy snowy brow,
Yet away, with all thy charms away, to me they’re nothing now.

For I have felt the mortal blight, the sinking of the heart,
As ’neath thy coldness withering, I’ve seen my hopes depart;
The spring-tide of my spirit checked, that flowed, alas! in vain—
With a glow, that now despised by thee, it ne’er can know again.

For o’er my heart in other years thou wert the light that shone;
I thought of thee, the beautiful—I dreamed of thee, mine own;
Thy voice to me was melody—oh, how it used to thrill
In music floating to my heart—I think I hear it still.

I think I hear it still, like the notes remembered long,
Which once were heard in other days of a sweet, yet sad, old song,
Recalling boyhood’s smiles again, and dreams of happier years,
Till the eye with faded memories has opened dim with tears.

Its tone to me is changed now—to me that heart is cold—
When I dared to hope my memory one vacant spot might hold;
Yet I cannot tear thee from my heart—I never can forget,
How dear in other days thou wert—I love thee even yet.

BERTHA'S CROSS—A STORY OF THE MIDDLE AGES.

AT a narrow part of the river Rhine, where the hills press upon its current, there is the ruin of an old castle on a rock which stands out beyond a woody hollow of the bank. The stream of a small river runs in there, with trees stretching from either side of its mouth, and darkening the water far up with the remnants of an ancient forest. This stream flows gently out of a level valley, which was formerly quite overgrown by the wild trees, as its rugged vegetation, although cut down yearly by the foresters, still declares. A little village of fishermen's and peasant's huts has, from time immemorial, continued to stand in the nook of the shore, while the castle above is now uninhabitable, and seems only to threaten its former appendage with its fragments. The wheel of a water-mill is driven by a course parted out of the stream, which plainly might have done the like for a thousand years; and the green branches stand up in the blue air behind, as if nothing but the castle had suffered wrong from time; whereas, on the other side, by the road along the bank, the bell of a late-erected chapel is, at all hours, sounding to the traveller.

In very old days, as the legend relates, this place was much the same as at present, save that the sky did not look through the towers of the Ritter, and his watchman upon the battlement stood, night and morning, to give notice when any boat or barge appeared upon the river. Thicker went back the wooded valley towards the recesses of the forest beyond, but the ancient Rhine flowed deeply past, shining in the sun; or, when the golden light struck only on the highest turret of the castle, keen-edged curves and eddies went glancing down into the deep green shadow from its high bank of hills. Beyond the wooden huts of the serfs' village stood the mill, with its plashing wheel, that clattered and circled by the wall till evening, when the children drove in the cows and swine from the outskirts of the forest, and the fishermen's skiffs pushed to the shore. Above this dwelt the bailiff of

the Ritter, in a large house which overlooked the rude fields of the domain—a man full and wealthy in the eyes of those about him, who held down their heads when knights or men-at-arms passed by, or when some merchant's barge came floating up the river, for the soil and the water seemed to hold them bound in a gloomy chain of thralldom. This old man had two youthful daughters, a wonder for beauty, it is said, to all around; so that the heiress of the Ritter, clad in stately garments and encircled by her maidens, would often, from her chambers above, cast a jealous glance towards the house of her father's retainer. There lingered the young peasants in the evening, with the hope of catching a look of favour; and the castle guests, on their return from the chase, would stop to receive a beer-horn from the hands of either fair damsel at the door. Runhild, the elder, was commonly accounted the more beautiful; she was dark and full-formed like the grapes of Heidelberg, which the sun makes quickly ripe and fit for wine; like them, men felt her eyes strike fire into their brain, yet scornfully would she turn away and seem to be heedless of it. But her younger sister, Bertha, was sweet and simple, and so fair beside her sister, that, in spite of Runhild's beauty, the boors, in their rude German, compared her to a little white wood-rose, or a Rhine lily. She was so cheerful and light-hearted, singing sad snatches of old wild song so pleasantly at her distaff, that the father loved always to have her near, or to hear her step upon the hearth. Bertha, he said, recalled her mother to him, and all their kinsfolk whom he loved to remember; whereas for Runhild's beauty, the old man was proud of it, but he knew not whence it came; she was like none of his family, and her mother had named her by chance, out of an ancient lay that a wandering minstrel had sung to them, full of strife and passionate blood, from the time of the old heathen gods. Remote as was the neighbourhood, Runhild had already various lovers—from the

better peasants even to the Ritter's squires; they looked seemingly on Bertha as an inexperienced child, but Runhild appeared to regard them all with equal coldness, till her father said she waited, surely, for some noble knight to solicit her smiles, and make her, perhaps, the lady of a castle like the Dunkelberg itself. When this was said, she would smile lightly; but the proud gleam of her eyes as she stood erect, the flushing of her deep-hued cheek, showed then that Runhild mated herself below none. Still no chivalrous form bent before her, there were few, save those grovelling boors, to mark her beauty, and the higher stranger who passed by would have contented himself with a jesting sign of homage, or would have deemed it honour to treat with her as the handmaid of his fancy. Sometimes, when alone, would Runhild gaze into the distant reach of the silver Rhine with a sigh, where she knew it was flowing to peopled towns, to stately palaces and castles, to the strife of men, and to the array of kings; while, to the towers of the Dunkelberg above, she cast an eye of scornful hate, since they looked down upon her and hers. She was equal to the spirits that rule states and battles—yea, even such should feel hers tower above them, and be swayed by the secret influence of her will; she would make her beauty for ever hover before them as a desire never possessed, when made more glorious by art, if but only she were in amongst the throng. Still farther off, perchance, beyond what she beheld, there might be, as men said, some region where the noblest were not found by outward grade, but consorted themselves with souls truly fit to be their peers; so that strong and stately knights, along with beautiful and fearless women, went through the battle together, trampling down, with noble disdain, whole multitudes of foes. To Runhild, all the common and homely devices of love were contemptible; she smiled in scorn at the thought of peasants' fires, the quiet mother sitting with her child upon her knees, the wearied husband entering at night to hear them prattle at his meal—these were mean in her sight; but through her loftier visions there came in, also, a flash of proud tenderness, with which she would bind up the wounds of fight, or deal some blow to aid a noble mate. Vain, nevertheless, were Runhild's

musings; no way opened to her of passing to that other world; the leaves twinkling in the air, and the little bird singing close at hand, both mocked her; the green solitary forest rose in utter indifference beyond. She was a woman; she was ignorant and helpless; the peasant blood which ran within her could not climb into the source of exalted acts—she dreamed and longed alone.

There was at this time a young forester, named Karl, who came at intervals from the wild regions beyond the valley, bringing venison and other game to the bailiff, and reporting the affairs of the forest, which pertained to the Ritter. He had charge also over the woodmen who floated down their rafts of timber into the Rhine, on which the forester, his dogs, and game would be often conveyed along the stream to Dunkelberg. Karl himself was tall, strong, and bold, as well as renowned in the neighbourhood for his skill in the chase, for his feats in encountering savage beasts, and the robbers and outlaws that found refuge near the mountains. To those by the Rhine, this forest country seemed a fearful place of abode, so lonely, dark, and full of unknown terrors; it was said to be the haunt not only of bears, wolves, and fierce men, but of all kinds of evil beings and strange powers, neither brute nor human. Yet there the forester Karl lived alone, in the solitary hut amongst the woods; where, indeed, his father had dwelt also, and he had been brought up from a boy. Now, however, as he had become head of the Ritter's woodmen, his business called him frequently to the bailiff's house, where he thus often saw the old man's fair daughters; and common fame numbered him amongst the suitors of the beautiful Runhild. Runhild received him, as she did the rest, with haughty chillness, into which, nevertheless, she ever anon threw one of her intoxicating glances; for in secret she began to regard the stout yager and his free forest-life with an unusual interest. He was strong and fearless, his spirit was bold and untamed as her own, and somewhat of the wild beauty of the woods was shed over him altogether: with his cross-bow and hunting-knife, and the shaggy wolf-hound at his side, Runhild measured him by the steel-clothed knights of her fancy, and it seemed to her, that in the bound-

less solitary forest at least, with a companion like this, there were freedom, space, and the occasion of many a rare energy here uncalled for. She longed to be away from the narrow round of home, where things went on day by day the same, little and ordinary; she knew not yet to what higher aims she might point the daring of him she reckoned already her lover: a whole scheme of greatness, in which knights and nobles might yet bow before them both, glimmered before the sight of Runhild; and she only waited for Karl to humble himself first at her feet. But the proud heart of the forester had at once recoiled from the manner of this scornful beauty; the young man had already cast his eyes on her sister Bertha, whose merry, careless, and child-like air had, perhaps, appeared to him more fit to brighten a lonely hearth in the woods. Bertha had no dreams or dissatisfied wishes after the world, of which, indeed, she had not even a conception. She was fully content at home, to please her father, and humour the wayward Runhild, who, in truth, considered Bertha as an innocent, simple child, that would in all things be obedient to her, looking up to herself as a guardian, and no more like to cross her path than the lowest peasant girl. In Bertha's mind, at first, the regard paid to her by the forester was nothing more than the words and looks of other strangers; so that when a new thought began to break upon her she was startled and surprised. She would have told Runhild at once, as she used to tell her of a bird's nest, or some unusual tidings in the Castle, had not something in the very posture of her sister's head, in the side-glance of her eyes, repelled her when about to speak; and a secret emotion whispered to her, that now she was to deal with what concerned her own heart and life for ever. But when all at once Runhild was surprised by the sight of Karl, talking alone with the young girl—when from the door one evening she beheld them walking together gravely along the edge of the wood, the young man bending towards her, and Bertha playing with a branch in her hand—then the truth struck her like the dagger of an unsuspected foe. All the obscure hopes and fancies of her proud heart came back on her in a hot, overwhelming flood of passion—she saw herself mocked at, foolish, and pitiable—she

seemed to look at herself as the object of all that cold scorn she had poured on others—and as she struggled with its bitterness, she sternly drew away from her memory a soft band of childish association between her and Bertha; she hated her, she abjured the tie of their common birth. From that hour she saw in her sister one who had strength of her own, a strength mild, simple, and innocently obscure, but which, almost unknown to herself, Runhild's innermost heart prepared silently to wrestle with and overcome. The very feeling of sisterly tenderness could not be got rid of, but turned within to sick-loathing; for while she would have madly sported with Bertha's heart's love, dabbling in it like blood, moist kisses seemed to touch her mouth; an infant's smiling face looked between, which, in her wild dream, she appeared striving more and more to hate, while a shudder of unquenchable love ran through her. Still the slow purpose grew settled in Runhild's mind: she would not check if she could their springing fondness, but when it had reached the height would she pursue and trample it down; gazing now into their exchange of looks with patience that made her own brain whirl round, yet predicted surer evil.

To the young Bertha it was but a step from maiden love into the common bond of understood affection, known and unconcealed: she knew nothing, she thought nothing, of the wide forest with all its different circumstances; there were but two circles, the hearth of familiar home, and that which dimly gleamed upon her through the woods. The question was but, whether that offered to her heart a deeper likeness of the same which it had felt till now; sweet desires and invitations drew her out to go, the old remembrances gently pressed her forth, even from behind the old man's chair; she looked only in the face of him who from the unknown distance had come to seek her, and the pleading glance in return diffused resistless consent through her inmost being. With perfect trust, for her part, would she have yielded her hand to go to a new home with him. And loath although the old man was to part from his little daughter Bertha, he saw the two before him, he remembered himself and her mother in her youth, and bid God and the saints to bless their union.

There was at that time no chaplain in the rude halls of Dunkelberg, and the great Abbey was far across the river, from which ever and anon came some of the holy brethren to receive the dues of the people there, and to perform christening, marriage, or burial. But by the road over the mountain, not far from the dwelling of the forester, stood a little humble chapel of the Virgin, with an oratory for pilgrims, near to which of late a solitary priest had made his cell—a strange and hermit-like man, who for some dreary penance had chosen out the most desolate and barren rock thereby; living upon the fruits of nature, or chance offerings of travellers, and rarely seen even by the woodmen, except far off upon the mountain. Yet to him the forester said they might well resort, so holy was his fame, and befitting the occasion, since he made the forest his place of meditation and sanctity, perchance to pray for its solitary inhabitants. Thus, too, might they all go to install Bertha in her new abode. Thither it was, accordingly, that on the marriage-day the bridal group proceeded through the forest skirts. Gaily seemed to smile the proud Runhild, like one accustomed to the wilds, as Karl led her horse over steep and thicket; while Bertha, wondering and silent, sat behind her father, and his servant boors followed in dull carelessness after their steps. The hare sprang across their path; deer went startled along the hollow; the owl and squirrel looked out curiously from above; and mile after mile the green branches parted before, or grey trunks stretched away, until at last the mountain appeared, and the chapel beside a way which ascended over its barren shoulder against the sky. The hermit himself was besought by Karl to perform the service required, but the strange old man, seemingly with wild emotion, refused so to do; the forester heard him babbling to himself and speaking, as it were, with mute companions in his cave, till he deemed him either mad or haunted by evil beings. At last, however, he appeared to be moved by a sudden sense of compassion, and in a voice now calm, gentle, and kindly, he agreed to the request on condition of remaining himself unseen the while. Thus, at the bridal of Bertha and Karl, they stood all together in the outer cell, before a dark niche in the rock, from

which the hermit's sepulchral voice came solemnly pronouncing the words of the rite. For the first time Bertha felt an emotion of awe, through which that bond of union seemed to become doubly strong; serious thoughts of the future visited her, that, nevertheless, passed away in joy, as she felt the hand of her husband joined in her's. Runhild stood regarding them askance, giving witness to their vows in a tone calm with terrible resolve; still she knew not whether to fear or rejoice at feeling the unseen glance of that mysterious recluse bent upon them from the darkness; if leagued with powers of good or evil she scarcely could divine, except that now whatsoever was unknown and shadowy seemed to her full of promise, and to those that stood against her fraught with threatening.

The wooden dwelling of the forester, Karl, stood in the forest near the mountain. Beyond extended the thick old pine-trees, far over to wilder and wilder recesses, where the bear, the wolf, and the boar roamed freely. The dark gloom of the inner forest poured through them upon the opening, or, at intervals, a streak of cold daylight pierced between their tall blue stems; here and there the woodman's axe was heard far off in distant hollows, and above the expanse of leaves rose up the smoke of his hut unseen. Between the forester's cottage and the mountain lay a green oak wood, in dells and heights, while beyond it there peered up a shoulder of the hill where the hermit lived, seen against the remote western sky. And opposite their encampment was a thicket of lofty trees that stooped with large boughs luxuriantly over the shadow within, where sang the merry birds from dawn till night, with a small brook running past hard by. The forest all round was voiceless and solitary, yet it whispered continually with innumerable blended sounds, and it was filled with a thousand forms of strange life that came daily more and more into notice. The youthful Bertha looked and wondered at all till they became familiar, and she ceased to feel lonely even in her husband's absence; she did not know cause for gloom while supported by his hand, or conscious of love which would extend between them till it drew him back at night. Often she went with him far into the green recesses and returned cheerfully alone; or how often have

they wandered on together, smiling and talking to each other, while Karl, with his dogs and cross-bow, watched the deer or pursued the tracks of a wolf. Until, at length, Bertha, accompanied by the shaggy hound which was sometimes her messenger, could even bring the noon-day meal to her husband miles away with the woodmen, where they were felling the great timber-pines on the hill.

On the very first evening after their marriage, when Karl and Bertha were left alone, and had returned from bidding their late companions farewell, they were surprised at an object which they perceived from the door of their woodland hut. The eminence above the hermit's cell was now surmounted by a tall wooden cross, made seemingly of the stem and branch of some young tree, and brightly gilded as it caught the radiance of the sunset beyond. The forester said that there had never been anything of the kind there formerly; and, indeed, except when the gorgeous colours of the sky in that quarter called attention thither, it would scarcely be observed even now, from the grey colour of the mountain near, and the variety of branches between. Bertha felt an unaccountable thrill of curiosity at the sight, mingled with satisfaction; she could not help fancying that this strange sign bore reference to themselves, and gave, as it were, continued sanction to their mutual love. Night by night, when the distant cross stood out clearly upon the light, sometimes glittering from the other side with a sort of golden halo, sometimes appearing to struggle amidst a confused throng of lurid clouds which predicted a storm, would she whisper over to herself the vesper words her mother had taught her when a child. Karl and she would look at it together, and the single object seemed often to give similarity to their thoughts; she knew not why, but always it recalled to her dim remembrances otherwise irrecoverable, and made her imagine also things fairer and purer than usual—things utterly beyond her own mind. Thus, when Bertha, too, became a mother, did it mingle itself with her new hopes, her sweet unaccustomed wishes, and happiness that wandered she knew not whither: the mystic symbol was like the mark to all these, of their unknown goal. Such vague feelings she was unable, with all her pains, to

make Karl participate in, yet she taught her little boy, when he began to lisp and babble, and delight in bright playthings, to clap his hands and laugh when this now familiar object was illuminated by the evening sky. To Bertha herself, in truth, the hermit's cross was each time like the first note of a word which some one was trying to teach her; at moments she would look around on the forest, the earth, the mountain, and the blue sky, feeling that same sense of nameless mystery in the whole, which attached to the sign upon the hill. Day after day it was more curious to mark it so steadfastly the same, whatever was her mood or emotion, and in spite of the changes made by the seasons or the weather upon things around.

Hitherto the happiness of Karl and Bertha had increased in unbroken peace; the forester's active life and the young wife's household solitude were alike crowned by that new joyous presence which seemed but to be leading in a future infant chorus of hopes and pleasures unborn. Bertha, indeed, was almost sad at going to Dunkelberg, where the old man often wished to see his daughter again. There it was that Runhild saw their mutual affection redoubled in its common pledge; yet against the very front of this strength was it that she aimed her shafts. At first she had despised her sister's hold on Karl, and him, too, she thought she hated; but now Runhild felt that Bertha's power was great in its simplicity, and as the long-constrained passion of her nature was drawn out towards the young forester, she only bitterly envied Bertha. But Runhild's art was deep, noiselessly and subtly moving like the snake; she did not set herself over against Bertha—when Karl spoke with her of Bertha, Runhild praised her. She disdained, as it were, to hide or detract from one of Bertha's merits; but the praise of Runhild was like the higher talking of the lower creature, and all the while she was gazing into the sky, or looking into Karl's eyes with a calm undefinable expression which rather startled than attracted him. Still, while Runhild thus described Bertha to her husband, his wife, for the time, seemed to shrink into a small figure, distant and apart, while Runhild, queenly and mysterious, overshadowed her between.

When Bertha returned to the forest,

their father would have Runhild to go with her, meanwhile, for company and aid. Runhild neither offered nor refused, and Bertha, in spite of a vague uneasiness that secretly disinclined her to have her solitude broken in upon, knew not why to reject it. So while she stayed in the house with her new occupations, her sister was often accompanying Karl through the woods, sharing his fatigues, and seeming to take a peculiar delight in danger and adventure. The forester insensibly began to feel the power of Runhild's spirit; intercourse with her brought forth something new in his nature, and, without betraying any of her passion, she led him on from thought to thought, until he could dare conceive of her beauty as attainable. Somewhat of this, not in her husband but in Runhild, was, at last, divined even by the innocent purity of Bertha; she only feared her sister's heart was unconsciously in danger, and with the grave kindness of her place—grave but modest—she said to Runhild it was time she should return. Runhild assented in apparent meekness, but full of the bitterest resentment; yet having done all she wished to do in this way, she departed, leaving the fatal arrow in their hearth.

Bertha was again at ease, and Karl appeared at first to relapse without difficulty into their former life. But alone in the forest walks he would often think of Runhild, and more freely than ever; he felt a want which he had not before felt, either there or at home. Bertha's heart was trustfully devoid of suspicion, but her love was acute to notice when, instead of fruit, the empty husk was offered to it; it made her feel ever and anon how Karl was *trying* to be fond of her and of her child, or to be as of old. She then trembled to think that, perhaps, Runhild had not been alone in her danger; and such a gulf of misery opened before her for the moment as she shuddered even to have escaped. Then she strove to bring back her husband fully to herself, by every sweet and quiet grace, by all the secret speechless appeals of which household union is capable, or a soul boundless with affection. And when a little infant girl was added to their house, Karl did appear once more to enter with her into its sacred bond, to exchange his heart with hers, and to gaze from face to face with the unspeakable emotion of their first vows. As Bertha

remembered with horror that late division and all its possibilities, as she felt the difficulty of retaining another heart, did she the more welcome the coming of a new angel to her assistance. The associations of the dark solitary forest had, unawares, filled her mind with images so wild and sad, as well as its happy ones, that she sometimes viewed life as a struggle, in which the good were aiding each against the evil powers; and thus the hermit's wooden cross above the distant trees looked to her like the sign of her own first felicity. She had grown so accustomed to it that if, on a sudden, it had vanished, she would have been only anxious for death; now and then her heart was so eager and unsettled, that a dark sky behind the signal made her for an instant doubtful if it were still there.

Time passed on, and again some hostile influence seemed to be troubling Bertha's peace. This time, indeed, it was from afar; unseen, shadowy, and mysterious, it was not the less real, carrying but the greater force. Karl was often gloomy and abstracted; the house appeared to be dull to him, as if he shrank from all things that were quiet and homely, and was even indifferent to his children's faces. But as this moody state increased, he was at times almost fierce to Bertha herself; if he looked up and caught her eyes anxiously fixed on him, as frequently they were, he would start up and, with an angry exclamation, go out into the woods. Why it was she could not understand; with unutterable pain of heart sometimes, attributing it to her own want of fitness to retain one whose nature she looked up to, as higher than her own. Hardly did the thought of owing it to Runhild enter her mind, much less that Runhild *meant* her any ill. But Runhild it was, whom she had not seen for long, that from apart diffused this shadow over her affections. The old man at Dunkelberg was now dead, and Runhild, comparatively wealthy, honoured, and mistress of herself, lived alone at the village. The forester, on his occasional visits there, had now opportunities of seeing her freely; her character of mind, her beauty, and the station which she held, filled him more and more with wishes he dared not at first name to himself. Somewhat there was of mingled respect and wild intoxicating temptation in

the manner with which he was received by her; now passion and now higher sympathy prevailed in his emotions, as Runhild seemed by turns to invite him by her beauty, or to make him think only of other things, without ever fully revealing to him that his desire was returned. But not always could the guilty pair conceal from each other their lawless passion, with its secret aim: when the forester, indeed, discovered what in spite of Runhild's ungoverned love to him was the sole price of its fruition, he shrank away in horror at himself. Runhild's pride and vengeance would suffer no compromise; without Bertha's utter humiliation and casting away, she would go to some other country and leave him. Time after time did the forester struggle with this dire alternative; he remained out of sight of Runhild at the forest, striving, as he imagined, by active pursuits to get rid of the phantom purpose. At that time Bertha wondered ever and anon to find the old tenderness in Karl's voice and acts; she thought him growing again what he was once; he fancied himself conquering his temptation when he was but pitying, unawares, the victim whom his dreams had already sacrificed. Ever, as the idea hovered before him, the crime and wrong around it seemed only to add some delirious ecstasy to the draught; the darkly-glittering eyes of Runhild drew him back out of the woods, and from Bertha's fingers, half-terrible but full of resistless fire; so that looking at Bertha's pale face asleep, he deemed himself overcome by some strong and hidden magic. He dreamt again and again he saw Runhild by the dark wood in the moonlight, gathering plants to give him in her wine; he saw her drop them in the cup, but when he looked they were beautiful flowers, and Runhild's face smiled over it wonderfully fair, and he drained it always to the last drops. In these dreams Bertha was yet unspeakably youthful, sweet, and lovely; his heart pleaded for her, and he would fain have saved her, breaking loose from Runhild [as an evil spirit. But when he awoke, in the actual daylight, this latter was forgotten or appeared childish; every day Karl more and more sought occasion for harsh words, for quarrelling with his meek and humble wife, until he despised her for her gentleness, or left

her alone. His journeys to the castle became more and more frequent; Bertha looked at him only in silence and with tears when he returned; but at last, when Karl sought purposely for some pretext of furious anger, her spirit once or twice was roused, and she replied with dignity that shot strangethrills into her husband's inmost heart. With the rage that would have trampled her and her familiar claims to dust, there struggled in him, as it were, a sense of admiration, as if a soft and beautiful angel were suddenly to wind its arms round the frame of a giant; and the swaying of their feet in struggle went up to his brain with agony untold.

Still above the woods beyond the hut stood the hermit's cross; and to Bertha in her misery it was the symbol of blessedness and holiness, steadfastly remaining while she departed from them. Evening by evening it glittered under the evening-star as another star more mysterious, from which she was falling slowly down, but beholding it unchanged. Now were the long summer nights; and far on, almost until the morning, a still, pale radiance lingered behind, on which the figure of the distant cross was clearly drawn. Bertha could no more bear to be perplexed with the sight of this strange memorial, and not know its meaning; it reproached her now, as it were, with the neglect, seeming to contain, perchance, some unknown help, or some unknown light, against those which were unfriendly to her. In the morning she set out alone to visit the cell of the holy man, with the vague purpose of seeking this aid from him: the moist, green branches parted before her as she stole hastily through the woods, they closed rustling behind, and Bertha fancied now, in her loneliness, that hostile feet pursued her out of the forest depths, and that all its rude forms and living things were joined in mockery of herself. She reached the solitary's abode panting, breathless, and with a drooping heart; the shoulder of the hill was above her head, with its stern, misshapen crags and grey stones, nor could she see from thence the well-known sign which was fixed upon it. The anchorite no doubt observed her as she ascended, and Bertha found the outer door of the cave open, but the interior was closed as formerly, nor was the inmate to be

seen. Again and again she called him, and more and more imploringly; there was neither answer nor token, until she supposed the hermit to be absent. While she sat waiting there, with clasped hands, gazing into the darkness above the inner door, which looked out upon her so deadlly and silently, she perceived a parchment volume lying unfolded upon the stone seat. Its pages were full of figures, coloured and illuminated, which represented various scenes that by degrees caught Bertha's eye, leading her on from one to another. They were of divers import, frequently strange and mysterious, but so clearly drawn and combined, that in every case she could not fail to conceive a sort of impression from them. To her surprise, in all of them predominated the forms of women: in the first pictures generally with a melancholy air, or in some degraded and inferior position. Some were like slaves, others clustered round a single man with toys and instruments, others were nursing and feeding a child, whom they crowned with garlands and clothed in robes, bending at his feet. In the very midst of this lowest series of humiliations, after a crowd of bacchanalians, dancers, and naked, shameless figures, there appeared all at once one mild, pure, and serene, who held smilingly a beautiful infant in her arms. Again there was a throng of mournful, weeping shapes, that seemed in vain to look for something, but animated all by a lofty desire, one of them stretching her arms to the sky. Anon there knelt a whole multitude before the large marble statue of a woman exquisitely beautiful; next, warriors and minstrels, looking back to the same image, were each bowing over the hand of some real woman in the crowd. Then two stately companions, a man and a woman, were seen going hand in hand into the distance, from whence came on to meet them the same wondrous child as before, now strong, fair, full-grown, but with a face for ever young. The strangest scene of all, however, was the last; where a group of all sorts of forms and faces, men, women, and children, were wildly entangled together in the struggle for a flower hung far off in the air, while every one had a similar flower unseen upon their own breasts: at the same time one with a gentle countenance appeared softly to

discover it, and was stepping away across a stream apart, beyond which thousands of such flowers were growing alive, and many radiant shapes in flowing garments were giving them to each other.

As Bertha followed this quaint succession of pictures, her pain seemed dimly spread out into them; a strange sense of nameless consolation which she could not grasp slid into her heart, but still more did she wonder to find all these scenes marked in the horizon with the symbol of a cross, resembling that she was acquainted with, although every one painted in a different form, and with increasing vividness of colour; till at the end it was but the dawning sun that shot his large bright rays through a cloud, in burning splendour. The time had passed while she perused them; she looked again to the hermit's secret recess, half-bewildered, half-conscious: nothing appeared there, and she turned away to depart. Suddenly she was startled by the presence of the old man quietly issuing from his cell: his face was white and worn, his hair bleached like snow, his eyes hollow, he had more the semblance of a spirit than of a human being; as if the contentions of his solitude had been with death, perplexity, and evil. He laid his hand upon her head and said, "Alas, Bertha, I cannot help thee—the heart knows its own sorrow! From mine to thine I sent a signal, that even as the earth lies athwart the sky, so life is crossed by suffering. Only *at last* can each of us behold the particular meaning of his existence, sustained amidst *their* twofold mysteries, as a figure crowned in its pain with triumph. But confide thou, my daughter, in heaven. The head, the feet, the outstretched arms of the upright afflicted mark out all quarters of the universe for aid: and from depth and height, from length and breadth, flows to them the unutterable help of heaven! Farewell, Bertha; when thou needest it, I too shall be sent to thee!" Bertha bowed her head in silence, and returned musing through the forest paths.

Day after day went on, but the heart of the forester, Karl, seemed only more estranged from his young innocent wife. In vain the children prattled about him; in vain she strove, with all the wiles, and plans, and instincts of a loving heart, to win him back. Bertha's youthful beauty was fading away out

of her pale cheek; her eyes were dim with the drops that fell often fast over her distaff as she spun, her face was anxious and looked old, except when she was asleep. At last she felt that either she must speak or die. Once her husband was going out into the woods with his axe and cross-bow, she followed him to the door and said, with clasped hands, her whole life hanging upon the words—"Karl, Karl, what have I done?" then nothing more could she do but weep bitterly on. The forester did not turn until he had gone a few steps, but afterwards he looked at her coldly, and laughed, as he hewed some twigs from a tree with his axe. "Why, nothing, girl, nothing," he said; "who blamed thee? only thou pesterest one with that eternal question!" But all day long, while marking trees in the forest, those words rang in his ear till he was weary, and well nigh mad with anger that he could not answer the question, nor yet punish her for asking it. The next day Karl told Bertha, in an indifferent tone, that he was going to Dunkelberg, and how Runhild, perchance—nay, certainly—would return with him to live henceforth at the forest. Bertha saw in his eye and voice the secret purpose; her spirit once more was roused, and she said, that, first, she would depart from his house, and find shelter in the forest, or in some woodman's hut. Karl no longer disguised his wrath, and he declared his resolve to be obeyed, pretending to cast upon herself the scorn of her suspicious thought; and bitterly keen were his words to Bertha at parting.

The third day of his absence, Bertha lay on her bed in the forest hut; the heart-strings of her affection, of her inward life, long strained, had suffered a final blow, and were quickly parting asunder; it was only a dim, weak, and oppressed sense of unconquerable love that now remained. Till that evening the fever of the blood and brain had sent a host of stormy images through her mind, more wildly vivid than any dreams; love and anger, joy, despair, and hope; scenes of meeting, parting, and terrible separation; of strife, of entreaty, of danger, of evil done or endured, of death, and strange indescribable emotion beyond it. In all these fancies was mixed up the mystic figure of the hermit's cross—now fear-

ful and now benignant; at one time it was herself, or Karl, or Runhild that stood up with outstretched arms in the rigidity of agony from amongst the battling of the forest trees, with their dark leaves and mighty branches; and again, it was as the glittering handle of an angel's sword that plunged into the contest, bringing forth victory and peace, while the calm sunset skies diffused themselves above it, and the cross appeared in the midst, motionless, as if newly sheathed by a celestial hand, and turned into a sign of adoration. When she awoke from this visionary tumult, Bertha felt calm as an infant, but she could neither rise nor move. The door of the hut stood open, and she saw out towards the forest trees, where little Karl and Bertha were playing in the open space with the old wolf-hound. It was a peaceful summer evening; the birds sang, and the heads of soft shadows from behind crept slowly over the grass towards the golden finger of sunlight, which slanted through glade and hollow. The low window before her looked into the heart of the shadowy grove hard by, and it was dark and deep as the night which was coming on; while the other, that faced the west, seemed drinking in the liquid radiance of heaven; yet to it Bertha could not lift her head. She wished to call in her children, for now she felt herself about to die, but her voice sank in her throat, and she was not able, until they came in of their own accord. She was lying with their little hands in hers, bidding them only good night, till she could whisper no longer, when the light was darkened at the door, and the strange figure of the hermit entered. Bertha's eyes were raised and dropped again, as if she had looked for some one else; but the old man knelt down and spoke by her ear. A momentary brightness flickered over Bertha's features; she pointed towards the westward casement, and the hermit lifted her up so that she might have seen the well-known sign glittering over the woods in a perfect flood of airy splendour. An expression of unutterable faith, even of ecstasy and joy, appeared on Bertha's death-pale face, and slowly passed from it; nevertheless could the hermit see that her eyes were soon vacant, turned inward, and unable to perceive the objects before them; even the next minute did

he feel her die in his arms, and laid her body gently down upon the bed of soft forest-leaves and fern.

At midnight the old man arose from his silent watch of meditation by the couch, and taking a spade and axe from behind the door, went out of the hut, in which the children were still unconsciously sleeping. In the farthest recess of the tall birch-grove, before the low window of the dwelling, he dug a grave for Bertha, and, returning for her body, he carried it out alone, and buried it there. Strangely careful was the anchorite to efface all traces of his work, like one striving to conceal an evil deed, or as if there were some magic in the earth's secrecy and the undisturbed growth of the wild herbage under the trees. When it was done, the hermit took a branch of birch-wood, and cutting the bark from it with the axe, shaped it into the figure of a white cross; this he fixed above the place where Bertha lay, so immersed in the deep shadow of the trees, and overhung by their drooping boughs, that no one from the hut could see it unless he had laid his face upon the earth. From thence, indeed, it gleamed forth among the faintly-streaked birch stems, like a silver crucifix borne by spirits approaching; while in the daytime it would have been confused with the twigs and boughs around it. Then, before dawn, the hermit returned to his lonely cell by the mountain.

Karl and Runhild dwelt together in guilty companionship at the hut in the forest. At first, the empty house and the silence which received her smote on Runhild at her entrance like a blow from an unseen hand. She missed the opposition she had looked for, and all the rightful claims against whose jealous rivalry she was to contend in triumph. They knew not why Bertha was absent, nor where she was gone; the boy Karl said only, as the hermit had told them both on his departure, that his mother was gone away, and never would come again. Something in the child's mind made him refrain from adding, that she had promised to send for his little sister and him in due time. To Runhild's thinking, it was some plan devised by Bertha to reclaim her husband. Bertha was still her rival, stronger than formerly in the power of secrecy and compassion, so that she set herself to throw over Karl the whole chain of her own presence

and attractions. They surrendered themselves freely to the lawless passion, which gained zest from the thought of Bertha still alive, curiously watching them, and contriving schemes for their separation. Karl, too, seemed to find, at length, in Runhild, the equal partner of his life—bold in thought and act, responding to his fiercer passions, quelled by no imaginary reverence, stretching in her aims even beyond what he had before dreamed of. With prouder gait and statelier habiliment she walked through the spots marked by Bertha's youthful unreserving tenderness, and every token of Runhild's regard was to Karl but the favour granted by, at least, his peer and fellow-actor. Bertha's lawful claims, with their holy vows and seal of ceremony, appeared but things to be free from and to defy; while the names of sister and wife enhanced the reality of nature and its wild liberty. They both laughed loud to see that the distant cross beyond the wood had vanished, leaving nothing but the bare hill and the green rim of the forest.

But, by degrees, as nothing more was seen of Bertha, and from the chance expressions of the little ones, there stole into the forester's mind a suspicion that she was in truth dead. The mystery of her disappearance secretly impressed him, yet still more the sense of that fancied rivalry, that watchful neighbourhood and cherished purpose, having been all unreal. A still, mute helplessness, an utter absence without any reproach, were all that came in the place of Bertha. He mused at night, sometimes after a busy day in the forest, upon this thought. When the moonlight, like an airy tide, came flowing up to the window without, a thin shadow would seem to come against it, with long dishevelled hair, and look in upon him and the sleeping Runhild, beckoning with its hands or wringing them as it went away. While the wild wind cast the withered leaves on the horn casement, gushing out of the dead woods, sad unutterable wails were in its low murmur round the hut; and he knew that Bertha walked outside in the dreary midnight, but he dared not go to let her in. Night by night this feeling increased in him, the presence of his lost wife seemed to be always hovering round; he had not seen her die, he knew not where she was, but still felt that she was dead

and buried in the earth. He listened to hear her voice calling the children away, and then Runhild and he would be left alone in the gloom. Runhild saw that something came now between herself and Karl, making him moody and gradually estranged from her; she strove to reassure his mind, and lead him on by new motives and endearments. This woman, steeled and hardened otherwise, was faithful to her partner in evil, to whom she had committed all passions, hopes, and aspirations; she beheld a secret antagonist molest their peace, and all Bertha's memory, her children, her very spirit, were fearful to her, but more hateful still: when she was no longer to be dreaded, utterly rooted out and conquered, then only would she pity her with the old nameless feeling that still lurked at her heart-strings.

One still midnight Karl lay awake on his bed, wearily returning in mind to the same thought; his heart too proud and hard for the old sweet love to revive in it; but despite himself, the image of Bertha, her shape and air, would grow steadfastly out of the depths of remembrance, and continue gazing on him as from an unspeakable remoteness. It was an agony to see it, without being able even to pity her as before: love or pity towards that silent form would have been as impossible as toward a radiant angel. Through the low casement of the hut, before his reclining face, the moonlight came suddenly in upon the floor like a spirit entering. He looked along it, and across the open grass, into the shadowy heart of the tall birch-grove. The upper branches of the trees stretched far out, making a deep gloom within; their highest tops, in showers of delicate leaves, bent over from above out of a flood of silvery moonshine; and the silent grove looked like the stately hearse of some noble virgin lady, or the tombs of maiden princesses in the chapel of a cathedral, where the white feathers and ancient banners droop over funeral emblems below. But as Karl lay gazing into the darkness underneath, it seemed to him as if from far away out of the shadowy recesses there were slowly issuing the figure of a white cross, that grew clearer and more distinct out of an immeasurable gloom behind. Before and around it thronged the grey shapes of the birch-stems, which seemed

turning into living things, where a crowd of twisted arms and gleaming hands were thrust from the darkness, and here and there a keen eye was fearfully bent upon him: but still through the midmost hollow, and from black night beyond, was that white symbol advancing onward, while before it the angry group of fiends appeared to make way. As the moonlight poured upon the grass, and all the space outside was full of ghostly light, Karl thought that the white cross, with its wondrous bearer, was coming nearer and nearer, and would stand next moment in mighty size above the roof. He hid his eyes with his mantle, and a muttering whisper of evil voices, which he had not observed before, seemed to pass away from round the hut, like that of dismayed watchers. *She*, he thought, had taken their place, and was at that moment keeping guard over them both, even over her who slept at his side; but the outer air was more terrible to him with that thought, than if a legion of demons had stood there. Again and again did this happen to him when awake at night, though only, as it seemed, at that hour and from that spot, when the air was still and the moonlight clear, and when he lay with his face upward from the low couch in sleepless musing. Yet, at other times, when he looked at the copse, or passed it by in daylight, nothing unusual appeared there; the green leaves hung idly in the air, and the birds sang sweetly from within, but Karl feared to enter it, he knew not why.

The bare winter woods were covered with snow, the wild wide forest was full of wondrous white tracery and strangely gorgeous configurations, that ran from glade to thicket, and from root and trunk to the highest twig, in which all shadows had passed away. The trees, with mighty patient hands, supported their pure burden silently; wreaths driven up by the wind at night rose over their broad crests into giant shapes; the white mountain, with its dark rocks, stared through the upper branches, rising still and distant above; while before the windows of the forester's hut huge icicles hung down, dripping into the snow beneath. The children, little Bertha and her brother Karl, wandered in the wood; Runhild, from the window, saw them straying into its white opening, and through

the hazy path beyond; a secret hand plucked at her heart, but she turned her head away, and spun thread after thread from the distaff ere she looked again. Then the old wolf-hound came running from the wood, and pulled by her mantle, whining on her to follow. Runhild rose hastily at the pleadings of the dumb beast's eyes—her thought was horror to her; she pursued the footsteps of the children far into the cold snow-wreathed brake, where they wound dazzling and bewildering towards the deeper forest. But the swift winter darkness was striding on, and already the pale Christmas moon stood above the white trees, to change it again for unearthly light. Runhild still hastened forward; the dog, without wavering, led her till, as she came before a dreary hollow where the drifts lay high and deep, it seemed to her that she beheld a childish figure like that of the little Bertha, wandering on betwixt the snowy trees. But by her side there appeared to walk another, whiter than the snow itself; now it hovered before the child, now bent over her without touching or being seen by her, in attitudes of unutterable care. It was like a form unable to reveal itself, yielding before the child's stumbling footsteps, wrapping its arms around her without saving her from the cold showers which the boughs let fall, or from the sinking heaps of snow that scattered in a white powdery mist around her. Now, indeed, it seemed to take her hand and lead her farther in along the frozen moonlight, as if guiding the child away from life and warmth, and from home. Runhild dared not go; whether it were but a white wreath of snow or a living shape, she knew not, that sat leaning over with the young child at last in its chill bosom; but she knew that little Bertha was sleeping into death, and she shuddered as she retreated step by step from the place.

The footsteps of the boy, and of the faithful old hound which had followed him, led towards the hermit's abode, and it was thither that the father, in his wild agony, pursued them. Nothing, however, did he see of boy or hound, nor any traces amongst the rocks near the anchorite's cell. He entered the outermost cell and found it vacant; in the inner recess a lamp was burning, but the old man himself was stretched beside it—dead! His

countenance was most calm and peaceful; even a smile lay upon his closed lips, as of attainment, joy, and tranquillity at the end.

Many times had the forest put forth its leaves and lost them again, when a wayfarer came down by the road over the mountain, from the German lands which lie beyond the Rhine. He was darkened in his features, he had armour beneath his garment, and bore a cross-hilted sword. But especially upon the breast of his mantle was woven the figure of a white cross, betokening return from the deliverance of the Holy Sepulchre in Palestine, where the warrior's red cross was changed by victory and peace into a purer hue. He saw the chapel above the way, and entered in to offer a vesper prayer. He knew, also, as it seemed, the hermit's cave beyond, at the entrance of which there sat a grey figure looking down upon the forest. The pilgrim would fain accost the holy man, and seek shrift from him of his sins ere travelling onward through the woods to the Rhine. The solitary gazed upon him minutely, but the wanderer's garb and aspect appeared to affect him wonderfully; for the hermit was old, careworn, and rude of guise, while the crusader was a stately youth, comely in despite of eastern suns, and his air must have been strange in that lonely wild. The old man listened to him, and seemed to whisper over his rosary but with a wavering and vacant eye, until the penitent began to confess himself of a deadly sin, for which he sought here, he said, more fitly to be absolved. He had been born in this very forest, and from this spot might see the part of the woods where his father's hut had been. He told how, when a boy, he and his little sister were lost in the snow and parted, but their dog had guided him to a fire which some outlaws had made in the forest to attract the deer. They had carried him away to a tower amongst the hills, where he was brought up for years amongst the band, and had gone with their leader to the crusade in the troop of a neighbouring baron. But, as he grew to manhood, the remembrance of his parents and their household life had come even more clearly out into his mind. As he recalled the things which had then occurred, with his mother's face and her words, he felt that she had suffered much from

his father's acts. He remembered that she had gone suddenly away, and that another had filled her place; all things conduced to make him believe that they had done something to bereave her of life and joy. He went even to the sacred tomb with hatred towards this long unseen father burning within him. Amongst the throng of faces there he had all at once beheld this very woman's, richly arrayed and beautiful, and he drew his sword to slay her. But she remained alone behind the rest, and as he stood near she was bending down and weeping, with her head bare and dishevelled; and the face of his mother rose up at that moment so vividly before him, that he could not strike the blow. And ever since then his mother had appeared in dreams, sweetly smiling and pointing to the white cross upon his breast, and whispering to him to carry it back and find his father. Her looks were full of longing, and she seemed to stretch her arms towards some one afar off as she went away. But no one knew where the forester, Karl, was gone, he had been lost from that region for many a year. At these last words the grey-bearded hermit fell upon the young man's breast, murmuring, "Karl, Karl, give me the white cross from the Holy Land! Me, Karl, me, thy father! She took thee away and hath sent thee back! Oh, Bertha, Bertha, is the penance ended!"

The two descended the hill together, the hermit leaning on his companion, and went into the woods, towards the wooden hut, which was now deserted and decayed, the new forester having built another at a distance. The young

man gazed curiously upon the abode of his childish years, a strange succession of scenes, hitherto unremembered, crowding with wonderful distinctness into his mind. He looked for the hermit, who had gone amongst the trees opposite to one broken casement of the hut, and found the old man lying extended on the grass, under their shadow, where it was slightly worn with the track of footsteps seemingly often imprinted there. He appeared to be clasping the level ground in his outstretched arms, and his face was buried amongst the green blades of grass; but when his companion stooped down to him, he saw that the solitary was dead.

Some years after the travellers who passed over from the hill would see a tall cross of stone erected on the height that looked to the forest. It was said to be placed on the very spot where, according to the legend, the anchorite had set his wooden sign; but it was not known who caused it to be built. As long as it stood, even till recent times, this was called by the peasants and woodmen "Bertha's Cross;" an inscription was said to have been graved upon it, containing a request to pray for the soul of "Runhild." From thence the long rays of golden light at sunset pierce far into the green remnants of the old forest, alighting here and there upon silent knots of grass, moss-grown roots; which the woodman every evening can still see, and have the story brought affectingly to mind—how, in the ancient ages, life, and affection, and feeling, with their trial, were experienced there.

IRISH AND DANISH ANTIQUITIES.

A PEOPLE always martial and devotional, and to whom national restlessness, and periodical invasion, have given a troubled history, must be necessarily rich in relics of the past; in monuments of aggression and protection, piety and remorse, works of defence against foemen, and of sacrifice and atonement to God; and, accordingly, no country in the world is more rich in antiquities than Ireland: sepulchres and mystic stone circles of hidden pagan ages scattered through our solitudes; broken castles, crumbling within eyeshot of each other; storied crosses and ivied churches nestled in every valley, beside the frequent round tower, that peculiar feature of our scenery. A period, however, has arrived when even the most practised antiquary must view our ancient monuments with a new feeling. At a time like the present, when far and near, through the length and breadth of the land, an unexampled spirit of emigration has manifested itself, and a large proportion of the old inhabitants have resigned, or are about to resign, the "goodwill" of their holdings to new, and too frequently needy, occupants, it is greatly to be feared that the newcomers may often prove not over-scrupulous in devoting the material of sacred or time-hallowed structures, such as are chiefly to be found in the more remote and impoverished districts of Ireland, to purposes of mere utility. When perusing almost any work relating to Irish Archæology, it is lamentable to find how frequently the author alludes to monuments which, within his own memory, have been either partially or entirely destroyed. Thus, in Dr. Petrie's beautiful work upon the Ancient Ecclesiastical Architecture of Ireland, reference is made in many instances to doorways, windows, choir-arches, and even to entire structures, which the author, not long ago, when an artist in pursuit of the picturesque, had fortunately drawn and measured, but of which at present it would be useless to seek for a trace. Few who know the country well can doubt that we owe the preservation of the greater

number of our earliest and most important ecclesiastical remains yet extant, to that feeling of reverence for their founders which it is but natural to suppose the lineal descendants of the first converts of Christianity, in their respective localities, would cherish. The respect of the primitive Christians for the temples of their faith had become traditional in their descendants, and as time advanced this feeling extended, not only to the cell, but in an equal degree to the remains usually found in its vicinity, such as the cloister-arch or belfry, crosses, clogh-awns or monastic dwelling-houses of stone, and even to the yew-trees, which are generally supposed to have been planted coterminously with the foundation of some of the oldest Christian buildings. If, then, during a period like the last thirty years, so comparatively favorable to the preservation of antiquities, a great deal has been irretrievably lost, is it not greatly to be feared that, under circumstances like the present, the country, for some time to come, is destined to lose, almost daily, some one or other memorial of ancient dignity, which, in happier days, owing to the affectionate reverence of an ancient population, no sacrilegious hand dared deface. Of course we speak of what has been only the general rule, and our remarks apply chiefly to districts of the south and west, where the people are of an ancient, and, for centuries, an unmixed race. In Leinster, in the greater part of Ulster, and of Munster, where the races have become greatly mixed, the feeling of veneration for the past has prevailed in a far less degree, and our antiquities have suffered accordingly. It is clearly, now more than ever, the duty of all whom birth and education have placed in a condition above that of the peasant, to guard with jealous care such monuments of ancient Irish piety and art as may occur on lands over which they may have any controul; to watch with a vigilance, which the occasion requires, that no "improvements" be effected at the expence of a structure wherein our fathers had worshipped God at

a time when yet Britain was sunk in ignorance and heathenism; and (should they want it), to acquire such an amount of knowledge upon ordinary antiquarian subjects as may enable them to use their protecting influence to the best advantage. Hitherto very little was known upon the subject of our national antiquities. Thanks, however, to the scholarship and patriotism of men still working, and let us add, likely to continue their labours in the same noble cause, a good deal has been done of late to remove the cloak of mystery in which many subjects connected with Irish archaeology seemed irremediably shrouded.

The publications of Dr. Petrie, John O'Donovan, the Rev. Mr. Reeves, and of the Archaeological Society, would reflect honour upon any country, and no Irish Library should be without them. Works of their class, however, are more adapted for the use of the learned and laborious reader, than for the public generally. The very qualities which render them valuable to the antiquary or historian, unfit them as channels of instruction for the mere student. The want of an elementary work upon the subject under notice, has recently been supplied by the publication of a carefully-written and well-illustrated volume, entitled a "*Hand-book of Irish Antiquities*." The author writes not as a mere compiler, but as one who has personally examined and pictured the various objects of interest upon which he treats. The following extract will convey an idea of the aim of the volume:—

"In the following pages, the author does not promise his readers any wonderful discoveries—any startling facts. He has contented himself with describing the various remains as they are to be found, prefixing to each chapter some observations relative to the era, peculiarities and probable or ascertained uses of the particular class of monument to which it is devoted. The volume, it is hoped, may be useful to the educated antiquary, as well as to the student,—to the former as a guide, directing his attention to many remains of great interest of most easy access from the metropolis, and hitherto either altogether unnoticed, or described in books of the existence of which he may have no knowledge, or of which he may not be

able, with ease, to procure copies; to the latter, in like manner, as a guide, and also as containing information, not merely of the locality wherein he may find studies."

The remains noticed are arranged under three heads, viz.:—I. Pagan, "embracing those which, upon the best authority, are presumed to have been erected previous to, or within a limited period after, the introduction of Christianity;" II. "The early Christian, including the Round Tower;" and, III. "The Anglo-Irish."

The monuments noticed under the head Pagan are, cromlechs, pillar-stones, sepulchral mounds or cairns, raths or duns, and the stone-circles. By far the most interesting description in this portion of the work occurs in the chapter upon the subject of mounds—we allude to the account of Newgrange, page 21:—

"The cairn of Newgrange, in the county of Meath, lying at a distance of about four miles from Drogheda, is, perhaps, without exception, the most wonderful monument of its class now existing in any part of Western Europe. In one point, at least, it may challenge comparison with any Celtic monument known to exist, inasmuch as the mighty stones of which its gallery and chambers, of which we shall speak hereafter, are composed, exhibit a profusion of ornamental design, consisting of spiral, lozenge, and zig-zag work, such as is usually found upon the torques, urns, weapons, and other remains of pagan times in Ireland. We shall here say nothing of its probable antiquity, as it is anterior to the age of alphabetic writing; and, indeed, it would be in vain to speculate upon the age of a work, situate upon the banks of the Boyne, which, if found upon the banks of the Nile, would be styled a pyramid, and perhaps be considered the oldest of all the pyramids of Egypt."

This mighty tomb, together with two others of similar construction, situate in its vicinity, were searched, it would appear, by the Danes, so far back as A.D. 862, on one occasion when the three kings, Amlaff, Imar, and Ainsle, were plundering the territory of Flan, the son of Coaing. From the above, what an idea may be formed of the rapacity of those sea-kings, who, not content with plundering the homes

* "*Archæologia Hibernica; a Hand-Book of Irish Antiquities*." By W. F. Wakeman. With 100 illustrations. Dublin: James McGlashan.

of the living, must needs mine tombs, even in their day of hoar antiquity, in the hope of finding concealed treasure.

Mr. Wakeman devotes a considerable space to the subjects of raths and forts, usually, but erroneously, styled Danish:—

“The celebrated hill of Tara, in the county of Meath, from the earliest period of which we have even traditional history, appears to have been a chief seat of the Irish kings. Shortly after the death of Dermot, the son of Fergus, in the year 563, the place was deserted, in consequence, it is said, of a curse pronounced by St. Ruadan, or Rodanus, of Lorha, against the king and his palace. After thirteen centuries of ruin, the chief monuments, for which the hill was at any time remarkable, are distinctly to be traced. They consist, for the most part, of circular or oval enclosures and mounds, called in Irish *raths* and *duns*, within or upon which the principal habitations of the ancient city undoubtedly stood.”

We quite agree with Mr. Wakeman in the subjoined remark:—“If, upon viewing the remains of this ancient seat of royalty, we feel disappointed, and even question the tales of its former magnificence, let us consider that the latest period during which the kings and chiefs of Ireland were wont here to assemble, thirteen centuries have elapsed, and our surprise will not be that so few indications of ancient grandeur are to be found, but that any vestige remains to point out its site.” A few years ago, and subsequently to the publication of Dr. Petrie’s valuable essay upon the antiquities of this famous hill, one of its most remarkable mounds (that of the hostages) was sold, as we are informed, for the sum of £2, and the purchaser immediately commenced laying it out upon neighbouring fields as manure! We were much gratified to hear that, even at the price, £2, it had turned out so bad a bargain, that he was glad to leave the greater portion of its component stones and yellow clay untouched. Our space obliges us reluctantly to leave unnoticed several passages of great interest in the pagan division of the work.

We heartily recommend this “Hand-book” as invaluable to all who examine our most interesting antiquities (and what Irishman or traveller should leave them unvisited). Mr. Wakeman, in addition to a thorough knowledge of his subject, has an enthusiasm for it,

which gives a freshness and zest to his volume, extremely agreeable. His pen is graphic and easy; as a specimen, we shall subjoin a portion of his introduction to the Seven Churches:—

“The lone and singularly wild valley of Glendalough, in the County of Wicklow, lying at a distance of about twenty-four miles from the Metropolis, presents a scene which, for stern and desolate grandeur, is, in many respects, unsurpassed. Huge gloomy mountains upon which the clouds almost continually rest, encompass and in some places overhang the silent and almost uninhabited glen. Two little lakes, now appearing in the deepest shadow, now reflecting the blue vault, according as the clouds above them come and go. A winding stream and grey rocks jutting here and there from out the heath, form its natural features. A noble monastic establishment, round which a city subsequently rose, flourished, and decayed, was founded here in the sixth century by Saint Kevin. The ruins of many ecclesiastical structures yet remain, and ‘the long continuous shadow of the lofty and slender Round Tower, moves slowly, from morn till eve, over wasted churches, crumbling oratories, shattered crosses, scathed yew-trees, and tombs, now undistinguishable, of bishops, abbots, and anchorites.’ How few of the gay tourists, by whom the glen is yearly visited, view those ruins with any other feeling than that of idle and ignorant curiosity,” &c.

The illustrations of this great portion of the work appear to have been drawn with great care, and to have been done full justice to by the engraver.

Perhaps the most interesting chapter in the volume is that devoted to the explanation of various objects of antiquity preserved in the museum of the Royal Irish Academy, and in one or two other collections. Of late years the value of antiquarian collections has begun to be appreciated; they supply an evidence in the history of man analogous to that afforded to the naturalist by the study of the relics of extinct animals; and the time is, perhaps, not far distant when antiquarian science shall have so far advanced, that its professors, upon the finding of an object that would now be regarded as simply curious, may be able not only to state that certain events had anciently occurred in the district of the discovery, but also to speak with certainty as to the period, country, and peculiar habits of the people to whom it may be refer-

red. To any one possessed of a mind uninfluenced by a prejudice now rapidly declining, the study of our olden remains, as evidences of the taste, habits, and manufacturing skill of those who held our fatherland before us, must be considered as a delightful and even important branch of education. The true antiquary, however, is not content to rest here; he knows that results the most important to the elucidation of history must follow the comparison, by qualified men, of the antiquities of our own with those of other countries. That this remark is well founded is sufficiently attested by the eagerness with which a subject, hitherto considered more in the light of an agreeable recreation than as a study, has been followed up by distinguished scholars not only of our own country, but of Western Europe generally; and it is a gratifying evidence of the progress which antiquarian science has of late made, that even in the so-called "new world," several historical societies have been formed within the last few years. Of the foreign antiquarian works lately issued from the press, perhaps the most important is a volume entitled "*A Guide to Northern Archaeology*."* The original was written by various members of the Royal Society of Northern Antiquaries, and to the Earl of Ellesmere we owe the translation, some notice of which it is now our pleasing duty to submit to our readers. At the close of a most interesting introduction his lordship says: "The work having come under my notice, as member of the society, I thought that, both for the value of the information it contains, and as illustrating the systematic and intelligent zeal with which the study of antiquities has been pursued in Denmark, it would be most desirable to procure its circulation in the language of England and the United States." The first section of the work consists of twenty-four pages from the pen of N. M. Petersen, and treats of the extent and importance of ancient northern literature. The second, by C. J. Tomsen, is devoted to a cursory view of the monuments and antiquities of the North, and contains a number of well-

executed cuts representing various objects of high interest, of which we propose hereafter to make mention. The third chapter refers to the different periods to which the heathen antiquities may be assigned. The fourth treats of articles from the Christian period; and there are several supplementary sections followed by general remarks on the discovery and preservation of antiquities. It would be quite out of place in a magazine article to do more than glance at a treatise so comprehensive as that in which Mr. Petersen treats of the old northern literature. Suffice it to say, that he has dwelt most eloquently on the importance of the historical materials, which the force of circumstances had at an early period drawn together and centred in Iceland. In the obscure meaning of the Eddas, are deposited the religious opinions of a race from which not only the inhabitants of these islands, but also those of Germany, and of the Continent of America, are almost entirely derived. "Whoso covets a conception of the vigour and greatness of former times, will do well to read these (the Eddas). They have not the glow of the South, but they rivet attention; they consist not of rounded verses which flow like streams in varied directions between flowery margins, but they stand up frozen into a stern fixity like icebergs, rising into infinite space, while forms the most monstrous, and events the most terrible that human imagination can suggest, are the accompaniments of their base."

But the old northern literature is rich, not only in mythic poetry; it contains also a rich fund of historical materials deposited in the Sagas, and referring to events which occurred in distant countries. We are informed that the object of the society is chiefly the publication and interpretation of old Icelandic MSS.; but "that it comprehends besides whatever else may serve to elucidate the language, history, and antiquities of the North in general, whatever may tend to a more extensive diffusion of the interest taken in northern archæology, and thereby to awaken and cherish a love for forefathers and fatherland."

* "*Guide to Northern Archaeology*." By the Royal Society of Northern Antiquaries of Copenhagen. Edited, for the use of English readers, by the Right Honourable the Earl of Ellesmere. London: James Bain Haymarket. 1848.

That portion of the work which has been devoted to the explanation of objects of antiquity usually found in the North, will be read with great interest. In a volume from the pen of that indefatigable antiquary and accomplished scholar, J. J. Worsaae, lately published in a translated form* by Mr. W. J. Thoms, may be found a vast amount of information relating not only to northern archæology, but also to British and even Irish remains. This volume, and the Earl of Ellesmere's translation, may, as Mr. Thoms informs us, be considered, to a certain extent, as companions. The book is divided into four sections, of which the first relates to the classification of antiquities; the second to the stone structures, graves, barrows, giants' chambers, runic stones, &c. The third treats of the importance of the monuments of antiquity for history, and as regards nationality; and the volume closes with remarks on the examination of barrows and the preservation of antiquities generally. Mr. Worsaae refers the antiquities of the pagan period to three chief classes, referable to three distinct periods. "The first class includes all antiquarian objects formed of stone, respecting which we must assume that they appertain to the stone period, as it is called; that is, to a period when the use of metals was in a great measure unknown. The second class comprises the oldest metallic objects; these, however, were not as yet composed of iron, but of a peculiar mixture of metals, copper, and a small portion of tin melted together, to which the name of bronze has been given; from which circumstance the period in which this substance was commonly used has been named the bronze period. Finally, all objects appertaining to the period when iron was generally known and employed, are included in the third class, and belong to the iron period." It will doubtlessly be interesting to many of our readers to be informed of the degree of similarity which exists between the generality of our own antiquities and those of our ancient friends and foes, the Northmen.

Previously, however, to noticing the remains, which can clearly be referred to the ancestors of the present inhabitants of northern and western Europe, we would glance at a class of antiques which have been found over a widely-extended district, and which in their rudeness, and very general distribution over the islands and coasts of Western Europe, would seem to indicate that at some very remote and unknown period a race of savages, no way superior to the South Sea Islanders of the days of Cooke, had occupied those countries, from which modern civilisation has made its greatest advance. We allude to the implements of stone and bone, and the shell and amber ornaments, of which many specimens have been found in Ireland and in the neighbouring countries. Of the stone hatchets, figured in page 11 of Mr. Worsaae's book, and of the arrow or lance-heads, of which cuts are given in page 17, an incredible number have been discovered in almost every part of Ireland, and particularly in the beds of the larger rivers. That they had been manufactured in Ireland is a fact beyond doubt, as numerous examples, in a half-finished state, accompanied by portions of the same material which had been chipped off by the workmen when engaged in the formation of the articles, have been frequently ploughed up. We can have no hesitation in saying that such instruments have belonged to a people in the very earliest stage of society—the builders of the stone chambers, the contents of which alike attest the aboriginal simplicity of their constructors. Of the period of transition from the stone to the bronze age, nothing is known beyond the fact that the change could not have been very slow; for in Ireland, as in Denmark, "instead of the simple and uniform implements and ornaments of stone, bone, and amber, we meet suddenly with a number and variety of splendid weapons, implements, and jewels of bronze, and sometimes, indeed, with jewels of gold. Mr. Worsaae holds that, "in Denmark the transition is so abrupt that the antiquities of the bronze period must

* "The Primeval Antiquities of Denmark." By J. J. A. Worsaae, &c., &c. Translated and applied to the Illustration of similar Remains in England. By William J. Thoms. London and Oxford: John Henry Parker. 1849.

have commenced with an eruption of a new race of people, possessed of a higher degree of cultivation than the early inhabitants." In Ireland, indeed, the change would appear to have been more gradual, for instances are by no means rare of the ordinary stone weapons and ornaments having been found in connection with pins and minute implements of bronze. In sepulchral cists, articles of bronze, such as gouges, celts, and pins, have been found enclosed together with calcined bones in urns, perfectly similar in every respect to examples from the earliest stone chambers. Of the weapons and ornaments of the bronze age, usually found in the North, Mr. Worsaae has given many specimens, and his translator has illustrated the subject by numerous references to similar remains from England and this country. A cursory glance at the illustrations which accompany the descriptions will convince even the most careless observer, that a wonderful similarity exists between the oldest metallic relics of the North and those which, when found in Ireland, are referable to our age of bronze. Almost every object, however, has a peculiar character; the swords, for instance, are almost invariably furnished with a handle of bronze, a circumstance of very rare occurrence in Ireland; the celts are generally of a very slender form, and are not unfrequently ornamented with spiral designs, as are also the gouges and other articles. The swords of the bronze age, Mr. Worsaae informs us, "occur so frequently in Denmark, that hundreds have been collected, while many have perished in the course of time, and the earth still covers the greatest number of them. They are somewhat short, seldom more than two feet six inches in length, generally shorter, and two-edged, so that the blade is thickest in the middle." "The hilts are, in some cases, of wood, and have been fastened with nails; in others they are of bronze melted and spread over a nucleus of clay, the reason of which, in all probability, is, that metal was then very precious. In some few specimens the handles are covered with plates of gold, or wound round with gold wire." Of the spear-heads, usually found in connexion with the bronze swords, Mr. Worsaae has not given any illustration, but they are described as

being usually twelve inches in length. Both in Lord Ellesmere's translation, and in Mr. Worsaae's book, are drawings of a peculiarly ornamented and magnificently formed battle-axe, which has occasionally been found in the North, but of which there is no record of any specimen having been discovered in this country. Equally unknown to us are the circular shields, formed of plates of bronze, turned at their outer edge over a thick wire of the same material, and furnished at their centre with a boss hollowed for the insertion of the hand. It would, however, be extremely hazardous to assert that the wielders of our magnificent bronze weapons, which are so analogous to these of the people who possessed these shields, were unaccustomed to the manufacture of similar defences; for examples, equal in every way to that figured by Mr. Worsaae, have been found in England; and it is only of late years that public attention has been directed to the preservation of articles not previously known and described, when found in our bogs and rivers. From the graves and tumuli of the north a rich harvest of antiquities has been collected. In the cromlechs and chambers of the stone-period, monuments every way similar to our own, the explorers have usually found the bones of one or more human bodies, together with lances, arrow-heads, chisels, and axes of flint; ornaments of amber or of bone, and urns of baked clay. What an answer to these who still persist in pronouncing the cromlechs to have been Druidical altars. It is a curious consideration, that while the learned antiquaries of Europe were, and in some measure still are, at sixes and sevens amongst each other on the origin and uses of the cromlech, the Irish peasant all the time had no idea on the subject but the right one, for throughout the greater part of Ireland they are spoken of by the people, as giants' or heroes' graves! The tombs and barrows of the bronze age, Mr. Worsaae informs us, are very different from those of the preceding period. "They consist, as a general rule, of mere earth, with heaps of small stones, and always present themselves to the eye as mounds of earth, which, in a few rare instances, are surrounded by a small circle of stones, and contain relics of bodies which have been *burned and placed in vessels of clay*

with objects of metal." From these barrows it would appear that many invaluable specimens of warlike weapons and ornaments have been discovered, as it was the custom all through the bronze age to inter the articles held most precious by the deceased along with his body. In the iron age, it often occurred that the warrior's horse had been buried with him; for in the barrow at Hersom, for instance, the skeleton of a man, together with that of a horse, and with an iron sword, a spear, a stirrup, a bridle with a chain-bit, with a cross-bar at the ends, were discovered. In his "Hand-book of Irish Antiquities," Mr. Wakeman mentions a curious reference occurring in the "Book of Armagh," where King Leogaire is represented as telling St. Patrick that his father, Niall, used to desire him "never to believe in Christianity, but to retain the ancient religion of his ancestors, and to be interred in the Hill of Tara, like a man standing up in battle, and with his face turned to the south, as if bidding defiance to the men of Leinster."

About two years ago, in the removal of a mound in the county of Meath, for the purposes of road-making, the engineer, Mr. Searanke, came upon a skeleton placed in a *standing* position, accompanied with a beautifully-formed sword of bronze, an *iron* spear-head, and the remains of several richly-engraved urns of baked clay, the whole of which, with the exception of the bones, are now deposited in the museum of the Royal Irish Academy. This discovery is peculiarly interesting, as it affords striking evidence of iron having been known and used during some portion of the Pagan bronze period in Ireland. "The numerous remains belonging to the iron period in Norway and Sweden must, without all doubt, be ascribed to the same people as the present Swedes and Norwegians (*Svear* or *Normænd*), who, according to all tradition, came from the east, and who, on their arrival in the northern parts of Scandinavia, either completely subdued the Nomadic-Finnic tribes living there, or drove them to the most northern part of Europe, where the remnants of them exist to this day." It was with the descendants of these people that the Irish had to do during the ninth and for several succeeding centuries. Thirsting for spoil, eager to

win glory and gold, the "vikings" launched their long galleys, and swept the seas from Iceland to Sicily, leaving scarcely a coast unvisited, or a town within their reach unplundered. In vain the less hardy southerners would buy off the pirates. Fresh hordes succeeded, and again the axes of the Northmen hewed at their strongest gates. In many places, as Dublin, Waterford, Cork, &c., they formed settlements, which were fortified after the manner of the period, and which, at first, were perhaps little better than great forts or arsenals, wherein were kept the stores necessary for their numerous bands of marauders.

In course of time, and after the softening influences of Christianity had somewhat abated their zeal for piracy, the settlements of the Northmen, as they were generally well placed for purposes of commerce, appear gradually to have become important cities. In Ireland, all traces of their buildings and ramparts probably perished in the troubles which followed the Anglo-Norman invasion; but at any rate it is very certain that no architectural remains referable to the Danes, exist to this day; for the few structures still extant, which we know to have been of their foundation, all have been entirely rebuilt. Until of late years, indeed, few objects of antiquity had been preserved in Ireland which our archæologists could refer to a people who had become so intimately connected with our country's history. Of course, with the ignorant, our bronze swords, spear-heads, celts, &c., together with the round towers, and the raths, were all styled Danish—just as in Scotland the weapons and ornaments of the bronze period, which had been used by a people intimately connected with, and derived from, our countrymen, had been pronounced Roman. During his recent visit to Ireland, Mr. Worsaae was able to point to a particular class of weapons, evidently un-Irish, which had been discovered in clearing the ground upon which the terminus of the Great Southern and Western railway now stands, as unmistakeable relics of the Northmen. These consist, for the most part, of swords, spear-heads, and axes; and in immediate connexion with them were discovered a variety of articles of a less obvious character, the most remarkable of which are large conical knobs of

iron, which appear to have been used as bosses upon shields, of which they are the only remains. There were also found a considerable number of pins of bronze, some buckles, and minor articles. Of some large brooches, found at Kilmainham, of a convex form, and ornamented with serpent-like devices, Mr. Worsaae says, that such brooches have never been found in other countries than in Scandinavia, or where Scandinavian people had been settled; and he would therefore infer that the existence of these very singular and rare antiques, along with the weapons, would furnish the strongest argument in favour of the Scandinavian origin of their buried owners. In page 50 of Lord Ellesmere's book, an illustration of a Danish sword, perfectly similar in form to those found at Kilmainham, has been given. It is a singular fact, in connexion with the Danish swords found at Kilmainham, that in several instances they had been doubled up previous to their being deposited in the earth, a circumstance for which it is most difficult to assign a reason, unless, indeed, we may believe with Mr. Clibborn, of the Royal Irish Academy, that they had been bent by warriors who wished to run from battle as lightly as possible, and who, upon casting aside their weapons, adopted this method of rendering the swords useless in the hands of pursuers—"a precaution analogous to the modern spiking of cannon, breaking of muskets," &c. Of the importance of the monuments of antiquity as regards nationality, Mr. Worsaae speaks most eloquently, and in a style which fully entitles him to be considered as a true descendant of the Lochlonnach:—

"We see our forefathers penetrating, for the first time, into Denmark; and armed with sharp weapons, subduing the uncivilised people who dwelt there; we see them diffuse the knowledge of metals, of agriculture, and a higher degree of general civilisation. We hold in our hands the swords with which they made the Danish name respected and feared; we can even shew the trinkets and ornaments which they brought home as a booty, from their expeditions to foreign lands. The remains of antiquity thus bind us more firmly to our native land; hills and vales, fields and meadows, become connected with us in a more intimate degree; for by the barrows which rise on their surface, and the antiquities which they have preserved for centuries in their bosom, they constantly recall to our recollection that our forefathers

lived in this country, from time immemorial, a free and independent people, and so call on us to defend our territories with energy, that no foreigner may ever rule over that soil which contains the bones of our ancestors, and with which our most sacred and reverential recollections are associated."

We shall conclude this article with a few general remarks on the subject of the finding and preservation of antiquities in our own country; but in the meantime we would assure our antiquarian friends, that both in Lord Ellesmere's "Guide to Northern Archæology," as well as in Mr. Worsaae's publication, there is a rich suggestive store of information, such as we do not remember to have met with in any publications of the same class; and we would further declare, that to the most soulless these books must be interesting, for both their authors and translators have evidently worked as only men will work who have felt that an important trust has devolved upon them, and who, at the same time, possess a love and enthusiasm for their occupation. Of late years, and chiefly since the publication in the *Dublin Penny Journal*, at that time under the management of our distinguished countryman, Doctor Petrie, of objects of Irish antiquarian interest, accompanied with letter-press descriptions, a great many valuable relics of the past have been saved from the melter's pot—before that time their usual destination. The interest once awakened appears gradually to have extended over the country; and there are few districts in Ireland in which a greater or less collection of antiquities has not been made by some one or other. So far this was greatly to be desired; for though we may regret that many objects of great national interest lie scattered over the country, and are liable to be lost, yet experience has even already shown that the majority of such articles or collections ultimately find their way to the Royal Irish Academy, where they are liberally shown to all who would know something of the habits, thoughts, and arts of those who lived ages and ages ago in the land which we now call our own. The annual grant from Government barely suffices for the general expenses of the Academy, and yet within a few years, by the aid of subscriptions made among its members and other gentlemen, and by oc-

casional donations, a collection of antiquities has been formed which may well excite the wonder and admiration of strangers, and which is, after all, the grandest monument of *mere* Irish patriotism of which our metropolis can boast. Honour, then, to the men who laid the foundations of so noble a work, and honour to those who have steadily furthered its progress! but what shall we say of those who, Irishmen by birth, can forward to English institutes, or private collections in England, relics of Irish national interest, or of which examples have not been deposited in *any* Irish museum. Such men there are. Indeed, generally speaking we have not much reason to fear that many valuable remains of the bronze period are likely to be lost. We well know, however, that of the relics of an earlier age a wholesale destruction still continues; for they are not generally so well known, nor have the country people been taught to consider them at their proper value. A great number of articles of the stone age, such as arrow and lance-heads, and knives, of flint, are constantly ploughed up in almost every county; but the finders, who merely regard them as elf-stones, or "fairy darts," either keep them in their pockets, for superstitious purposes, till they become lost, or use them as flint-stones, from which to procure fire for their pipes. By far the most lamentable destruction is that of urns, numbers of which are yearly found, either in the plain earth or enclosed and covered by large flag-stones. Upon the discovery of a stone, by which the plough has been injured or impeded, it is usual for the driver and his assistants to remove the obstacle, whereupon a small chamber containing one or more urns is often discovered. Of course a scramble generally ensues, for the Irish people have a very common belief that in ancient times a vast amount of treasure was buried in crocks or pots of clay; and in the pagan sepulchral urn they imagine

they behold a treasure of which few of them have not dreamed. When one person makes the discovery of an urn he generally says nothing about it to his companions, but carefully marks the spot, and returns alone at night, in expectation of securing the whole of the treasure to himself; and upon finding but ashes and "bits of bones," he believes that the fairies have cheated him, and in his disappointment and vexation he generally breaks what would, after all, have been a treasure to him. We would also remark on the very lamentable degree of neglect with which mediæval sepulchral monuments have too generally been treated in Ireland. At Cashel, out of a considerable number of exquisitely beautiful cross-legged figures, carved as large as life upon the lids of stone coffins, which existed not many years ago, only four remain, the others having been broken up as sand-stone. The head of one of the very finest examples of monumental sculpture existing in Ireland was broken off and used as a stone to scrub the flags of the church of Athboy, in the County of Meath, and this lately; and in the neighbouring church of Rathmore a greater outrage has been recently perpetrated, for of two exquisitely carved figures of a knight and a lady, forming the upper portion of an altar-tomb, the female figure has been broken off and carried away. To cite further instances of similar outrage would not be difficult; but as we have already wandered beyond the limits assigned to this article, we shall conclude; not, however, without a word of parting advice to such of our readers as may be possessed of any relic of the olden time—send it to the Museum of the Royal Irish Academy, where only it can have its full value, and where it will be preserved from the almost certain destruction, or what is nearly as bad, exportation, which is the usual fate of single possessions of the kind.

A FEW MORE RANDOM RECORDS OF A RAMBLE IN THE EAST.

CHAPTER IV.

TRIP TO THE DEAD SEA AND THE JORDAN, BY THE CONVENT OF MAR SABA, WITH A CAUTION AGAINST OMAR BEY—SPECIMENS OF HIGH ART IN EASTERN CHURCHES—DROWSY RELIGIONISTS—A BATTERED MAN—A MARTYR TO MODESTY—HARE-HUNTING WITH BEDAWEN BEAGLES—THE FIDDLER'S REWARD.

IF a stone, or better, if a cannon-ball were rolled down the side of a hill, by all laws of gravitation its progress should be arrested very shortly, on its arriving at the level ground, and there it would stay; but contrary to every respectable law of nature, the true-born traveller has no sooner rolled to his destination—come to a stand still, as it were—than off, by some unknown perversity, he is impelled again; the curse of Cain seems evidently at work within him—"a fugitive and a vagabond" he must be upon the face of the earth.

Hadje Bouri could not at all understand this propensity for locomotion; "What you want more than stay at Masr?" the Hadje would remonstrate, "you smoke hubble-bubble, you eat, you drink, you walk through Bazar, can buy wife ver' sheap, then what you want more?" But Cairo was to the Hadje the seventh heaven of Mahommed—in his estimation there was no going beyond it; besides mentally, as well as corporeally, he was one-eyed—he knew not we were fulfilling our destiny.

We were not well awake, on the morning after our arrival at Jerusalem, when reluctant Paulo was assailed on all hands to prepare for an immediate excursion to the Dead Sea, and the Jordan, *via* Mar Saba; it was too bad that travellers, only a few days in the city before us, should crow over our party, in consequence of their having already completed the trip; indeed, I conjecture the gallant appearance of the gentry we encountered at Bethlehem, coupled with the supercilious bearing of their Sheik, stirred up within us a spirit of rivalry and emulation which we were ashamed to confess to. However, it is by no means easy to expedite travelling matters in the East, and this Paulo prudently calculated on, as he promised immediate dispatch. In the first place, a suitable

Sheik and escort were to be caught; then the *disinterested* "son of the desert" had to be bargained with, and tied down to his agreement; and lastly, that paragon of a rascal, Omar Bey, was by some means or other to be "circumvented," at least if we hoped to procure any better than the refuse of his stud. Omar Bey is, or then was, the most extensive horse-keeper, the most plausible dealer, and the very most mendacious liar in Jerusalem.

Tell Omar, on a certain day, you required a set of horses, the best in his establishment. Of course, Omar answers, "al rasi ou ain," suiting the action to the word, "on the head and on the eye be it," swears Omar; and if no other needy equestrian slips in meanwhile, the nags will be at your gate by the time appointed, but you may depend on their being the sorriest set of jades the worthy Bey may happen at the time to possess. I caution all brother-travellers against Omar Bey; you must visit his stables, select your steeds, and then mark them, promising a gratuity to the horse-boy who is to accompany you, if the animals you have chosen make their appearance on the day fixed. This we did, at the suggestion of Paul, and all arrangements having been completed in about three days, on the fourth morning after our arrival, we set off in "full feather" on our trip to the Jordan.

At Jerusalem, as is generally the case in all small towns, everybody knows what everybody is about, so we were less pleased than surprised to find from thirty to forty pilgrims drawn up by the old well of En Rogel, in the "King's Dale," who waited to take advantage of our escort to the valley of the Jordan. There were staid, Quakerlike Armenians; versatile, showy-looking Greeks; a fair sprinkling of Italian priests, and of cowed monks

not a few; various was their garb and equipment; turban and tarboush jogged amicably side by side, furred jerkins and blue breeches being much in vogue; but the grave robes of the Armenians gave an air of respectability to the procession. Some were mounted on gaily caparisoned horses, more on sleek mules, while the *oi polloi* bestrode humble asses, the bare shanks of the riders dangling very nearly to the ground; *one* lady graced the party, and a fiddler brought up the rear—about twenty of the wildest set of Bedaween I ever laid eyes on, led the way.

Following the valley of Jehosaphat, we left the direct road to Jericho, and were speedily involved amongst the crags and gorges that constitute the unvarying scenery of this region of desolation. Now we were scaling a rocky height, now sliding down a perilous descent, horses stumbling, riders swearing (a pilgrim in a passion *will* swear, I regret to say), baggage-mules breaking loose, and asses advancing tail-foremost. Our Arabs, totally regardless of our toil or tribulation, keeping far in advance, beguiled the tedium of the way, either by riding at all sorts of impracticable places, or yelling out their national anthem, which consisted of one long-drawn, monotonous howl.

“Patience and perseverance,” however, brought us, after three hours’ tumbling about, to Mar Saba. A wilder spot could not have been selected by the most enthusiastic anchorite: imagine a deep ravine, between two precipitous ranges of bare, black, crag-encumbered mountain, and, perched on a beetling cliff, the convent overhanging the abyss. I opened accidentally the account which Bartlett, in his “Walks about Jerusalem,” gives of the scenery, a portion of which I extract for the tasteless individual who is not in possession of his book:—

“In half-an-hour we had lost sight of the city, and were completely in the desert, unrelieved but by a few black Arab tents and flocks. For two hours more we traversed its monotonous, sterile wastes, when suddenly we found ourselves on the very brink of one of the tremendous chasms with which the face of the wilderness is seamed.

“This was the Glen of the Kidron, in which the convent of Santa Saba is situated; and the approach to it is one of the most singular and startling scenes imaginable.

Winding along a shelf of horizontal limestone, protected only by a low wall, we looked down into the dry bed of the abyss, which is unrelieved by a single tree or patch of verdure, presenting a spectacle of indescribable dreariness, sunk in a dead and mournful stillness, unbroken even by the wild sound of the rushing torrents.

“Its sides are full of natural caverns, evidently shaped as abodes by the labouring hands of thousands of ascetics, who once followed St. Saba into the desert. So apparently inaccessible are many, that we were at a loss to conceive how their tenants could have clambered up to them.

“On turning a corner on our right hand, the watch-tower of the convent itself suddenly appeared; its defensive wall, church dome, and inexplicable maze of terraces, and rock-hewn cells, hanging over the glen—a scene so singularly wild, that verbal description can give little or no idea of it.”

So says Mr. Bartlett, who is as powerful a delineator with the pen as he is faithful and effective with his pencil, and so say I, with regard to the convent itself. “A verbal description” (at least any verbal description of mine) can give little or no idea of it, not merely because I am deplorably ignorant of all the terms of art, not knowing architrave from pediment, buttress from abutment; but even were I erudite as yourself, learned reader, it is a hundred to one I could, after all my labour, impart an intelligible idea of what I endeavoured to depict. Just take for example the raw materials of the convent of St. Saba, of happy memory: throw in first a vast congeries of building (a very definite idea *that*, to begin with), take next an *ad libitum* of mazy labyrinths, arched vaults, caverns, and a *quantum fit* of terraces and esplanades, powder the mass plentifully with lamps, pictures, shrines, monkish paraphernalia, and soforth (the “soforth” I recommend particularly), you have the sum and substance of the heterogeneous ingredients that collectively make up the complex term convent; but what are you to do with the medley? or what am I to do with it? I can’t arrange the several parts, nor if I could, would you follow me, and preserve the connexion? so between us we should just have arrived at the midshipmen’s plum-pudding: they overhauled an old cook’s oracle, found out the several ingredients, put into a canvas bag “a pound of every thing,” just what the oracle directed,

and what came out of the bag when the whole was boiled?—why, a pound of every thing, but no plum-pudding. In describing an out-of-the-way scene, then, just dash off a few bold outlines, sketch here and there some prominent points of view, peaks that imagination loves to perch on—let the reader's creative faculty fill up the rest—the picture will have at least one pleasing peculiarity, it has unconsciously been made to his hand.

A convent is, to my mind, a very disgusting subject to dwell upon; for, on entering a convent, at least three out of the five senses are forcibly assailed—to wit, the nose, by the overpowering odour of incense; the ear, by the incessant tolling of Bob Majors, and shrill tinkling of minor bells, not to mention a sort of “marrow-bone and cleaver” accompaniment, produced by striking a board suspended by a cord, with an iron plectrum, and stray intervals filled up by the drawing chant of mechanical devotion. Your eyes are offended by the personal nastiness of the reverend brethren, who delight to indulge in a mild description of *chronic hydrophobia*. I might go on to the organs of smell and taste; but all external sources of annoyance are forgotten in the outrage committed on good taste and better feeling, by the garish decorations of the churches, and the objectionable nature of the paintings that disgrace their venerable walls. I could mention one shrine in a little chapel where the altar was decorated with the usual profusion of faded artificial flowers, one enormous bouquet being stuck as a centre-piece in an empty rosolio-flask, the quondam contents, with fabricator's address, &c., &c., still blazoned in flaming gold letters on its front; but I pass on to the paintings. In the so-called Chapel of the Nativity at Bethlehem, set off with gewgaw silk hangings and tinselled shrines, one may behold, over the manger in which we are told the oxen fed, an appropriate picture of the host of heaven, in full choir, announcing the glad tidings to the shepherds; amongst the celestial choristers one angel is represented pitching vigorously into a huge bass viol, while another twangs an antiquated guitar! Do the monks laugh at their popular deceptions, or discredit their own traditions?

But Mar Saba bears the palm for

pictorial eccentricities. At one extremity of the great church—as well as I remember—there was a strange delineation of the Day of Judgment: on your left hand figured a miscellaneous assemblage of ladies and gentlemen, in fiery gold crowns, who are promenading before a row of very diminutive habitations, far too diminutive, indeed, to enter, which may account for the beatified remaining out of doors. At the right side of the painting, and opposite the beautiful peripatetics, a lot of unfortunate delinquents are shot from a shovel into the old serpent's jaws, who—a cross between a crocodile and a dangerous-looking dragon—receives shovelful after shovelful into his insatiable maw, vomiting forth volumes of flame, to the terror of all beholders. Now, how these things come to pass, we are graphically instructed in a second painting: it is set up over the shrine of some unknown worthy, not far from the library near the top of the tower, maintaining, from its position, its claim to be considered a specimen of devotional *high art*. A judgment-scene is again before us; the risen dead are passing their ordeal; in the centre you see an enormous beam and scales, wherein souls (with substantial bodies by the way) are being weighed; those of full weight, whose good deeds are of genuine metal, of course, pass muster. One very heavy fellow happened to enter the scale as we looked on; up go the weights, when suddenly a malicious-looking devil slyly lifts his foot to kick the beam, while a companion in iniquity pops his right leg forward, to bar the egress of the saint. Vain subtlety! The attendant angels are not to be done; a warlike seraph dextrously turning the flank of the enemy, poises a ponderous spear, aiming at the second demon such a prod as, if he gets it, must put him off *parte post* of his tricks to all eternity. Such quaint representations may be considered harmless, though inappropriate; but the subjects are too serious to be treated with levity, be that levity never so undesigned—the places too sacred to admit, far more to retain, any unseemly decoration. One picture, however, in the church of the convent of Mar Saba, actually struck us aghast, from the impious blasphemy of the subject: the sacred and mysterious Trinity—God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost—were depicted, each per-

son of the Godhead separately, crowning the Virgin Mary as Queen of Heaven; and this picture was hung up conspicuously, to be the book of the ignorant, directing their adoration to a frail fellow-mortal, in the very temple and sanctuary of the Most High!

But enough of a subject alike painful and humiliating. We were lodged in the common room of the convent, where the most respectable portion of the party, myself amongst the number, slept on the bare floor. The lady—alas! for the gallantry of the brotherhood—was placed in coventry—put by, we knew not where. It was about half-past three o'clock in the morning when I awoke, and I took advantage of the solitude of the hour to strip and make my toilet, in peace and quiet, on a neighbouring terrace; presently a troop of monks, blinking and bleary-eyed after their nocturnal vigil, passed close under me to their cells, stopping by the way to call up the slumberers who were to relieve guard. It was amusing to watch the comical expression of malicious satisfaction with which the newly emancipated poked up the sleepers, who, tumbling into the moonshine, proceeded, with anything but alacrity, to their posts. About half an hour after sunrise the whole convent was in motion—pilgrims clamouring and hurrying to and fro, asses braying, steeds snorting, kicking, and squealling; Bedaween howling, and perpetually firing their fusees. We mounted as the main body rode out, and regained our escort, which we found to have increased to nearly double its original number. From a distant eminence a body of mounted Bedaween reconnoitred us for several minutes. Our Sheik appeared uneasy, and ordered the pilgrims to close in; we passed along, however, without meeting with any hindrance; our Sheik, informing us of the cause of his anxiety, told a long story about some difference between himself and the Sheik of St. Saba respecting territory, the Sheik of Mar Saba having sworn, in consequence, to take off the head of his rival on the very first befitting opportunity. After two hours' ride, we arrived at a more open line of country,—low hills, sprinkled with herbage, succeeding the sterile cliffs and deep ravines which had hitherto characterised our road—we were, in fact, approaching the lofty plateau which overlooks the valley of the Jordan and the

Dead Sea. Being now in the undisputed territory of our Arabs, the heart of our Sheik, and the hearts of his three brethren, began to dilate forthwith—the hearts of his ragged retinue dilated also. Taking advantage of the open ground, they commenced, as Paul termed it, making war—dashing at full speed over the plain, attacking, retreating, charging, flying; now blazing at one another with their matchlocks—bullets flying harmless around; now engaging, hand to hand, with flashing sabres, or hurling their long lances back against pursuing foes. How the vagabonds did yell, as they scored the flanks of their jaded horses with the sharp corner of the shovel stirrup! A warrior, with his streaming garments floating in the breeze, would charge you, lance in hand, and as you naturally ducked to your saddle bow, to escape the wild horseman's nine inches of cold iron, lo! his lance was driven perpendicularly into the earth, his horse flung upon his haunches in the middle of his career, and horse and man wheeling in a half circle round the lance (which had never quitted the rider's grasp). Rustam was off at full gallop, making a determined poke at the first unfortunate fellow whose back was turned to him.

Now all this was highly amusing, and all would have gone off well, if we civilians had confined ourselves to being mere spectators of the fray; but this did not at all “jump with our humour;” we got bitten with the prevalent mania, and each man challenging the field, set out on an extemporary steeple-chase, to end somewhere about the mountains of Moab, if no one could ride higher up than the base. For my part, I was leading, at a great pace, on a one-eyed grey, which pulled like the mischief, and gallantly distanced all competitors (we were not very particular about the start, the goal being undefined). On went the grey, like a steam-engine, till we found ourselves right in amongst a lot of rocks, and in danger of going to pieces at every stride. I considered it high time to pull up—the grey differed in opinion; smash went a stirrup-leather in the conflict, and I was sent rolling on the stony ground. I have some faint recollection of being ridden over by a brace of pilgrims, but however that may be, *my* pilgrimage was near being accomplished: for, from the crown of my head to the sole of my boot, save

and except the cap of my right knee, not an angular inch of my whole body escaped scarification; and, worse than all, the faithless inexpressibles which Paulo had ingeniously put together after the catastrophe of the mummy-pit (detailed in a former Ramble), my only inexpressibles, were in ribbands, to my own inexpressible dismay; in fact I was a wreck, a ruin,—and this came of horse-racing. What was left of me being collected and placed in the saddle, my companions, somewhat sobered by my accident, though laughing at my pitiable condition, resumed their route: we entered a rocky pass, and, on a sudden, from our elevated position, looked down on the valley of the Jordan and wide-spread waters of the Dead Sea.

What a scene of sterility, desolation, death! Beneath us, in the depths below, lay the sullen sea of Sodom—still, motionless, profound;—not a breath of air from heaven stirred its unbroken surface—not a passing cloud cast a shadow on its unhallowed bosom; it glared and glittered in the noon-day sun, reflecting beam for beam, as if in dull defiance of its burning wrath.

Rising from the waters of the “accursed lake,” the sombre range of Moab stood out before us, darkly against the clear blue sky, extending right and left, bounding the valley of the Jordan as far as the eye could reach, overlooking the arid waste beneath them, as well as hanging over the gloomy sea. Words cannot convey a faint impression of the utter wildness of this solitude; the face of the entire plain is heaped with sulphurous masses of blanched scorching sand, covered with saline incrustations, while deep gashes or abrupt ravines furrow the undulating, uneven surface of the waste. In the distance, one could just trace the course of the Jordan, distinguished by a narrow fringe of verdure, the river winding along the skirt of the barren plain by the base of the mountains of Moab; nearer, but considerably to our left, a patch of deep green foliage marked the groves of ancient Jericho, still watered by the stream Elisha healed—the beauty of this little oasis adding sternness by the contrast to the features of the desolation which reigned around. From some such point of view as that we occupied, the patriarch of old, it might be, “once lifted up his eyes,” and as he gazed upon

the valley that lay spread beneath him, rejoiced in the luxuriant richness of the sight. “Lot lifted up his eyes,” we read, “and beheld all the plain of Jordan that it was well watered *everywhere*, before the Lord destroyed Sodom and Gomorrah, *even as the garden of the Lord*, like the land of Egypt as thou comest unto Zoar.” Now, in the very words of Holy Writ—“The stranger that has come from a far land shall say, when he sees the plagues of this land, and the sickness which the Lord hath laid upon it, and that the whole land thereof is *brimstone* and *salt*, and *burning*; that it is not sown, nor beareth, nor any grass groweth thereon—Wherefore hath the Lord done this unto this land? What meaneth the heat of this great anger?” Wherefore?—the tale of this once pleasant, favoured, beautiful, and blooming valley, supplies the answer—“A fruitful land maketh he barren, for the wickedness of them that dwell therein.”

We descended by a steep path into the plain, and passing a pool of stagnant water, surrounded by a mass of low, dank weeds, rode through a few long, thorny, bushes, and reached the margin of the lake; there was a hard pebbly strand, strewn here and there with drift-wood; bare trunks of trees, withered and dry, covered with a coating of salt; small lumps of some bituminous substance were scattered over the beach; we afterwards found several other pieces floating on the water. The water itself was clear and limpid, and the sun was reflected from its surface with a dazzling glare; viewed from this point, the Bahr Lutho, as the Arabs call it, lost nothing of its gloomy aspect. Girt, on our left hand, by the dark range of Moab, a continuation of the craggy heights we had just quitted, formed the barrier on the right, their black, bituminous cliffs rising abruptly from the lake, which stretched far before us into the distance, till its leaden hues were blent with the hazy blue of the horizon—waste, water, crag, monotonous blue sky, the sole components of the cheerless landscape.

Heated and fatigued, we prepared for a general bathe, at least our private party, for the pilgrims determined to reserve their energies for the sacred Jordan—the Lake of Sodom being held by them in horror and abo-

mination, utterly unadapted to the ends of cleanliness or comfort, as we afterwards ascertained to our cost. The bad odour in which the lake was held did not, however, deter us, and having called a halt, we plunged like young ducks into the liquid element—Paulo clucking like an old hen on the bank. We plunged! disastrous was the the plunge—rapidly enough head after head popped up from the execrable waters—hair matted, eyes smarting, and tongues burning from the intense sulphurous bitter saltness of the detestable liquid in which we were immersed; water it was *not*, nor bitumen, nor salt, nor sulphur, but a disgusting compound of all four—a hog'shead of it would serve as an emetic for all Asia Minor, and leave some gallons to spare against the next epidemic; you could neither sink in it nor swim in it. Talk of a fly in molasses, or a wasp in a barrel of tar—I can find no parallel for a bath in the Dead Sea. I brought home a bottle of it, and sickened some scores of my acquaintance. But the sufferings of my companions were a trifle to what I felt; cut and maimed in consequence of my superior horsemanship, I jumped into the water as raw as a beefsteak, and jumped out of it as if I were flayed alive; however, let me be just to this abominable mixture—if I smarted for it, my wounds were effectually cauterized, and completely skinned over; the cure was perfect to a miracle. We dressed with the comfortable sensation of men who had been well coated over with mutton suet—stiff, greasy, and extremely out of sorts, with a tingling, creeping feel over the skin—and remounting, turned our steps to the fords of the Jordan. Crossing the plain towards the right, we reached the banks of the river, which burrows, in its sinuous course, far below the level of the plain—the dense thicket of bushes, shrubs, and trees that grow out of its waters, in many places scarcely out-topping the bank; the stream is very rapid, and the water muddy. Leaving the river to follow its meanderings, we arrived by a shorter path at the celebrated fords, where tradition tells us the host of Israel trod dryshod through the depths, as the flood retired before the ark of God; nor is it improbable that here John the Baptist was baptising, and

that here our blessed Lord, as he came out of the waters, received the public seal of his ministry, when “the Holy Ghost, in a bodily shape, like a dove, came upon him, and a voice from heaven which said—thou art my beloved Son, in thee I am well pleased.”

At this part of the river the banks are low, and nearly on a level with the stream; here, also, the river is comparatively broad, and shaded by trees, which grow in great abundance along its margin; near the bank the water is shallow, but the current exceedingly rapid; on both sides, the stream is bordered by a dense thicket, with a few open intervals; the Jordan willow is found in great luxuriance. The fords of the Jordan being the grand termination of our expedition, our pilgrims, who had taken only a devotional whet at Mar Saba, now prepared, with infinite gusto, for a solemn ablution in the sacred river. The Arabs had driven our horses into the water, and were swimming with them in great glee; we, too, got ready for a bath, anxious to wash off the nastiness of the Dead Sea. Scarcely were we denuded of our scanty clothing, when, to our dismay, we found ourselves surrounded by the body of pilgrims, who had unexpectedly debouched from the bushes, uniformly arrayed in white. Not having any idea that it was customary to dress for the occasion, and propriety forbidding us to intrude in a state of nature on so worshipful a company, we retired, with no small precipitation, to a more secluded, but less favourable spot up the banks. The scene was highly amusing—horses floundering and snorting midway in the stream; Arabs displaying their copper-coloured limbs as they disported themselves amongst the tiny waves; pilgrims, in bridal array, ducking and diving, grubbing for snail shells and green pebbles in the bottom of the stream; handkerchiefs, caps, and unknown articles of apparel, male and female, were washed in the holy river, all consecrated habiliments from that day forth. Some long-sighted devotees had brought beads and glass armlets from Jerusalem, to be transformed into amulets and relics, by immersion in the Jordan; more bottled the water in large tin flasks; others plucked willows from the river side; and a few took substantial logs, to be manufactured into trinkets of

divers sorts, consecrated all by contact with the waters. In fact, pleasure, profit, and devotion were curiously blended together—the maxim, that “no man can serve two masters,” being carefully kept out of sight.

Propriety, I think I said, compelled our party to retire to a little distance from the place where the scene I have been endeavouring to describe was enacted; but propriety played one at least, of her votaries an unworthy trick. I was following a companion across the river; he had gained the opposite side, when the current caught me suddenly, and giving up the glory of the enterprise, might and main I was obliged to strike out for the bank I had just left. However, the river god being unpropitious, I was hurried incontinently down the stream, and, finally, deposited on a shingly bank, I blush to record it, nearly at the feet of the fair pilgrim who represented the gentler sex amongst our body. Here the water was too shallow to swim, and the current too rapid to permit my coming to an anchor by any other expedient than that of holding on by the bottom with both hands. My feet were pointed at the lady, and my nether man, bumping uneasily against the stony shelf on which I was so deplorably stranded, added bodily torment to mental anguish. What was to be done? decency, of course, forbid my getting on my legs, and retiring like a Christian biped, while necessity forced me to hold hard, as a meander downwards to the Sea of Sodom might be attended with very serious consequences, even if I escaped shipwreck in my involuntary voyage. So there I lay covered, as well as adverse circumstances would admit of, in the muddy water, my face scorched by a blazing sun, and my antipodes threatening momentarily to come asunder, from the incessant jerking of the inexorable stream—the fact is, I was in the “centre of a hobble.” And how did the fair lady take it?—this was the unkindest cut of all. Oh! for the propriety, the delicacy, nay, the sympathy of woman—she positively looked on as if nothing extraordinary was the matter; I might as well have been a log of wood; she neither regarded my helpless condition, nor expressed commiseration for my perplexity; perhaps she thought, poor simple woman,

it was a way we Europeans had, and that, after the custom of my country, I was paying my respects to the venerated object of our mutual pilgrimage. Be that as it may, there lay unhappy I, a martyr to my modesty; while she, for whose sake I suffered, calmly contemplated my burning countenance, and, as fast as they were handed her, immersed garment after garment in the water, consecrating, I verily believe, the wardrobes of every female friend, kinswoman, or acquaintance she possessed in the wide world—and these, as I had reason to remember, were anything but few. At last her task was finished, and taking an extra duck for her own especial benefit, the ruthless woman betook her to the bushes, whilst I, scorched, scarified, and parboiled, rose dripping from the river, forswearing pilgrims and pilgrimages from that day forth. How well I kept my resolution may be demonstrated in another chapter.

Our return from the Jordan was enlivened by a second battle-royal among our Bedaween, in which one champion was ridden down and *killed*, but miraculously restored to life by a half bottle of sherry—for the remaining half the pious Moslem would have encountered a second death. Just as we remounted, a hare was started from a thicket, and in a moment we were after her, running right for the groves of Jericho. The Arabs, with poised lances, rode at poor puss like maniacs. I regret to say, we English, being caught by the contagion, shewed equally small pretensions to sanity. The pace was tremendous, but the country!—talk of stone walls, double ditches, bullfinches, and so forth: I recommend the man who would break his neck, to ride into a hare across the plains of Jericho. Now you plunged into a thicket, now you scrambled over rocks; anon you found yourself at the bottom of a ravine, wondering by what fatality you got there, and by what miracle you were to get out; but an Arab horse has the activity of a wild goat—a cat could as soon lose her legs, and, for courage, I never saw these nettlesome little nags excelled. After a sharp run, puss found cover in the cleft of a rock, and there we left her; the hare was a little dry anatomy, of a light dun colour.

We now returned to our pilgrims,

who had held on "the even tenor of their way," charmed by the strains of the fiddler who led the van, aggravating with relentness pertinacity, a very execrable violin, and in this order we reached the groves of Jericho. Wind-ing, our mazy course through a dense underwood, we nearly rode down into a cluster of miserable mud hovels—the modern Jericho, as Paulo informed us, who pointed out an old square tower which marked the site of the ancient city, once next only in importance to Jerusalem. Our path now crossed a clear rivulet, which flows from Elisha's fountain, and halting on an open space beside its margin, we prepared to encamp for the night. The abrupt precipitate mountain of Quarantiana stood out boldly from the range that forms the western boundary of the plain, said by some unauthorised tradition to have been the scene of the temptation. Inaccessible as it appears, it is nevertheless honeycombed with the cells of anchorites, who swarmed over its face as thick as rabbits in a warren—a very burrow of most active monks, who must daily have risked life or limb in climbing to, or descending from, their airy and perilous abodes.

The spot for our encampment was a delightful one; the cool stream mur-

mured pleasantly by our tents, and the shady trees hung over them; the pilgrims, unprovided with tent or superfluous baggage, were clustered in groups; some idly smoking, and talking over the events of the day; others had lit their fires, and were preparing supper, whilst the most provident looked out for sheltry nooks in which to bivouac for the night.

Our horses were picquetted in a long line at a little distance; their heavy saddles and cumbrous furniture left on as usual; our Bedaween enjoyed themselves after their peculiar fashion, dancing an outlandish dance, to the evident delight both of performers and spectators.

At length the hand-clapping and howling ceased, the stillness of repose was stealing over the wearied body and excited mind, when lo! the immortal fiddler, setting his tuneful back against the very wall of my tent, drew forth his accursed implement of music, gave a preliminary scrape, and dashed into a favourite fantasia, determined to make a night of it. Reader, didn't he deserve the kick, administered through the canvas, which plunged him, violin and all, into the arms of his wondering audience? Orpheus for once put up with "fiddler's fare," "more kicks than halfpence."

CHAPTER V.

PROGRESS OF SCEPTICISM—THE TRADITION OF THE HOLY SEPULCHRE NO MONKISH FABLE—DR. ROBINSON AN INVOLUNTARY ALLY; WITH THE "PROS AND CONS" OF THE CONTROVERSY.

The earliest difficulty the visitor has to encounter, as he inspects the sacred antiquities of the holy city, is that of determining, with some measure of satisfaction to himself, at least, the degree of credence he ought to give to the traditionary accounts attached to these several remarkable localities. What am I to take for fact, how much set down for mere fiction? he naturally asks himself; and in verity, unless the traveller be blessed with an amazing bump of the marvellous, he must find himself perplexed for a reply.

It is true that his bible should here become his guide-book; but the ready monk is too frequently accepted as his guide, said guide being invariably as dogmatic as he is ignorant, and superstitious in the same proportion as he is devout. So the reverend cicerone

ambles, with much content, along the beaten track of monkish marvel-monsters, credulous pilgrims, and gullable devotees, interlarding his unctious expositions alike with wondrous legends and approved traditions, mingling fact and fable with such felicitous dexterity, that the wearied listener, after many a vain essay to keep pace with his voluble conductor, is fairly abandoned in the mazes of a labyrinth from whose ambiguities he finds it hopeless to escape.

In many of the worthy monk's meanderings you may at once detect his deflections from the narrow path of "truth and soberness," his "strange narrations" speaking for themselves; as for instance, when he gravely points you out the *house* of homeless Lazarus, in ludicrous contiguity with the man-

sion of departed Dives, or directs your attention to the impression of the Virgin's girdle, still visible in the flinty rock, on which she dropped it, for the especial behoof of misbelieving Thomas, troubled, no doubt, as Maundrel quaintly conjectures, by a return of his old incredulity. The sepulture of the same St. Mary, side by side with Caiphas, the high priest, is also about as palpable a *fact* as the legend of the old song, which tells us how

"Fin-ma-choul went to school
With the prophet Jeremiah."

But the monks relate traditions less manifestly absurd, yet equally underserving of credit—traditions which you must admit to be based on *possibility*, but accompanied by the highest degree of improbability; it is *possible* the apostles composed the creed in the spot pointed out on Olivet; it is *possible* Pilate, from the "ecce homo" archway, exclaimed to the frantic multitude "Behold the man;" it is *possible* the very stone in the "via dolorosa," which your pious guide kisses, with a very theatrical air of devotion, was the one against which the suffering Saviour leaned as he bent beneath the burden of the cross; these, and a host of other *possible* legends, the monks considerably favour you with; but can you for a moment hesitate to set them all down as "lying fables," when you reflect on their utter improbability? So you go on, step by step, until you turn a deaf ear to all mere monkish tradition, from a conviction of its general fallacy; it comes from what is at best a suspicious source.

Now if one could stop here, it would be all very well; but, unfortunately, from rejecting all traditions which have originated with the monks, we discredit even those which are sanctioned and adopted by the monks, as if the circumstance of their asserting them to be authentic was a *primâ facie* evidence of their falsehood; and as the convent extends its patronage very liberally in these matters, invariably mixing a large supply of its own chaff with the wheat, the examiner is disposed to discard the whole mass, without troubling himself to sift the heap. I know nowhere that this prejudice against long-received tradition operates more banefully, than with respect to the alleged sites of Calvary and the Holy Sepulchre; and I shrewdly sus-

pect *feeling*, rather than *judgment*, has influenced the reasoning of those who impugn their genuineness.

As you enter the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, you are first led to the "stone of unction," the whole legend about which is evidently a "pious fraud." The "cleft in the rock" does not strike you as in any way miraculous, or even extraordinary; it is a mere fissure in the stone, which was produced, in all likelihood, by some natural agency; and as to the Chapel of the "Invention of the Cross," a very slight acquaintance with its history must convince one that the tradition respecting it is all pure *invention*. Now you ascend by a flight of stairs to Calvary, and, dazed as it is with altars, shrines, and tawdry decorations, you in vain endeavour to connect the spot with the scene of the crucifixion. You descend to the Holy Sepulchre: here, at least you expect to meet with some vestige of originality. Entering the little chapel that contains it, you are first requested to notice a small, square block of marble, placed inconveniently in the way, and this they tell us, is the *great* stone which the angel rolled away from the mouth of the sepulchre. You pass on to the door of the inner-chamber, you stand by the consecrated place in which the Lord was laid, you look around you for "the cave hewn in the rock;" a plain sarcophagus of foreign marble, illuminated by the blaze of richly-wrought silver lamps, is the only object that meets the eye; can this be the garden sepulchre—the rock-hewn tomb? Disgusted by the tasteless metamorphosis, you are reluctant to believe that you stand where once stood the sepulchre of Christ.

This sensation of disappointment and voluntary incredulity is well expressed in the "Narrative of the Scottish Mission:"—

"We this day visited," the Mission write, "the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, believed by many to cover the very spot of Calvary where our Lord was crucified and buried, a visit which awakened in our minds only feelings painful and revolting. . . . The church is not remarkable for elegance or beauty, and the pictures, with few exceptions, are far from being of the first order. In the centre stands a marble house, enclosing the sepulchre. We entered and examined the sarcophagus, which is of white marble; even the monks seemed to be a

great deal more taken up with the silver lamps hung over it than with the tomb itself.

. . . . The rock of Calvary, so called by the monks, is only a few paces from the sepulchre. Ascending some twenty steps, into a small chapel, the guide lifted up a gilded star in the floor, and showed what is called the hole in the rock where the cross was fixed. . . . We had little patience to go round all the spots accounted sacred, under the roof of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre; and each of us felt the blush of honest indignation rising in our faces at the mingled folly and profanity of the whole scene. . . . If Calvary was really within these walls, then truly Popery has contrived to hide the *place* where the Redeemer died, as completely as she has done the *person* of the Redeemer himself."

One can be at no loss to conjecture the conclusion at which these *patient* investigators arrived—let us dismiss the account in their own words:—

"On the whole, we found it *a relief* to our minds to rest in the conclusion that the cleft in the rock, and the holy sepulchre of the monks, have as little to do with the place where Jesus died, and the rocky tomb, in the garden where they laid him, as the polished marble and gaudy lamps by which the place is disfigured."

So much for the gentlemen of the Scottish Mission; biassed as their judgment, and unwarrantable as their inference appears to me, their feelings were not unnatural, nor their "honest indignation" without excuse.

Are we, however, to concur in their decision, that the tradition with respect to Calvary and the Sepulchre is a mere monkish tradition, and to be set down in the same category with the other "lying wonders" of the monks?

A brief review of the historic evidence in support of the present tradition will furnish a satisfactory reply; and, strange as it may appear, Dr. Robinson, the learned demolisher of monkish fables, here comes opportunely to our aid: we shall have reason in the sequel to return our best thanks to this *involuntary* ally.

Dr. Robinson commences the second volume of his "Biblical Researches" with a succinct and admirable historic notice of Jerusalem; and from his summary we will borrow a portion of our materials in pursuing the inquiry. As the matter, then, is principally derived from a staunch oppo-

nent to the generally-received tradition, which asserts the genuineness of the localities at present shown as the sites of Calvary and the Sepulchre, we may escape the imputation of making a partial statement, or exhibiting a one-sided view of this deeply-interesting question.

I will first briefly advert to the historic evidence in support of the existing tradition, and next to Dr. Robinson's attempt to shake the testimony on which this evidence is based.

On the most cursory view of the subject, two prominent facts press themselves on one's notice:—

The first,—the notoriety, the localities of Calvary, and the Sepulchre, immediately obtained in consequence of the extraordinary occurrences connected with the crucifixion and burial of our Lord.

The second,—the total absence of a tradition pointing out any other spot as the scene of Christ's death and resurrection.

Our inquiry, then, resolves itself into one simple question, namely—Has all record of the localities of Calvary and the sepulchre been so utterly lost—at one time confessedly notorious—as to leave us unable to form a valid conjecture with respect to the place in which they were situated? If we reject the only tradition which has ever existed on the subject, improbable as the inference is, we are forced to reply in the affirmative. Before, however, we reject it, let us examine its claims to our respect.

A word first on the notoriety of the places, for the more remarkable the localities, the more likely are they to be preserved by tradition. No places, one would say, could have been better known, nor more accurately inspected than the scenes of the crucifixion and the resurrection, at the time, at least, when those events occurred. They must have been objects of no ordinary interest to every class amongst the then inhabitants of Jerusalem.

On their interest to the followers of Christ it is superfluous to dwell; their hopes, which died upon the cross, revived in the abandoned sepulchre. "If Christ be not raised," argues the great apostle of the Gentiles, "*your faith is vain; ye are yet in your sins.*" How eagerly must the early disciples have flocked to the scene of the resurrection!—with what solemn joy must they have loved to linger by that tenantless abode of

vanquished death; and with what speechless gratitude must they have turned from the sepulchre to gaze on Golgotha! Without any shadow of doubt these sacred places were visited and venerated with enthusiastic devotion by the Church at Jerusalem.

The interest of these same localities to the Jewish residents of the city and its neighbourhood, although different in its source, could scarce have been much less in its degree. As to the chief priests and rulers of the people, their influence and credit were at stake, either if Christ evaded their malice by simulating death, or if his disciples could elude their vigilance, and by dextrously secreting the body, give a colour of probability to their Lord's prediction, that on the third day he should rise from the dead. The priests and rulers are consequently found witnessing the expiring agonies of Christ; and after his body is deposited in the grave, they go themselves and make "the sepulchre sure, sealing the stone, and setting a watch." Calvary and the sepulchre, then—the scenes of their envious triumph and unenviable discomfiture—became places of too painful an importance to them not to be well remembered, as well as diligently explored.

As to the multitude who had seen Christ's miracles, hung on his words, declared their belief in him as "a great prophet"—they with awe and consternation viewed the prodigies which attended his crucifixion; "they smote their breasts and returned." Now, on the tidings of his resurrection, how they must have crowded to the empty grave, and revisited the place of execution! There could not have been a Jew in Jerusalem or its neighbourhood who, from that day out, could not have at once directed the stranger to the burying-ground of Joseph of Arimathea, close by Golgotha, where Jesus of Nazareth, he would add, had been interred.

To a third and very opposite class, the localities of Calvary and the sepulchre must have been objects of novel attraction—I mean to the Roman soldiery and government officials, stationed in those days at Jerusalem. The soldiery were witnesses of the prodigies that accompanied the execution of Christ, and how sensibly some of them were affected by what they beheld appears from a passage in one of

the gospels:—"When the *centurion*, and *they that were with him watching* (literally, keeping guard over) Jesus, saw those things which were done, *they feared greatly*, saying, truly this was the *SON OF GOD*." Roman soldiers, also, witnessed the miraculous effusion of blood and water, after death, from the pierced side of Jesus; and Roman soldiers were the first to bring intelligence to the high priest of the resurrection of Jesus.—"Behold, there was a great earthquake, for the angel of the Lord descended from Heaven, and came and rolled back the stone from the door" (of the sepulchre) "and sat upon it. His countenance was like lightning, and his raiment white as snow, and for fear of him the keepers did shake, and became as dead men;" and, "behold some of the watch came into the city and showed unto the chief priests all the things that were done." The clumsy fabrication of the chief priests—"Say ye his disciples came by night, and stole him away while we slept"—could not have obtained much credit amongst the garrison, involving as it did the character of their comrades; and all the circumstances that attended the death, burial, and resurrection of Christ, must have been discussed again and again amongst the soldiery, and the marvels they attested incorporated with the history of the military services of the legion then quartered in Palestine; while the places where these wonderful events took place must have been visited and examined with inexhaustible curiosity. Nor was the great interest of these occurrences confined to the mere soldiery—it seems to have spread far and wide, extending even to the most exalted personages in distant Rome, as we learn from the historic narrative of Eusebius, E.C., B.I., cap. ii.:—"The fame of our Lord's remarkable resurrection and ascension being now spread abroad, according to an ancient custom prevalent among the rulers of the nations, to communicate novel occurrences to the emperor, that nothing might escape him, Pontius Pilate transmits to Tiberius an account of the circumstances concerning the resurrection of our Lord from the dead, *the report of which had already been spread throughout all Palestine*; in this account he also intimated that he had ascertained other miracles respecting him, and that having now risen from

the dead, he was believed to be a God by the great mass of the people."

This report Tiberius referred to the senate, in order that by their vote and decree they should enrol Christ among their gods. The motion of the emperor was negatived on a mere "point of order;" yet, "Tiberius, still continuing to hold the opinion he had before cherished, formed no unreasonable projects against the doctrines of Christ."

Thus we see the notoriety of the facts relating to the crucifixion and resurrection of our Lord, and hence, we consequently infer, the notoriety of the places which were the scenes of both; we may also perceive that there were three distinct channels by which the tradition of those well-known localities might have been handed down; and no one can be disposed to doubt but that those sacred localities were well marked and accurately known until the siege and overthrow of Jerusalem by the Emperor Titus.

We next proceed to inquire through what authentic channel this tradition could have been communicated, from the siege by Titus, to the siege of the Holy City by Adrian, a period of about 67 years.

Let us examine the condition of Jerusalem immediately after the first siege. "The destruction of Jerusalem," writes Dr. Robinson (vol. ii. p. 2) "however terrible, was, nevertheless, *not total*. Josephus relates that by order of Titus *the whole western wall of the city*, and the three towers of Hippicus, Phasaelus, and Mariamne, *were left standing*—the former as a protection for the troops that remained here in garrison, and the latter as a memorial to posterity of the strength of the fortifications which Roman valour had overcome. Titus stationed here at his departure *the whole of the tenth legion*, besides *several* squadrons of cavalry, and cohorts of foot: *for these troops and their attendants there of course remained dwellings*; and there is no reason to suppose *that such Jews* as had taken no part in the war, or perhaps *also Christians*, were prohibited from taking up their abode amid the ruins, and building them up as far as their necessities might require." Dr. Robinson adds, although the language of Eusebius is no doubt exaggerated, when he assumes the city was only *half destroyed* by Titus. The re-

mark of Jerome, that "for fifty years after its destruction there still existed remnants of the city," accords also with other subsequent accounts.

We learn here, then—First, that "remnants" of the city survived the siege, and amongst them one most important remnant, viz., "*the whole western wall*," contiguous to which lay Calvary and the Holy Sepulchre; and so little did this portion of the fortifications suffer, that it served as a protection for the Roman troops left behind in garrison by the Emperor. "The rock of the cross," then, as Jerome terms Calvary, and the "Sepulchre hewn in the rock," where Christ was laid, could not have been materially injured, if injury they received at all.

Second—We find Romans, Jews, and Christians resident amongst the remains of the Holy City, the former in very considerable force, the two latter, we may suppose, in no inconsiderable numbers. Now, the tradition of the sacred places had been extensively spread amongst the Roman soldiery, and even if partially lost, would now probably be regained. The Jews, independently of the local tradition of the place of the resurrection, had reason to retain a recollection of the spot, not only because it was situated in the family burying-ground of the wealthy Joseph of Arimathea, but in close contiguity with it was the tomb of the high priest John. The Christian population, of course, continued to venerate and preserve the record of Calvary, and the sepulchre of their Lord.

We may presume, then, that the siege of Jerusalem, and its subsequent events, influenced but in a very slight degree the preservation of our tradition.

But we are not left to mere conjecture as to the means by which the tradition may have been preserved; if we turn to the ecclesiastical history of Eusebius, we shall find that, from the time of St. James to the consecration of Marcus, the first Gentile bishop of Jerusalem, in the reign of Adrian, there is recorded a continuous succession of bishops in the church of Jerusalem; and by that church the tradition of Calvary and the sepulchre *must* have been preserved. In B. iv. chap. 5, Eusebius tells us "We have not ascertained, in any way, that the *times* of

the bishops in Jerusalem have been regularly preserved on record; for tradition says that they all lived but a very short time. *So much, however, I have learned from writers*, that down to the invasion of the Jews under Adrian, there were fifteen successions of bishops in that church, all which they say were Hebrews from the first, and received the knowledge of Christ pure and unadulterated—so that, in the estimation of those who were able to judge, they were well approved, and worthy of the episcopal office; for at that time the whole church under them consisted of faithful Hebrews, *who continued from the time of the Apostles until the siege that then took place (viz., under Adrian)*. “After recounting the names in order,” from *first to last*, our historian concludes in these words:—“*These are all the bishops of Jerusalem that filled up the time from the Apostles until the abovementioned time, all of the circumcision.*” Here, then, we find a Christian church, with a regular succession of bishops, existing in Jerusalem, or, pending the issue of the siege, at Pella, in its neighbourhood, from the time of St. James to the reign of Adrian. As Christians holding the sacred sites in veneration and regard—as principally composed of Hebrew Christians, attached to the soil and city of their forefathers—as only for a comparatively short period exiled from Jerusalem, and, even then, harboured in its neighbourhood—they had constant opportunity of visiting the sacred places.

If, then, from the facts of the residence of a Roman garrison, some scattered Jewish inhabitants, and Christian outcasts, who repaired for shelter to the ruins of Jerusalem, we had reason to presume that the local tradition of Calvary and the sepulchre was not likely to have been lost, we may fairly conclude that the residence of a Christian church in Jerusalem, from the ascension of Christ to the reign of Adrian, would afford us satisfactory grounds for inferring that the exact locality of these places was accurately known in the days of that Emperor.

We now turn to the profane history of the period; and our probable reasoning is substantiated by positive matter of fact. After the work of rebuilding the city was completed, “the Emperor Adrian celebrated his vicennialia on entering the twentieth year of his

reign. On such occasions, which only Augustus and Trajan lived to see, it seems to have been customary to build or consecrate new cities, as also to give to former cities new names. At this time the new Roman colony, established upon the site of the former Jerusalem, received the names of *Colonia Ælia, Capitolina*—the former after the prænomén of the Emperor Ælius Adrianus, and the latter in honour of the Jupiter Capitolinus, whose fane now occupied the place of the Jewish temple: *the place became to all intents a Roman and Pagan city; Jupiter was made its patron god*” (Robinson, vol. ii. p. 9); and Jerome informs us (Ep. 49, ad Paulin, as quoted by Dr. Robinson) that *a marble statue of Venus was erected on the “Rock of the Cross,” or Golgotha, and an image of Jupiter on the place of the Resurrection*. Here, then, we have historic evidence decisive of the question, up to the twentieth year of the reign of Adrian; the sites of Calvary and the Holy Sepulchre were in existence, and not only in existence but well known—known not merely to the Christians, but well known to the Roman conquerors, amongst whom, as we have seen, the tradition relating to these places was once extensively circulated, and by whom, it would appear, the true tradition had been preserved. But this remarkable historic testimony leads us a step further; for it proves that not merely were the localities of these sacred places *known*, but the places themselves *regarded with the highest respect and veneration*. This we must indisputably infer from the above account: Adrian rebuilds Jerusalem,—dedicates the new city to Jupiter as its patron deity, adding the epitaph Capitolina, in honour of Jupiter Capitolinus; the Ælia Capitolinus of Adrian becomes, to all intents, a Pagan city. What is the next act of the Emperor? To desecrate the *loca sancta* of the gods of Jerusalem, and to set up his own gods in their stead. Over the ruined temple of the God of the Jews he erects the fane of Jupiter, and over the place of Christ’s resurrection he sets up a statue of the same, profaning the rock of Calvary with an image of Venus. Why did he take such pains to desecrate these two latter places? There can be but one reply,—because they were revered by the Christians, as the consecrated places of their God.

Calvary, then, and the Holy Sepulchre, were well known and much venerated up to the days of Adrian; and from his time to the reign of Constantine, the history may be dismissed in a few words. On the suppression of the revolt, under Bercobus, "by a decree of Adrian the Jews were henceforth forbidden even to approach the Holy City, and guards were stationed to prevent them making the attempt; and this severe prohibition against them," adds Dr. Robinson, "appears not to have been relaxed during all this interval of nearly two centuries; and they continued to be shut out from the land of their fathers, and deprived even of the common rights of strangers upon its soil."

Jerusalem, then, was left in the possession of the Romans and Christians; the influence of the latter continued to increase and extend, as well in Palestine itself as in other parts of the Roman empire. A succession of bishops was continued in the church at Jerusalem, from Marcus, in the reign of Adrian, to Macarius, in the time of Constantine. The tradition of the sites of the sacred places was not only preserved by the church, but the localities marked by the images of Venus and Jupiter, as Jerome mentions.

Now, mere uncovered and unprotected statues may not have survived the ordinary vicissitudes of nearly two centuries; but the account which Eusebius gives of the restoration of the holy places by Constantine, shews us that the Pagans had used no ordinary exertion to perpetuate the memorial of their triumph over (as they ignorantly imagined) the tutelary deities of Jerusalem. We shall again refer to the work of Dr. Robinson:—"In the meanwhile (he writes at vol. ii. p. 2) as Eusebius informs us, the Emperor Constantine (not without divine admonition) became desirous of performing a glorious work in Palestine, by beautifying and rendering sacred the place of the resurrection of our Lord; for *hitherto impious men*, or rather the whole race of demons, through their instrumentality, had used every effort to deliver over that illustrious monument of immortality to darkness and oblivion. They had covered the Sepulchre with earth brought from other quarters, and then erected over it a *sanctuary of Venus*, in which to celebrate the impure rites and worship of

that goddess. *All these obstructions Constantine caused to be removed, and the Holy Sepulchre to be purified.* Not content with this, he gave directions to build a magnificent temple or place of prayer over and around the sepulchre. His letter on this subject to the Bishop Macarius is preserved by Eusebius, and presupposes the recent and joyful discovery of the sign (or monument) of the Saviour's most sacred passion, which *for so long a time had been hidden beneath the earth.* * * * The church was completed and dedicated in the thirtieth year of Constantine, A.D. 535. On this occasion a great council of bishops was convened from all the provinces of the empire, first at Tyre, and then at Jerusalem; among them was Eusebius himself, who took part in the solemnities, and held several public discourses in the Holy City."

Such is the account which Eusebius has given us. 'Tis true that, intent on eulogising his favourite Constantine, he makes but a passing allusion to the Pagan profanation of the sepulchre, noticing the vastness of the effort, principally if not solely, to enhance the magnitude of the pious, and, as he terms it, "glorious work" of that Emperor: yet we glean from his narrative the following important facts:—

First—That as a temple of Jupiter had been erected on the site of the celebrated temple of the Jews, so a corresponding idolatrous fane stood over the sacred places of the Christians, for subsequent accounts shew both were probably included under this edifice.

Secondly—That whatever might be the precise date of the building, it had existed from a very remote period, "hitherto," for "so long a time."

Thirdly—That their heathen lords had expended even more toil, pains, and ingenuity in completing the desecration of the Christians' *loca sancta*, than on that of the ancient sanctuary of the God of Israel.

The accurate and learned Jerome supplies us with minor, but not less interesting details. He tells us that, in the reign of Adrian, an idol occupied the site of Calvary, another idol that of the sepulchre—an image of Venus over the one: over the other, one of Jupiter. What is, then, more natural than for us to infer that these idols were set up in the temple of Venus, marking

the position of the sacred places which were buried beneath the superincumbent mass of earth which formed the basis of the building, as well as to refer the date of both temple and idols to the reign of Adrian, who also built, as we have seen, the fane of Jupiter on Mount Moriah.

The combined accounts demonstrate the notoriety of Golgotha and the Holy Sepulchre, at some early period not antecedent to the rebuilding of Jerusalem, in the reign of the Emperor Adrian, as well as the high degree of veneration in which these memorable spots were held; farther we need not go in our inquiry, for, in the words of Dr. Robinson, we may ask, "Who has ever doubted the identity of the present sites with those selected under Constantine?"

How now stands our argument? Let us see. We have a tradition which professes to point out the locality of the scenes of the two most stupendous events that ever took place on this earth—the Sacrifice and Resurrection of Christ. The circumstances connected with them, as well as the events themselves, excited the admiration and astonishment, not only of the actual witnesses of these wonderful transactions, but of those who only learned them by report; it is improbable, then, in the very highest degree, that all record of localities so celebrated should be lost at the present day, unless, indeed, such strange vicissitudes occurred meanwhile, that all authentic channels for transmission of the tradition were evidently cut off. So far is this from being the case that, from the ascension of Christ to the reign of the Emperor Adrian, we may enumerate no less than three credible repositories for the preservation of this tradition. It may *possibly* have been preserved amongst the Jewish residents in Palestine; it was *probably* preserved by, at least, a portion of the Roman army, the history of the events which it recorded having, doubtless, been incorporated with the military annals of the legion serving at Jerusalem, when such events took place. But it is both *possible* and, in every respect, *probable* that this tradition was maintained in its integrity by the Christian church, resident during all that period in the Holy City, if, indeed, we except the short absence of the Christians during the time they had fled for refuge to the

not far distant town of Pella. From Adrian to Constantine the church flourished at Jerusalem, still enjoying an uninterrupted succession of bishops from the time of James. Somewhere about the twentieth year of Adrian's reign, we find the fact of the continued existence of the sacred places proved to demonstration by the efforts of the Roman emperor to profane and pollute them. The attempt of Adrian to degrade the venerated scenes of the crucifixion and resurrection of our Lord, proved, by the interposition of Providence, the means of perpetuating their memory. The obstructions of ages were removed by the praiseworthy zeal of Constantine; the Holy Sepulchre discovered, purified, and restored. Thus for nearly two centuries the same localities were acknowledged to be genuine alike by Pagans and Christians.

A circumstance which at first appears to militate against the identity of the sepulchre now shewn with "the cave hewn in the rock," which the gospels mention, and which Eusebius affirms was found by Constantine, appears, on examination, confirmatory of that identity.

El Hakim, the third of the Fatamite khalifs in Egypt, "a wild and visionary fanatic," as Dr. Robinson relates (vol. ii. p. 46), to crown the exhibition of his hatred towards the Christian name, "gave orders to demolish the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, and this order was fully carried into execution by the Governor of Ramleh, to whom it was directed. The building was razed to the foundations, and *much labour was expended to deface the Sepulchre itself.*" This could only have been effected by cutting away the surrounding mass: the present appearance of the tomb is consequently accounted for; and the absence of any attempt to restore the original formation, at least evinces the absence of any design of imposing on the credulity of the visitor, by the guardians of the Sepulchre in after times. I have now, to the best of my ability, laid before the reader a plain unsophisticated statement of the evidence on which the present tradition of these sacred places rests, and I leave it to his judgment to decide whether it be probable that this tradition is genuine and trustworthy, or false, and unsupported by adequate authority; in other words, does he find

it more difficult to admit the tradition to be authentic, than to believe we have for ages lost all record of the sites of Calvary and the Holy Sepulchre?

We now proceed to the second point we proposed to notice, namely, Dr. Robinson's attempt to shake the evidence on which our tradition is based.

Having been largely indebted to the learned author of the "*Biblical Researches*" for his aid in the pursuit of our inquiry, it is only fair to hear what he has to say on the other side of the question. Dr. Robinson rejects the existing tradition on two grounds:

First, from having arrived at the conclusion, that the site now shown, as the original site of the sepulchre, must have fallen *within* the second or interior wall of the ancient city.

Secondly, because, in his opinion, the historical evidence for the received locality is not of a nature to substantiate its claims to our respect.

Now objection No. 1 *would* be a poser, did it not, on examination, turn out a mere hypothesis, satisfactory, no doubt, to the doctor's own mind, but, unfortunately for the continuance of his tranquillity, opposed with ability and erudition, at least equal to that by which it has been supported. The fact is, Josephus, who is the grand authority, writes so vaguely on the subject, that he is almost as good as no authority at all; and the supposed vestiges of the second wall are so extremely problematical as to afford no precise data for determining its actual course. Many a weary search I myself made after it, and I am now exactly as wise as I was when my antiquarian labours commenced. Of Josephus, Dr. Robinson remarks, vol. i., p. 415, he "wrote at Rome, far from his native land, and long after the destruction of Jerusalem; nor is there any evidence or probability that he had collected specific materials for his works in his own country previously to that event." And again, speaking of the present question, at p. 461, Josephus' description of the *second wall is very short and unsatisfactory*—"it began at a gate called Gennath;" the position of which gate, by the way, as far as the sepulchre is concerned, appears to be the hinge on which the whole mural argument turns. Dr. Williams, formerly chaplain to my late lamented friend Bishop Alexander, places this gate in quite a different position from that on which Dr. Robin-

son has fixed, and so he arrives at a totally different conclusion with respect to the genuineness of the present site of the sepulchre. Having traced the whole course of the second wall at part ii., c. i., p. 289, of his "*Holy City*," he inquires, "where now does it leave the Church of the Holy Sepulchre? *in the angle formed by the second wall, nigh unto the city*," probably in "a place where there were gardens," for the gate Gennath (that is, the *gate of the gardens*) led into this quarter, and *where we know there were tombs*, for the monument of John, the high priest, was in the angle described by that fact."

Here, then, for example, are two conflicting hypotheses—"who can decide where doctors disagree?" The conjecture of Mr. Williams is, I confess, exceedingly probable. Yet as nothing decisive of the question has as yet come to light, either from antiquarian discoveries, or historic record—moreover, as scarcely two writers on the same side of the controversy agree as to the exact line of this weary wall, or the locale of its ambiguous gate—we must dismiss the topographical argument as foreign to our present investigation, and, as fully as our brief space admits, review Dr. Robinson's second ground of objection to the tradition of the sepulchre.

On this head happily our task is light, the learned doctor's cavils (as I am constrained to call his objections) being neither weighty nor very numerous. He sets out by sympathising in the feelings of wonder "with which the stranger, unacquainted with the circumstances, on arriving in Jerusalem at the present day, is pointed to the place of crucifixion, and the sepulchre in the *MUSK* of the modern city (vol. ii., p. 64.)! or, as he expresses it, next page, "in the *HEART* of the city."

Great, indeed, must the new-comer's amazement be, nor the less, as on inspecting any tolerable ground-plan of the city, he perceives at a glance that the Church of the Sepulchre has usually stood nigh the western wall, and, as the bird flies, close to the Pool of Hezekiah, which latter is but a few minutes walk from the Jaffa-gate! So much for a *candid* statement to commence with!

Dr. Robinson next attempts to argue, that the early Christians enter-

tained no veneration for these sacred places, because, as he informs us, p. 72, "The four gospels, which describe so minutely the circumstances of the crucifixion and resurrection, mention the sepulchre only in general terms; and although some of them were written some thirty or forty years after these events, yet they are *silent* as to any veneration of the sepulchre, and also as to its very existence at that time!"

The same line of argument by which Dr. Robinson would disprove any early veneration for the sepulchre, goes equally to prove the non-existence of the rock-hewn tomb itself, and that but from thirty to forty years after it was excavated!

By the like *conclusive* reasoning he might also prove that the early disciples had no particular regard for "The Lord's Prayer!" for, so far from reading that they respected it, both gospels and epistles are *silent* as to the fact of their ever making use of the form of words which Christ himself had taught them.

The Scriptures are often minute on points respecting which we might anticipate their silence; and again, they are as often silent where we might expect them to be minute. This silence, then, of Scripture, with regard to the early veneration of those consecrated spots, which the Christian cannot view without emotion, even to the present day, affords no argument against a presumption so natural.

The succession of bishops, from the time of St. James to that of the Emperor Adrian, furnishes the next stumbling-block for Dr. Robinson to fall foul of. "This alleged fact," he writes, at p. 73, "is also a matter of less certainty than is here represented. Eusebius, the only authority on the subject, lived two centuries afterwards, and *says expressly*, that he had been able to find *no document respecting them*, and wrote *only from report*."

I confess, on turning to the book and chapter of Eusebius referred to in this passage, I *did* rub my eyes amazingly, to make certain that I was wide awake. The testimony of Eusebius, as we have seen, may be divided into two parts. As to the term of years during which each bishop enjoyed his see, our author tells us he had no certain information. "We have not ascertained," he says, "in any way, that the *times* of the

bishops in Jerusalem have been regularly preserved on record, for *tradition* says, that they all lived a very short time." Where, on the other hand, Eusebius informs us of their number, names, nation, character, and order of succession, he states distinctly that he wrote from written records—"So much, however, I have learned *from writers*." And yet Dr. Robinson deliberately asserts, Eusebius "*says expressly, that he had been able to find no document respecting them, and wrote only from report!*"

Dr. Robinson, with Quixotic courage, spurs on to break a lance with the learned Jerome, for tilt he must with every champion of the sepulchre. Commenting on Jerome's relation concerning the idols set up by Adrian over Calvary, and the place of the resurrection, he observes, at p. 73, "Could this be regarded as a well-ascertained fact, it would certainly have great weight in a decision of the question; but what is the evidence on which it rests?—the earliest witness is again Eusebius. . . . Writing after the death of Constantine, he merely relates that a temple of Venus had been erected over the sepulchre, but says not one word of Adrian. The historians of the following century relate the same fact in the same manner. It is Jerome alone, writing about A.D., 395, or some sixty years later than Eusebius, who affirms that an idol had stood on the spot from the time of Adrian."

Dr. Robinson admits, that if this statement of Jerome could be regarded as a well-authenticated fact, it would certainly have great weight in a decision of the question; but what, he asks, is the *evidence* on which it rests?

We reply, the evidence on which it rests is, the authority of Jerome, an authority at all times creditable, in the present instance, of particular weight. Jerome, one of the most learned writers of the early Latin church, had been no less than nine years resident in Bethlehem, at the time he wrote his well-known Epistle to Paula, his opportunities, consequently, for collecting the local traditions of the sepulchre, were abundant. From his intimate acquaintance with the best-informed persons in Jerusalem, the sources of his information must have been of the most unexceptionable character; from position, literary attainments, natural

ability, and long experience, no man was better calculated to sift and weigh the evidence for or against the facts brought under his notice. Added to this, he had received a liberal education in Rome itself; and was made conversant with the Greek and Latin authors, under the tutelage of Donatus, the celebrated grammarian. When a well-attested tradition, then, which was connected, alike, with the annals of Jerusalem, and the history of the reign of the Emperor Adrian, was submitted to the searching judgment of one so well qualified to test its authenticity as Jerome, we may take his evidence on the point, as deserving of the very highest degree of credit.

But on what pretence does Dr. Robinson impugn the testimony of Jerome? Not because the statement he put forward has been contradicted by contemporary historians, but merely because Eusebius, who wrote before, and the authors of the following century who succeed him, make (if Dr. Robinson be correct) no allusion to the facts.

Now had Eusebius, in his account of the restoration of *loca sancta* by Constantine, been giving a history, or even a description, of the temple of Venus erected over the sepulchre, the first portion of the doctor's objection might be admitted as pertinent to the case; but Eusebius, as we have before seen, makes but a passing allusion to this idolatrous fane, noticing only the vastness of the structure, and the efforts which "impious men" had used "to deliver over that illustrious monument of immortality to darkness and oblivion;" and this for the simple purpose of exhibiting the magnitude of the emperor's pious enterprise in discovering, purifying, and restoring "the place of the resurrection of our Lord." Moreover, as we have also seen, there is not a particle of Jerome's statement which is in the least degree inconsistent with that of Eusebius—discrepancy between them there is none.

As to the "historians of the following century," who "relate the same fact in the same manner" with Eusebius, Dr. Robinson, if his assertion means anything, must be understood to state, that these historians, in their several narratives, take notice only of the sanctuary of Venus, but relate nothing about idols, or their existence in the time of Adrian.

On reference to the note at foot of the page, I find Dr. Robinson's array of witnesses, as THE historians of the fifth century, are reduced to a modest pair, to wit, Socrates and Sozoman. And of these, one, namely Sozoman, corroborates not the least important part of the statement of Jerome; for in the very next page, Dr. Robinson tells us, that "Sozoman, in the middle of the fifth century, is the first to remark, that the heathen erected *it* (the idol) in the hope that the Christians, who came to pay their devotions at the sepulchre, would thus have the appearance of worshipping an idol." I have not the histories either of Socrates or Sozoman to refer to; but from Dr. Robinson's account it would appear that Sozoman countenanced the opinion we ventured to express, that the temple of Venus contained an image of Jupiter, which was set up over the ancient site of the sepulchre. I think we have said enough on Dr. Robinson's futile attempt to overthrow the testimony of Jerome.

I will pass without comment the glaring fallacy of the learned traveller's inference, that "the amount of the testimony relative to an idol erected over the place of the resurrection, and serving to mark the spot, is simply this, that writers *ex post facto* have mentioned such an idol as standing, not over the sepulchre of old, as being that of Christ, *but over the spot fixed upon by Constantine as that sepulchre*."

The absurdity of the induction is evident; and it is painful to see a writer of Dr. Robinson's character reduced to such miserable shifts to maintain a favorite hypothesis.

We now come to the last and most laboured argument Dr. Robinson produces to depreciate the credit of the tradition of the Holy Sepulchre. This is an analogical argument, and may be briefly stated thus: "The place of our Lord's ascension must have been, to the first Christians in Jerusalem, an object of no less interest than his sepulchre, and could not but have been equally known to them. The knowledge of it, too, would naturally have been handed down, from century to century, through the same succession of holy men. In this case, moreover, we know that such a tradition did actually exist before the age of Constantine, which pointed out the place

of the ascension on the summit of the Mount of Olives. . . . Yet the tradition itself is unquestionably false, since it is contradicted by an express declaration of Scripture;" therefore, concludes Dr. Robinson, as the tradition of the place of the ascension is untrue, we may infer the tradition of the sepulchre is untrue also.

Bravely concluded by the doctor! For argument sake, admit the premises, let the cases of the two traditions be supposed to be strictly analogous, then traditions A. and S. are handed down from the same source, by the same channel. A. is proved to be incorrect, therefore tradition S. must necessarily be untrue also—a notably logical deduction!

But can we admit Dr. Robinson's premises? Do the two traditionary localities present cases precisely analogous? Assuredly they do not; let us contrast them.

In the first place, the events which each locality commemorates, were *not* of equal interest and importance. The fact of the ascension was a memorable fact; but that of the resurrection was more memorable still. By his ascension, it was manifested that Christ had "entered into his glory," had been received up "on high," but "*he was declared to be the Son of God with power*," by his resurrection from the dead;" the one was a consequence, the other the cause. While the former affected the disciples' hopes and fears, for their exultation was not unmingled with anxiety and regret—the great fact of the resurrection formed the basis and foundation of their faith—the events then were not parallel in importance; the scenes of each, therefore, were not likely to excite the same amount of interest.

In the second place, the two localities did not possess the same extent of notoriety; the knowledge of the place of the ascension was confined to the "chosen witnesses" who were alone permitted to be present on the occasion. The knowledge of this spot, therefore, could only have been disseminated through a single channel, and that, by the majority, a suspected one.

On the other hand, the locality of the sepulchre was as notorious as the fact of the resurrection; the traditions then of places not equal in notoriety, were not likely to have been equally preserved.

Finally, the sites of these two events were not equally calculated to survive the ravages of time. The sepulchre itself was not easily destructible, being a cavern hewn out of the solid rock, and the locale of the sepulchre was defined by being the family burial-ground of a well known individual, Joseph of Arimathea. But what, after the lapse of a few years, was to mark the exact site of the place of the resurrection? How often, in the course of centuries, has the ploughshare passed through it? How often has the yielding soil been trodden under foot of armed hosts? How, amidst all the vicissitudes of those disastrous times that signalise the fatal history of Jerusalem, could any distinctive marks have been preserved, to point out the little spot of ground which Christ last touched as he ascended into heaven? It is really wonderful that tradition has been so slightly at fault, when it has fixed on the height of Olivet, nearest to Bethany, as the scene of Christ's ascension.

Where, then, is the analogy in the cases of the two traditions?—unequal in interest, notoriety, and perpetuity. And if his premises be nought, what becomes of Dr. Robinson's conclusion—of his "decisive test?" (p. 77).

Verily, this last and cherished bantling of the doctor's was ushered into the world a still-born babe.

Sit sibi terra levis—let it rest in peace.

Take warning, then, my reader, how you mount your favourite hobby. Once started, you may be dragged through many a miry path, and get sorely bespattered in your progress; take warning from Dr. Robinson. Yet all who love to indulge the memory of hallowed and time-honoured associations will join with me in voting him their thanks, no less, for his abstract of, than strictures on, the historic evidence for the tradition of the sepulchre.

SOME REMARKS ON THE EVIDENCE FOR THE ORIGIN OF THE ROUND TOWERS.

A LETTER FROM THE REV. G. S. FABER.

SIR,—The interest which I have felt in the very curious and valuable papers that have recently appeared in the DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE, under the title of “Irish Tourists,” particularly, I may say, in the “Second Part,” as given in your February number, may perhaps be admitted as a tolerably fair apology for my troubling you with this communication.

Dr. Petrie, I observe, in his learned work on the Round Towers, expresses himself with entire confidence touching the comparatively late formation of Lough Neagh.

“That Lough Neagh,” says he, “was indeed formed by an inundation, though not in the way stated by Cambrensis, on the authority of a legend still applied to almost every lake in Ireland, and that *this inundation actually took place in the first century*, there is no reason to doubt, because it is recorded by the most ancient and trustworthy of our annalists: and the names of the very tribes who occupied the plain so covered, are also given in very ancient documents.”—*Origin of the Round Towers*, p. 45.

It were to be wished that, for the benefit of us Anglo-Saxons, whose acquaintance with the ancient annalists of Ireland will go into a very narrow compass, Dr. Petrie had given us in full the statements which, in his opinion, leave no doubt that *Lough Neagh was formed by an inundation in the first century of the Christian era*. We who, in the abstract, may be somewhat sceptical as to such an occurrence, would then have been enabled, in a measure at least, to form a judgment as to the credibility of the narrative. The legend given by Giraldus Cambrensis is, no doubt, as your correspondent justly observes, *purely diluvian*; and as lakes were, upon a small scale, universally reckoned images of the Deluge, and were thence employed for the celebration of the locally-commemorative mysteries, we shall not wonder that the same legend should be annexed to almost every lake in Ireland, and (I may add) in Celtic Wales

also. The remarkable account of the origin of the real universal Deluge, which Dr. Hyde has given as that propounded by the ancient Persian Magi, throws, by its *nearly exact coincidence*, great light upon the Celtic legend, and fully establishes its diluvian character. The flood, which some of them, however, would confine to Assyria and Persia, burst forth, they said, from the oven of an old woman named *Zala-Cupha*, whose house was situated on the mountain where Noah dwelt previous to that calamity. It is said to have been asserted by Zeradusht, that the Deluge would never have taken place had it not been owing to the wickedness and diabolical incantations of Malcus.—*Hyde de Rel. Vet. Pers.* c. x. I have given this story in my “Origin of Pagan Idolatry;” and I might have associated with it the legend given by Giraldus, had I then been acquainted with the Irish tradition, for the two differ only in the substitution of the oven for the well.

As the legend attached to Lough Neagh is thus clearly diluvian, and as thence, no doubt, it was harmoniously fabricated in times of Paganism, we are, I think, involuntarily led to distrust the comparatively recent formation of that lake, unless the annalists should have detailed *circumstances* which might justly command our assent.

On general physical principles, we may be morally certain that the vast bed of a sheet of inland water, thirty miles long by fifteen broad, could never have been formed in the first century, except by some great convulsion which should lower the surface of the ground to that extent. On the recess of the waters of the Deluge, we may be quite sure, from the present face of nature, that many profundities would be left, into which, according to their magnitude, one or more rivers would flow. Where the ground permitted an easy efflux into the ocean, fresh-water lakes would be *permanently*

formed by rivers flowing into them, and by a corresponding discharge through a single river into the sea. But where the ground did not permit such an efflux, the superfluous water would either be carried off by evaporation and other means, as in the case of a large lake like the Caspian, or else, gradually rising, would by its weight bear down the restraining barrier, and produce one of those local deluges (such, for instance, as that of Thesaly) which were never entirely forgotten.

If, then, Lough Neagh was formed so late as the first century, no solution built upon the physical consequences of the universal Deluge will be admissible. Its bed, in *that* case, can only have been produced by some great convulsion of nature analogous to that which so immensely lowered the level of the once fertile valley-plain of Siddim, and produced, by the influx of the Jordan, the vastness and depth of the Asphaltite Lake. There the depression was such, many hundred feet below the level of the sea, that there was no egress for the waters through the still discernible course of the lower Jordan into the eastern horn of the Red Sea; but, in the case of Lough Neagh, the superfluous water freely finds its way into the ocean through the channel of the poetical river Bann.

Now, if we suppose Lough Neagh not to have been *left* by the Deluge, but to have been *formed subsequently to it*, like the Asphaltite Lake, nothing, I apprehend, except a more or less similar cause will account for this alleged subsequent formation. A *temporary* cause may produce a *temporary* inundation, as when our two English lakes, Bassenthwaite and Derwentwater, are united through heavy rains, and become one continuous lake; but remove the *cause*, and the *effect* ceases. Nothing purely *temporary*, however, characterises Lough Neagh. Had a plain been overflowed by the mere rain-produced swelling of rivers, and had the inundation found its way to the sea through the familiar channel of the Bann, the deluged plain, when the torrent abated, would have emerged, and the whole country would have appeared as before. But this, notoriously, is *not* the case. A lake, said to have been *produced* by inunda-

tion in the first century, still, after a lapse of eighteen hundred years, *remains* the same long, and wide, and deep sheet of water, tranquilly flowing through the Bann into the ocean. This phenomenon, if I mistake not, is unaccountable upon the theory of a *mere* inundation. No *mere* inundation could have produced the deep and extensive bed of the lake. If Neagh had no existence before the first century, it must have been brought into existence by some great physical convulsion. No lakes, I believe, have been produced *subsequent* to the Deluge, and *independently* of the Deluge, save by physical action of *some* kind; and, if I mistake not, the only known and recorded physical action is volcanic, which ordinarily produces bituminous lakes of this or that magnitude.

Here, then, the question arises, which I could wish Dr. Petrie to have solved, when he appealed, as *indubitable*, to the records of the most ancient and trustworthy of the Irish annalists. According to *him*, they do *not* ascribe the inundation to the overflowing of the well specified by Giraldus. To what, then, *do* they ascribe it? If to a *simple* overflow of the rivers, occasioned by rain, which *permanently* produced the mighty Lough Neagh, they stand convicted of falsehood, by asserting a physical impossibility; if, on the contrary, to a fearful convulsion of nature, they *then*, no doubt, assert a physical possibility; but it would be desirable that we should have the precise statements of the old annalists. Whether the character of the country would warrant the supposition of volcanic action, I am unable to say, having never visited it; but, if the ancient annalists assert anything of the sort, we may fairly require, in confirmation, some tangible evidence afforded by the physical character of the region itself. Wherever there has been volcanic action in the formation of a lake *subsequently* to the Deluge, as in the instances of the Dead Sea, the Lake Apennus, and the like, the country, I believe, always affords a sufficiency of physical evidence.

I the rather press this matter, because it seems to bear not a little upon Dr. Petrie's general theory.

The legend, preserved and detailed by Giraldus, is most decidedly diluvian, and *that* of a character which could

only have been handed down from Pagan times, that is to say, times *anterior* to the introduction of Christianity into Ireland. Now, into this legend, round towers are distinctly introduced. No person, I suppose, would imagine that, in the twelfth century, any such buildings could be seen in the bed of Lough Neagh; nor can anything very cogent be built upon the expression *turres ecclesiasticas*, employed by Giraldus: because he would naturally so denominate the tapering round towers, which, in his day, were attached to churches, and used for ecclesiastical purposes. But, from the circumstance of round towers being introduced into a palpably diluvian legend long preserved with the usual tenacity of secluded and half-civilised nations, the apparent presumption is, that the *original* edifices of this character ought to be referred to Pagan times, or times prior to the introduction of Christianity.

Of course, in the abstract, the presumption may be altogether erroneous, and Dr. Petrie's opinion may be perfectly correct. On *this* point I would not be understood to adventure any positive assertion. Yet, though you Irish antiquaries may set one down as an archeological heretic, I cannot refrain from saying, that, even if Dr. Petrie's opinion be *in itself* correct, he has not given a sufficiency of historical evidence to *prove* its correctness.

The fallacy of his reasoning may be compendiously expressed in the familiar logical dogma, *Dolus latet in generalibus*: that is to say, he puts more into his conclusion than he had put into his premises, and thence deduces *generals* from *particulars*.

His line of argument, as I understand him, is the following:

He assumes that the round towers were erected at various periods between the fifth and thirteenth centuries: so that the supposed earliest are allowed to be as old as the mission of Patrick.

Next he brings satisfactory testimonies to show, that between the tenth and thirteenth centuries many round towers were built by Christians, and attached to their churches for the ecclesiastical purpose of belfrys.

Then he fairly acknowledges the general absence of distinct notices,

and the extreme meagreness of the Irish annals anterior to the tenth century; in other words, he acknowledges that between the fifth and the tenth centuries we have no definite accounts, either of the building of round towers or of the use to which they were put. — *Orig. of Round Towers*, p. 380.

Now, in what manner does Dr. Petrie employ these materials?

From the evidentially ascertained building and ecclesiastical use of round towers between the tenth and thirteenth centuries, he draws the conclusion: that *ALL* round towers, the *more ancient* included as well as the *more modern*, must have been built by Christians for ecclesiastical purposes; in other words, he draws a *general* conclusion from only *particular* premises.

Such, if I mistake not, is the fallacy in Dr. Petrie's reasoning. His *opinion*, abstractedly, may be quite correct. But that is not precisely the point. We are concerned with the *proof*. And here we cannot help feeling, that *Dolus latet in generalibus*.

Dr. Petrie, however, draws what I readily admit to be no improbable inference.

One of the principal duties of the *aistaire*, he tells us, was to ring the bell in the *cloictheach*, or round tower. But the office of *aistaire* can be shown to have existed in the Irish church under Patric in the fifth century. Therefore, "a not improbable inference may be drawn, that bell-towers were then in existence; as, otherwise, this duty could not have been performed."—p. 383.

I have not the slightest quarrel with the inference. On the contrary, it is the precise inference which, for the purpose of showing the *existence of round towers in the fifth century*, I myself should have drawn, and I feel scarcely a doubt of its correctness.

But what then? What is the result?

Truly, I am at a loss to perceive how this perfectly legitimate inference can substantiate the opinion, that the round towers were *universally built for ecclesiastical purposes*, and that the *earliest* of them were constructed in the fifth century by *Patric and his Christian associates*. It may be so; but still the inference would only go to the *use* made of the round towers in

the earliest Hiberno-Christian times ; it would not go, yet additionally, to the *construction* of those towers by Christian hands for Christian purposes.

Purely hypothetically, let us say, that Patric did not *build* these very ancient round towers, but *found them ready built* to his hand ; and let us mark the result of such a supposition.

We all know, that in the early propagation of Christianity among the northern nations, it was a regularly-established plan to appropriate Pagan places of worship to Christian purposes, with such additions of churches and the like as might be found convenient or necessary. This, according to Bede, was the plan enjoined by Pope Gregory upon Augustine of Canterbury in the sixth century, or the very century which succeeded the mission of Patric to the Irish. Now there is nothing in Dr. Petrie's very just inference to forbid the belief, that Patric *found* certain Pagan round towers already in existence, and, naturally enough, applied them to the Christian *use* of belfrys, while churches were built in immediate contiguity.

I do not positively assert that it *was* so ; but most assuredly the inference will warrant only the *use*, not the *erection*, of the round towers, which Dr. Petrie assumes to have *existed* in the fifth century, and in the time of Patric.

If, then, we consider the point of *probability*, the question will be : whether it be more likely that Patric *erected* such extraordinary edifices, or that he *found* them erected by Pagan hands, and applied them to a very obvious Christian use in exact conformity with the plan, authoritatively as we know, in those days recommended.

It is, no doubt, a question of mere *probability* ; and, as I understand Dr. Petrie, the question, either way, is incapable of being decided *evidentially*. Let us, then, purely for the sake of discussion, take that side of the alternative which is rejected by Dr. Petrie ; and we shall see that it will account for the existence and application of all the round towers, confessedly built by Christians between the tenth and the thirteenth centuries.

Patric, we will say, *found* certain round towers, which had been *built* by

Pagan hands for Pagan religious purposes. The missionary *applied* them to Christian uses. They were found convenient as belfrys ; and henceforth, quite down to the thirteenth century, whenever a belfry was wanted to a *new* church, an imitative round tower was erected. Much the same progress may be observed in the well-known change of the Roman basilica into the Christian cathedral. The change was speedily followed by similar imitative Christian buildings : and the Pagan basilica became the type of the larger Christian church.

Now, I do not assert, in opposition to Dr. Petrie, that such *was* the progress of the Irish round tower ; I only say that, by his own showing, such *might* have been the progress. Neither side of the alternative has been *proved* ; and, for anything that *evidentially* appears to the contrary, the earliest round towers may just as well have been *built* by Pagans as by Christians. Yet it may not be useless to compare and weigh opposing probabilities.

On the supposition, that round towers were *first* built in the fifth century by Christian hands, and for Christian purposes, we are obviously led to ask, how Patric came to adopt that very peculiar shape rather than any other more familiar one. Was he the architectural inventor of the round tower ? Or did he bring the model of it from France or Italy ? I am unable myself to answer these questions. I only know, that with the exception of (I believe) two in Celtic Scotland, round towers of the Irish type are usually deemed peculiar to Ireland. Something like parallel cases have, I believe, been brought from Hindostan, or its vicinity ; but these would afford no solution of the principle on which Patric might be thought to have permanently introduced them into the land of his mission.

On the contrary supposition, that the earliest round towers were built by Pagan hands *prior* to the arrival of Patric, we shall not have very far to seek for at least a plausible explanation of their peculiar shape. When I wrote, between thirty and forty years ago, my "Origin of Pagan Idolatry," I knew so very little of the Irish round towers, that I did not care to commit or expose myself by introducing a sub-

ject which I had then never studied, and of which I was consciously ignorant. Otherwise, I might have well introduced them into my comparative view of pyramidal or conical temples, if *temples*, according to our common idea of a *temple*, they may be properly denominated. I considered all buildings of either the pyramidal or the conical form, whatever might be their several proportions of height relatively to base, as designedly constructed with the same ideality; and since I met with such buildings in regions widely separated from each other, I concluded that they must all have sprung from one common centre: the region, to wit, where the whole postdiluvian race were once congregated, and whence they were subsequently scattered over the face of the whole earth. You will find my principle drawn out in full in my "Origin of Pagan Idolatry," book v. chap. 7. § i. ii. And, in the engraving prefixed to my third volume you will see these ideas graphically presented to the eye. Now, with or without propriety, I might, at least on the principle of analogy, have classed with other pyramidal or conical buildings the round towers of Ireland. The *analogy* is certain: whether it be the result of accident or design is another question. In point of *fact*, I should define an Irish round tower to be a conical pyramid, the proportions of which in height compared to base widely differed from those of either the Egyptian pyramid, or the Indian pagoda, or the Buddhic cone, while they closely corresponded with those of the lofty square Chinese pyramid.

I am by no means prepared to *affirm* that the most ancient of the round towers must have been erected anterior to the fifth century and the arrival of Patric, or the somewhat earlier arrival of Palladius, by Pagan hands and for

Pagan purposes; for it may be doubted whether we have sufficient evidence to affirm *anything* positively. But I certainly think that for the Pagan side of the alternative rejected by Dr. Petrie, as fair a case of *probability* may be made out as for the Christian side of the alternative espoused by him. At all events, he has given no legitimate proof that *his* opinion *must* be correct; for the evidentially-established circumstance, that the *less* ancient round towers were erected by Christian hands for Christian purposes, between the tenth and the thirteenth centuries, is no valid proof, either that the *more* ancient ones of the fifth century were built by Patric and his Christian converts, or that no round towers were in existence *previous* to his arrival. In short, so far as any evidence produced by Dr. Petrie is concerned, the whole matter, so far as I can see, resolves itself into a *question of probabilities*; and here persons must judge for themselves on which side the scale descends.

If the Pagan side be deemed the most probable, I should say that my valued and talented friend, Miss Beaufort, in her "Prize Essay on the Architecture and Antiquities of Ireland previous to the landing of the Anglo-Normans," had delivered the truth, though by no means the *whole* truth. On the analogical supposition, that the round towers must be classed with buildings and artificial hills, whether pyramidal or conical, we must seek for the *completeness* of its mythological ideality in what we have been able to ascertain respecting the variously proportioned pyramid and cone. *This* point I have fully discussed in my "Origin of Pagan Idolatry."

G. S. FABER.

Sherburn House, Durham, Feb. 6, 1850.

ANNALISTS OF THE RESTORATION.—CHAPTER II.

SARTOR RESARTUS; OR, SAMUEL THE SON OF THE STITCHER.

WE had some doubt whether we should call our readers' attention to the diary of Evelyn, of which a new edition is in the course of publication, or whether we should pass another hour with Pepys before entering upon the examination of his more high-minded and, in every way, more estimable contemporary. Still your grave, high-minded, and estimable men are not always the pleasantest fellows; and the whim of the moment, if nothing better can be said for our choice, makes us revert to Samuel the Son of the Stitcher.

Through his diary, in every part of it, his passion for fine clothes displays itself. This must have struck our readers, even in the extracts which we gave in our last chapter, though none of them were selected for the purpose of exhibiting this trait of our hero's character. Fine clothes on any one were the object of attentive regard to him, but fine clothes on himself were attended with a consciousness of a different kind. In his days, distinctions of dress separated classes of society, and there was something of the delight with which he contemplated his advancing position, mingled with the almost schoolboy vanity, which, at any time, would have made his new clothes a subject of interest to him. We have known a Lord Mayor to whom the robes and chain of office were of more importance than the civic dignity of which they were the symbols. But, in addition to all this, Pepys had something that looked very like a shop feeling on the subject; of his new clothes he will tell you the price per yard, and the number of yards. Pepys is a man sometimes lavish in his expenditure; but still he likes to get the worth of his money. He gives as little to another as he can. His expenditure is on himself—his savings are for himself. He made a present to his wife's brother. "I did give my wife's brother ten shillings, and a coat that I had by me—a close-bodied, light-coloured cloth coat, with a gold edging in each seam, that was the lace of my wife's best pettycoat that she had when I married; he is going into

Holland to seek his fortune." "*I had it of Leah when a bachelor—I would not have given it for a wilderness of monkies,*" is the sentimental language of Shylock. What added feeling would have been thrown into Shylock's thoughts, had the worthy Israelite's thoughts been associated with faded bridal dresses, instead of turquoise rings and such valuables. The ancient war-cry of "*old clo! old clo!*" as Maginn calls it, would have sounded well from the lips of the Jew whom Shakspeare drew; but in Pepys it was more than nature. His brother-in-law going to seek his fortune in Holland in a suit of clothes composed of the remains of an old coat and the fragmentary lace of a lady's petticoat, and Pepys's heart ready to break at parting them! One of the earliest entries in Pepys's diary is January, 1, 1659—as we would write, 1660:—"This morning I rose, put on my suit with great skirts, having not lately worn any other clothes but them; dined at home in the garret, where my wife dressed the remains of a turkey, and, in doing of it, burned her hand." The second, of January 22, of the same year, is—"To church in the afternoon to Mr. Herring, where a lazy poor sermon. *This day I began to put buckles to my shoes.*" Herring was a Presbyterian minister, who was afterwards ejected. We have Herring again mentioned. In an entry of August 17, 1662, we find Pepys stating, that that day being the last Sunday that the Presbyterians are to preach, unless they read the new Common Prayer and renounce the covenant, he went to hear Dr. Bates's farewell sermon. Pepys noted down the text, and looked round the church, as was his wont, to see the ladies. There is scarcely an entry of his sundry occupations that does not exhibit how his eye was engaged by the ladies and their dresses. This day "I was very well pleased with the sight of a fine lady that I have often seen walk in Gray's-inn Walks. To Madame Turner's, and dined with her. She had heard Parson Herring take his leave, though he, by

reading so much as he did of the Common Prayer, hath cast himself out of the good opinion of both sides." Pepys appears himself to have heard him on the evening of the same day. "Parson Herring read a psalm and chapters before sermon, and one was the chapter in the Acts where the story of Ananias and Saphira is; and after he had done, says he, 'This is just the case of England at present—God, he bids us preach, and man bids us not to preach; and if we do, we are to be imprisoned and further punished.'

. . . I hear most of the Presbyters took their leave to-day, and that the city is much dissatisfied with it. I pray God keep peace among us, and make the bishops careful of bringing in men in their rooms, or all else will fly in pieces, for bad ones will not go down with the city." But Herring and the ejected ministers must not carry us off from Pepys himself, nor on to the year 1662. It is a pity that we do not know how Pepys was dressed on January 23, of the year 1659–60, for "in the garden at Whitehall, going through the Stone Gallery, I fell in a ditch, it being very dark." The next day he is at a wedding, or something like one: "I took my wife to Mr. Pierce's, she in her way being troubled with a pair of new pattens, and I vexed to go so slow, it being late. We found Mrs. Carrick very fine, and one Mr. Lucy, who called one and other husband and wife; and, after dinner, a great deal of mad stir. There was pulling off Mrs. Bride's and Mr. Bridegroom's ribbons, and a great deal of fooling among them that I and my wife did not like. Mr. Lucy and several other gentlemen were coming in after dinner swearing and singing as if they were mad, only he singing very handsomely." January 26—"Home from my office to my lord's lodgings, where my wife had got ready a very fine dinner, viz.—a dish of marrow-bones, a leg of mutton, a loin of veal; a dish of fowl, three pullets, and a dozen of larks, all in a dish; a great tart, a neat's tongue, and a dish of anchovies; a dish of prawns, and cheese." It is a period of changes—men's minds agitated, and anxious to know what is to come next; whether the Royal Family shall be restored—whether some new form of a republic shall be adventured on. The fate of the people, of the church, and of the throne

is undetermined. They gaze on the blank face of Monk as if they could read anything there. Officers and soldiers must live, whoever is king or ruler, and Pepys sees them scrambling for their pay. All this is told in the following entry, but all this is subordinate to the more important part of how Pepys was dressed:—

"2d. To my office, where I found all the officers of the regiments in town waiting to receive money, that their soldiers might go out of town, and what was in the Exchequer they had. Harper, Luellin, and I went to the Temple, to Mr. Calthrop's chamber, and from thence had his man by water to London Bridge, to Mr. Calthrop, a grocer, and received £60 for my Lord. In our way, we talked with our waterman, White, who told us how the watermen had lately been abused by some that had a desire to get in to be watermen to the State, and had lately presented an address of nine or ten thousand hands to stand by this Parliament, when it was only told them that it was a petition against hackney-coaches; and that to-day they had put out another, to undeceive the world and to clear themselves. After I had received the money, we went homewards; but over-against Somerset House, hearing the noise of guns, we landed and found the Strand full of soldiers. So I took my money and went to Mrs. Johnson, my Lord's sempstress, and giving her my money to lay up, Doling and I went up stairs to a window, and looked out and saw the Foot face the Horse and beat them back, and stood bawling and calling in the street for a free Parliament and money. By and by a drum was heard to beat a march coming towards them, and they got all ready again and faced them, and they proved to be of the same mind with them; and so they made a great deal of joy to see one another. After all this, I went home on foot to lay up my money, and change my stockings and shoes. I this day left off my great skirt suit, and put on my white suit, with silver lace coat, and went over to Harper's, where I met with W. Simons, Doling, Luellin, and three merchants, one of which had occasion to use a porter, so they sent for one, and James the soldier came, who told us how they had been all day and night upon their guard at St. James's, and that through the whole town they did resolve to stand to what they had begun, and that to-morrow he did believe they would go into the city, and be received there. After this we went to a sport called, selling of a horse for a dish of eggs and herrings, and sat talking there till almost twelve at night."

We may pardon Pepys, then, in accompanying Charles on his return; he tells us of making himself as fine as he could "with the lining stock-

ings on, and wide canons that I bought the other day at Hague." This was but proper respect for the King ; still, there is an exhibition of character in its being made a part of his journal. July 1st, 1660 :—

"July 1st. Infinite of business, my heart and head full. Met with Purser Washington, with whom and a lady, a friend of his, I dined at the Bell Tavern in King Street, but the rogue had no more manners than to invite me and let me pay my club. This morning come home my fine camlet cloak, with gold buttons, and a silk suit, which cost me much money, and I pray God to make me able to pay for it. In the afternoon to the Abbey, where a good sermon by a stranger, but no Common Prayer yet."

On the 5th, our diarist thus soliloquises:—"This morning my brother Tom brought me my jack-a-napes coat, with silver buttons. It rained this morning, which makes us fear that the glory of this day will be lost, the King and Parliament being to be entertained by the city this day with great pomp. Being at Whitehall, I saw the King, the Dukes, and all their attendants, go forth in the rain to the city, and it spoiled many a fine suit of clothes. I was forced to walk all this morning in Whitehall, not knowing how to get out because of the rain." The 10th of the same month is a happy day:—"This day I put on my new silk suit, the first that ever I wore in my life." He goes to a wedding:—"Among all the beauties there, my wife was thought the greatest." A Sunday entry records his being at church, and "home to dinner, where my wife had on her new petticoat that she bought yesterday, which, indeed, is a very fine cloth, and a very fine lace ; but that being of a light colour, and the lace all silver, it makes no great show." August 25th, 1660 :—"This night W. Hewer brought me home from Mr. Pim's my velvet coat and cap, the first I ever had." September 23rd contains an entry well worth extracting—the more especially, that, with the exception of the sentence where the King is mentioned, it appears only in the last edition of the "Diary :"—

"23d. (Lord's day.) Come one from my father's with a black cloth coat, made of my short cloak, to walk up and down in. To the Abbey, where I expected to hear Mr. Baxter or Mr. Rowe preach their farewell sermon, and in Mr. Symons's pew I heard Mr. Rowe. Before sermon I laughed at the reader, who in his prayer desires of God that He would imprint his word on the thumbs of our right hands, and on the right great toes of our right feet. In the midst of the sermon, some plaster fell from the top of the Abbey, that made me and all the rest in our pew afraid, and I wished myself out. This afternoon, the King having news of the Princess being come to Margate, he and the Duke of York went down thither in barges to her. To the Hope Tavern, and sent for Mr. Chaplin, who with Nicholas Osborne and one Daniel come to us, and we drank off two or three quarts of wine, which was very good ; the drawing of our wine causing a great quarrel in the house between the two drawers which should draw us the best, which caused a great deal of noise and falling out till the master parted them, and came up to us, and did give a long account of the liberty that he gives his servants, all alike, to draw what wine they will to please his customers ; and [we] eat above 200 walnuts. Nicholas Osborne did give me a barrel of samphire, and showed me the keys of Mardyke Fort, which he that was commander of the fort sent him as a token when the fort was demolished, and I will get them of him if I can."

On the next day he is sworn justice of the peace, "with which honour I did find myself mightily pleased, though I am wholly ignorant in the duties of a justice of the peace." Not more ignorant than many an Irish gentleman, who would do well to buy our friend John Waller's book.* The man lived well before this new dignity ; but the next day he got something different from anything he had ever before tasted or fancied. "I did send for a cup of tee (a China drink), of which I never had drank before." On the 3rd of February of the next year, "I first began to go forth in my coat and sword, as the manner among gentlemen is ;" and on the same day he hears a story of Lord Goring, when he was sent as ambassador extraordinary to France, to witness the oath of Louis XIV. to the observance of the treaties concluded with England by

* "Administration of the Law by Justices of Peace in Ireland," &c., &c. By J. F. Waller, Esq. Dublin : A. Thom. 1850.

his father, Louis XIII., and his grandfather, Henry IV. Louis was but six years old when he took this oath, and his brother, Philippe, ancestor of Louis Philippe, but four. Goring amused himself by making ugly faces, which set the younger of the children crying. The French children were, no doubt, afraid that the English savage was coming to eat them up. Pepys was not so well pleased with the King's dress as with his own. He thought it unfashionable; for, on the 11th of May, 1662, we find him thus journalising:—"To church in the morning; in the afternoon to Whitehall, and there walked an hour or two in the Park, where I saw the King, in a suit laced with gold and silver, which it is said was out of fashion." These clothes were the plague of Pepys's life. On the 14th, he thus states a dispute about them:—"To my brother's, and finding him in a lie about the lining of my new morning-gown, saying that it was the same with the outside, I was very angry with him, and parted so."

In 1663, "at Mr. Jervas's, my old barber's, I did try two or three borders and perriwigs, meaning to wear one; and yet I have no stomach for it, but that the pain of keeping my hair clean is so great. He trimmed me, and at last I parted; but my mind was almost altered from my first purpose, from the trouble that I foresee will be in wearing them also." On the 9th of May is this entry about the periwigs, and on the 30th of October the deed is done:—"At my perriwig-maker's, and there showed my wife the perriwig made for me, and she likes it very well, and so to my brother's, and to buy a pair of boddice for her."

"To my great sorrow find myself £48 worse than I was the last month, which was then £760, and now it is but £717. But it hath chiefly arisen from my layings-out in clothes for myself and wife; viz., for her about £12, and for myself £55, or thereabouts; having made myself a velvet cloak, two new cloth shirts, black, plain both; a new shag gown, trimmed with gold buttons and twist, with a new hat, and silk tops for my legs, and many other things, being resolved henceforward to go like myself. And also two perriwigs, one whereof cost me £3, and the other 40s. I have worn neither yet, but will begin next week, God willing. I having laid out in clothes for myself, and wife, and for her closet

and other things without, these two months, this and the last, besides household expenses of victualls, &c., above £110. But I hope I shall with more comfort labour to get more, and with better success than when, for want of clothes, I was forced to sneak like a beggar. The Queene continues light-headed, but in hopes to recover. The plague is much in Amsterdam, and we fear of it here, which God defend. The Turke goes on mighty in the Emperor's dominions, and the Princes cannot agree among themselves how to go against him.

"November 1st. (Lord's day.) This morning my brother's man brought me a new black baize waiste-coate, faced with silk, which I put on, from this day laying by half-shirts for this winter. He brought me also my new gown of purple shag: also, as a gift from my brother, a velvet hat, very fine to ride in, and the fashion, which pleases me."

29th of November, 1663,—"I put on my best black cloth suit, trimmed with scarlet ribbon very neat, with my cloak lined with velvet and a new beaver, which is altogether very noble, with my black silk knit canons, which I bought a month ago."

The following three entries must be read in connection. The danger of invasion does not seem to displace this fine fellow's dreams about his new clothes:—

"28th. My tailor brings me home my fine, new, coloured-cloth suit, my cloak lined with plush—as good a suit as ever I wore in my life, and mighty neat, to my great content."

"29th. Up, and it being my Lord Mayor's shew, my boy and three maids went out; but, it being a very foul, rainy day, from morning till night, I was sorry my wife let them go out. All the talk is that De Ruyter is come over-land home with six or eight of his capitaines to command here at home, and their ships kept abroad in the Straights: which sounds as if they had a mind to do something with us."

"30th. (Lord's day.) Put on my new, fine, coloured cloth suit, with my cloak lined with plush, which is a dear and noble suit, costing me about £17."

June 1st, 1665.—We have a change of dress, more important in Pepys's eyes than the changes of state which were then impending. "After dinner I put on my new camelott suit, the first that ever I wore in my life; the suit cost me above £24." In our last chapter on Pepys we gave some extracts from his account of the Plague. No other man in England, either in Pepys's day, or in the two centuries

that have since passed, would have thought of the Plague in connection with the fashion of periwigs:—

“3rd. (Lord’s day.) Up, and put on my coloured silk suit very fine, and my new periwig, bought a good while since, but durst not wear, because the plague was in Westminster when I bought it; and it is a wonder what will be the fashion after the plague is done, as to periwigs, for nobody will dare to buy any haire, for fear of the infection, that it had been cut off the heads of people dead of the plague. I took my Lady Pen home, and her daughter Pegg; and, after dinner, I made my wife show them her pictures, which did mad Pegg Pen, who learns of the same man. My Lord Brouncker, Sir J. Minnes, and I, up to the Vestry at the desire of the Justices of the Peace, in order to the doing something for the keeping of the plague from growing; but, Lord! to consider the madness of people of the town, who will, because they are forbid, come in crowds along with the dead corpses to see them buried; but we agreed on some orders for the prevention thereof. Among other stories, one was very passionate, methought, of a complaint brought against a man in the town, for taking a child from London from an infected house. Alderman Hooker told us it was the child of a very able citizen in Gracious Street, a saddler, who had buried all the rest of his children of the plague, and himself and wife now being shut up in despair of escaping, did desire only to save the life of this little child; and so prevailed to have it received stark-naked into the arms of a friend, who brought it, having put it into new fresh clothes, to Greenwich; where, upon hearing the story, we did agree it should be permitted to be received and kept in the town. By water to Woolwich, in great apprehensions of an ague. Here was my Lord Brouncker’s lady of pleasure, who, I perceive, goes everywhere with him; and he, I find, is obliged to carry her, and make all the courtship to her that can be.”

1st November, 1666.—“My tailor’s man brings my vest home and coat to wear with it, and silver-hilted sword; so I rose and dressed myself, and I like myself mightily in it, and so do my wife.”

Our readers have seen Mrs. Pepys, in her husband’s humble days, roasting a turkey in the garret, where they nestled during the period of his early clerkship. Mrs. Pepys is, to her husband, a subject of mixed admiration and fear. The lady was, no doubt, a good wife, as wives went, but Pepys had habits, when at church,

which he regularly attended, of flirting, as far as he was permitted, with such pretty women as he had met there. Pepys, too, was a constant goer to the theatre, and a seer of all manner of sights; and among the objects which he saw with most complacency were the pretty women who passed from the stage to the harems of Charles and his courtiers. And this did not quite please Mrs. Pepys. Proofs of actual infidelity do not appear in the journals, and it is possible that Mrs. Pepys had no very serious causes of complaint; still there are grounds for suspicion that Lord Braybrooke, who has found it necessary to omit some passages of the diary, may have suppressed the record of incidents that tried the lady’s temper. However this be, they rubbed through life with tolerable happiness, and their early distresses were the object of cheerful recollections at an after period. The entry of the 25th of February, 1666-7 stands thus:—“Lay long in bed, talking with pleasure with my poor wife, how she used to make coal fires and wash my foul clothes with her own hands for me (poor wretch), in our little room at my Lord Sandwich’s, for which I ought for ever to love and admire her, and do; and persuade myself she would do the same thing again if God should reduce us to it. At my goldsmith’s did observe the King’s new medal, where in little there is Mrs. Stewart’s face as well done as ever I saw anything in my whole life, I think; and a pretty thing it is that he should choose her face to represent Britannia by.” Pepys records his wife wearing black patches with evident satisfaction. The entry of the 30th of August, 1660, after recording some matters of public interest, adds:—“This is the first day that ever I saw my wife wear black patches since we were married.” On the fourth of November he hears the organ in Westminster Abbey, “the first time that ever I heard the organs in a cathedral. My wife seemed very pretty to-day, it being the first time I had given her leave to wear a black patch.” In the entry of 22nd of November we have his wife again; and could she have read Pepys’s secret cypher, she must have been satisfied with the mention which is made of her on this occasion.

- "4th. (Lord's day.) In the morn to our own church, where Mr. Mills did begin to nibble at the Common Prayer, by saying 'Glory be to the Father,' &c., after he had read the two psalms: but the people had been so little used to it, that they could not tell what to answer. This declaration of the King's do give the Presbyterians some satisfaction, and a pretence to read the Common Prayer, which they would not do before because of their former preaching against it. After dinner to Westminster. In our way we called at the Bell, to see the seven Flanders mares that my Lord has bought lately. Then I went to my Lord's, and, having spoke with him, I went to the Abbey, where the first time that ever I heard the organs in a cathedral. My wife seemed very pretty to-day, it being the first time I had given her leave to weare a black patch."

The entry of February 27th, 1661-62.—"Talking long in bed with my wife about our frugal life for the time to come, proposing to her what I could and would do if I were worth £2000; that is, be a knight and keep my coach, which pleased her." There is a certain Mary Ashwell who figures in Pepys's diary for a year or two. On "the 17th of March, 1663, I heard Ashwell first play upon the harpsichon, and I find she do play pretty well. Thence home by coach, buying at the Temple the printed virginal book for her." 18th.—"This day my tryangle, which was put in tune yesterday, did please me very well, Ashwell playing upon it pretty well." The 19th of April is Easter Sunday, "up, and this day put on my close-kneed coloured suit, which, with new stockings of the colour, with belt and new gilt-handled sword, is very handsome. To church, where the young Scotchman preaching, I slept awhile. After supper fell into discourse on dancing, and I find that Ashwell hath a very fine carriage, which makes my wife almost ashamed of herself to see herself be outdone; but tomorrow she begins to learn to dance for a month or two. On the next Sunday we have Pepys and Mary Ashwell walking in the fields gathering cowslips (his wife is of the party), and supping on cold lamb. "So home, being sleepy, without prayers to bed, for which God forgive me!" In a month or two after he finds his wife has unexpectedly left home; he pursues her. "I took coach and after her to her inn, where I am troubled to see her forced to sit in the back of

the coach, though pleased to see her company, none but women, and so kissing her often, and Ashwell once, I bid them adieu."

On the 25th of July, 1665, he was one of a party accompanying the king and the duke to Greenwich. "Great variety of talk, and was often led to speak to the king and duke. By and by, they to dinner, and sate down to the king, carving myself, which though I could not in modesty expect, yet, God forgive my pride! I was sorry I was there, that Sir William Batten should say he could sit down where I could not. The king having dined, he came down, and I went in the barge with him, I sitting at the door, home to Woolwich, and there I just ran and kissed my wife, and saw some of her painting, which is very curious, and away again to the king, and back again with him in the barge, hearing him and the duke talk, and seeing and observing their manner of discourse. And, God forgive me! though I admire them with all the duty possible, yet the more a man considers and observes them, the less he finds a difference between them and other men; though, blessed be God! they are both princes of great nobleness and spirits.

* * * Sad news of the death of so many in the parish of the plague—forty last night. The bell always going. To the Exchange, where I went up, and sate late, talking with my beauty, Mrs. Batelier, a great while, who is one of the finest women I ever saw in my life." On the 29th he visits her again:—"Went forth to the Old Exchange to pay my fair Batelier for some linen, and took leave, they packing up shop for a while." On the 14th of January next year we have a Sunday entry:—"Lay in bed till raised by my new taylor, Mr. Penny, who comes and brings me my new velvet cloak, very handsome, but plain. At noon met the second of the new sygnets, Mr. Shepley; sent for a new-year's gift. This afternoon, after supper, comes my dear fair beauty of the Exchange, Mrs. Batelier, to see my wife. I saluted her with as much pleasure as I had done any a great while. We sate and talked together an hour with infinite pleasure to me, and the fair creature went away and proved one of the modestest women and pretty that ever I saw in my life,

and my wife judges her so too." Pepys's wife minded the main chance; and however his eye might have wandered, there seems to have been in the depths, if we can so call them, of his shallow nature, something of affection for her after all. He is proud of her beauty—he is plainly rather afraid of her tongue—and she has some valuable qualities, which he appreciates, or rather prices at their worth in money. Pepys knows his wife, in short, to be a valuable, a most valuable woman. "Jan. 26, 1665-6.—Pleased mightily with what my poor wife had been doing these eight or ten days with her own hands, like a drudge, in fitting up the new hangings of our bed-chamber of blue, and putting the old red ones into my dressing-room." "14th Feb. (St. Valentine's Day).—This morning called up by Mr. Hill, who my wife thought had come to be her Valentine—she, it seems, having drawn him, but it proved not. However, calling him up to our bed-side, my wife challenged him." The next day we have Mrs. Pepys sitting for her picture to Hales. While he was engaged in painting Mrs. Knippe, the actress, Pepys's maid Mercer and Pepys were engaged in singing—"and by and bye in comes Mrs. Pierce,"—a lady whose beauty had disputed supremacy with Mrs. Batelier's—"with my name in her bosom for her Valentine, which will cost me money."*

On the 23rd of February, we have Mrs. Knippe again:—"I spent all the night talking with this baggage, and teaching her my song of 'Beauty Retire,' which she sings and makes go most rarely, and a very fine song it seems to be." A few days after he tells us he went to bed at eight o'clock. "An hour after was waked by my wife's quarelling with Mercer, at which I was angry, and my wife and I fell out; but with much ado to sleep again, I beginning to practice more temper, and to give her her way." Hales's picture of Mrs. Pepys is at last completed: it satisfies Pepys. He

cheerfully pays the price, £14, for it, and £1 5s. for the frame, and sits to the same artist for his own. "This day (March 17, 1666) I began to sit, and he will make me, I think, a very fine picture. He promises it shall be as good as my wife's, and I sit to have it full of shadows, and do almost keep my neck looking over my shoulder to make the position for him to work by." The picture by Hales of Mrs. Pepys has been engraved for Lord Braybrooke's book. We wish that of Pepys had also been preserved. In Lord Braybrooke's book is an engraving from a portrait by Kneller, and in Mr. Smith's "Life, Journals, and Correspondence of Pepys," is one from a portrait by Walker. In both we fancy we can see the effort which he describes to make his face "full of shadows." We do not know whether Hales's portrait has been engraved. Pepys becomes quite a patron of Hales's, and we now find the artist busy with a picture of Mrs. Pierce. Pepys tells us of a visit to see this picture in progress; "thence home to dinner, and had a great fray with my wife about Brown's coming to teach her to paint, and sitting with me at table, which I will not yield. I do thoroughly believe she means no hurt in it, but very angry we were, and I resolved all into my having my will done, be the reason what it will." Poor Pepys—and did the man think he was to have his will obeyed in all things? The next day, to be sure, all seems to have gone right, for he, and his wife, and his maid Mercer, are singing by moonlight in the garden—his neighbours opening their casements to enjoy the music. Mrs. Pepys does not quite approve of these musical parties, and we have an entry, which states—"I find my wife plainly dissatisfied with me that I can spend so much time with Mercer, teaching her to sing, and could never take the same pains with her, which I acknowledge; but it is because the girl do take to music mightily readily and she do not, and music is

* "Question.—In *chusing* Valentines, is not the party *chusing* to make a present to the party chosen?

"Answer.—We think it more proper to say *drawing* of Valentines, since the more customary way is for each to take his or her lot, and chance cannot be termed choice. It was formerly customary mutually to present, but now it is customary only for the gentleman."—*Dunton's British Apollo*—*Hone's Every-Day Book*.

the thing of the world I do love most, and all the pleasure almost that I can now take; so to bed; in some little discontent, but no words from me." So we see the maid Mercer is not altogether a favorite, nor Pepys's wife quite pleased at their musical lessons. A few days after the moonlight concert we find him visiting Mrs. Pierce, and meeting Mrs. Knippe. "Hence with them to Cornhill to cull and choose a chimney-piece for Pierce's closet. My wife mightily vexed at my being abroad with these women; and when they were gone called them I know not what, which vexed me having been so innocent with them." Poor Mrs. Pepys!—Mrs. Caudle herself was scarcely a greater sufferer. Her grievances, however, are only to be told in her husband's words. "I find my wife troubled at my checking her, last night, in the coach, in her long stories out of Grand Cyrus, which she would tell, though nothing to the purpose, or in any good manner. This she took unkindly, and I think was to blame, indeed; but she do find with reason that in the company of Pierce, Knippe, or other women that I love, I do not value her, or mind her as I ought. However, very good friends by and bye." Pepys finds means of appeasing his wife's wrath, which are said to have strong effect on the female mind. We have an entry which tells us "Up to my wife, not owning my being at a play, and there she shews me her ring of a Turkey-stone set with little sparks of diamonds, which I am to give her as my Valentine, and I am not much troubled at it. It will cost me near £5. She costing me but little compared with other wives, and have not many occasions to spend money on her." The Turkey-stone is again mentioned a few days after. "This evening my wife shewed me her jewels, increased by the ring she hath lately made as my Valentine's gift this year a Turkey-stone set with diamonds. She hath above £150 worth of jewels of one kind or other, and I am glad of it, for it is fit the wretch should have something to content herself with."

The 2nd of December, 1668, is an important day—"Abroad with my wife; the first time that ever I rode in my own coach, which do make my heart rejoice and praise God, and pray

him to bless it to me, and continue it." The coach is a thing on which he prides himself, and is commemorated in several entries. He tells us, on getting it, that he is "put into the greatest condition of outward state that ever I was in, or hope ever to be, or desired." He goes to the play, and returns in his coach, and then confides his exultation to the cypher, which preserved his secret for a century and a-half; if, indeed, his exultation was a secret. "And so home, it being mighty pleasure to go alone with my poor wife in a coach of our own to a play; and makes us appear mighty great, I think, in the world; at least, greater than I ever could, or my friends for me, have once expected; or I think that ever any of my family ever yet lived in my memory, but my cousin Pepys, in Salisbury-court." Still was it the part of a good subject, and a friend of the reigning dynasty, to go about in an actual coach of his own, like a happy and prosperous man, with whom the world was well pleased, at a time when all looked gloomy, and boded disaster to the king and the duke? This fear crossed Pepys's mind; and what were his mingled emotions when driving in the park. "Sir W. Coventry did first see me and my wife in a coach of our own, and so did the Duke of York, who did eye my wife mightily. I began to doubt that my being so much seen in my own coach at this time may be observed to my prejudice; but I must venture it now." We have him at the coach-maker's, impatient of delay. From three in the afternoon "I stood by till eight, and saw the painter varnish it, which is pretty to see how every doing it over do make it more and more yellow. Here I did make the workmen drink, and saw my coach cleaned and oiled. At night, home, and there find my wife hath been making herself clean for to-morrow." To-morrow comes. We have not room for Pepys's details of his summer suit, and his wife's flowered tabby gown; but both were as fine as fine could be. "We went through the town with our new liveries of serge, and the horses' manes and tails tied with red ribbons, and the standards gilt with varnish, and all clean; and green reins that people did look mightily on: and the truth is, I did not see any coach more

pretty, though more gay than ours, all the day." There were causes of discontent, however. Pepys had intended a pretty sempstress to be of the party. She did not come, and so Pepys was out of humour; and what surprises us more, Pepys's wife was displeased "that I should sit on the same seat with her, which she likes not, being so fine. The day was dusty and windy, too, with fits of rain; and there were as many hackney-coaches as spoiled the night of the gentlemen's" "This," says Lord Braybrooke, "is a little too much, considering that the journalist so recently set up his own carriage."

The record of the 12th of January, 1668-9, will amuse our readers:—

"This evening I observed my wife mighty dull, and I myself was not mighty fond, because of some hard words she did give me at noon, out of a jealousy at my being abroad this morning, which, God knows, it was upon the business of the Office unexpectedly; but I to bed, not thinking but she would come after me. But waking by and by, out of a slumber, which I usually fall into presently after my coming into the bed, I found she did not prepare to come to bed, but got fresh candles, and more wood for her fire, it being mighty cold, too. At this being troubled, I after a while prayed her to come to bed; so, after an hour or two, she silent, and I now and then praying her to come to bed, she fell out into a fury, that I was a rogue, and false to her. I did, as I might truly, deny it, and was mightily troubled, but all would not serve. At last, about one o'clock, she come to my side of the bed, and drew my curtaine open, and with the tongs red hot at the ends, made as if she did design to pinch me with them, at which, in dismay, I rose up, and with a few words she laid them down; and did by little and little, very sillily, let all the discourse fall; and about two, but with much seeming difficulty, come to bed, and there lay well all night, and long in bed talking together, with much pleasure, it being, I know, nothing but her doubt of my going out yesterday, without telling her of my going, which did vex her, poor wretch! last night, and I cannot blame her jealously, though it do vex me to the heart."

We have some three or four more jealous fits, all about this same Jane, who is at last dismissed from Pepys's service. There does not, in this instance, seem much cause for Mrs. Pepys's anxiety, as Jane was certainly very seriously in love with one of Pepys's servants. And whenever

Pepys mentions her in this strange diary of his, it is always in language of kindness, but in language that excludes all ground for jealousy. The way in which Mrs. Knippe, the actress, is very frequently mentioned, might easily give Mrs. Pepys less blameable cause of fear. And his wife's anger with this lady sometimes provoked Pepys into strange expressions of anger, not in words alone. "(6th of August, 1666). In comes Mrs. Knippe; I very pleasant to her, but perceive my wife hath no great pleasure in her being here. However, we talked, and sang, and were very pleasant. By-and-by came Mr. Pierce and his wife. Knippe and I sang; and then I offered to carry them home, and to take my wife with me, but she would not go; so with them, leaving my wife in a very ill humour. I took them to dinner to old Fish-street, to the very house and woman where I kept my wedding dinner, where I never was since; and there I did give them a jole of salmon, and what else was to be had. And here we talked of the ill-humour of my wife, which I did excuse as much as I could." We confess that we quite sympathise with Mrs. Pepys, and think that Mr. Pepys was much too fond of very doubtful company. On the other hand, Mrs. Pepys had scarcely a right to disturb her husband's nerves by selecting servant maids for their ugliness. After nearly two hundred years since this cause of offence arose, we must, as honest censors, say, we execrate her for it. Think of Pepys and what he suffered, aye! and what he enjoyed on the 30th of June, 1666—"Late to bed; and while I was undressing myself, our new ugly maid, Lucy, had like to have broke her neck in the dark, going down our upper stairs; but which I was glad of, the poor girl did only bruise her head; but at first did lie on the ground, groaning and drawing her breath like one a-dying."

We have through the whole period of the Plague repeated notices of it. They are not important in any other way than as they strangely mingle with entries of things most remote and discrepant, the necessary consequence of a diary kept like Pepys's. The comets of 1664 and 1665 are mentioned by him, and it is plain that from the time of their appearance

fears, such as would be now unintelligible, affected the minds of people of all ranks. There they were, "with fear of change, perplexing monarchs."* December 17, 1664—Mighty talk there is, of this comet that is seen at nights; and the King and Queen did sit up last night to see it, and did it seems; and to-night I thought to have done so too, but it is cloudy, and so no stars appear." On 6th April, 1665, we have Pepys's mention of the second comet:—"Great talk of a new comet, which, it is certain, do appear as bright as the late one at the best." Never was there a period in which men's minds looked to the heavens more universally to see what the earth itself ought to have shown them. Astrology, with its mockery of the language of science, predicted the future fates of every person born in decent life; Dryden the poet calculated the nativity of his son; palmistry told every milkmaid her fortune; and the more mysterious parts of the Scripture were studied for the purpose of learning the dates of the future, as in an almanac. It is not wonderful that these comets were looked to with fear and apprehension. The comet, like a sword that hung over Jerusalem, did not create greater alarm. De Foe tells us—we abridge his language—"A blazing comet appeared for several months before the plague, as there did the year after another, a little before the great fire. It was remarked by many that these two comets passed directly over the city, importing something peculiar to the city alone: that the comet before the pestilence was of a faint, dull, languid colour, and its motion very heavy, solemn, and slow; but that the comet before the fire was bright and sparkling, or, as others said, flaming, and its motion swift and furious—that one foretold a heavy judgment, slow, but severe, terrible, and frightful, as was the plague—but the other a stroke sudden, swift and fiery. They not only saw it pass swiftly and fiercely, but they thought that they even heard

it; that it made a rushing, mighty noise, fierce and terrible, though at a distance, and but just perceivable." We know no description of the Great Fire equal to Pepys's, who saw it from the first, and who, from his official position, was engaged actively in the measures for extinguishing it. We wish we had room for his entry of September 2, 1666. It was Sunday, and at three o'clock in the morning Pepys was roused by the cry of fire. It seemed to be at such a distance that he went again to bed, and to sleep; at seven o'clock he was told of the fire being still raging, and three hundred houses burned. He went to the Tower, and from one of the heights there saw the flames destroying every thing near the river, and the people engaged not in endeavouring to subdue the fire, but to save their goods. Pepys was sent for to the King, and pressed on Charles the necessity of pulling down houses, in order to stop the fire. The King sent him to the Lord Mayor—the Lord Mayor he at last met, "like a man spent, with a handkercher about his neck. To the King's message he cried, like a fainting woman—'Lord! what can I do, I'm spent; people will not obey me. I have been pulling down houses, but the fire overtakes us faster than we can do it.'" The houses were chiefly of wood, and in the city were thickly crowded together; and in Thames-street, where the fire now was, there were quantities of pitch and tar; there were wine, and spirit, and oil-warehouses; in short, it was impossible to imagine anything more likely to catch and communicate the flame. It was Sunday, and people crowded to churches, not to join in the service of the day, but to find a place of deposit for their goods. The wind was high, and increased rapidly the conflagration. Pepys, who had been moving about all day, now got down to the river.

"So near the fire as we could for smoke; and all over the Thames, with one's faces in

* The evil opinion which the astrologers entertained of comets, they summed up in the following barbarous lines:—

"Octo Cometa mala hæc fulgendo per æthera signat;
Ventus, Sterilitas, Aqua, Pestis prædominantur,
Rixa, Tremor; moritur Dux; fit mutatio regni."

the wind, you were almost burned with a shower of fire-drops. This is very true: so as houses were burned by these drops and flakes of fire, three or four, nay, five or six houses, one from another. When we could endure no more upon the water, we to a little ale-house on the Bankside, over against the Three Cranes, and there staid till it was dark almost, and saw the fire grow; and, as it grew darker, appeared more and more; and in corners and upon steeples, and between churches and houses, so far as we could see up the hill of the city, in a most horrid, malicious, bloody flame, not like the fine flame of an ordinary fire. Barbary and her husband away before us. We staid till, it being darkish, we saw the fire as only one entire arch of fire from this to the other side the bridge, and in a bow up the hill for an arch of above a mile long: it made we weep to see it. The churches, houses, and all on fire, and flaming at once; and a horrid noise the flames made, and the cracking of houses at their ruine. So home with a sad heart, and there find every body discoursing and lamenting the fire; and poor Tom Hater come with some few of his goods saved out of his house, which was burned upon Fish Street Hill. I invited him to lie at my house, and did receive his goods; but was deceived in his lying there, the news coming every moment of the growth of the fire; so as we were forced to begin to pack up our own goods, and prepare for their removal; and did by moonshine, it being brave, dry, and moonshine and warm weather, carry much of my goods into the garden; and Mr. Hater and I did remove my money and iron chests into my cellar, as thinking that the safest place. And got my bags of gold into my office, ready to carry away, and my chief papers of accounts also there, and my tallies into a box by themselves. So great was our fear, as Sir W. Batten hath carts come out of the country to fetch away his goods this night. We did put Mr. Hater, poor man! to bed a little; but he got but very little rest, so much noise being in my house, taking down of goods."

On the 4th we find this entry—"Sir W. Batten, not knowing how to remove his wine, did dig a pit in the garden, and laid it in there; and I took the opportunity of laying all the papers of my office, that I could not otherwise dispose of. And in the evening Sir W. Pen and I did dig another, and put our wine in it; and I my Parmazan cheese, as well as my wine and other things. Now and then walking into the garden, saw how horribly the sky looks—all on a fire

in the night—was enough to put us out of our wits; and indeed it was extremely dreadful, for it looks just as if it was at us, and the whole heaven on fire."

We will not trouble our readers with Pepys's conjectures as to the origin of the fire. Through the whole calamity nothing could be better than the conduct of the King and the Duke. It was in danger and difficulty that the true genius of Charles every now and then manifested itself—

"Not with an idle care did he behold:

Subjects may grieve, but monarchs must redress;
He cheers the fearful and commends the bold,
And makes despairers hope for good success."

But our readers who would know how Dryden has pictured the terrific scenes of the Fire of London, must themselves read his *Annus Mirabilis*, as we have not room for extracts.

Pepys's correspondence deserves to be read with more attention than has been given to it. It is, in general, unreserved; but the tone is more sober and dignified—as was to be expected—than in the memorandums of the Diary, intended for no eyes but his own. He was an inquiring man, with something of credulity about him which made him rather a lover of ghost stories, and a listener to all that could be said of the second-sight, and such things. There is a correspondence between him and Lord Reay of Durness, in Scotland, in which are some very curious stories, well authenticated, but, when examined, shewing on how slight a basis of fact this superstition rests—or rather, how any facts whatever are susceptible of a fanciful interpretation. Lord Reay sends Pepys two letters (written one to himself and one to Boyle) by Lord Tarbut.* In the first he mentions the belief of a footman of Lord Reay's great-grandfather, that his master would die a violent death. He saw, he said, a dagger in the Lord Reay's breast. Some time after the Lord Reay of his vision gave the doublet in which the visionary saw him dressed, when he beheld the dagger, to one of his servants, who gave it to the footman, and the footman was himself stabbed wearing the doublet. This does not prove much. Lord Reay vouches, however,

* Sir George Mackenzie, created Viscount Tarbut in 1685.

for the truth of the facts to Pepys, and tells him a parallel story. A seer saw a gallows on a coat: this indicated that the wearer of the coat would be hanged, and so he was; but a different man wore the coat at the time of the vision, and at the period of the execution. The prophet thought the vision related to one man, and the event with which he connects it relates to another; the interpretation by which the believers in second sight reconcile the facts with their theory, make the prophecy relate not to a man but a coat. The predictions which convince Lord Reay of the truth of the second sight, in addition to those we have stated, are these: a boy says that he sees one of Lord Reay's retainers breaking another's head, "which certainly happened since;" a servant maid saw her mistress's brother hanged for theft—she was dismissed from the service—she persisted, notwithstanding; he was afterwards taken up for theft, and sentenced to death, but through some interest escaped; the maid said, "he is not dead yet, but shall certainly be hanged,"—he finally was. The greatest proficient in the second sight whom Reay knew was a blind woman. A seer offered to communicate to Reay his power of seeing visions; but as he had no power of freeing him from the inconvenient gift, had it been once attained, Reay prudently declined satisfying his curiosity at such a risk. In Lord Tarbut's letter to Boyle he mentions a curious incident told him by Sir Normande M'Leod. There was a gentleman in the Isle of Harris, who was always seen by the visionists with an arrow in his thigh; this was regarded as a certain sign that he would be shot with an arrow in the thigh. He, however, died without any such accident. Sir Normande was at his funeral, at St. Clement's Church, Isle of Harris. At the same time another gentleman was brought to be buried in the same church; a question of precedence arose between the funeral parties; "from words they came to blows; one of the number, who was armed with a bow and arrow, let one fly among them. Now, every family in that isle have their burying-place in the church, in stone-chests, and the bodies are carried in open biers to the place of burial. Sir Normande having appeased the tumult, one of the arrows was found

shot in the dead man's thigh." Instances of sudden death give apparent confirmation to the kind of predictions which the seers of sights derive from their dreamy habit. A party is depressed by being told that a seer has beheld a man dying—that it is in the very room where they are sitting; that from certain circumstances of the vision, he sees the event is very near. While doubt and fear cast their shadows over the spirits of the party, a bleeding stranger is brought in, and dies; and the prophetic character is for ever established in the case of the visionary, who may now deal death and disaster at will, sure that in no event will he be regarded as other than inspired with a knowledge of the future.

Among stories of second sight, or double-sight, as it was then called, is one in a letter to Pepys from Henry second Earl of Clarendon, with which we conclude this chapter:—

"London, May 27th, 1701.

"S^r—I cannot give you a greater instance of my willingness to gratify your curiosity in anything within my knowledge, than the sending you this foolish letter. The story I told you the other day relating to what they call in Scotland the Second Sight, is of soe old a date, and soe many of the circumstances out of my memory, that I must begin, as old women doe their tales to children, 'Once upon a time.'

"The matter was thus:—One day, I know by some remarkable circumstances it was towards the middle of February, 1661–2, the Earl of Newborough came to dine with my father at Worcester House, and another Scotch gentleman with him whose name I cannot call to mind. After dinner, as we were standing and talking together in the room, says my Lord Newborough to the other Scotch gentleman, who was looking very steadfastly upon my wife, 'What is the matter, that thou hast had thine eyes fixed upon my Lady Cornbury ever since she came into the room? Is she not a fine woman? Why doest thou not speak?'—'She's a handsome Lady, indeed,' said the gentleman, 'but I see her in blood.' Whereupon my Lord Newborough laughed at him; and all the company going out of the room, we parted: and I believe none of us thought more of the matter; I am sure I did not. My wife was at that time perfectly well in health, and looked as well as ever she did in her life. In the beginning of the next month she fell ill of the small-pox: she was always very apprehensive of that disease, and used to say, if she ever had it, she would dye of it. Upon the ninth day after the small-pox appeared, in the morning, she bled at the nose, which

quickly stopt; but in the afternoon the blood burst out again with great violence at her nose and mouth, and about eleven of the clock that night she dyed, almost weltering in her blood.

"This is the best account I can now give of this matter, which tho' I regarded not at the time the words were spoken, yet upon reflection afterwards, I could not but think it odd, if not wonderfull, that a man only looking upon a woman, whom he had never seen before, should give such a prognostick. The great grief I was then in, and going quickly

after out of towne, prevented my being so inquisitive as I should have been after the person of this Scotch gentleman, and into other things. You will not wonder that, after soe long a distance of time, I cannot give a more particular account of a thing which seems soe very extraordinary. But I have kept you too long upon soe imperfect a subject, and will conclude by assuring you that I am, with great esteem,

"Sir, your most affectionate and humble
servant,

CLARENDON."

LAY OF THE FAMINE.

THE IRISH HUSBAND TO HIS WIFE.

Bright was your blue eye, Kathleen,
Smooth was your sunny brow,
On that fair morn, my Kathleen,
When you breath'd your bridal vow.
Joy wove his choicest treasures round us,
Peace came with all her smiling train;
Mirth in his magic circle bound us,
Whence fled the phantoms Grief and Pain.

Few years have pass'd, my Kathleen,
Since you breath'd your bridal vow,
Hope smiling o'er us, Kathleen,—
O God, to see you now!
To see your blue eye waning, waning,
To see your brow so seam'd with pain,
To see gaunt Hunger's red tooth draining.
The life-blood from each throbbing vein!

Fair was our first-born, Kathleen,
As it hung upon your breast:
Oh! weep not, weep not, Kathleen,
Why mourn its speedy rest?
And tell me not its smiles would lighten
The pangs that revel through this heart,
Say how could smiles its young cheek brighten,
While Famine struck with venom'd dart!

Our last, our youngest, Kathleen,—
Forgive this struggling tear,—
Its sinking cries, my Kathleen,
Ring ever on my ear.
O God, to hear its plaintive wailing,
To see your look of dark despair,
When the mother's fountain failing,
Its lips convulsive drank but air!

Rest on this bosom, Kathleen,
All, save your love, is fled,
Ha, what,—my wife! my Kathleen!
Fiend, Tempter, she's not dead!
Stare not with those eyes so blindly,
Fan me with thy gentle breath,
Speak! even coldly or unkindly,—
Kathleen, Kathleen, is this Death?

W. C. B.

THE PRICE OF BLOOD ; A STORY OF GOLD.

THE shop of Marcus Downing, in the little village town of Ballineavegh, was closed for the night, and Marcus having smoked his last pipe, was on the point of retiring to rest. His youngest daughter, Nora, had showed a particular wish to please him in every respect, from the moment he had finished business in the shop, and entered the small, and but meanly furnished room, which was sitting-room and parlour, both in one. Nora had made his economical tea, and pressed him to take more than his usual quantity ; and had smiled, and chatted, and brought him a live turf from the kitchen, that he might light his pipe, as it was summer time, and there was no fire in the apartment. Such attentions seemed the more particular on Nora's part, as they were generally performed by her elder sister, a plain, quiet-looking girl, who sat busily engaged in repairing her father's stockings.

Marcus Downing, though a man of few words, possessed some shrewdness, and from all the signs and symptoms, he feared an impending calamity—he feared a demand for money.

So he energetically smoked the remainder of his pipe, and summoned up all his resolution. There she came—yes, he saw it in her face—there was legibly written a petition for some of his shillings or pounds. He clasped his hands over his waistcoat-pocket, though he had not a farthing on his person at the moment, and turned round with an air of courageous endurance.

Nora was close to him. She was a handsome girl, of about twenty years of age—her face was of no vulgar order of beauty ; the finely-formed mouth, and the small, straight nose, had even an aristocratic cast ; her eyes were large and dark, and shone with a bright, excited lustre, as she laid her hand on her father's shoulder ; and the very words he expected, and so much dreaded to hear, fell on his ears.

“Father, my dear father, will you be kind enough to give me some money?”

The father dusted the ashes from

his pipe carefully—very carefully ; then he raised his hand and passed it across the many wrinkles on his bald brow, and started up from his old arm-chair more briskly than usual, for he was a man considerably advanced in life.

“I’ve no money to spare—times are bad just now—very few customers this day. Susan, get me a candle, I want to go to bed, for it’s late, I’m thinking.”

“But, father, ’tis so long since you gave me any money now—why, it’s six months, I do believe—come, now, you’ll give me some—won’t you?” and she smiled coaxingly in his face.

“Don’t bother me, girl, I say—Susan’s wanting no money, and why should you? but you’re always crying for it—it’s money, money everlasting with you—money to lay out on dress, indeed.”

“Now, father, you know we get so very little money from you—why it’s a shame we are so ill-dressed—we are worse dressed than anybody—indeed Susan can tell you that.”

“I don’t believe you—you get money enough to dress yourselves well enough, I know, to my cost—ay, it’s not the earnings of a week, nor a month, no, nor maybe three, that it takes to dress you in the year ; there’s Susan makes no complaint about it, and you’re always worrying me for money.”

“Susan knows well you do not give us enough ; do you not, Susan? speak and tell him,” cried Nora, looking passionately towards her sister. Thus appealed to, Susan raised her face, which, if in its plainness it contrasted much with her sister’s beauty, exhibited a contrast also in its meek, mild, gentleness and resignation, compared with the fire and anger which began to gleam from Nora’s fair face.

“Father, I do think you might allow us a little more money ; I think we would require it,” said Susan.

“There, now—Susan agrees with me—now you’ll give me the money, I know.”

“And if Susan agrees with you it

only makes her as bad as yourself, that's all ; I'm as good a judge as either of you as to what money a woman requires to dress herself ; I know what your poor mother took when she was living ; I know it was next to nothing compared with what you want ; but I'll keep down your extravagance, that I will."

"I'm not extravagant ; I want only to dress myself as other people dress—you had better give me a little money just now."

"But I won't, then, give you one farthing just now ; you're a good-for-nothing girl ; there's nothing but wasting and spending of money in your head ; you'd take a bank of money ; you never think of how money's got ; how I stand there in that shop, getting in by slow degrees pence and halfpence ; ay, pence and halfpence, in my small, retail way, in this poor place ; how, sick or well, I stand there, and how long it is before a shilling of clear profit is gathered up, not to talk of a pound. But you've no heart to think of all that ; no, you'd go and you'd throw away on ribbons, or lace, every penny of what I earn so hardly—every penny, if you could but get it, ay, and never ever thinking of me, and the struggles, and the toils I have gathering the little I have got ; but I'll teach you better ; if you must have money, you'll go and earn it some way or other ; I'll give you enough, but I'll give you nothing for extravagance."

At this he took up the candle, which Susan had placed for him, and walked away, closing the door loudly and angrily behind him.

For some moments Nora stood movelessly gazing on the door by which her father had departed. Then she threw herself down on a seat, and covered her face with her hands. On being addressed by her sister Susan she made no answer. But in the depths of her soul that young girl was holding communion with the spirit of evil.

A few pounds, yes, even a few shillings, would have stayed the progress of a temptation, which now, in Nora's fancy, wrought with overpowering strength. How much of evil in this world would the timely gift from the hand of the rich of a small and never-missed portion of wealth prevent—a few shillings, had charity only reached them ; and that condemned thief who

was tempted, none knows how sorely, by hunger, might now have been honest, respected, and the centre of some happy, domestic circle ; and those other wicked degraded ones, fallen now so far below all common vileness, who knows what bright and good creatures they might have been, had even trifling, timely aid been given—had any friend, or any stranger relieved the want which, whether real or imaginary, was the cause of the wide deviation from the path of virtue. Money !—evil deeds have been done for thee, yet much crime wouldst thou have prevented, hadst thou in the hour of need been dealt out, even in the most limited degree, to those whose hard necessities caused them to yearn for thy presence !

"He'll never refuse me money again—never, for I'll never ask him—a very little would have satisfied me ; ay, so very little, and yet he would not give it—he gave me only bitter words, and he my own father ; well, it's no matter—there's other ways of getting money—I'll never ask from him again."

As Nora said this, all the features of her young, fair face were convulsed with passion. It was in vain that Susan attempted to soothe her. At length she found relief in violent weeping, and for a long time her sobs were like those of childhood. She hastily dried her tears, and raised her head, with a look of pride and resolution at last, as if she had settled in her mind some determined course of acting.

The last rays of the summer sunset were gleaming through the trees of Sir Philip Linton's park, which in one direction stretched close to the village of Ballinveagh. Sir Philip Linton was an English baronet, who possessed a considerable property in Ireland in the locality where the scenes I am relating occurred. He was rich, young, handsome, and profligate in a high degree. He was frequently a visitor to his Irish estate, but remained generally for a very brief period.

Never did the golden hues of the departing day shine more beautifully through masses of thick, dark, green leaves ; never was there a fairer, softer evening hour—an hour which spoke more touchingly and thrillingly of peace, and quietness, and holiness, and

heaven ; yet the presence of evil was there—there, beneath the old trees, which shone as if with a light from some better world, was to be heard the voice of sin.

In one of the most retired paths, Sir Philip Linton was to be seen, and on his arm Nora Downing was leaning. Sir Philip was speaking in low, but very earnest tones, and the girl was listening with blushing attention, and with a soft smile on her lips, which seemed to yield a silent assent to all the false protestations which a voice, well practised in deceit, was pouring in her ear. His face was finely formed : there were indications of intellect and even goodness stamped on it, in the opinion of those who bestowed but a slight inspection on his features ; but a closer scrutiny showed that his eyes revealed, through all their assumed sentimentality, a selfish, pitiless, voluptuous nature ; his hair was light, and curled around a high and broad brow, which, from its extreme fairness, had almost an effeminate look ; his figure was middle-sized, slight, and most graceful ; he had that air of easy confidence, also, which is always so successful with a large class of the unreflective.

“Nora, my beloved, throw aside all your prejudices—follow nature, innocent, happy, happy nature. Nature says to us love—love in freedom—without binding chains, which only destroy what it is intended they should bind for ever. Nora, I know you have a soul—a mind above the old, antiquated notions, which ruin the best pleasures of the world—come, then, and let us be happy, blest ; come, fly from the little village and the humble home, which is so unworthy of one so rarely gifted by nature.”

They had reached the avenue leading to his castle ; he took her hand ; he urged her to accompany him at once, without a moment's further delay, but still she hesitated. She spoke timidly ; her voice faltered, but he caught the word “marriage.” A smile, in which there was something of scorn, passed rapidly over his lips, but her eyes were cast down, and she did not see it.

“Trust to me,” he said, bending his head over her, and speaking in still more tender tones—“Nora, place implicit faith in me—in the one

whose very soul is yours. Yes, all my thoughts—my very being is yours ; and think you I *could* betray your love and confidence. Nora, my whole aim—the study of every hour and day shall be to make you happy—to keep far away from your heart all pain, and care, and sorrow. Come, then, let me take you this very hour to a place more worthy of you.”

Still she lingered. She turned her head for one moment in the direction of Ballinveagh, but no sigh of regret passed her lips. She raised her large, bright eyes for a second to his face, with a pleading look, and again he heard her low, and soft voice murmuring words of marriage, and then pausing, as if afraid to utter the wish.

“Nora, I say again, have confidence in me—have faith, unwavering faith—am I not your own Philip?—yours only—do not once dream that I could ever betray your confidence—that I could ever desert you. No, no ; whilst I have life you shall be my love—my ever dearest love.” Thus, for some time, he continued to address to her all the usual language of deceitful love. But she still hesitated, notwithstanding his energetic eloquence.

At length he paused, and was silent for a few moments. Then he suddenly drew from his pocket a gold chain of a rich and costly appearance ; he threw it round her neck. There was still enough of the lingering twilight to show the sparkling of that bright, burnished gold, as it rested around the girl's neck. Her eyes glistened at the sight—gladness, rapture filled them at the sight, as if the lustre of the gold had given them a new radiance. Sir Philip looked on her face, and knew that she was won. A passing feeling of regret awoke within him, as he saw that his gold had more power than his words.

But Nora saw not the slight shade which rested on his face ; her eyes were fixed on her sparkling gold chain. The poor victim was bound at last.

She might have resisted the spells of flattery and love for at least some little time longer, if not finally, had the path of destruction not been gilt with gold, and so contrasted too strongly and seductively with her father's narrow heart and penurious household.

It was ten o'clock, and Marcus Downing carefully closed the shutters, and placed the iron bars across the one window of his small shop, and locked the door with watchful caution, and then betook himself to the sitting-room behind the shop. There was an unwonted degree of brightness and geniality on his hard, worldly face ; he held his head more buoyantly, and walked with more of elasticity than he had done for a length of time. He had done a good day's business. He had made some considerable clear gains since he left that little sitting-room at breakfast time. A customer had made an extensive purchase—a very extensive purchase, on the best of terms, and paid down ready cash. So the shopkeeper seated himself in his large, old-fashioned arm-chair, with a gladdened heart, and drew out a tattered pocket-book, in which he had deposited the notes he had received. Childish as it seemed, he could not resist the wish of inspecting them again—solacing his eyes with the sight of them once more. There was one for five pounds—it was such a new thing, that in his business it was rather uncommon for him to receive even a one-pound note, his poor customers so seldom arose above copper or silver in their small purchases.

How beautiful it seemed to his eyes, that five-pound note ; it was old and tattered, indeed, and had once, in the course of its varied pilgrimage over the world, been cut in two, and carelessly pasted together again ; and it was very much soiled, and stained, and looked and smelt the very reverse of cleanliness ; but still, to that old man's sight, nothing could be more charming. He turned it over and over. He inspected it in various ways.

"Ay, Susan, look at it—that's the picture for me," he said, glancing smilingly on the quiet face of his eldest daughter, who, as usual, sat busily occupied repairing breaches in the family wearing apparel. "There's no pictures like them in the world, Susan—no, no ; but you're a good girl, and maybe, when your wedding comes, it's this I'll be giving you to buy your new gown and things—though it's a pity—ay, the biggest pity to see the like of this—the darling—going away for them ribbons and trash that you women's always buying. Well, well,

to be sure it's for you and Nora I'm gathering it all—if it wasn't for you, maybe it's not so much I'd care, though some people do think that my heart's in the money." At this he replaced the five-pound note carefully with the others in the pocket-book, and calculated pleasantly, in his mind, how much the whole would add to the comfortable sum which he had already saved.

He smoked an extra quantity of tobacco. He talked, also, of getting some punch, and wished that some of his neighbours would call in. Suddenly he glanced hurriedly around the room, and asked where Nora was. Susan had been asking herself the same question for some time, and could account for her sister's absence in no way except by thinking she had met with some acquaintance who had asked her to spend the evening.

"But it's so late—it's getting so very late," said the father, taking his pipe from his mouth, and looking serious. Then he suddenly recollected how Nora seemed to have something on her mind at dinner-time, when he had last seen her ; she was sullen and silent, and always averted her eyes from him when he chanced to address her ; but he was in great haste at the moment, and thought nothing about it then.

"She was very angry last night when I refused her the money. I never saw her so angry, Susan—she's mostly so smiling and merry, you know—just like what her mother was, near thirty years ago—ay, she's a second Nora. Well, I might, to be sure, have given her five-shillings or so last night—that would have pleased her, for she's not so hard to please ; but it's not much more than two months since I gave her some money before, and I hate to see girls extravagant. I was right in not giving it—it will make her wise to keep her in proper bounds."

A quarter of an hour passed away, and still Nora did not appear. The father became more and more uneasy. Vague fears of evil filled his mind. He possessed, in the depths of his heart, stronger affections than appeared on the surface of his character. The love of money had not in him yet entirely changed his nature, as it does in many instances. By nature, his dispositions were kind and

affectionate; the love of money was a passion which had grown with his later years.

Eleven o'clock struck: Marcus Downing took up the pocket-book, which he had placed before him on the table in order that he might have the pleasure of gazing on it without interruption—he took it up, and thrust it carelessly into his pocket.

"Where can Nora be! Susan, have you any notion of where she is?" At that moment there was a knock at the door. Susan ran to open it, and admitted her cousin, Gregory Downing, in place of the sister whom she expected to see. She eagerly inquired if he had seen Nora; but he made no answer to her interrogations. On scanning his face by the dim moonlight, which reached the place where they stood, she saw that it was even more than usually pale, and that it was wet with tears. She made no more inquiries; she knew that something terrible had happened.

Gregory Downing was a young priest, and had been for a short period settled in the village. All the inmates of Ballinveagh liked him, because of the singular mildness and gentleness of his character. With his uncle, Marcus Downing, he was particularly a favorite. The old man regarded him almost in the light of a son, and Gregory was accustomed to spend much of his time in the society of his uncle and cousins.

Now he paused at the door of the familiar little room. He was afraid to enter. He shuddered to announce the tidings of which he was the bearer. Again large tears fell over his thin, sallow cheeks.

But the old man heard him, and said, in a joyful tone, "Is that Nora? Ah! girl, where have you been all this time?"

The young priest could not speak one word. His breast heaved convulsively; he covered his face with his hands.

"Why, Gregory, is it you! where's Nora—where's Nora?" I say, cried the old man, impatiently taking up the thin candle, and holding it so as that the light fell on the door.

"Poor Nora!—poor Nora!" whispered the young priest, in a husky voice, as he advanced into the room.

The old man looked full on his fac

and the candle dropped from his hand. "Nora is dead!" he cried.

"Worse than death!—worse by far than early, innocent death!" exclaimed the priest.

The old man sank, as if suddenly prostrated by some invisible blow; when Gregory, in a few brief words, which his powerful emotion rendered hardly audible, informed the father and sister that Nora had gone away that evening with Sir Philip Linton. A person from the village, who chanced to be at the castle, had seen her entering it, leaning on the arm of Sir Philip. The man who was watching them had informed the priest.

Sir Philip was of a notoriously profligate character, and therefore for Nora there was no hope. She knew the base nature of the man with whom she had eloped; they all knew she had gone to sure destruction.

No words were heard for some moments after the young priest ceased speaking. The deepest agony of grief, which is noiseless, was there—the grief which settles in directly on the heart, causing its pulses almost to stand still—weakening, in a moment of its deep intensity, the vital powers, so that an audible sob can hardly arise, or a relieving tear flow.

"Curse it—curse it!" gasped the old man at last. His hands were clasped convulsively; his teeth were set; he spoke with an effort. "Curse it—curse it!"

"Do not curse her—she is weak—guilty—but do not curse her—your own Nora—the girl whom we have all loved. Leave her now to God, and to God's punishment," said the young priest, raising his moist eyes towards heaven.

"Not her; no, not her; but I am cursing it—money. I am cursing money—I am cursing my love of money," cried the old man, with singular vehemence, and he started up from the recumbent position in which he had been lying. "Yes, yes—I have loved money—I have been gathering it day after day, with such anxiety, for years past—ever since I began to grow old—ay, ever since I began to grow old, I've been loving money more and more. This very day I've been glad—I've been happy, because money was flowing on me; and now what does it do for me—what good will I get out of it all now?" He drew suddenly out, with a frenzied gesture, the pocket-

book—"It's here—here—the money I got this day ; where's the comfort of it all now ? It's like poison in my heart this very minute—ay, like burning poison is that money, for if I hadn't loved it so well, *she* might be here yet. If my narrow heart had let me give it to her last night when she asked me for it, she would never have left me. I know it ; I'll believe it as long as I live. It's my love of money has been the ruin of my daughter ; and she is like her mother, as she sat there beside me last night. Oh ! curse it—curse all money ; five shillings might have saved her."

He flung the pocket-book down. Every word he had spoken had passed over his lips with a strange and maniacal rapidity of utterance, and vehemence of enunciation, quite unlike his usual character. Then he sank again into deep silence. His whole form moved convulsively for some moments ; his face was distorted, as if from the effects of acute bodily suffering, together with his mental anguish.

In a short period he was seized with spasms, and for some time his daughter and the young priest watched over him, fearing that his last hour was approaching ; but he was fated to endure yet more of suffering.



At some distance from the row of mean houses which composed the one street of Ballinveagh stood a cabin which, even in Ireland—land of wretched dwelling-places as it is—was remarkable for a peculiar squalor of look. Strangers passing by stood and wondered to see smoke issuing from that rotten, fallen-in roof, which only partially spread over the black, low walls, and asked, in amazement, "Did human beings, indeed, live there ?"

Human beings did live there ; but human beings can fall below the brute creation far, indeed, in ideas of comfort and cleanliness.

It was the close of a rainy November day. All places around looked damp and dreary ; but the aspect of the particular cabin I am describing could hardly have been made more miserable by any mists or rains of the dreariest period. A puddle of rain and mud was at the door ; but such was always the case, even in summer. Within there was a mud floor, in which every

footstep sank deep, up to the very fireplace. The fire was composed of a couple of smouldering turf, and a few green sticks or branches ; there was neither heat nor light, but there was smoke—smoke unceasing. Close to the fire there was stretched, on a rough bench, a man who appeared asleep, or occupied in deep thought. This was Bryan Cassidy, the owner of the cabin. He seemed about forty years of age ; he was large and strongly formed, but lean, almost to emaciation ; his face had something in it unlike the common order of countenances ; but that something, though it spoke of intellect, spoke far more strikingly of evil and perverted powers. His forehead was broad and well-formed ; but his shaggy eyebrows, almost meeting over his sunken eyes, gave a sinister cast to his countenance ; his mouth told that he was habitually intemperate ; he had many wrinkles, and his whole appearance showed that his constitution was much broken down by an irregular course of living.

Bryan Cassidy's name was associated with dark deeds which had been committed in the neighbourhood—deeds of violence, of blood, which are the fearful reproach of Ireland ; but nothing had as yet been proved against him. His face was the only public evidence of his guilt ; but on that face there were traces of excess and crime not to be mistaken.

The only other occupant of the cabin was a girl—a child almost. She was named Grace—Grace Cassidy. It was a mocking name, for her figure was much deformed, and possessed hardly one outline of gracefulness, or health, or even of youth. She was not ten years of age ; but there were many wrinkles, and many hollows on that small, lean, shrivelled face, which should have been so young. The poor child was only acquainted with three aspects of life—sickness, starvation, and unkindness. She sat as far as possible from her father ; she sat and strove to make the fire burn, for her dress was so thin and ragged, and she looked so blue and cold. She had no conversation ; her voice was seldom heard ; it was one of the saddest pictures of childhood without hope or joy.

Bryan raised himself from his recumbent posture, and stretching out his arm, he took up from the mud floor

a black bottle; he put it to his lips—it had been already drained. He searched his pockets—

“No, no,” he muttered; “not one farthing—not a halfpenny in the world have I. Well, there’s money somewhere above ground, and I’ll have it, maybe, before long. Here, Grace, take this bottle to Bridget Dermot’s, and tell her to send me half a pint. Tell her I’m sick, and can’t go for it myself.”

The child arose, but not with alacrity. She dragged herself to her father’s side, and took the bottle; then she slowly walked to the door, and paused. It was raining fast, and she had no shawl, no cloak, no covering for that small, unhappy head, with its thin, dry, light-coloured hair.

“Be off, I say!—be off, Grace! What are you standing there for? You’re not afraid of being drowned—you’re not so easily hurt, I’m thinking. There, run your best, and be back soon, or maybe you’ll suffer for it.”

The child did not say one word. She went out in the rain, knowing well that her thin rags would be soaked through ere she could return.

She had only been gone for a few minutes, when a new-comer entered—an old man walked, with feeble steps, across the mud-floor—it was Marcus Downing. Bryan greeted him respectfully, and with some appearance of surprise at receiving a visit from him. The only spare stool which the cabin afforded was placed by the fire for the old man’s accommodation.

Marcus Downing had grown, apparently, many years older than he had seemed but a few months previously; he was wasted away almost to a skeleton, and tottered with feebleness as he walked. His face had grown shrivelled and bloodless, all but the eyes, which were red and inflamed, as if that old man had been long in the habit of spending night after night in sorrow and weeping; but there was none of the softness of sadness now in his face; there was an expression of fierceness—which seemed greatly at variance with his powerless, sinking body, which looked as if its grave might be already dug.

Beautiful is the sorrow which calms—which sublimates human passion—which, by the profound reflection which it induces, enables the wounded spirit

to rise above all the mean and weak feelings of anger and revenge, and teaches forgiveness—godlike forgiveness and pity, and a wish even for the well-being of those who, by their wicked deeds, have ruined for ever in this world all the happiness of the enduring, hopeless sufferer—beautiful and noble, above all other earthly things, is such a spirit, though it may be hidden in the meanest, most despised form, or the most obscure circumstances; but the old man had not yet learned the holy principles of forgiveness. The spirit of vengeance burned keenly in his soul. He had vowed the deepest revenge on the man who had injured him.

“Are we alone, Bryan Cassidy?” he said, looking earnestly all around with his piercing eyes.

Bryan assured him that the cabin contained no one but themselves.

The old man made no answer. He drew out a worn purse—an old, faded, dirtied, coarsely-manufactured purse—which had been long in his possession; it was now pretty well filled, but whether with silver or gold, did not appear through the thick material of which it was formed; he also took out the old pocket-book, which he had been inspecting so joyfully the night he heard of his daughter’s elopement.

Bryan Cassidy’s eyes glistened at the sight. The good, the virtuous of the world, have felt their hearts bound more lightly sometimes at the sight of money; and it was no wonder, therefore, that the soul of the guilty and degraded man was gladdened.

“Why, what a sight of money, Mr. Downing! Well, it’s some people are the lucky devils—here am I, now, who haven’t got a coin in my possession—bad luck even to the single halfpenny—it’s just thinking I’ve been there, how I’d manage to get a little trifle—I’d do much for it this minute—ay, Mr. Downing, it would be the big job I’d not manage for as much money as that—though to be sure—” and here he strove to give a look of indifference, if not almost of principle, to his face—“to be sure, I would not do harm for it all, either.”

“Harm!” reiterated the old man in a shrill, weak tone—“harm—to do justice on *him* who murdered my Nora—ay, murdered her; for did he not desert her, they say—yes, before six weeks

did he not turn her out—out of his fine house in London, and she died—she was dying when she left him—she died in some wicked place—some foul, foul place—she died—my Nora, that was so like her own mother—he killed her. Is it harm for me to get justice done?—it's myself should do it, I know; but look at this old arm—there's no strength here—no, it could not injure a child; but I'll have it done—I'll have justice, though there's not a law of all the laws they've been making and making these hundreds of years to do me that justice, as it should be done."

"Ay, it's ourselves *must* do ourselves justice here in Ireland," cried Bryan. "The English tyrants—what do *they* think of us, or our children—they'd ride over us—they'd drive their coaches over our bodies, and they'd never think *we* suffered—never dream of the wild Irishman or woman's having blood and bones as good—ay, as good in the eyes of God as their own. Mr. Downing, don't let Sir Philip escape you, now that he's here." At this Bryan's eyes fixed more eagerly, more glaringly, on the purse and the pocket-book, which the old man held in his trembling grasp.

"But what could *I* do?" said he, looking pitifully upwards—"I'm so old—not so very old, either—my father was a stout man at my age; but you see I've got so old of late, all the strength has gone entirely from me; but here I have what will get the power of a stronger arm—ay, money will get justice done—money."

He paused, and his breast heaved violently.

"I loved money once—not long ago—it was a pleasure to me to be gathering more and more every day, and putting it past with what I had before, and counting how soon it grew into something considerable. I had a delight in that, but now it's all changed into hatred. I hate it—every shilling that comes in sickens me—it's a punishment to have to look at it, when I think, as I'm always thinking, night and morn, sleeping or waking, that so little of it might have saved her. Yes, yes, five shillings might have saved her—she wouldn't have gone from me if I hadn't refused that money—curse it—curse it."

At that moment the little girl entered, dripping with wet; she walked

to her father, and gave the bottle into his eager hand.

"She wouldn't give it without the money," said the girl.

"What! it's empty, is it?" said Bryan, shaking the bottle, and then throwing it violently from him on the floor. "She wouldn't give it without the money, the cursed hag—money—ay, they wouldn't give anything without the money in this world—starving with hunger, or dying with a burning at the heart, there's no help if there's no money—money; ay, there it is—there it lies—heaps of it, but it is not mine—it's not mine."

There was a fiery gleam in his eyes, as he looked at the purse in the old man's hand, and glanced towards the empty bottle.

"*She* listens to us," whispered the old man, looking in the direction of the little girl, who, seated on a turf, as far apart from the others as she possibly could, was leaning down her head on her thin hand.

"Well," answered Bryan, "it's no matter—say what you like before Grace; she knows not to tell again—ay, she's after knowing not to tell again by this time;" and he gave a short, quick laugh.

"I'll say nothing when she's there—nothing—I've another daughter, and having her, it's something yet to live for; it's better to be cautious before children; they'll tell again, without knowing what harm they're doing—it's only an act of justice, to be sure, that I have in my head; but there's laws that won't let us do acts of justice—there's laws that hang us for doing acts of justice—ay, hang us, though the whole world can't deny that we've only done a right act of retribution; but, Bryan, I won't speak out before the child."

"Why, now, Grace is an old woman—you needn't look at her; she's nothing but a child—a small child in size, but I tell you she's an old woman in mind," said the father.

The old man looked through the smoke more earnestly on the shrivelled form of the girl; her face was still covered with both her hands, which were, indeed, thin and skinny, like those of age; her high, projecting shoulders, and her small, hollow chest, were all the very reverse of the rounded outlines of happy childhood;

the old man seemed struck with her wretchedness, for he gazed on her long and earnestly, as far as in the smoke and the twilight he could perceive her figure.

"It's a poor child—a poor sickly child," he muttered, in a kind of whisper; "Nora was not like that—my beautiful, bright Nora. Well, well, God only knows how miserable her face had become, too, before she died—ay, ay, and he's living yet—he's living." He moved his hands convulsively for a moment; then turning to Bryan, he said, in a loud tone, "You're not treating that child well—you're stinting her in meat, or clothes, or something, that you may save money; but don't do that, Bryan; I refused mine what she wanted, because I wished to save the money."

"Save the money!" interrupted Bryan, "save the money!—it's the rich men like you can have the comfort of saying, 'save the money.' What will you say to the poor man who has not got one farthing—not the smallest, meanest copper coin in all the world, and who's sick, maybe as I've been all this day, and who, when night comes, and he's sorely off for comfort, can get none, because he has no money; and who, looking round all the dirty, sickening ways in which he can honestly earn a sixpence, feels, in his body, that he's not able for any of them, and knows that the morrow's sun won't rise to see him any better off—will you tell that man he's saving the money off anybody?" Bryan spoke in a high, commanding voice, and in a manner superior to his mean rank; he had, indeed, been better educated than the generality of his condition in life, but his knowledge had, alas! only aggravated his natural pride and discontent, and so increased all his evil propensities.

"There's money here," said the old man, sadly looking down on the purse and pocket-book with a long, deep groan.

"I see it—ay, it's before my eyes, just there beside the empty bottle, but it's not mine—I've nothing to say to it—I would not touch a farthing of it, were it lying there in heaps, unless I had earned it; I never yet took what was another's—I'll never do that, no matter how bitter the poverty is on me—I've helped a wronged and honest

fellow to get revenge—no, to get justice—on the man that wronged him; I've done that once, maybe twice, and if he gave me something like payment for my trouble, that was all right—all right;" but he passed his rough hand over his brow as he said this, and a momentary expression of darkness, of unhappiness, as if he, too, had a conscience, was visible, and then immediately vanished.

"There's money which you may earn this very night; but the child still sits there," whispered the old man. Then a sudden thought seemed to strike him. He rose, and approached the girl; she never looked up—never moved. He touched her head, saying, "Grace, Grace."

The child glanced upwards hastily, and saw, what was to her even a greater rarity than food and clothes—she saw kindness on the old man's face.

"I want you to go to my house, my poor little girl, and tell my daughter that I sent you to keep her company till I go back; and maybe when I go there, shortly, I'll give you something nice, something good—there now, it's not raining much, and you'll soon be there." At this, he stroked down her wet hair. At the very moment he was plotting against the life of one fellow-being he felt a deep sympathy for another. Mysterious human nature, thou art all contradictions!

"Something nice—something good!" reiterated the unhappy child in her soul, though she did not speak one word; but she raised her eyes in wonder, and in sudden joy, as she listened to the heavenly language of pity—of kindness, which almost for the first time since her mother had died, who had been tortured to death by the unkindness of her husband, fell on the poor child's ears. She was so surprised, that it was not until the old man had twice bid her go and stay with his daughter, that she rose and with gladness and alacrity passed again from her father's wretched cabin out into the dull, constant rain.

Then, all alone in the darkness of that miserable dwelling, Marcus Downing unfolded his designs. Sir Philip Linton was in the country; he had been in his own castle for a few days; the old man had made it his business to learn the particulars of all his

outgoings, and had discovered that every night, at a certain hour, Sir Philip visited the cabin of a handsome young widow, who had been the wife of one of his own servants. The widow's cabin was in a solitary spot, in a retired corner of the park; the path leading to it was thickly surrounded with trees—Bryan was notorious for being the surest shot in the country.

The deadly scheme was told—the purse and the pocket-book, containing between them a considerable sum, would reward the deed.

Of all the frightful depravity which the love of money has produced in our world, this must, to the eyes of spiritual beings, seem the most fearful—that for a sum of money there are human creatures to be found capable of deliberately taking away the life of a fellow-man who has not injured them—against whom they have no feelings of rage and vengeance, such as fill the mind with madness, and dry up all the natural emotions of pity and compunction—this is a pitch of evil hard to be believed, but that facts have proved it—it is recorded in the black annals of this world's crimes. Surely, surely, as the guardian angels pass from realm to realm, amidst God's mighty creations, in no other globe which may be tenanted with life and mind do they gaze on wickedness so great as this!

"I'll do it," said Bryan Cassidy, in a deep voice; and his hollow eyes danced with rapture as he gazed on the promised reward, glancing from the purse to the pocket-book, and from the pocket-book to the purse again, and mentally calculating how much the probable amount might be. Then even he was ashamed that it should seem he was actuated solely by mercenary motives, though in his heart it was so.

"It's not just for the money I'd do it, either—no. Haven't I a grudge at that Sir Philip? Didn't he, or the agent, it's all the same, take the bit of ground from me long ago? ay, they did, and do you think I've forgiven that yet? Doesn't all the country hate him, too? Doesn't he only come to ruin us some-way? and so proud as he is. Ay, it was only yesterday and he passed me by—he looked at me more scornfully than he ever did at the dirt at his feet—he looked at me, and turned away his head, as if his eyes, nor his nose, nor anything about him, dressed

and scented as he was, could bear the presence of a poor man in rags, even for the half minute he was passing him by. Well, well, this time to-morrow he'll not be looking so, mind me; he'll ruin no more of our daughters—your's isn't the only one he has ruined, Mr. Downing; he has many a black curse on his head—it's a public good to put him down; yes, it's for the good of many a poor creature I'll do it—there'll be blessings on the hand that has put him from doing harm; and haven't I a right to do it, besides everything else, for your daughter was my own connexion. Wasn't she a cousin of my own cousin, the priest, George Downing, who's my own second cousin, and the only man I think like an angel in all this world, priest or no priest, that ever I met with. Yes, you are not able yourself for this business, and surely some connexion of the family is the man should do it; I am that man. How much is it—you'll let me count what that purse and pocket-book hold, will you?"

The old man gave the coveted things into the hands which eagerly grasped them. Bryan counted, and was satisfied; there was a larger sum than he imagined. An expression of most repulsive joy lit up his whole face. He held a tight grasp of the purse and pocket-book; he seemed most loath to return them again to the old man.

"Maybe you'll let me keep them beforehand; it will make me a surer shot, though there's not much danger when it's one of the black English that's before me—when it's one that has disgraced us, and murdered, as you truly say, my own cousin, for so she was in a way; but you'll let me keep this now—you needn't fear any mistake—nobody ever doubted the honesty of Bryan Cassidy."

The old man looked keenly on Bryan's face, with something of his former watchful attention to business matters; then he glanced on the pocket-book.

"Keep it, keep it, and be sure—aim well—aim for his cruel heart that killed my child."

The old man rose as he said this; he pressed his hand on his wrinkled brow and said his head felt giddy and aching, but he supposed it was the smoke of the cabin. Giving a second short injunction to Bryan to make sure of his victim, he left the house, and

turned his feeble steps towards his own home.

"Money," said Bryan, buttoning his pocket more securely over his newly-acquired treasure, "ay, money—it's come at last. I saw the glittering of it all day, as I lay there watching the sparks rising from the fire, but I couldn't guess how it was coming—well, it's here, anyhow, the blessed charm, that it is."

The house was very dark; he was quite alone; he thought of the deed he was to do, and he felt strangely uncomfortable for a moment, and then he was astonished with himself for having such a feeling. Yet, let him reason it away as he pleased, that emotion of repugnance to his appointed task of death still continued. He walked out of his cabin to strive to dispel it. He walked to the nearest place where ardent spirits were sold, and he drank a considerable quantity. Still the unpleasant sensations of conscience continued. He had no thoughts of breaking the engagement he had entered into; he was firmly resolved to do the deed; but he wished for an easier mind. Then he recollected the consolations which his religion gives in cases of premeditated crime.

The young priest, Gregory Downing, sat alone with his books, in his small room in the house in which he lodged, which was at a short distance from the cabin of Bryan Cassidy. It was a very plainly-furnished room; the uncarpeted floor, and uncushioned chairs, and uncurtained window, were all comfortless enough; though cleanliness and neatness were there, and a bright turf fire was blazing in the little grate, and the voice of crickets was heard about the hearth. He who went forth from that humble place to minister to the spiritual wants of the people amongst whom he was stationed, could not be charged with the sin of luxurious living. He had a number of books on his little table, together with writing materials; a few rough shelves, nailed to the white-washed wall, contained the remainder of his library. There, night after night, the young priest sat, and read, and thought.

He had thought too long and too deeply, it seemed, to judge from the

very sallow, sickly hue of his face. His whole appearance betokened much study, or, at least, a want of rest and peace. He bent his head on his hand as he read, and occasionally looked away from the page before him, sometimes pondering deeply, with eyes riveted on the ground, and then sighing heavily, as if the result of his meditations was very far from being connected with happiness. On other occasions his gaze would wander to the fire, and he would watch the bright blaze for a long time, until his melancholy face would begin to glow with the light and beauty of some inward fancy, which might never gladden his fate in this world. With a sudden start he would return to his book, and his actual lot, and his breast would heave strongly, as if he felt that in his reveries he had been wandering into forbidden places.

Life seemed to weigh heavily on that young priest. As his mind looked over all the possible range of his earthly existence, he could see no brightness in it. Yet, as at intervals he raised his eyes to heaven, there came an expression of resignation and calmness on his brow, which showed that he looked much beyond this world for hope and rest.

Yet in religion, or rather, in the many systems of religion, lay the source of his sorrow; for he doubted his own faith, yet knew not which of all the sects into which the Christian church is divided to adopt as his own. In certain of the broad, grand truths of religion he had a firm belief and trust, but in all minor matters his mind was straying ever in perpetual uncertainty, from which he sought refuge in charity to all—in love to all, even to the meanest and most degraded persons with whom his duties brought him in contact.

The entrance of Bryan Cassidy roused the young priest from the gloomy thoughts in which he was plunged. He welcomed Bryan with warmth, unmitigated by the ragged state of the attire in which he presented himself, and by the reckless and evil look which his disorderly manner of life had stamped on his face: the man was his cousin, and as such he always received his visits with attention and kindness; but he was also a friend, or rather, they had been in habits of friendship in the very early life of the

young priest, before Bryan had become so degraded and sunken by his vice.

Bryan took the chair by the side of the fire which the young priest placed for him. He was almost wholly silent for some moments. He sat gazing on that young priest's pale, gentle, holy face, on which no shadow of crime seemed ever to have rested ; he gazed, and thought of the beauty of holiness ; and then he thought of how dark, how passion-stained and evil-scarred his own face must seem, contrasted with that spiritual, angel-like countenance. He saw, as he looked on that face, his own depravity, presented before him, as if in a mirror ; he was touched—he groaned deeply.

"You seem ill, cousin Bryan," said the young priest, kindly looking towards Bryan as he heard his groan.

"No—notill—notill—but——" He paused, and seemed to be deeply occupied with his thoughts for a moment. "I have a few questions to ask you, cousin Gregory," he added.

"Well, I shall be happy to answer them, if possible ; and if you are suffering from mental causes, it will relieve you to inform me of your sorrow—I ask no confession, however, unless you——" He paused abruptly—he was touching on a doctrine of his church in a manner which showed his doubts—doubts which were not yet strong enough within him to make him renounce that church altogether, and, therefore, he rarely made any public display of his opinions.

"We confess our sins to you, our priest, and you can forgive us ; you can obtain pardon for our worst deeds," said Bryan, very abruptly ; and he fixed his eyes with a startling eagerness on the young priest's face.

That face became still paler at the question. It was one of the points which had cost him the longest and deepest study ; the most perplexed days, the most restless nights—his very soulsickened now at Bryan's words.

"Frightful delusion !—frightful !—what millions of souls may it not have lost," whispered the young priest, half audibly, looking upwards with a long and melancholy gaze.

Bryan was surprised and much puzzled, and knew not how to account for the strange and excited looks of the priest.

"Yet it might be true—it might be—there is nothing impossible with

God—he *could* give human beings such a power—but no—no—it is not so."

The young priest sighed deeply, and passing his hand over his brow, looked round with an aspect of bewildered uncertainty, and then bent his head down on the open pages of his book, as if unconscious of the presence of his visitor.

"Why, what in the world has come over you this night ? But it's study that's doing it—you're killing yourself over your books, cousin Gregory," said Bryan, gazing with gentleness, and even softness and affection on the priest ; "I was asking you a question there—I haven't troubled many priests this while, except yourself, but you'll forgive me for it—I intend to take myself up a bit after a while ; I was saying that when I commit a sin, that maybe you may think a great sin, though I don't, for there's different ways of looking at things ; but when I come and confess it all to you, my own priest, you'll get me free pardon for it, after doing a light penance, perhaps."

"No—no," cried the young priest with energy ; "do not trust in such a doctrine, do not, I implore you ; do not for one moment believe that you may deliberately commit some great crime, and then come to your priest, who, on your performing a penance, can forgive you ; obtain you free forgiveness from God ; priests have not this mighty power, it is a perverted doctrine, it has been fearfully perverted often !"

"What ! it's a doctrine we've learned all of us ; it's one of the chief doctrines of our church, isn't it ?—we have acted on it, too ; ay, it has been acted on over and over !" Bryan gazed with still greater surprise on the priest's disturbed face.

"It has been acted on, indeed," reiterated the priest, dreamily fixing his eyes, abstractedly, as if gazing far off into the distant times, when it was a dark traffic to trade in the evil propensities of human nature, by selling the power to commit sin without fear of punishment.

"Priests have sold indulgences long ago," said Bryan, as if his mind had taken the very same track ; "for a sum of money the liberty of committing even murder has been given ; the money, of course, paying for the prayers with which the priests obtained the pardon of the sin."

"It may have been long ago, in dark ages, but there is no such vile doctrine in our church now," answered the priest, earnestly.

"Ay, but our church is infallible; there's the same doctrine in it yet, though it's not showed in the same light—it's a doctrine *I* wouldn't like to give up, cousin Gregory; it has been my comfort at times—it was my comfort a while ago, when the agent was killed; but that was before you came here; and we all confessed it to priest O'Donnell, an easy, good man he was, that didn't give himself too much bother about anything in this world except the eating and drinking; he gave us absolution, though, to be sure, we had a great deal of fasting, and the like of that, for it, too."

Every feature of the young priest's face expressed the deep horror he felt at Bryan's words. "This is fearful!" he ejaculated.

"It wasn't my hand gave the last blow; no, no, cousin Gregory, it wasn't my hand—there were four or five about it, you see; and I had little to do with it," exclaimed Bryan, moved by the emotion the priest showed at this mention of his crime.

"It's only justice that a set of brave fellows do, after all, when they make an example of the tyrants and oppressors; of them that would give the poor people no way of living; of them that break down the very hearts of the starving creatures."

"Bryan," interrupted the priest, laying his hand calmly on his shoulder, "I cannot listen to this; leave justice and punishment to God. If there are tyrants and oppressors, let heaven, or let the laws punish them; but do not you dare to lift the hand of violence against them. You have already, by your own confession, much to answer for; long and deep must be your repentance for your past life, before you can expect peace and pardon from God."

Bryan was silent for a moment. The solemn accents and words of the young priest had struck him deeply, but his mind was much confused, owing to the large quantity of spirits he had drank before entering the priest's lodgings; he could not reason; he could only feel a stupified sensation of deep guilt and remorse.

"But your prayers, Gregory—the

prayers of a priest, and such a priest as you, will surely save my soul. I shall confess all I have done—to-morrow I'll confess, and you will get pardon for me—you've the power to do it—I've always believed and trusted in that."

"Believe and trust no more in it, then, I warn you; commit no evil action, under the impression that your priest, that any priest, that any but God himself, can forgive you; there is no power in us, your priests, to obtain you that forgiveness—remember my words."

"Why, this is strange! strange!" muttered Bryan. But at that moment the old clock in the priest's room struck nine. Bryan started up. It was his hour. Between nine and ten he was to do the black deed he had promised to execute. The young priest's words had moved his feelings; had given him sensations of horror at himself, but had not yet changed his resolution.

He almost shrunk from the hand which the priest kindly presented to him as he was leaving the room; he felt keenly that he was too guilty to press the hand of one so good; he turned away his eyes, perhaps for fear the evil purpose within him might be read there.

As he closed the door of the young priest's house, and walked hastily to his own miserable cabin, he felt an unutterable yearning within him that he could but change places with his cousin Gregory—that he could but become like him, so free from guilt. But yet he walked straight to the place where his pistols were deposited, and selected the best, and charged it anew with great care. When he was quite ready he stood irresolute. His head was in a state of confusion. Some of the young priest's words were ringing in his ears.

Then the money which he had gained seemed to spread itself out in a heap before him—silver—bank-notes—gold—*could* he give it up—could he carry it back to the old man, and so leave himself, as he had been but a few hours before, utterly penniless? No; he felt he could not relinquish that money—it was so long since so large a sum had been in his possession—he had known so much of the blackness of poverty—he had so recently looked into the very depths of starva-

tion, and gazed down, as if on his grave, where lay his shrivelled form, which had slowly died the death of hunger, because he had no money to buy food, and could not work to obtain money, because he had no strength. But he had money now, and so beautiful as it seemed! silver and gold had never seemed so bright and glorious to him before—there was magic in its very touch—whilst it remained on his person, he felt he had not power to draw back from his evil purpose.

Next the old man, Marcus Downing, seemed to rise before him, uttering the words, "Vengeance, vengeance on the destroyer of my child." Bryan opened his heart widely to his feelings. He wilfully blinded himself as to his motives, persuading himself, as much as possible, that money was but a secondary inducement; that pity for the old man, and a desire for justice on a tyrant, chiefly actuated him.

So he hastily closed the broken door of his solitary cabin, as his daughter had not yet returned, and proceeded, at a rapid pace, to Sir Philip's park. He soon reached the solitary place where his victim was expected to pass, and took up his station amongst the thick trees which surrounded the narrow road or path leading to the widow's cottage.

All was silent and solitary. The night was very calm—hardly a breath of wind was to be heard through the trees; the rain was over; there was a clear sky with a bright moon shining purely down on all the hidden wickedness of this world. Bryan walked slowly through the trees by the side of the path, listening intently for the sound of footsteps. Long he walked and listened, but no sound was to be heard, no human creature passed near.

The moon shone clearly down upon him through the leafless trees. He looked up, and wondered that the blessed, holy light of heaven could come so brightly down, as if to shew him how to aim most accurately at the heart and life of a fellow-being; his dark and evil face brightened at the thought; it was as if heaven was approving of the deed—was furthering his efforts to rid the world of a tyrant and a destroyer; the fancy pleased him for a moment, but it soon passed away. He could not divest himself of a consciousness of deep guilt, though he made many efforts. He tried to bury him-

self in the dreams of the past, and so forget his upbraiding feelings, which he imagined had been excited merely by circumstances, and would soon subside as on former occasions. He stood by a large old tree, and remembered vividly the time, when a boy, almost thirty years before, he had climbed up in order to demolish a magpie's nest; and how he had fallen, for he was young, and being unused to climb so high, his head had grown dizzy; but his clothes had become entangled in one of the lower branches which he had grasped, and so escaped falling on the ground, and was not much hurt; and he was so glad that he had sustained no injury; and his companions all laughed with such delight when they saw the magpie's eggs flung down to the ground—only one little girl was so sorry that they were broken, for she wished to preserve the shells. That scene came all before him again; there was himself, that small boy, with such a glowing face, and such a bright, open brow. Ah! was that the same face with the one which he had gazed on very lately in an old, broken looking-glass—the black evil face, on which he thought he could distinctly trace all the crimes he had ever done, and wondered if other people could do the same when they gazed on him?

A sudden, bitter thought passed through him—if he had only fallen to the ground on the stones at one side of the tree, and died when he was a little boy, how happy—how very happy would it not have been for his soul!

Why could he not go away now and give up the execution of this evil deed at least? No; he felt some kind of a fate upon him—he could not drag himself away—there he must wait and watch, and, if possible, destroy!

He saw lights from some of the village cabins gleaming through the trees. There was one which came from the window of a poor, hard-working girl, who sat up late, far past midnight often, and yet rose always when it was clear, and worked with her needle perpetually, earning never more than one sixpence for the longest day and night's labor; and very rarely so much as sixpence—very rarely indeed; poor girl! how very hardly she had earned that little miserable trifle of money. Then he wondered if she would do some evil action, some fearful action, such as he was going to do, for

a large sum of money; but he well knew in his heart she would not. No, Mary Kelly was by far too good and kind for anything of evil. As her mild and pale, but very pleasing face, rose up in his imagination, it gave him one single moment of pleasure; but the next was more bitter by contrast. What could Mary Kelly think of him if she knew all? Then suddenly the memory of his dead wife came strongly upon him; he did not summon that remembrance, for it was dark and miserable. The last hours they had spent together passed again before him; he saw her lying on her mean bed, intoxicated, shamefully intoxicated, but he was no better. He had entered his cabin in a state of drunkenness, too; but, unconscious of his own degradation, he was strongly alive to hers; he had suspected her of still worse crimes, but he had no evidence of them; of her intemperance there was no doubt—there she lay in its worst stages. He could not remember what passed all that night; he could never distinctly call it back; he believed he was mad; but there were evil words and blows passed between them, and the next day she died, and people reported her husband had killed her. That was the occurrence which first stamped the traces of evil on his face; his brow was dark and suspicious always afterwards.

He walked rapidly backwards and forwards among the trees, for his excited imagination conjured up her image—not as she was in her last wretched hours, but happy, young, and merry and handsome as she used to be in the days of their courtship, when they both loved each other so fondly.

He had been there for a long time, he believed, and still Sir Philip did not come. It was long past ten, he knew, and yet he heard no footsteps; something must have delayed him; there was no other way by which, coming from the castle, he could reach the widow's house. He determined to wait for a while longer, however.

Suddenly he heard footsteps—rapid footsteps. He placed himself ready, where the moon shone clearest down on the path. His head was reeling—his hand was trembling; but he felt urged onwards in his dreadful purpose by some irresistible power within him. So confused was his mind he did not distinguish that the footsteps were not those of a grown person, and that they

came in an opposite direction from that which he was watching. He was in the act of raising his pistol, when a small, ragged boy emerged from the dark shade of the trees, coming as if from the widow's house, and ran hastily along the path. Bryan recognised him as an orphan nephew of the young widow, whom she had reared. He wondered where the child could be going at that hour of the night: he thought of calling him to him and inquiring, but a nervous fear of discovering himself kept him silent.

He shuddered; for as the boy ran suddenly up to where he stood, he had almost fired—had the boy not been so very small he would certainly have fired; and his blood ran cold at the thought of murdering a poor innocent child, though he coolly contemplated the death of a man burdened with many unrepented sins.

His horror at the thought of his chancing to kill that child caused him, for a moment, to contemplate the crime of murder—of the murder he was going to commit—in a new and appalling light. He wished vehemently that Sir Philip had only injured him very deeply in some respect, that he might have a stronger reason for the act he was about to perpetrate. He strove with eagerness to consider himself as the near relation of Nora Downing, and, as such, the man who had the best right to avenge her.

But in the moment of his greatest self-reproach, when he had almost resolved to wait no longer, his hand inadvertently touched the pocket-book—the chain of money was again fastened around him—he remained.

At last he heard footsteps advancing—measured footsteps—again he stood where the moonlight shone most clearly. The figure of a man appeared advancing in the direction he was watching—a man enveloped in a cloak, the collar of which was drawn up considerably around his face. "It is Sir Philip," muttered Brian. He aimed—he fired.

Marcus Downing awoke from a disturbed and sick slumber, as the dawn of the dull November morning was sending its beams into his small bedroom. All night he had been oppressed with evil dreams. Terrors had overwhelmed him, he knew not why; mysterious horrors had been spread

before his shuddering gaze. He was glad now that he was awake, and that it was day-light, and that all the fears darkness brings had departed. His first thought was of Nora, and of Sir Philip.

"She is avenged—she is avenged by this time!" he whispered; and a fierce, bitter joy passed over his wan, shrivelled face.

At that moment the door of the room was violently opened, and a figure entered, which caused the old man to start up in his bed, in speechless wonder and terror.

It was Bryan Cassidy—it was like the doomed spirit of Bryan Cassidy, if such could appear to mortal eyes. There was no look of blood or life in his face; but his lips were apart, his teeth were bare, his hands were clenched.

"There—there!" he cried, as he reached the bedside; "there is your cursed, cursed money—the price you paid me for shedding blood. Take it back—take it."

He flung the purse and pocket-book together on the bed.

The old man could not say one word. His eyes were distended and fixed on the maniac-like form before him.

"Curse it—curse it—curse your money now, old man! If you had never made it, we would have all been happy. Burn it—bury it now! God!—God, if I had never seen it!"

Bryan writhed, as if in convulsions.

Still the old man could not speak—could not ask the reason of all the agony he saw. He seemed suddenly struck into a statue-like form of age, and helplessness, and unutterable misery.

"And I loved him so well; there was nobody in all the world I loved as I did him; there was no other living creature so good and kind; I would have given up my best heart's-blood for him—ay, every drop in my veins for him; and now—now—my

own hand—the hand that would have gone through fire for him—to do it—cursed—cursed money! There was a mist came before my eyes when I fired last night—a black mist; it was the devil's presence, keeping me from seeing and knowing the man I loved, that I might murder him, and so put one so good away from the world; but I fired true, though the black mist was there. I saw it this morning—I saw the crowd gathering about the place. I could not stay away for fear they might suspect me. I'll see the proud tyrant lying low, I said; so I went to look on Sir Philip's dead face, and I saw—I saw *him*—my own cousin—the only one I loved in the world—lying there, murdered by my hand! Old man, bury that money in some deep place; never let it be used for any purpose. There's black curses on it."

As Bryan repeated the last words, he turned away, and hastily left the room and the house.

The old man fell back fainting.

There was a noise and lamentation through the village of Ballinveagh. The body of the young priest, Gregory Downing, was found lying dead in Sir Philip Linton's park; he was shot through the head. The young widow, whom Sir Philip had been in the habit of visiting, had been taken suddenly very ill on the previous evening, and had dispatched a messenger for the priest between eleven and twelve o'clock, as she feared she was at the point of death. On his way to her cottage, the unfortunate young priest met with the doom which was intended for another. Sir Philip had been called away after nightfall on important business to some distance, and so escaped.

Marcus Downing never rose from his bed, when he heard of the fate of his nephew. He died in a short period. Bryan Cassidy disappeared; no tidings of him ever reached the neighbourhood afterwards.

IRISH THEATRICALS.

SECOND ARTICLE.

No portion of Irish story is so little known as our domestic history, which still remains to be written; and a retrospect of Irish theatricals throws light in various directions on the manners and characters of our country. In the days of Woffington and Thomas Sheridan, whom, for distinctness, we will call Manager Sheridan, domestic life in Ireland became enlarged, and a decided progress was made in society at Dublin. The life of Swift is the first interesting chapter preserved to us of our domestic life since the Revolution, and the second chapter is the history of the Sheridan family—that brilliant and far-famed race who have given ornaments to the church, the senate, and the bar, and whose name is gloriously associated with the history and literature of England.

The Sheridans are of an ancient stock, which, at the time of the Reformation divided into two branches—one becoming Protestant, and the other retaining the Roman Catholic creed. It is unnecessary to detail the connexion of Dr. Sheridan with Swift. The son of Swift's friend was the actor and manager; and as there have been often mistakes about his birth, we will quote "a curious circumstance from the *"Miscellanea Nova"* of S. Whyte, and his Son, E. A. Whyte":—

"It is a just remark of Dr. Johnson's, that 'many things which are false are transmitted from book to book and gain credit in the world,' an observation which comes home to the experience of most intelligent readers, and has been abundantly verified in the case of Mr. Sheridan. In a former page of this volume, it is said, that he died at Margate, Thursday, August the 16th. This is an error of the press, it should be Thursday, August the 14th, 1788. He had performed a long and difficult part in the eye of the public, and his final exit was not unnoticed. 'Memoirs of the late Thomas Sheridan, Esq.,' appeared in the *European Magazine* for the

months of September, October, November, and December, subsequent; stating in the first instance, according to custom, the supposed particulars of his birth and parentage, as follow:—

"'Thomas Sheridan was the eldest son of Dr. Thomas Sheridan, an eminent divine and schoolmaster, but more celebrated as the friend and companion of Dean Swift, by Miss Macpherson, daughter of a Scots gentleman. He was born at Quilca, a place which to future times will acquire a degree of importance, as the residence of Swift, and the birth-place of most of Mr. Sheridan's family; particularly the author of the *School for Scandal*. And in a prior publication, containing 'Memoirs of Richard Brinsley Sheridan,' that gentleman is described as 'the eldest son of Thomas Sheridan and Frances his wife, born at Quilca, near Dublin.'

"These memoirs were republished verbatim in different places, particularly in the *Edinburgh* and *Dublin Magazines*; the latter by Pat. Byrne, bookseller, Grafton-street. . . . It must be presumed that the compiler proceeded on the best information he could collect; but his information was not authentic. Mrs. Knowles, Mr. Sheridan's youngest and only surviving sister, who at the time presided over an eminent boarding-school for young ladies in York-street, was consulted as to the facts, and her account, which cannot be controverted, ran widely different.

"Thomas Sheridan was not the first-born of their parents, her brother Richard being upwards of three years his senior, whose eldest son of the same name, late a king's counsel, and member for Charlemont, was present at the relation. The name of the Doctor's first-born son was James, who died young and was buried in St. Mary's churchyard, August 22nd, 1724, as appears by the register; consequently Thomas was his third son. Neither was their mother's maiden name Macpherson, nor was she of Scotch extraction. Her name was Elizabeth Macfadden, the only child of an Irish gentleman of the province of Ulster. Mrs. Knowles could not see the propriety of distinguishing Quilca as the settled residence of Swift, more than Sir Arthur Acheson's, Mr. Matthews', Mr. Hamilton's, or any other place where he might have been an invited guest, or for a few months occasionally accommodated: and setting down Quilca as the birth-place of her

brother Thomas, or any of his family, was void of all foundation; for her mother and sister were remarkably timid on those occasions, and invariably fixed on the capital, where they were in the way of more immediate and better assistance than could be expected in the country. Her brother Thomas, as well as herself, and the rest of the Doctor's children, were born in Capel-street, in King James's mint-house, as it was called, where her father held his school, and her brother Tom's third son, Richard-Brinsley, author of the *School for Scandal*, was born at his father's house in Dorset-street, Dublin, where his eldest son Thomas, who died in childhood, Charles-Francis, and his eldest daughter, were also born; and all his children, except the youngest daughter, who was born in Henrietta-street, Covent Garden, London, were baptised in St. Mary's Church, where likewise the Doctor her father's children all received their baptism. This account is confirmed by the register, to be seen in the church books of St. Mary's, Dublin, which could not well have been the case had they been born at Quilca, a journey of about a fifty English miles from Dublin, and not, as asserted, in the neighbourhood of that metropolis."

Sheridan made his debut as an actor on the 29th of January, 1742,* and his success equalled any ever remembered on the Irish stage. His friends had urged him to read for fellowship in Trinity College; and perhaps it would have been better for himself in the end if he had taken their advice. With such abilities, his path to ease and independence had then been easy, and success, in all probability, would soon have crowned his endeavours. Instead of that, the profession he embraced involved the greatest part of his life in a perpetual round of anxious toil and unceasing fatigue, wherein he experienced every species of ingratitude and perfidy.

Fortunately, however, for the interests of the drama, the bent of his genius led him to the pursuit of fame in her alluring images. He long had cherished an extraordinary predilection for the stage; and though at that time it presented prospects far from inviting, yet nothing could dissuade him from indulging his darling passion. The remarkable success he met with amply justified his determination. Like Garrick, he at first shone forth a

finished actor, and at once attained the heights which many others spend years in labouring to gain.

Sheridan's adventures through life, and his merits as an actor, must not occupy us to the exclusion of matter of more importance. His influence directly on the Irish stage, and through that medium on Dublin society, was very considerable, and is now of more importance than his celebrity as an actor or author. The history of his life has been rapidly epitomised by Dr. Parr, in a singular epitaph:—

"This monument, A.D. 1824, was, by subscription, erected to the memory of Thomas Sheridan, Esq., who died in the neighbouring parish of St. John, August 14th, 1788, in the 69th year of his age, and according to his own request was there buried. He was grandson to Dr. Thomas Sheridan, the brother of Dr. William, a conscientious nonjuror, who in 1691 was deprived of the bishopric of Kilmore. He was the son of Dr. Thomas Sheridan, a profound scholar and eminent schoolmaster, intimately connected with Dean Swift and other illustrious writers in the reign of Queen Anne. He was husband to the ingenious and amiable author of 'Sidney Biddulph,' and several dramatic pieces favourably received. He was the father of the celebrated orator and dramatist, Richard Brinsley Sheridan. He had been the schoolfellow, and through life was the companion of the amiable Archbishop Markham. He was the friend of the learned Dr. Summer, master of Harrow school, and the well-known Dr. Parr. He took his first academical degree in the University of Dublin, about 1736. He was honoured in the University of Oxford with the degree of A.M. in 1758, and in 1759 he obtained the same distinction at Cambridge. He for many years presided over the theatre of Dublin, and at Drury Lane; he in public estimation stood next to David Garrick. In the literary world he was distinguished by numerous and useful writings on the pronunciation of the English language. Through some of his opinions ran a vein of singularity mingled with the rich ore of genius. In his manners there was dignified ease, in his spirit invincible firmness, and in his habits and principles unsullied integrity."†

Of his merits and faults as an actor it would be idle now to speak at length. Churchill has drawn the following picture of him, with his graphic felicity and sarcastic force of description.

* "Hitchcock," vol. i. p. 182.

† Bohn's "Sheridan," p. 142.

That Sheridan must have been an actor of uncommon power, may be judged from the comparative favour with which Churchill treats him :—

"Next follows Sheridan—A doubtful name,
As yet unsettled in the rank of fame.
This, fondly lavish in his praises grown,
Gives him all merit : that allows him none.
Between them both, we'll steer the middle
course,
Nor, loving praise, rob judgment of her force.

"Just his conceptions, natural and great :
His feelings strong, his words enforc'd with weight.
Was speech-fam'd Quin himself to hear him speak,
Envy would drive the colour from his cheek :
But step-dame Nature, niggard of her grace,
Deny'd the social pow'rs of voice and face,
Fix'd in one frame of features, glare of eye,
Passions, like chaos, in confusion lie :
In vain the wonders of his skill are try'd
To form distinction Nature hath deny'd.
His voice no touch of harmony admits,
Irregularly deep, and shrill by fits :
The two extremes appear like man and wife,
Coupled together for the sake of strife.

"His actions always strong, but sometimes such
That Candour must declare he acts too much.
Why must impatience fall three paces back ?
Why paces three return to the attack ?
Why is the right leg too forbid to stir,
Unless in motion semicircular ?
Why must the hero with the Nailor vie,
And hurl the close-clench'd fist at nose or eye ?
In Royal John, with Philip angry grown,
I thought he would have knock'd poor Davies down.
Inhuman tyrant!—was it not a shame
To fright a king so harmless and so tame ?

"But, spite of all defects, his glories rise ;
And Art, by Judgment form'd, with Nature vies.
Behold him sound the depth of Hubert's soul,
Whilst in his own contending passions roll.
View the whole scene, with critic judgment scan,
And then deny him merit if you can.
Where he falls short, 'tis Nature's fault alone ;
Where he succeeds, the merit's all his own."*

The influence of Sheridan on the Irish stage we will proceed to trace.

As the manager, he entered upon the arduous, and then esteemed chimerical plan, of reforming and restoring the stage to its native purity. Nature

had amply endowed him with the most essential requisites for so difficult and dangerous an undertaking. His temper was remarkably mild and gentle, yet was he unremittingly persevering in accomplishing whatever he embarked in. Though he always endeavoured to convince, and demonstrate the propriety of his orders, rather than command, yet was he resolute in enforcing compliance to whatever he was assured was right. His understanding was clear and comprehensive, and a liberal education enabled him to behold objects in their proper light.

Passionately devoted to the stage, he had long beheld with regret the humiliating condition to which it was reduced, despised and deserted by the grave, the rational, and every lover of order and decency. He saw the magnitude of the business he was engaged in, yet he despaired not. Intimately acquainted with the state of the Greek and Roman drama, when arrived at their highest point of perfection, he nobly laboured, with unceasing assiduity, towards the attainment of a grand object—that of raising the Irish theatre to an equal degree of respectability.

Informed on every subject, and attentive to the minutest circumstance, no part escaped his penetrating eye. The business of the stage was reduced to a regular science, in which the most trifling parts of the great machine equally contributed towards the movement and beauty of the whole.

We must not, however, imagine that all this was accomplished in a day. It was the work of years. Perfection is only to be attained by perseverance, and it is worthy to be remarked, that the last day of his management was in every respect as laudable and as praise-worthy as his first.

Mr. Sheridan's first care was to raise most of the actors' salaries, and for this purpose he established a fund for the regular discharge of salaries and tradesmen's bills. This rule he never deviated from ; and amidst all his distresses, on the wreck of his fortune, in 1754, he could, with an honest pride, publicly boast in a pamphlet he then published, that "Every Saturday saw the weekly salary of each person discharged at the treasurer's office, and

that the books of that office will show that, at the close of the account last Saturday, there was not a demand upon him of any performer whatsoever, from his first undertaking the management twelve years ago, to that hour, left unpaid."

It may be naturally supposed, that he had at first many difficulties to encounter. The stage had long been under the direction of seven managers, who, in derision, were called by the town the seven wise masters. Bad habits, confirmed by time, were hard to be eradicated. Performers were unused to regularity, and the taste of the town was palled and violated. Nevertheless, when the work of reformation was a little advanced, the task grew much easier. His methods were so gentle, and at the same time so salutary, that they carried conviction with them.

The good sense of the actors pointed out to them the propriety of the manager's conduct, and the necessity there was of conforming to his directions. He constantly attended the rehearsals, and settled the business of each scene with precision. Not the most trifling incident of the night's performance was omitted at the last morning's practice; and though the strictest attendance was required, yet were the rehearsals so reasonably appointed, that it was in every person's power to comply, and seldom was he under the disagreeable necessity of being obliged to enforce obedience by forfeits: he rightly judged that money gained by those means was the severest of losses, and rather than be forced to recur to them, when admonition failed, he chose sooner to part with the performer, however valuable, who continued to offend in this manner.

At rehearsals, his great judgment and knowledge of the stage amply qualified him for an instructor; and his regulations were so proper, and conveyed in so pleasing a manner, that they were irresistible, and could not fail of being complied with. His highest ambition seemed to centre in being considered as the father of his company.

The minutæ of the stage were also diligently attended to. His decorations were truly elegant, and his plays were dressed with characteristic propriety. Indeed, he has frequently been blamed for launching into ex-

penses which the profits of the performances were unable to repay. Upon the whole, we may with confidence assert that, during Sheridan's management, plays were conducted in a style equal in most respects to any the British stage ever produced. How meritorious, then, was the man who raised the Irish theatre to such an eminence!

Sheridan shewed remarkable courage and firmness on several occasions, especially during "Kelly's riot":—

"This theatrical disturbance was occasioned by Mr. Sheridan's spirited resistance to an attempt made by a young Galway gentleman to force his way behind the scenes, whither he pursued one of the actresses (the celebrated George Anne Bellamy), and so terrified her, that she was obliged to take refuge in her dressing-room, and could not again venture to appear on the stage.

"Nothing could be more temperate and moderate than the conduct held by Mr. Sheridan upon this occasion. But not so the manner in which Mr. Kelly (the name of the young gentleman) received it. After the play he forced his way to the manager's dressing-room, and there attacked Mr. Sheridan with such ungentlemanlike language, as compelled him to exercise some degree of violence in his own defence. Inflamed with rage at his deserved disgrace, Kelly immediately left the theatre for a club, where several of his friends were assembled, and related what had passed, in the manner that best favoured his own views. He declared (an assertion totally devoid of foundation) that Mr. Sheridan's servants held him while their master unmercifully beat him. This so greatly excited the indignation of his friends, that a powerful fighting party was formed, and the next day all persons were threatened with violence who dared to espouse the party of Mr. Sheridan. To such a height did they carry this spirit of vengeance, that some days afterwards, Mr. Sheridan, being to perform *Horatio* in the *Fair Penitent*, several letters, cards, and messages were sent to him, warning him not to leave his house that evening, and to take particular care to be well guarded even there. These friendly and well-meant admonitions, Mr. Sheridan did not think it prudent to neglect; and, in consequence, when the Galway gentlemen arrived at the theatre, they learnt, to their infinite mortification, that he was not to play that night. Incensed at thus missing their prey, they proceeded to the most extravagant outrages; attacking the green-room, breaking open the dressing-rooms, and even thrusting their swords into all the chests and presses of the

wardrobe, in order to feel, as they said, if Sheridan was not concealed there. Such conduct, of course, increased the terror and ill-will with which they were beheld by all the sober part of the public; and, among the members of the college to which Mr. Sheridan had formerly belonged, and the higher order of citizens, a party was formed to protect Mr. Sheridan from the confederacy of Mr. Kelly and his adherents. The spirit thus excited soon spread from the city of Dublin throughout the whole kingdom. During the time this dispute lasted, it wasthe custom of those that were for and against Mr. Sheridan, to go about the streets provided with fire-arms, and apprehensions of the most serious nature were entertained, from the high state of irritation in the public mind. A paper war was also commenced, in the course of which it is said as many pamphlets were published as would, if collected, make a large octavo volume.

"The animosity of Mr. Sheridan's enemies, however, continued unabated, and a party was formed to prevent his appearing in the character of Richard the Third. Finding themselves foiled by the spirited opposition of the citizens, the collegians, and, above all, the celebrated patriot and physician Dr. Charles Lucas, they let the play proceed in quiet that night, and left the theatre; but it was only to form fresh plans, and breathe forth deeper vows of vengeance. To those who are only accustomed to the bloodless disturbances of a London theatre, the dangerous predicament in which an Irish manager was placed would scarcely be credible, if there were not so many authentic documents to prove it. The Galway men doomed Mr. Sheridan to destruction. A horse was always in readiness, for his murderer to depart at a minute's warning. Dr. Lucas was also marked out for death. Such was the situation of affairs, when Mr. Sheridan was once more called upon to brave this prejudiced and incensed portion of the public. He was to take a part in a charity play, which the performers in the Dublin theatre annually gave; and the governors, who were all persons of consequence, insisted upon their right to the benefit of this goodly custom. They sent the manager word, that they would take upon themselves to protect him from violence or injury in the performance of it; yet, notwithstanding the governors appeared there according to promise, with their white wands of office, notwithstanding the presence of above a hundred ladies of the first distinction, dressed in all the elegance of fashion, who, unable to obtain places in the pit and boxes, had, in order to assist and support the manager, accepted of accommodations on the stage, the clamour was so great that Mr. Sheridan was obliged to withdraw without speaking; and after the riot and confusion of this night, the theatre was shut up by order of the Master of the Revels.

"An appeal was made by both parties to the laws, and both parties were tried in the presence of Lord Chief Justice Marlay. Mr. Sheridan's cause came on the first. He was tried on the ground of assaulting and beating the gentleman on the nineteenth of January, in his dressing-room; but the provocation he had received appeared to the jury so amply to justify his conduct, and it was so satisfactorily proved that no other person, save the manager, had touched the complainant, that the jury acquitted Mr. Sheridan without going out of the box. The trial of his opponent, for the mischief done at the theatre, in the dressing-rooms, and the wardrobe, took up a greater portion of time. The result was, that the assailant was found guilty, and sentenced to a fine of £500 and three months' imprisonment.

"After sentence was given, the Lord Chief Justice animadverted upon the necessity of maintaining order and decorum at the theatre, adding, that if any person forced his way behind the scenes, where money was not taken, and that person was apprehended and brought into the court, and the fact proved there, he should be prosecuted with the utmost severity of the law.

"The gentleman who had been thus condemned, after suffering one week's confinement, applied to Mr. Sheridan to obtain a mitigation of his sentence. Mr. Sheridan instantly solicited the Government to relinquish the fine of £500, which was granted; and then became solicitor and bail himself to the Court of King's Bench for the enlargement of the prisoner.

"Thus ended this memorable dispute; but not so transient were its consequences. The permanent advantage which the theatre derived from Mr. Sheridan's firmness on this occasion, can only be estimated by a comparison of the sums received there (benefits excluded), from the year 1743 to 1758, which was from two thousand per annum to ten thousand: and this change was, by his contemporaries, entirely attributed to the happy revolution effected by Mr. Sheridan in 1746, and the additional inducements held out in consequence to all persons of rank and character in the country, to support with their presence and patronage the credit of the national drama."

From those troubled scenes two important consequences resulted—the marriage of Sheridan with Miss Chamberlain, the authoress of "*Sidney Biddulph*" and other works; and secondly, the institution of the Beef-steak Club of Dublin.

This interesting period of the Irish theatre has been treated of with so much ability in the "*Memoirs of Mrs. Frances Sheridan*," by the graceful pen of Mrs. Lefanu, that we shall extract

at some length her account of these times* :—

"Having already experienced how much a manager may be opposed and thwarted in the discharge of his duty by the insolence of individuals and the malevolence of party, Mr. Sheridan had frequently, since the riot of 1746, consulted with his friends upon the expediency of establishing a theatrical club, to consist of persons qualified to judge of the merit of such pieces as should be presented to their notice, and also possessed of influence sufficient to support the manager against malicious and unmerited attacks. This was the origin of the too-celebrated 'Beef-Steak Club.' An institution authorised by ancient custom in every theatre, but generally consisting of a meeting of actors and writers for the stage, to which were occasionally added amateurs, who might be considered in the light of honorary members.

"But, under Mr. Sheridan's management, the 'Beef-Steak Club' included nearly all that the metropolis of Dublin could boast of talent, rank, and fashion. Still it was begun with no party intention on the side of the manager, although afterwards converted into a most fatal engine of party against himself.

"In the year 1753, the club consisted of about sixty noblemen and gentlemen, chiefly members of parliament, friends of Mr. Sheridan, and admirers of the drama. Perhaps no period ever witnessed an assemblage so calculated by spirit, wit, and talent, to decide upon the merits of works of genius. There seldom were more than thirty at the same time at these meetings, which took place at the theatre; and the celebrated Margaret Woffington, who then sparkled the brightest star in the Dublin theatrical hemisphere, was (with ill-fated gallantry) elected president of this committee of taste.

"To this flattering distinction it must be allowed she was entitled, on many accounts. Besides her unrivalled popularity as an actress, she possessed, we are told, a good understanding, which was much improved by company and books. She had a most attractive sprightliness in her manners, and considerable vivacity and humour; she was affable, good-natured, and charitable. Her company was sought after by men of the first rank and distinction; persons of the gravest character, and most eminent for learning, were proud of her acquaintance, and charmed with her conversation. Notwithstanding all these advantages, however, her moral character was such as to exclude her from the

society of her own sex; and she comforted herself for their just disdain by the very unfounded remark, 'that the conversation of women consisted of nothing but silks and scandal.'

"Mr. Sheridan found it impossible, therefore, to introduce her to his wife: a compliment that would have been the more gratifying, as Mrs. Sheridan kept up no intercourse whatever with any of the other performers. It was solely from this consideration, and the desire, at the same time, to pay some tribute to genius, by which he had so materially benefitted as manager, that he was induced to shew Mrs. Woffington a distinction which excited the jealousy of the other performers.

"The fame of these theatrical parties increased the ill-humour of the *uninitiated*, who were not invited to partake of them; and as the noblemen and gentlemen that composed them were chiefly supporters of government, Mr. Sheridan was most falsely and injuriously supposed to take a more active part in the politics of the day than was becoming in an individual whose best interests were inseparably connected with the favour of the public. It is well-known that the revival of the tragedy of *Mahomet* was the occasion of the explosion of those discontents which had so long been gathering; and that the following was the passage marked out for tumultuous applause:—

"If, ye powers divine!

Ye mark the movements of this nether world,
And bring them to account, crush, crush those vipers;
Who, singled out by the community
To guard their rights, shall, for a grasp of ore,
Or paltry office, sell them to the foe!"

"This passage, as applied by the anti-courtiers to the ministers then in power, was honoured with the singular distinction of an 'encore;' and the fine scenes between Zaphna and Palmira, which are usually the most admired in the play, were this night suffered to pass unnoticed; while all the applause was directed towards the character of Alcanor, the personage who recites the speech above quoted.

"The audience being thus obviously influenced by the spirit of party, Mr. Sheridan was certainly guilty of an oversight in giving out the play for a second representation: but he thought to obviate the inconveniences attached to such a compliance by remonstrating—or, in the simple but expressive phrase of the historian of the theatre, 'reading a lecture' to the company on the duties of an actor, previous to the ensuing night's

* Few of the French refugees attained to more social respectability and intellectual distinction than the gifted family of Lefanu. In the church, politics, and literature, the name is honourably known. The family has been twice connected by marriage with the Sheridans, and a strong personal similarity to the orator and dramatist may be traced in his grand-nephew, the accomplished author of the "Cock and Anchor."

performance. In this green-room lecture he says:—

“I lay it down as a maxim, that the business of an actor is to divest himself, as much as possible, of his private sentiments, and to enter, with all the spirit he is master of, into the character he represents; and this is an indisputable claim which the public in general have upon him.

“But if an actor, in order to please part of that public, should, by any *unusual emphasis, gesture, or significant look*, mark out a passage in his part (which at another juncture he would pass by lightly) as a *party stroke*—he in that instance steps out of his feigned character into his natural one; than which nothing can be more insolent to the audience, or more calculated to bring disapprobation and disgrace, not only on himself, but upon all his brethren.’

“In this discourse, which certainly contains very valuable hints in addition to Hamlet’s advice to the players, the attentive observer of character will remark much of Mr. Sheridan’s spirit of order and system, and the desire with which he was actuated on all occasions, of impressing a sense of moral responsibility, and of their duties in the relation in which they stood to the public, upon the community of which he was the head. Unfortunately, his good intentions were not seconded on this occasion.

“Mr. Digges, the actor who played Alcanor, and who in the representation of that part had complied with the wishes of the audience, in the repetition of the obnoxious speech, conceived himself reflected upon: and, applying the whole of the lecture to himself, desired to know what were the manager’s directions, in case of the repetition of a similar demand on the part of the audience. Mr. Sheridan’s reply was, that ‘he should give him no directions: he must use his own discretion.’ Digges then said, ‘Sir, if I should comply with the demand of the audience, and repeat the speech as I did before, am I to incur your censure for so doing?’ The manager replied, ‘Not at all; I leave you to use your own discretion.’ Nothing could be more moderate or conciliatory than this answer, the meaning of which was apparent.

“Mr. Sheridan, as a friend and respectful well-wisher to government, by which every person in public life is supported, could not authorise the repetition of a particular passage in a play after it had been turned by the malignant interpretations of individuals into a direct attack upon *that* government, which had always distinguished his honourable exertions by its countenance and favour. At the same time, as Mr. Sheridan was no courtier, he assumed it as an incontrovertible position, that, should the audience take the responsibility into their own hands, by insisting on the repetition of the favourite speech, the actor, as the servant of the public, was bound to obey them; and the manager dis-

claimed any idea of fettering his power by imposing further restrictions upon him.

“Unfortunately, a difference of some standing had grown up between Mr. Digges and the manager; which, as it has not been noticed in any preceding relation of this transaction, is here given exactly as it occurred.

“It is the custom at all theatres that a person appointed for that purpose should summon the performers, according as they are wanted, upon the stage. This summons Digges had, on one occasion, disregarded, to the great annoyance of the other actors, and disappointment of the audience. Upon Mr. Sheridan’s remonstrating with him upon the inconvenience he had thus occasioned, by not being dressed for his part, and by keeping the audience a considerable time waiting, Digges replied: ‘that it was in consequence of his not having received the usual summons.’ To this Mr. Sheridan answered, ‘Excuse me, Mr. Digges, the man assured me that he had repeatedly given you notice you were wanted on the stage.’ Digges, who, like Mr. Sheridan, was a gentleman both by birth and education, and who was of a haughty and violent temper, answered with some heat: ‘Would you believe the assertion of such a fellow as that in preference to mine?’ To this Mr. Sheridan unguardedly replied, ‘He never gave me reason to disbelieve him; *that man never told me a lie.*’

“This expression, by which the manager only meant to infer that a person of integrity, however low his station, was not, on *that* account, to be considered as unworthy of credit, rankled in the mind of Digges; and some nights afterwards Mrs. Ryder (wife to the manager of that name, but at that time a very young person), overheard Digges talking over the affront he had received with Mrs. Ward, an actress, in the green-room. On this occasion he made use of the remarkable expression:—‘I shall find an opportunity to be revenged on Sheridan for doubting my word.’ How fatally he succeeded will appear in the sequel!

“Actuated by these unfriendly feelings towards Mr. Sheridan, Mr. Digges, on the second night of the performance (March 2, 1754) instead of making use of the discretionary power entrusted to him by the manager, hinted, on the reiteration of the command for this party speech, that he had Mr. Sheridan’s positive orders not to indulge the public with it. The most violent outcries for the manager ensued. Mr. Sheridan did not judge it prudent to comply with their summons; and, being strongly impressed with the idea that personal mischief was intended to himself, he got into a chair, and returned to his own house, whither he was guarded by his friends to the door.

“The news of the manager’s departure only rendered the rioters more furious. They insisted on his return; but in consideration

of his living at some distance, declared they would wait patiently one hour.

"This was certainly the critical period on which Mr. Sheridan's fortunes hung: and there is little doubt, from the inclination thus betrayed for a compromise, that, had he presented himself within the course of that eventful hour, all might yet have been well. At the same time, those who feel inclined to blame the line of conduct he pursued on this occasion, must remember that his life had already been threatened, both in public and private, by these very persons; so that his mistrust of them, however it may be lamented, cannot be thought surprising. The hour elapsed, and the rioters renewed their call. Still Mr. Sheridan did not appear. Two of the principal leaders then rose up from the middle of the pit: this was the concerted signal. A young man in the pit stood up and cried out, 'God bless his Majesty King George!' with three huzzas; and this sound, in general the harbinger of peace and joy, was made, on this occasion, the watchword for one of the most disgraceful scenes ever recorded in the annals of the drama. At the end of the third huzza, the work of destruction began. The benches were torn up; the chandeliers, which were very valuable, broken to pieces; and the audience part of the house destroyed in five minutes. After this outrage some moved to fire the house, others to attack the wardrobe. A party leaped upon the stage, and with their swords and other instruments slashed the curtain, which was finely painted, and cost a great sum of money, and broke and cut to pieces all the scenes within their reach. Some attempts were made to attack the wardrobe: but finding that place well defended, they retired; and in so doing, a party of rioters who went off through the box-room, dragged the grate full of burning coals into the middle of the room, and then laid some of the broken doors of the boxes upon it; but, notwithstanding these preparations, which could hardly have been expected to fail of their effect, the intended mischief was prevented by a timely discovery, and the theatre was not set on fire. But the loss Mr. Sheridan sustained in his property was such as he was never afterwards able to retrieve, and produced a complete change in the aspect of his affairs. Such was the conclusion of his meritorious endeavours to deserve the favour of the public! Still, all the well-disposed part of *that* public sympathised in his misfortune as in a general calamity; and his daughter has often heard his surviving contemporaries, particularly those ladies who remembered the advantageous effect his character and conduct produced on the regulation of the theatre,

lament the disorder and anarchy that almost immediately ensued there, and at the same time expatiate on the period of his undisputed influence as the golden era of the Irish drama."*

Quin, the famous actor, flourished in London during the period when Sheridan was canvassing for support. Of all Irish actors, Quin has left the most interesting impression, as his witty sayings are still current, and his traditionary reputation in theatrical and literary circles is very great. He was an admirable talker, and his conversational powers are admitted to have been of a very high order. In his "*Humphrey Clinker*," Smollett has given a capital picture of Quin in his retirement at Bath, and has drawn him under no feigned name.

Quin's grandfather was Lord Mayor of Dublin,† but he himself was born in King-street, Covent Garden, London, 24th February, 1693. His family were Irish, and he was educated at Trinity College, Dublin. According to one of his biographers, he remained at the university until he was nearly twenty years of age, when, being destined for the bar, he came to London, and took up his abode in the Temple. Here he led a gay and dissipated life, reading any books rather than those connected with his profession; so that, on the death of his father, he found himself obliged to seek for some other means of support. His inability to prove his legitimacy is assigned as a reason for the loss of his patrimony; but it is more probable that his father had left him little, or none, to inherit; and, indeed, it is stated in one account, that "he found his patrimony so very small, that there was no possibility of his supporting himself upon it." However this may have been, he was now necessitated to seek a more immediate source of subsistence than the bar could afford him, and, in consequence, determined to become an actor. For such a profession he possessed many of the requisites, and communicating his intention to Lacy Ryan, was by him introduced into the Drury Lane company in 1717, where he was engaged for the following year. Dr. Aiken says, that his first ap-

* "*Memoirs of Mrs. Frances Sheridan*," p. 51.

† Mark Quin (Lord Mayor of Dublin in 1667). *Vide* Whitelaw and Walsh (*Appendix No. ix.*, p. 45).

pearance on the stage was at the Old Smock Alley Theatre, Dublin, as early as 1714; that he came to London in 1715; and after playing at Drury Lane for two years, was engaged at the Lincoln's Inn Theatre. But the more generally-received account is, that he made his *débüt* in London at Drury Lane; though it is possible he might previously have appeared on the Dublin boards, during his temporary sojourn in that city, whither he had gone to avoid the consequences of an action which had been commenced against him for crim. con. "While Quin," says Galt, "was employed in studying those parts in which he imagined he might appear in the ensuing season, he was unexpectedly obliged to leave London. In his youthful years, he laid no claim to any peculiar purity in his conduct, and formed, what he supposed, a very snug alliance with a woollendrapers's wife. One night he met the lady by accident, and persuaded her to accompany him to a tavern, and she could not resist his persuasion. But a stupid waiter showed negligently, into the same room, a vestal, in company with the husband of the lady. Swords were drawn, the ladies screamed, and a battle ensued. A crim. con., and an assault and battery, were both instituted, and our hero fled to Dublin. The husband, however, died soon after, and Quin was invited to return. It was during this evasion that I am of opinion he made his appearance as Abel, in Smock Alley."*

After his return to London, Quin performed but subordinate parts; nor were his abilities at all appreciated till he had an opportunity of displaying them in the part of Bajazet, which was given to him in consequence of the illness of the actor who was to have represented it. But his reputation cannot be properly dated earlier than 1721, when, on the revival of *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, he undertook to play Falstaff. The manager was about to give up all thoughts of bringing out the comedy, in consequence of every actor having declined to venture upon the character, when the subject of our memoir offered to attempt it. "Hem!" said Rich, "you attempt Falstaff! Why, you might as well think of acting Cato after Booth! The character of

Falstaff, young man, is quite another character from what you think; it is not a little snivelling part that—that—in short, any one can do. There is not a man among you that has any idea of the part but myself. It is quite out of your walk. No, never think of Falstaff—it is quite out of your walk, indeed, young man." In the sequel, however, Quin was permitted to perform the character, and went through it in such a manner as to surprise and delight both the audience and the actors.

His next capital character was that of Sir John Brute in the *Provoked Wife*, but he was not considered a first-rate actor till 1731, when he undertook the part of Cato, after the retirement of Booth. Aware of the impression that great actor had produced, the subject of our memoir modestly announced that "the part of Cato would be only attempted by Mr. Quin;" but he acquitted himself in such a manner as to obtain a greater degree of applause than was bestowed on his predecessor. He was encored in the famous soliloquy, and the audience were so affected at the style in which he pronounced the words—"Thanks to the gods,—my boy has done his duty!" that they exclaimed, "Booth outdone! Booth outdone!" During Quin's performance of this character, one evening, a circumstance occurred, which, though in itself ludicrous, produced very unhappy consequences. A Welchman, named Williams, who performed the part of the messenger, in delivering the line—"Cæsar sends health to Cato," pronounced the former word "Keesar," which so amused Quin, that he replied, with his usual coolness, "Would he had sent a better messenger." The poor Welchman was so stung by the retort, that he challenged Quin to fight him; but only receiving some rallying remarks in reply, waited for the latter under the piazza, where he drew, and a contest ensued, in which Williams was killed. Quin was tried for his murder at the Old Bailey, but a verdict of manslaughter only was brought in against him.

Quin maintained his pre-eminence on the stage till the latter part of 1741, when the appearance of Garrick at Goodman's Fields, caused the other

* "Lives of the Players," vol. i., p. 185.

theatres to be comparatively deserted. Quin at first affected to treat Garrick with contempt;—"He is a new religion," was his remark; "the people follow him as another Whitefield, but they will soon return to church again." Garrick soon heard of the sarcasm, and answered it by an epigram, ending with the following lines:—

"Thou grand infallible, forbear to roar,
Thy bulls and errors are rever'd no more;
When doctrines meet with general approbation,
It is not heresy, but reformation."

These sallies produced no ill-will on either part, and both actors ultimately became on intimate terms of friendship with each other. Quin's popularity, however, began to wane, though in his performance of Sir John Brute, Sir John Falstaff, and Cato, he was still allowed to continue unrivalled; but in all other characters he was manifestly outmatched by Garrick.

Quin's secession from the stage arose out of a quarrel with Rich, in consequence of which, the former went down to Bath; whence, on his resentment beginning to abate, he condescended to write to Rich as follows:—"I am at Bath.—QUIN." This, though laconic, was intended, on his part, as a letter of truce; but Rich, not choosing to take it, or affecting not to see it in that light, immediately replied, "Stay there and be d——d!—RICH." This answer, as it has been said, cost the public one of the greatest ornaments of the stage; for Quin, after receiving it, determined never to renew an engagement with Rich. He came, however, every year to London to play Falstaff, for the benefit of his friend Ryan, till 1754, when the loss of two of his front teeth compelled him to decline giving his wonted assistance. Upon this occasion, he is said to have sent the following epistle to Ryan:—"I would play for you if I could, but will not whistle for you. I have willed you a thousand pounds. If you want money, you may have it, and save my executors trouble.—JAMES QUIN."

Soon after the accession of George the Third, his majesty gave orders, without any application being made to him, for the allowance of a pension to Quin, who had formerly instructed him, when Prince of Wales, in elo-

cution. The actor was not a little proud of the lessons he had given to his royal pupil; and on being informed with what elegance and propriety the King had delivered his first speech from the throne, is said to have exclaimed, "Ah! I taught the boy to speak!" Upon quitting the stage, Quin retired permanently to Bath, upon a very comfortable independence, as, besides his pension, he had £2,000 in the funds, and for the same sum he obtained from the Duke of Bedford an annuity of £200 per annum. He went once a year to London, to visit his friends, and always spent a week at Hampton with Garrick; between whom and himself a regular correspondence had been kept up since Quin's retirement from the stage. During his last excursion, in 1765, an eruption appeared on the back of his hand, which his physician apprehended would turn to mortification. It was, however, cured; but the anxiety Quin had suffered, and his inattention to the moderate rule of living which was prescribed for him, brought on a fever, which carried him off on the 21st of January, 1766.

"Although Quin," says Mr. Galt, "was a kind-hearted, jovial, and facetious man, I know not how it is, if it be not from the coarseness of some of his jokes, that a general impression prevails of his being a morose character. No general persuasion was ever more fallacious. He was naturally a handsome man; beloved by his friends, and always on joyous terms with himself. Few understood the inclinations of man better, and none could be more indulgent to unpremeditated error. While he cherished a little affectation in himself, to conceal the warmth and mildness of his disposition, he discerned every degree of it in others with a shrewd eye. I think he was an accomplished specimen of the man of the world, of the right sort; for he was more amiable than he really seemed to be."*

Undoubtedly Quin had many amiable qualities; his heart, if we may believe Mrs. Bellamy, was one of the best that ever inhabited mortal bosom; though his prejudices, his prepossessions, and his whims, often gave rise to conduct equally at variance with

* "Lives of the Players," vol. i., p. 197.

good breeding, good sense, and good feeling. A man of strong passions, irritable temper, and coarse language, he offended many who never forgave him; yet he often accompanied his gruffness and acerbity with such indications of the native warmth and gentleness of his heart, as made the latter alone remembered. Although, as one of his friends said of him, "There was a sediment of brutality in him, when you shook the bottle," it is to his honour that it soon subsided; and seldom rose, except when excited by insolence, presumption, or oppression. His morality, according to the received phrase of the word, was not conspicuous; but he was neither debauched nor profligate; and, as respects this part of his conduct, imbibed more contamination than he imparted. When asked why he did not marry, take a house, and set up an equipage, he replied, "I carry a coach, a wife, and a dinner, always in my pocket; and I can either take the number, obtain a dinner, or turn off my cook, whenever I please." In illustration of his doctrine, he used to make an annual excursion with some agreeable lady, whom he selected, agreeing with her to accompany him on his tour, as long as £100 would carry them. After all the money was spent, he gave the lady a parting supper at the piazzas, Covent Garden, and dismissed her with the following words:—"Madam, for our mutual convenience, I have given you the name of Quin for this sometime past. There is no reason for carrying on this farce here; and now, madam, give me leave to un-Quin you, and restore to you your own name for the future."

One cannot but smile at such conduct, the laxity of which was, perhaps, redeemed by a conscientious abstinence from some gratifications in which the most moral have deemed it harmless to indulge. Angling he always thought a very barbarous diversion; and, being asked the reason, gave an answer, with his accustomed facetiousness. "Suppose," he said, "some superior being should bait a hook with venison, and go a Quinny, I should certainly bite; and what a sight I should be, dangling in the air!" But, though he disapproved of angling, he was passionately fond of fish, particularly of John Dorries, which gave rise to the following lines, after his death:—

"Alas, poor Quin! thy jests and stories
Are quite extinguished; and what more is,
Where you're gone there's no John Dorries."

He used to pay an annual visit to Plymouth for the purpose of eating John Dorries, and attributed his last illness to his omitting to do so, saying, "he considered them as salutary to his constitution as herrings were to a Dutchman; and that, if he recovered, he would eat nothing else all the days of his life." He was certainly somewhat of an epicure, and there was as much of the gourmand as of the humourist in his exclamation, on his first sight of Westminster Bridge—"Oh! that my mouth were that centre arch, and that the river ran claret!" Claret was his favourite beverage, and he is said to have drunk a bottle of it only a short time before his death.

The witty sayings and repartees of Quin would fill volumes, and some of them are excellent. Dining, one day, at Bath, a nobleman said to him—"What a pity it is, Quin, my boy, that a clever fellow, like you, should be a player!" "What would your lordship have me to be?" was his reply. "A lord?" A young gentleman, who had lately become acquainted with him, volunteered one day a specimen of his talents for the stage; intending, as he said, to turn actor, if Quin approved of his performance. He had, however, scarcely concluded the line, "To be, or not to be—that is the question," before Quin started up, exclaiming—"No question at all, sir; not to be, upon my honour." Lamenting, one day, that he grew old, Quin was asked, by an impertinent young fellow, "What he would give to be as young as he was?" "I would even submit," said Quin, "to be almost as foolish." Being ironically complimented by a nobleman upon his happy retreat at Bath, he replied—"Look ye, my lord, perhaps 'tis a sinecure your lordship would not accept of; but I can assure you I gave up £1,400 a-year for it." An officer, not remarkable for courage, came one day to Quin, to ask him how he should act, after having had his nose pulled. "Why, sir," said he, "soap your nose for the future, and then they'll slip their hold." The first time he was invited to dine upon turtle, the host, a West Indian, burst into a loud laugh, because he did not understand the *callipash* and other niceties of such an

elegant dish. "It may be an elegant dish," said Quin; "but if it had been fit for Christians, we should have been acquainted with it as soon as the wild Indians." To an author, whose play he had lost, he apologised, saying—"Here is a drawer full of both comedies and tragedies; take any two you please in the room of it."

Quin once passed some time at an inn, which was much infested with rats; telling the landlord he would endeavour to find some remedy for them before he went. At the end of eight weeks he prepared to depart, and, calling for his bill, paid it, observing that the amount (£150) was a good deal for a cheap inn. "I hope," said the landlord, "you have not forgot the remedy you promised me for the rats." "Oh! no," replied Quin, as he stepped into his chaise; "there's your bill; show them that when they come, and if they trouble your house again, I'll be d—d!" Our wit, however, sometimes met with his match. Having lost his horse, which he had turned out to grass, whilst he was staying at a farm-house, in Somersetshire, he asked a countryfellow if there were any thieves or horse-stealers in his neighbourhood? "No," answered the man, "we be all honest folk here; but there's one Quin, I think they call him, a strolling player from London, mayhap he may have stole him." The Drury-lane audience were once very angry at the non-appearance of a dancer, named Roland, when Quin, being sent forward to apologise, retired, amidst shouts of laughter and applause, after saying, "Ladies and gentlemen, Madam-a-a-Roland has put her ankle out; I wish it had been her neck, and be d—d to her!" He would say a gallant and even poetical thing, when he was in the humour. Being asked by a lady why there were more women in the world than men, he replied, "It is in conformity with the arrangements of nature, madam; we always see more of heaven than of earth."

His generous conduct was, in no instance, more nobly shown, than towards the poet Thomson. Hearing that he was confined in a spunging-house, for a debt of £70, Quin called upon the poet, and after having finished a supper, which had been ordered at his own expense from a neighbouring tavern, said, "It is now time that

we should balance accounts; the pleasure I have had in perusing your works, I cannot estimate at less than £100, and I insist on now acquitting the debt;" on saying which, he put down a note and took his leave, without waiting for a reply. Nor did the display of his affection for Thomson end here; for after the poet's death, he delivered the prologue to his tragedy of *Coriolanus*, with a true pathos that did honour to his feelings. Quin's manner of pronouncing the word *fascies* occasioned a ludicrous mistake at the rehearsal of this tragedy, for the centurions of the Volscian army, imagining that he said *faces*, all bowed their heads on being told to lower the former.

We have seen that Quin's love of sarcasm involved him in the bitter reflection of having first wounded the feelings, and then taken the life, of a fellow-creature; it produced, among other quarrels, one with Colley Cibber, which did not terminate so fatally. The coxcombry of Colley had so exasperated Quin, in some transactions which they had with each other, that he made use, in return, of the strongest and foulest expressions he was capable of. Cibber took little notice of his conduct at the time; but passing the Bedford Coffee-house one night, walked in, and began to abuse Quin to some of his friends, calling him "a capon-lined rascal," and expressing his determination to call him to an account. Some one pointed out Quin at the other end of the room, and, anxious to spur on Colley, added, "He sets off for Bath to-morrow, and may not, perhaps, be in town again these twelve months." "Is that the case?" cried Cibber, nettled at finding his courage suspected; "then I'll e'en chastise him now. You—Mr. Quin, I think, you call yourself—I insist upon satisfaction for the affront you gave me—demme!" "If you have a mind to be flogged," replied Quin, "I'll do it for you with all my heart—demme!" Cibber, half mad at so contemptuous an answer, could only exclaim, "Draw, sir, or I'll be through your guts this instant!" Quin, still cool, replied, "This, sir, is an improper place to rehearse *Lord Foppington* in; but if you'll go under the piazza, I may, perhaps, make you put up your sword faster than you drew it." The result was a duel in the piazza, in which Quin was slightly wounded.

As an actor, Quin had many personal advantages. His figure was majestic; his countenance was expressive; his eye penetrating; his voice clear, full, and melodious; besides which, he possessed an extensive memory, and an enthusiastic admiration of Shakspeare. His utterance is said to have been somewhat cumbrous and monotonous, though weighty and impressive; but his faults, in this respect, were those of the age; for, until the appearance of Garrick, the rolling, pompous manner of reciting was the most applauded. Upon the whole, Quin's merits as a comedian have been fairly summed up by Thomson, in one of his stanzas in "The Castle of Indolence," in which, after introducing Quin as "Th' Esopus of the Age," he says—

"With double force th' enlivened scene he wakes,
Yet quits not Nature's bounds. He knows to keep
Each due decorum: now the heart he shakes,
And now, with well-urged sense, th' enlightened
judgment takes.

Churchill's portrait of Quin gives strong testimony to the vigour and strength of the actor's style:—

"Quin, from afar, lur'd by the scent of
fame,
A Stage Leviathan, put in his claim.
Pupil of Betterton and Booth. Alone,
Sullen he walk'd, and deem'd the chair his own.
For how should Moderns, mushrooms of the
day,
Who ne'er those masters knew, know how
to play?
Grey-bearded vet'rans, who, with partial
tongue,
Extol the times when they themselves were
young;
Who, having lost all relish for the stage,
See not their own defects, but lash the age,
Receiv'd, with joyful murmurs of applause,
Their darling chief, and lin'd his fav'rite cause.

"Far be it from the candid muse to tread
Insulting o'er the ashes of the dead.
But, just to living merit, she maintains,
And dares the test, whilst Garrick's Genius
reigns;
Ancients, in vain, endeavour to excel,
Happily prais'd, if they could act as well.
But though prescription's force we disallow,
Nor to antiquity submissive bow;
Though we deny imaginary grace,
Founded on accidents of time and place;
Yet real worth of ev'ry growth shall bear
Due praise, nor must we, Quin, forget thee
there.

"His words bore sterling weight, nervous
and strong;
In manly tides of sense they roll'd along.
Happy in art, he chiefly had pretence
To keep up numbers, yet not forfeit sense.
No actor ever greater heights could reach
In all the labour'd artifice of speech.
Speech! Is that all?—And shall an actor
found
An universal fame on partial ground?
Parrots themselves speak properly by rote,
And, in six months, my dog shall howl by
note.
I laugh at those, who, when the stage they
tread,
Neglect the heart, to compliment the head;
With strict propriety their care's confin'd
To weigh out words, while passion halts be-
hind.
To Syllable dissectors they appeal,
Allow them accent, cadence,—Fools may feel;
But Spite of all the criticising elves,
Those who would make us feel, must feel
themselves.

"His eyes, in gloomy socket taught to roll,
Proclaim'd the sullen habit of his soul.
Heavy and phlegmatic he trod the stage,
Too proud for Tenderness, too dull for Rage.
When Hector's lovely widow shines in Tears,
Or Rowe's gay Rake dependant Virtue jeers,
With the same cast of features he is seen
To chide the Libertine and court the Queen.
From the tame scene, which without passion
flows,
With just desert his reputation rose.
Nor less he pleas'd, when, on some surly plan,
He was, at once, the Actor and the Man.
In Brute he shone unequal'd: all agree
Garrick's not half so great a brute as he.
When Cato's labour'd scenes are brought to
view,
With equal praise the Actor labour'd too,
For still you'll find, trace passions to their root,
Small diff'rence 'twixt the Stoic and the Brute.
In fancied scenes, as in life's real plan,
He could not, for a moment, sink the Man.
In whate'er cast his character was laid,
Self still, like oil, upon the surface play'd.
Nature, in spite of all his skill, crept in:
Horatio, Dorax, Falstaff—still 'twas Quin."

Of the Irish actresses of this time, known better on the English than the Irish stage, Kitty Clive was the most eminent. All readers of "Walpole's Letters" are familiar with her character, and Douglas Jerrold, in his "Story of a Feather," has given a lively picture of her. She was the daughter of a Mr. Rafter, an Irish gentleman who lost his property at the Revolution, and she was born in Ireland, in 1711.

In 1732, she married Mr. Clive, a brother of Baron Clive; but their union was soon followed by a separation. In 1740, she performed before the Prince of Wales, at Cliefden House; and in the same year played Celia, in *As You Like It*, and Portia, in *The Merchant of Venice*. For the most part, such characters as these were neither suited to her genius nor her person; yet to the last she was ambitious of shining in parts above her reach, a failing which sometimes involved her in disagreeable disputes. In Portia she was always much applauded; but this, says Davies, "was owing to her misrepresentation of the character; mimicry in a pleader, when a client's life is in danger, is but misplaced buffoonery."

In 1741, she came over to Ireland, to perform in Dublin; and, in 1743, removed to Covent Garden. She was not engaged the following year, in consequence of a dispute between her and the managers, the particulars of which she published in a pamphlet, entitled, "The Case of Mrs. Clive submitted to the Public." In 1745 she returned to Drury Lane, where she continued until the 24th of April, 1769, when she took her leave of the stage in *The Wonder and Lethe*, and spoke an epilogue, written for the occasion by Horace Walpole. She then retired upon a comfortable independence, to an elegant abode near Strawberry Hill, where she died, universally respected, on the 6th of December, 1785.

Mrs. Clive was the most famous actress, in her peculiar line, that ever trod the stage; her equal is not to be found in theatrical history, either before or since the era in which she flourished. Mrs. Davison and Miss Kelly are, perhaps, the only actresses that can be compared to her. "Her mirth," says Davies, "was so genuine, that whether it was restrained to the arch sneer, and the suppressed half laugh, widened to the broad grin, or extended to the downright honest burst of loud laughter, the audience were sure to accompany her; he must have been more or less than man, who could be grave when Clive was disposed to be merry." She excelled alike in chambermaids, the affected or capricious lady of fashion, country girls, romps, hoydens, and dowdies, superannuated beauties,

viragoes, and humorists. To quote the eulogy of Churchill:—

"First giggling, plotting, chambermaids arrive,
Hoydens and romps, led on by General Clive;
In spite of outward blemishes she shone,
For humour famed, and humour all her own:
Easy, as if at home, the stage she trod,
Nor sought the critic's praise, nor fear'd his rod;
Original in spirit, and in ease,
She pleased by hiding all attempts to please:
No comic actress ever yet could raise
On humour's base more merit or more praise."

In private life, Mrs. Clive was scarcely less entertaining and agreeable than in public; her conversation is described as a mixture of uncommon vivacity, droll mirth, and honest bluntness. She preserved throughout life an unsullied reputation, and to the last was visited by persons of both sexes of high rank and character. She was the only performer over whom Garrick did not dare to domineer; and he is said to have dreaded an altercation with her, as much as a quarrel with an author whose play he had rejected. He both felt and acknowledged, however, her talent as an actress, and affected to feel great sorrow at her leaving the stage; though Mrs. Clive, if we may credit the following anecdote, thought otherwise. "When the manager and Mrs. Clive met," says Davies, "after she had expressed her determination to retire, their interview was short, and their discourse curious. After some compliments on her great merit, Mr. Garrick wished, he said, that she would continue, for her own sake, some years longer on the stage. This civil suggestion she answered by a look of contempt, and a decisive negative. He asked how much she was worth; she replied, briskly, 'as much as yourself.' Upon his smiling at her supposed ignorance, or misinformation, she explained herself by telling him, that she knew when she had enough, though he never would. He then entreated her to renew her agreement for three or four years; but she peremptorily refused. Upon repeating his regret at her leaving the stage, she frankly told him that she hated hypocrisy; for she was sure that he would light up candles for joy of her leaving him, but that it would be attended with some expense."

III.—With Sheridan's embarkation for England, and his relinquishment of the management of the Dublin Theatre, the second period of our

history terminates, and the third period — “The Days of Mossop and Spranger Barry”—commences.

Henry Mossop was born in 1729, in the province of Connaught, in Ireland. His father, the rector of Tuam, placed him, at an early age, under the care of a maternal uncle, a bookseller in Dublin, by whom he was sent to the university of that city, where he remained until he received an invitation to join another uncle in London, who made him large promises. Mossop accordingly visited the metropolis; but, being deceived in his expectations from his uncle, turned his thoughts to the stage, and applied to Garrick and Rich for an engagement, by whom he was declared, after receiving an audience, as “totally unfit.” He was then introduced to Sheridan, and received an invitation to join the Smock-alley Theatre, in Dublin, where he was to appear in any character he might select. He chose Zanga, in *The Revenge*, and made his *debut* on the 28th of November, 1749. He performed this character for three successive nights, and on the fourth appeared as Richard the Third, which he dressed in a manner that drew some censure from Sheridan. Mossop, on hearing this, came the ensuing morning into his dressing-room, and said, “Mr. She-ri-dan, I hear you said I dressed Richard like a cock-comb: that is an af-front; you wear a sword—pull it out of the scabbard. I’ll draw mine, and thrust it into your body.” Sheridan smiled at his furious conduct, but, entering into an explanation, the matter was accommodated. Mossop’s disposition, however, was so hasty, that it was difficult for any one to live with him on terms of friendship; and a fresh dispute having arisen between him and Sheridan, he suddenly quitted Ireland, and engaged with Garrick at Drury-lane. Here he remained till 1759, when, quarrelling with the manager, he left him, and accompanied Barry to Ireland, where he re-appeared on the 31st of October. He was the original representative of Doctor Brown’s *Barbarossa*, and, in the part of Achmet, was acknowledged to be equal to Garrick himself. His grand success in Dublin, in that character, greatly irritated Garrick; and when it was the talk of London, he rebuked his per-

formers, even in the presence of the author, for expatiating on his merits.

In 1760, Mossop became manager of the Smock-alley Theatre, which he opened with a powerful company, and under the immediate patronage of his godmother, the Countess of Brandon. Seven years afterwards, Barry retired from the theatre in Crow-street, which Mossop also took, and appeared there in Richard. A rival theatre now started successfully against him, and, proceeding to London in 1771, he was arrested by one of his performers. Necessity at length drove him to rip the lace from the dresses in his wardrobe, to furnish means of subsistence, and he was shortly afterwards made bankrupt! It was then supposed that Garrick would have engaged him, but Mossop disdained to make an application for that purpose, without which the former had expressed a resolution not to employ him. After making a tour to the south of France, Mossop returned to London, in a state of feeling that determined him to put an end to his existence. For this purpose, he retired to an obscure lodging in Chelsea; and, refusing sustenance of every kind, died of sorrow and starvation in November, 1772.

The stature of Mossop was between that of Garrick and Barry; his person agreeable; and his action, though not always elegant, far from unpleasant. His countenance was stamped with a marked and peculiar expression, and his large, full eye, was replete with meaning. His voice was distinct in its articulation, and surpassed, in volume and compass, that of all his competitors. His greatest drawback was the unnatural position of his arms, which appeared foreign to his body, and the awkward and unmeaning motions of his hands, which he continually busied in buttoning and unbuttoning his waistcoat. He was, nevertheless, a great and finished actor; although to the English reader he is generally but little known, save through the cold description of Davies, the panegyrist of Garrick, and the satire of Churchill. In Wolsey, Coriolanus, King John, Zanga, and Pierre, his efforts were all but transcendent. In acting, it is said, he frequently worked himself up to a belief that he was the very person he represented; and one night, after playing King Richard, he

flew into a violent passion with his servant, who appeared before him with a small candle, and asked him if that was a taper fit to light his Majesty to bed?

There is scarcely a wittier or more caustic passage in the "*Rosciad*" than the satirist's description of Mossop and Barry:—

"From Dublin, fam'd in legends of romance
For mighty magic of enchanted lance,
With which her heroes arm'd victorious prove,
And like a flood rush o'er the land of love;
Mossop and Barry came—names ne'er design'd

By fate in the same sentence to be join'd;
Rais'd by the breath of popular acclaim,
They mounted to the pinnacle of fame;
There the weak brain, made giddy with the height,

Spurr'd on the rival chiefs to mortal fight.
Thus sportive boys, around some basin's brim,

Behold the pipe-drawn bladders circling swim:
But if, from lungs more potent, there arise
Two bubbles of a more than common size,
Eager for honour they for fight prepare,
Bubble meets bubble, and both sink to air.

"Mossop, attach'd to military plan,
Still kept his eye fixed on his right-hand man:

Whilst the mouth measures words with seeming skill,
The right hand labours, and the left lies still.

For he resolved on scripture grounds to go,
What the right doth, the left hand shall not know.

With studied impropriety of speech,
He soars beyond the hackney critic's reach;
To epithets allots emphatic state,
Whilst principals, ungrac'd, like lacqueys wait;

In ways first trodden by himself excels,
And stands alone in indeclinables;
Conjunction, preposition, adverb, join
To stamp new vigour on the nervous line:
In monosyllables his thunders roll,
He, She, It, and We, Ye, They, fright the soul.

"In person taller than the common size,
Behold where Barry draws admiring eyes!
When lab'ring passions in his bosom pent,
Convulsive rage and struggling heave for vent;

Spectators, with imagin'd terrors warm,
Anxious expect the bursting of the storm:
But all unfit in such a pile to dwell,
His voice comes forth like Echo from her cell;

To swell the tempest needful aid denies,
And all a-down the stage in feeble murmurs dies.

"What man, like Barry, with such pains,
can err

In elocution, action, character?

What man could give, if Barry was not here,
Such well applauded tenderness to Lear?

Who else can speak so very very fine,
That sense may kindly end with ev'ry line?

"Some dozen lines before the ghost is there,
Behold him for the solemn scene prepare.
See how he frames his eyes, poises each limb,
Puts the whole body into proper trim.

From whence we learn, with no great stretch
of art,
Five lines, hence comes a ghost, and ha! a start.

"When he appears most perfect, still we find
Something which jars upon, and hurts the mind.

Whatever lights upon a part are thrown,
We see too plainly they are not his own.
No flame from nature ever yet he caught,
Nor knew a feeling which he was not taught;
He rais'd his trophies on the base of art,
And conn'd his passions, as he conn'd his part."*

Particulars about the early life of Spranger Barry are not easily obtained: It appears that he was the son of a silversmith, and born in St. Werburgh's parish, Dublin, on the 20th of November, 1719. He was himself destined for trade; and followed, for some time, the business of his father, with every prospect of realising an ample fortune. Besides his paternal inheritance, he received £1,500 with his wife; and was, altogether, a man of competence and commercial substantiality. A situation, so apparently remote from poverty, probably, first induced him to slacken in his attendance behind the counter; whilst his handsome person and pleasing address gained him attentions and invitations, which materially interfered with his business. A fondness for theatricals also contributed to wean him from his regular pursuits; in short, in about four years after he had commenced silversmith on his own account, he became bankrupt.

He then determined to try his success on the stage; and accordingly, in

1744, he made his *debut* on the Irish boards, in the character of Othello. No first appearance was ever more decidedly successful; the harmony of his voice, it is said, and the manly beauty of his person, spoke him alike the warrior and the lover; and those who before doubted of the poet's consistency, in forming a mutual passion between such characters as Othello and Desdemona, were now convinced of its propriety. He afterwards played at Cork with equal applause; and thence, returning to Dublin, made one of that galaxy of talent which drew such full houses in the summer, that it was then very common to say, one died of a Garrick, a Quin, or a Barry fever.

In 1746, he went to London, and was engaged at Drury Lane, where he performed both in tragedy and genteel comedy. In 1774, he removed to Covent Garden, where, though now growing old, and manifesting a falling off in some of his characters, he sustained that of Orestes, in *The Distressed Mother*, in a manner which threw a new lustre over his last efforts. His death took place on the 10th of January, 1777, after he had many years suffered from the agonies of hereditary gout.

As a man, he was much beloved; his insinuating address and pleasing conversation making friends of almost every one who came near him. His powers of persuasion were only equalled by those of Sheridan; and both appear to have had similar occasions of exerting them. "Don't be in a passion," Barry, one day, said to a creditor, who stood storming in the passage, "but do me the favour to walk up stairs, and we'll speak on the business." "Not I," answered the man; "you owe me £100 already; and if you get me up stairs, you won't let me leave you till you owe me £200."

It is not extraordinary that he should have made many conquests among the fair sex; and his biographers hint that his amours, both on and off the stage, were considerable in their number, and extended to ladies of rank. He was extravagant in his living, and fond of giving expensive entertainments. Mr. Pelham, once going to sup with him, found such a profusion of elegant dishes and choice wines set out for him, that he could not forbear reproving Barry

for his folly; and, it is said, never gave him another opportunity of exposing his want of judgment.

There never was, perhaps, an actor who, altogether, was so much indebted to nature, as Barry. His person was noble and commanding; his action graceful and correct; his features regular, expressive, and rather handsome; his countenance naturally open, placid, and benevolent, yet easily wrought to the indications of haughtiness and contempt: but in the softer expressions of the tender and feeling emotions, he principally excelled.

His voice was finely calculated to aid his appearance. It had melody, depth, and strength; there was a burst of grief in it, which was peculiar to himself. In the last act of *Essex*, where the officers were preparing his departure, and where he pointed to his wife, lying on the ground, with

"Oh, look there!"

his manner of expression was so forcible and affecting, that the whole house always burst into tears. He saw the effect, and often used the cause, sometimes rather improperly. In expressing the blended passions of love, tenderness, and grief, Barry stood unrivalled.

With such abilities, it would have been difficult to point out which character was his master-piece. But it is generally given to his Othello. It was a performance which could not be transcended. His address to the senate was superior to that of any man who ever spoke it. His various transitions, in the jealous scenes of that character, were beautiful beyond description.

The vanquisher of Asia never appeared to more advantage in representation, than in the person of Barry: he looked, moved, and acted the hero and lover, in a manner that charmed every audience that saw him: he gave new life and vigour to a play which had lain neglected since the death of Delane.

From 1750 to 1774 was the period, next to the time of Sheridan, when the Irish stage reached its greatest brilliancy and success. During the greater part of that time Mossop and Barry were the stars of the Irish stage. O'Keefe, in his "Recollections," gives a lively picture of the time:—

"In 1764, Woodward got up a pantomime at Crow-street, called *The Fair*. Amongst the diversions was walking on the wire, and thus mentioned in the play-bill:—'Balances on the slackwire by the notorious Mr. Sealy.' Sealy had been one of the prime Sadler's Wells performers, and, having a *lofty* spirit, was highly incensed with Woodward for clapping the word *notorious* before his name in the play-bill. Woodward, who thought it a most attractive epithet, and adapted to the idioms of language at a fair, really meant no insult or personality to Sealy: however, a combat was very near being the consequence between the manager and wire-walker. Speaking of making out play-bills, I may notice one of Richard Wilson's in London:—Happening to be in the printing-office whilst the compositor was setting the types for the advertisement in the newspaper, he made him put the whole advertisement upside down; and telling me of this stratagem of his, I could not comprehend the purpose: 'Why,' said he, 'a person looking at the paper would say, "What's this? an advertisement reversed!—oh, Wilson's benefit!"—And without this hum,' added Wilson, "perhaps my advertisement might not have been noticed at all, and my benefit a *malafit*"—(a theatrical joke).

"An itinerant showman having brought a wonderful monkey over to Dublin, Mossop hired it for a certain number of nights, at a sum equal to any of his best actors, and upon those nights some tragedy was performed, wherein he himself was, of course, the principal. Mossop's name in the play-bills was always in a type nearly two inches long: the rest of the performers' names very small, and that of the monkey the same size as Mossop's; so that in the large play-bills pasted about the town nothing could be distinguished but 'Mossop,' 'Monkey.' When he saw the bills, he good-humouredly laughed at it himself.

"In *Zanga*, *Coriolanus*, and the *Duke*, in *Measure for Measure*, Mossop was unrivalled: his port was majestic and commanding; his voice strong and articulate, and audible in a whisper; a fine speaking dark hazel eye: his excellencies were the expression of anger and disdain; in the former terrific. When Shakspeare's plays were acted, he lit the house with wax, which not being customary, was therefore announced in the bills. Mossop's lady-patronesses were the Countess of Brandon, Miss Caulfield, sister to Lord Charlemont, Lady Rachel Macdonald, sister to Lord Antrim, and Miss Adderley.

"At Crow-street, there was a little thin actor of the name of Hamilton. Barry one morning remarking to him, 'Hamilton, you might have done your part (Drawcansir, in the *Duke of Buckingham's* Rehearsal) with a little more spirit last night;' he replied, 'To be sure I might, and could; but with my salary of forty shillings a-week, do you think I ought to act with a bit more spirit, or

a bit better? Your Woodward there has a matter of a thousand a year for his acting. Give me half a thousand, and see how I'll act! but for a salary of two pounds a week, Mr. Barry, I cannot afford to give you better acting, and I will not.'

"The first night of Macklin's *True-born Irishman*, in Dublin, a well-known eccentric gentleman, who had just come to a great fortune, sat with a large party in the stage box. When Massink came on as Pat Fitz Mongrel, in the drum scene (what is called a rout in London is called a drum in Dublin), this said gentleman in the boxes cried out, 'Why, that's me! but what sort of rascally coat is that they've dressed me in?—here, I'll dress you!' He stood up, took off his own rich gold-laced coat, and flung it on the stage. Massink took it up smiling, stepped to the wing, threw off his own, and returned upon the stage in the gentleman's fine coat, which produced the greatest applause and pleasure among the audience. This piece, *The True-born Irishman*, was highly complimentary to the Irish national character. Macklin himself played Murrough O'Dogherty: Woodward, Count Mushroom; and the beautiful Mrs. Dancer, Mrs. Dogherty. With its powerful strokes of satire, Macklin was yet indiscreet enough to bring it on the London stage, under the name of *The Irish Fine Lady*; but John Bull, pit, box, and gallery, said No!

"Barry and Woodward, the first builders and managers, and all that, of Crow-street theatre, soon fell into a kind of jealousy for pre-eminence,—one for his tragedy, and the other for his pantomime. As a set-off against the powers of harlequin's wooden sword, Barry had Nat Lee's *Alexander the Great* got up in fine style, particularly the triumphal entry into Babylon, which in splendour of show exceeded Mossop's ovation in *Coriolanus*. I have not been inside the walls of a theatre for upwards of twenty-six years, therefore know not how they manage these affairs now: perhaps in a superior way, but I hardly think it possible. Alexander's high and beautiful chariot was first seen at the farther end of the stage (the theatre stretching from Fownes's-street to Temple-lane). He, seated in it, was drawn to the front, to triumphant music, by the *unarmed* soldiery. When arrived at its station to stop, for him to alight, before he had time even to speak, the machinery was settled on such a simple, yet certain plan, that the chariot in a twinkling disappeared, and every soldier was at the instant armed. It was thus managed:—each man having his particular duty previously assigned him, laid his hand on different parts of the chariot; one took a wheel and held it up on high—this was a shield; the others took the remaining wheels: all in a moment were shields upon their left arms: the axle-tree was taken by another,—it was a spear: the body of the chariot also took to pieces, and the whole was converted into swords,

javelins, lances, standards, &c. ; each soldier thus armed, arranged himself at the sides of the stage, and Alexander, standing in the centre, began his speech.

"I have seen in my day operas, ballets, pantomimes, melodramas, &c., at Covent-garden, Drury-lane, the Haymarket, and the Opera House, but never saw anything to equal in simplicity and beauty this chariot manœuvre of Alexander the Great."*

As society advanced in Ireland, the taste for theatricals extended to the provincial towns, and all the actors who have written their memoirs concur in stating, that the people of Cork and Limerick gave much encouragement to the theatre during the last century.

During the infancy of the stage in Ireland, Cork was frequently visited by itinerant companies of comedians, who sometimes spent an entire winter there with much emolument. The theatres, on those occasions, were generally temporary structures, hastily erected for the immediate purpose.

In process of time, the Dublin managers extended their views to a city, so capable of supplying the intervening time between the close and the opening of their winter seasons.

The country companies were obliged to give place to his Majesty's servants, and a new theatre at Cork was erected at the corner of Prince's-street, in George's-street, where the Bush Tavern then stood, and opened in the year 1736. On that stage the Elringtons, Woffington, Sheridan, and the most capital performers of the age, displayed their powers.

Barry and Woodward, with a judicious eye, beheld the many advantages likely to arise from a theatre on a more extended scale, in such a situation—the existing one being much too small for their processions and pantomimes. They had accordingly advertised a subscription for raising a fund towards building a new theatre. The proposal was eagerly embraced ; in a few weeks the money was raised. The ground was purchased in George's-street, not far from the former building, in a situation which every day improved, and the work began.

The model adopted was that of

Crow-street. The dimensions were nearly as large, except having but one gallery. It was finished, and ready for the reception of the company this summer, and the public expressed great pleasure at so great an improvement in their favourite amusement.

The inside was spacious, elegant, and convenient ; it held £150, English, at 4s. the boxes, 3s. the pit, and 2s. the gallery. The stage was remarkably roomy, being nearly as large as Covent-garden was before the late alterations ; capable of exhibiting, to advantage, Mr. Barry's grand tragic processions, and Mr. Woodward's pantomimes ; both of which were there presented in a style of perfection, which there was not a possibility of doing before.

The new theatre was opened in July, 1761. To all the charms of its novelty, the strength of the following company was added :

Mr. Barry	Mr. Morris
Mr. Woodward	Mr. Mynitt
Mr. Shuter	Mr. Messink
Mr. Sowdon	Mr. Knipe
Mr. Jefferson	Mr. Mahon
Mr. Heaphy	Mr. Bridges
Mr. Vernon	Mr. Carrol
Mr. Austin	Mr. Oliver
Mr. Glover	Mr. Flury
Mr. Heaton	Mr. Stageldoir
Mr. Glenvil	Mr. Raynor
Mr. Hayes	Mr. Aldridge
Mr. Adcock	Mr. Neill
Mr. Ellard	Mr. Carmichael,
Mr. Hamilton	Prompter.
Mrs. Dancer	Mrs. Knipe
Mrs. Hamilton	Mrs. Ellard
Mrs. Jefferson	Mrs. Clark
Miss Osborne	Mrs. Roche
Two Miss Heattons	Mrs. Pakenham
Mrs. Adcock	Mrs. Stageldoir,
Mrs. Bridges	Mrs. Williams.
Mrs. Glover.	

"From the above list of performers," observes Hitchcock, "and indeed from many others which could be given of other times, it will plainly appear that the Cork audience have been accustomed to the best of acting. From this circumstance, in all probability has arisen in a great measure that justness of judgment in theatrical affairs, for which they are so remarkable.

"The same reason will, I think,

warrant me in asserting, that none but a Dublin manager can have the least chance of succeeding with them. His situation during the winter in the capital, and the number of exotics which he is obliged to import every summer, gives him a superiority, in point of entertainment, over every other competitor in this kingdom.”*

The Cork audience has always enjoyed, amongst actors, a high reputation for keen discernment of histrionic merits. Hitchcock assigns as a reason, in the foregoing passage, that the Cork people were accustomed every year to see the same company as performed at Dublin; and that, therefore, their opportunities of seeing good acting, and forming their judgment, were the same as those enjoyed by the natives of the metropolis. But O’Keeffe gives another reason for the mental activity and intellectual tastes of the Cork public. He says:—

“From the commercial intercourse of Cork with the continent, in my time, there was hardly a man of thirty years of age, who had not resided for some time in France, Spain, or Portugal, and many of the ladies also; a circumstance which gave the people of Cork, both in their manners and ideas, and even in the viands of their table, a peculiar superiority to any place I had ever seen.”

The audiences of Cork and Dublin differed very frequently in their judgment of various performers, especially of those whose reputations had not reached great celebrity. Cork has the honour of having first given encouragement to the comic talents of Mrs. Jordan. Galt, in his memoirs, says:—

“She was taken by him to Cork, in her seventeenth year, and though not eminent for great beauty, was much admired for an archness of manner even more winning. The playhouse happened that season not to be popular, and, on her benefit, the audience was so thin, that the young men present insisted she should be favoured with another night, which being granted, they exerted themselves so well in the disposal of tickets, that the result far exceeded her expectations: an incident which sufficiently proves that her talents, and the charm of her delightful and sportive simplicity, were even then so

obvious as to be deemed entitled to encouragement.”

An enjoyment of comicality, and a keen perception of the ludicrous, appears to have been indigenous to Cork society.

We find in a book, now not easily procured, “The Life of Arthur Murphy,” by Jesse Foot, some testimony on this point. In 1748, Arthur Murphy was serving his time to an uncle, the head of the mercantile house of French and Co., trading at Cork. In some letters of his, describing the state of society at Cork, he says—“Cork life is chiefly concerned about two ideas—viz., *eating* and *joking*”—and he then goes on to describe the abundance and excellence of the viands and the jests. Whether a Cork audience be so good a judge of the tragic as the comic, may be doubted from their opinion of Kemble. Mr. Galt says:—

“In 1781 he performed Puff, in *The Critic*, at Edinburgh, and afterwards he accepted an engagement at Dublin. Mrs. Jordan was then in the Irish metropolis, and known to the playgoers as Miss Francis; but all the party then in Dublin were eclipsed by Kemble.

“From Dublin he went to Cork, where his reception was less splendid; the Corkers disputed the taste of the capital, and judged for themselves.”

It is not impossible that Kemble, as was his wont in those days, performed in comic parts before the Cork audience, where his sepulchral mirth would be sure to receive disapprobation from the people who first patronised the merry Mrs. Jordan.† Kemble’s comedy, so late as 1804, was bitterly satirised in the “Familiar Epistles to Frederick Jones.”

Smith, in his valuable “History of Cork,” thus describes the public diversions of that city at the period of 1749:—

“As to diversions, every entertainment that has the authority of fashion in Dublin (which place also takes its example from London) prevails here, and some, perhaps,

* Vol. ii., p. 85.

† Whether Miss Farren (Countess of Derby) was a native of Cork is not ascertained. Her father was an apothecary in that city, and a lane still bears his name.

in a higher degree. Card-playing, in the winter evenings, is an entertainment observed to be more used in Ireland, among polite people, than in England—the ladies are rather fonder of this amusement than the men—and dancing, that pretty innocent house diversion, hardly yields to it in their eyes. For which purpose here is a weekly drum, besides the assembly, where card-playing is intermixed with dancing. Besides the public concerts, there are several private ones, where the performers are gentlemen and ladies of such good skill, that one would imagine the god of music had taken a large stride from the Continent, over England, to this island; for, indeed, the whole nation are of late become admirers of this entertainment; and those who have no ear for music, are generally so polite as to pretend to like it. A stranger is agreeably surprised to find, in many houses he enters, Italian airs saluting his ears; and it has been observed, that Corelli is a name in more mouths than many of our lord lieutenants. The humane and gentle disposition of the inhabitants may, in some measure, be attributed to the refinements of this divine art. The harp, which is the armorial ensign of the kingdom, wrought great achievements in the hands of the Israelite king; and Cambrensis affirms that the Irish, some hundred years ago, were incomparably well

skilled in this instrument beyond what he had observed in many other nations, which is also confirmed by Polydore Virgil. In this city is a good theatre, where the comedians from Dublin entertain the town generally during the summer assizes, and a month or two longer, as they meet with encouragement. There is a smaller one in Broad-lane, which is not now made use of; and, indeed, one playhouse seems to be more than sufficient for this city. Here are only two coffee-houses, both near the Exchange; they are much frequented, and, besides the English newspapers, have most of the Dublin ones. The better sort are fond of news and politics, and are well versed in public affairs.*

The taste for music alluded to by Smith has even increased in Cork, which possesses a host of private performers of great excellence. The old theatre built by Barry and Woodward was burnt down some years since, but the front wall is still standing, with four old chimneys. We shall have occasion to allude again to the Cork Theatre, when treating of the "Apollo Society."

* Smith's "Cork," vol. i., p. 400.

IRISH TOURISTS.—GIRALDUS CAMBRENSIS.

CONCLUSION.

WE might appropriately enough commence this continuation of Girald's Topography with the proclamation—"Procul este profani;" for in commenting on his next marvel, that of the transfer of Stonehenge from Ireland to Salisbury Plain, we shall have to invoke the assistance of the great mystagogue and hierophant of the Neo-Druids, the not less mystical than Honorable Algernon Herbert. Considering the extraordinary boldness and novelty of Mr. Herbert's views, and the surprising amount of erudition and ingenuity with which they are sustained, we cannot but wonder that his name and his opinions should (in this country at least), be so little known. Omitting his "*Nimrod*," which is chiefly conversant with Gentile mythology, we now refer particularly to his works on the early Christianity of Britain, "*Britannia after the Romans*," "*The Neo-Druidic Heresy*," and lastly, his "*Cyclops Christianus*,"* which only issued from the press last year. The drift of those works—for it is a peculiarity of Mr. Herbert, as of mystical writers in general, that they avoid the statement of anything definite—goes to this: that the same species of mysticism which Sidonius describes as the Apollinarian heresy of Gaul, prevailed among the early Christians of Britain; that in this system Christ was the Sun, and Mary the womb of the firmament; that the Druids were the authors of this corruption, which tallied with their old system of the worship of the physical universe; that by the admission of it, as an esoteric addition to the public doctrines of the church, the British clergy secured themselves the toleration of the bardic and Druidic classes; and that, in fine, the great stone-circles and avenues of Stonehenge, Abury, and Carnac, were the tem-

ples of that revived Druidism, commingled with debased Christianity, and were designed to realise, in stone, the original oak-groves which had been cut down by the Romans. As to the immediate subject of the present notice, his theory is, in plain terms, that the transfer of Stonehenge signifies the removal of the primacy, and of that corrupt system from Ireland, where it had been preserved for a time, to its ancient seat in South Britain. To give any adequate idea of Mr. Herbert's argument, would be impossible within moderate limits. The evidences, if they be evidences, are indirect, minute, and shadowy, but very numerous, and, taken together, really impressive. You rise from their perusal as if under the influence of an intellectual nightmare, unable to lay your hand on any one conclusive, tangible fact, yet persuaded that without some fire there could not be so much smoke; and that, if Mr. Herbert have not hit on the truth, he has elicited the fact, that what has hitherto passed for the truth has something very hollow about it. But, to our topic. "There was, in ancient time, in Ireland," says Girald, "a wondrous structure of stones, which was called the giants' choir (*chorea*); because the giants had brought it out of the remote parts of Africa, and had set it up with prodigious skill and strength on the Plain of Kildare, not far from the Castle of Naas. And even to this day other stones like these, and set up in like manner, are still to be seen there. And marvellous it is to consider, how stones so large, and so many of them, ever could have been brought together, or set up on end; or by what device others equally great could have been super-imposed on uprights so vast and lofty, there hanging as it were in air, and seeming to rest rather on

* "*Cyclops Christianus*; or an Argument to disprove the supposed Antiquity of Stonehenge and other Megalithic Erections in England and Brittany." By A. Herbert. London: John Petherem, 94, High Holborn. 1849.

the will of the builder than on the support of their bases. According to the British history, Aurelius Ambrosius King of the Britons, by the assistance of Merlin, had these stones carried over from Ireland to Britain; and in order to leave some monument of so great an exploit, had them set up in the same order, and with the same skilful arrangement as before, in the place where 'the flower of the British nation had perished by the treacherous daggers of the Saxons; where, under the guise of peace, the unguarded youth of the realm had fallen under the weapons of the wicked.'"—*Top. Dist.* 2, c. xviii.

The slaughter of the chiefs of the Britons by Hengist, at the conference at Amesbury, is a well-known incident in British history. "Nemed eire Saxas" was the signal, at which, as we have all read, the pagan followers of Hengist stabbed each his British neighbour. It was as a monument over those slain in this massacre, that Aurelius Ambrosius is represented as having erected Stonehenge. But Aurelius Ambrosius is quite a mystical personage, and there seems no historic foundation for this or any other exploit ascribed to him. In fact, he seems to be Merlin himself, under another name. Such as the tale is, however, we shall leave Geoffrey of Monmouth, from whom Girald has borrowed it, to tell the particulars in his own garrulous manner:—

"When the work was finished at Winchester, he went, at the instance of Bishop Eldad to the monastery near Kaerccardoc, now Salisbury, where the consuls and princes whom the wicked Hengist had treacherously murdered lay buried. At this place was a convent that maintained three hundred friars, situated on the mountain of Ambrius, who, as is reported, had been the founder of it. The sight of the place where the dead lay made the king, who was of a compassionate temper, shed tears, and at last enter upon thoughts, what kind of monument to erect upon it. For he thought something ought to be done to perpetuate the memory of that piece of ground which was honoured with the bodies of so many noble patriots, that died for their country.

"For this purpose he summoned together several carpenters and masons, and commanded them to employ the utmost of their art in contriving some solid structure for a lasting monument to those great men. But they, in diffidence of their own skill, refusing

to undertake it, Treonomus, Archbishop of the city of Legions, went to the king, and said, 'If any one living is able to execute your commands, Merlin, the prophet of Vortigern, is the man. In my opinion there is not in all your kingdom a person of a brighter genius, either in predicting future events, or in mechanical contrivances. Order him to come to you, and exercise his skill in the work which you design.' Whereupon Aurelius, after he had asked a great many questions concerning him, dispatched several messengers into the country to find him out, and bring him to him. After passing through several provinces, they found him in the country of the Gewisseans, at the fountain of Galabes, which he frequently resorted to. As soon as they had delivered their message to him, they conducted him to the king, who received him with joy, and, being curious to hear some of his wonderful speeches, commanded him to prophesy. Merlin made answer: 'Mysteries of this kind are not to be revealed but when there is the greatest necessity for it. If I should pretend to utter them for ostentation or diversion, the spirit that instructs me would be silent, and would leave me when I should have occasion for it.' When he had made the same refusal to all the rest present, the king would not urge him any longer about his predictions, but spoke to him concerning the monument which he had designed. 'If you are desirous,' said Merlin, 'to honour the burying-place of these men with an everlasting monument, send for the Giants' Dance, which is in Killaraus, a mountain in Ireland. For there is a structure of stones there, which none of this age could raise, without a profound knowledge of the mechanical arts. They are stones of a vast magnitude and wonderful quality; and if they can be placed here, as they are there, round this spot of ground, they will stand for ever.'

"At these words of Merlin, Aurelius burst into laughter, and said, 'How is it possible to remove such vast stones from so distant a country, as if Britain was not furnished with stones fit for the work?' Merlin replied, 'I entreat your majesty to forbear vain laughter; for what I say is without vanity. They are mystical stones, and of a medicinal virtue. The giants of old brought them from the farthest coast of Africa, and placed them in Ireland while they inhabited that country. Their design in this was to make baths in them, when they should be taken with any illness. For their method was to wash the stones, and put their sick into the water, which infallibly cured them. With the like success they cured wounds also, adding only the application of some herbs. There is not a stone there which has not some healing virtue.' When the Britons heard this, they resolved to send for the stones, and to make war upon the people of Ireland if they should attempt to detain them. And to accomplish this business, they made

choice of Uther Pendragon, who was to be attended with fifteen thousand men. They chose also Merlin himself, by whose direction the whole affair was to be managed. A fleet being therefore got ready, they set sail, and with a fair wind arrived in Ireland.

"At that time Gillomanius, a youth of wonderful valour, reigned in Ireland; who, upon the news of the arrival of the Britons in his kingdom, levied a vast army, and marched out against them. And when he had learned the occasion of their coming, he smiled, and said to those about him, 'No wonder a cowardly race of people were able to make so great a devastation in the island of Britain, when the Britons are such brutes and fools. Was ever the like folly heard of? What are the stones of Ireland better than those of Britain, that our kingdom must be put to this disturbance for them? To arms, soldiers, and defend your country; while I have life they shall not take from us the least stone of the Giant's Dance.' Uther, seeing them prepared for a battle, attacked them; nor was it long ere the Britons had the advantage, who, having dispersed and killed the Irish, forced Gillomanius to flee. After the victory they went to the mountain Killaraus, and arrived at the structure of stones, the sight of which filled them both with joy and admiration. And while they were all standing round them, Merlin came up to them and said, 'Now try your forces, young men, and see whether strength or art can do the most towards taking down these stones.' At this word they all set to their engines with one accord, and attempted the removal of the Giant's Dance. Some prepared cables, others small ropes, others ladders for the work, but all to no purpose. Merlin laughed at their vain efforts, and then began his own contrivances. When he had placed in order the engines that were necessary, he took down the stones with an incredible facility, and gave directions for carrying them to the ships, and placing them therein. This done, they with joy set sail again to return to Britain; where they arrived with a fair gale, and repaired to the burying-place with the stones. When Aurelius had notice of it, he sent messengers to all parts of Britain, to summon the clergy and people together to the mount of Ambrius, in order to celebrate with joy and honour the erection of the monument. . . . He ordered Merlin to set up the stones brought over from Ireland about the sepulchre; which he accordingly did, and placed them in the same manner as they had been in the mountain Killaraus, and thereby gave a manifest proof of the prevalence of art above strength."—*Geoff. Mon.* l. 8, c. 9, 10, 11, 12.

Now Irish history is as silent about any King Gillomanius, as authentic British history about Aurelius Ambro-

sus; but it seems the name Gillomanius is written elsewhere in Geoffrey, Gillamurius, and in all the Welsh copies Gillamuri, or servant of Mary. And here Mr. Herbert strikes at once into his theory of a corrupt, Druidical, *pseudo* Mary, as distinguished from the Virgin Mother of our Lord, and whose votary he takes this fabulous or mystical Gillamuire to have been; and he next proceeds to identify her—the reader will perceive that the steps which we are taking are sufficiently bold—with a *pseudo* Brigid of Kildare; not the orthodox aunt of Cogitosus, but the Goddess Bright of the Tuath-de-Dananns; and these necromancers and magicians he concludes to have been, in fine, none other than the expelled Druids of Britain. There are a great number of steps, and any one taken falsely is sufficient to lead us far enough astray. But there remain several more before we arrive finally at the Choreia or Cor of Stonehenge. *Cor* signifies a cauldron, a circular enclosure, or anything circular; and under the name of the Cor the British bards appear to have typified their Druidic mysteries. What, then, is the meaning of Uther Pendragon plundering the Irish Gillamuri of his Cor and bringing it to Britain? It signifies, says Mr. Herbert, that the Druidic system, preserved by the votaries of the Pagan Bright of Kildare, was imported back again into Britain, and set up within its stone circular sanctuary by the Druidising British Christians of the fifth century. To establish this chain of inferences and identifications is the object of the "Cyclops Christianus." And, first, the proofs that Brigid was, in some sense or other, regarded as Mary, are sufficiently explicit:—

"In a Latin hymn (Colgan, Trias, p. 542) we find the express averment that she (Brigid) was the mother of Christ, and something more besides—

"Brighid, who is esteemed the Queen of the true God,
Averred herself to be Christ's mother, and made herself such by words and by deeds."

"As these lines are truly portentous, I shall give the original of them:—

"Christi matrem se spondit, dicta atque factis fecit,
Brigida autumata veri Dei Regina."

"A vision revealed to St. Ibar (Trias, p. 622) that the Virgin Mary would attend an approaching synod, and he beheld her form and features. The next day Brigid came to the Synod, at a place that was afterwards called Kildare; and when the Saint beheld her, he exclaimed, 'Lo! this is Saint Mary whom I saw last night in my vision.' And all the people extolled Brigid, because of that name of Mary with which she had been honoured, and from thenceforth she was called Mary of the Hibernians. These sayings," Mr. Herbert proceeds to say, "are signs of a strange time; and we cannot wonder if there was once a time when Gilla-murie and Gilla-brighde, Maolmuire and Maolbrighde, were equivalents at Kildare."—*Cyclops Christ.*, p. 115.

Supposing this shown to our satisfaction, how next does our author connect the *pseudo* Mary of Kildare with the necromantic Brigid of the Tuath-de-Dananns? Eochaidh, the king of these royal sorcerers, surnamed the Daghdha and the Ollamh, which signifies the professor of science or doctor, "was father of three Brighids, one of whom was worshipped as the goddess of poetry, another as the goddess of medicine, and a third as the goddess of smiths. From whose names (saith old Cormac O'Cullenan) a goddess was called Bright among the men of Hibernia;" but among the utensils of their necromantic art, brought by the Tuath-de-Danann to Ireland, was the Coire Daghdha, the Daghdha's Cauldron. "At a period, then," Mr. Herbert goes on, "much older than Brigid the daughter of Dubhtach (*i. e.*, Saint Brigid the Christian Abbess) a cauldron had been brought to Erin by a race of god-like sorcerers (Druids, in Irish speech), and its professor had three god-like daughters presiding over the three works of the cauldron—incantation, theurgic medicine, and metallurgy. They were, all Brighids, ladies (according to Mr. Herbert's etymology) of the *brigh*, or elixir. And two of them, at least, the chemical and metallurgic, were necessarily *Fire Brighids*." And so we arrive at the sacred fire of Kildare, a remnant certainly of no Christian-seeming system, and for which Colgan, and after him Lanigan, and the others, can offer no more plausible explanation,

than that it was probably kept burning for the purpose of giving strangers and wayfarers an opportunity of warming themselves. It is remarkable that the ancient lives of St. Brigid make no allusion to it; yet, when Girald was in Ireland, in A. D. 1183—5, it was unquestionably still burning, and then regarded as of coeval antiquity with the rest of the ecclesiastical establishment there. The testimony of Girald to so singular a feature in connexion with a convent of Christian nuns, in the middle of the twelfth century, is highly deserving of attention. "At Kildare, in Leinster, a place made illustrious by the glorious Brigid, are many marvels worthy of commemoration. First amongst these is the fire of Brigid, which they call inextinguishable; not that it might not be put out, but because the nuns and holy women feed and cherish the fire with supplies of fuel so attentively and carefully, that, ever since the time of the Virgin herself, through the lapse of so many years, it has remained unextinguished; and although such vast quantities of wood in that long space of time have been here consumed, there nevertheless has never been any accumulation of ashes.* In Brigid's own time, twenty nuns here served God in their holy warfare, she being the twentieth; and so, after her death, they have always continued twenty, never increasing their number. But, inasmuch as they each in turn, on successive nights, watch the fire, on the twentieth night the last nun having laid on the firewood says, 'Brigid! watch your own fire, for to-night is your turn.' And so she leaves the fire; but it is found in the morning, the logs being consumed, burning as usual. Round this fire there is a certain circular wattled enclosure, within which no male creature enters; and if any should presume so to do (as by some rash persons has been attempted) he does not long escape punishment. Moreover, the fire may be fanned only by females, and that not by the breath, but by bellows and flappers. * * * A certain archer of the household of Earl Richard (Strongbow) leaped over this hedge and blew Brigid's fire with his breath; but immediately

* Solinus relates the same thing of the fires kept burning in the Temple of Minerva, at Bath, in Britain.—*Polyhist.* c. 22.

springing back, became insane, and wherever he met any one would blow in his face, and say, 'Lo! thus I blew on the fire of Brigid.' And so running from house to house throughout the whole town (of Kildare) wherever he saw a fire, he would go blowing upon it and repeating these words. At length his companions caught and bound him, when he besought them to lead him to the nearest water. When they brought him thither, he drank so prodigiously to cool his parched mouth, that he burst asunder in their very hands, and so died. Another, who would have approached the fire, had already one leg on the inside of the enclosure, when he was caught and held back by his companions; but the foot and leg immediately shrank, and he remained a feeble cripple as long as he lived."—*Top. Dist.* ii. c. 34, 35, 36; 48.

There undoubtedly appears to be a confusion in popular tradition between the Tuath-de-Danann (possibly enough the Druidic) sorceress Bright and the Christian virgin and saint of Kildare. One of these allusions to the pagan vestal is noticed by Martin, in his account of the Western Islands of Scotland. Yearly, on the 2nd of February (the first is Saint Brigid's Day in the Irish calendar) "The mistress and servants of each family take a sheaf of oats, and dress it up in woman's apparel (the Irish reader will recollect the *Bridogue*), put it in a large basket, and lay a wooden club by it; and this they call *Briid's bed*; and then the mistress and servants cry three times, 'Briid is come! Briid is welcome!' This they do just before going to bed; and when they rise in the morning they look among the ashes, expecting to see the impression of Briid's club there; which, if they do, they reckon it a true presage of a good crop and of a prosperous year, and the contrary they take as an ill omen." This fire, then, within its circular inclosure of wattle-work, at Kildare, kindles the imagination of Mr. Herbert to the conclusion that here, or in this neighbourhood, was the central seat or Cor of Irish Druidism, prior to that transfer of the system back to Britain, which he takes to be typified by Merlin's removal of the Chorea of the giants from Killaraus (Kildara?) to the Plain of Salisbury. He cites a much

greater amount of bardic testimony than we could have supposed forthcoming on such a subject, to shew that Stonehenge was regarded both as a grove and as a place of sacred fires: but the language of the British bards, in reference to all these matters, is obscure to the verge of being unintelligible. One thing only seems plain: that they detested the orthodox clergy and the whole family of monks, and affected to have a knowledge of divine mysteries peculiar to themselves; and which they frequently refer to under the figure of the cauldron, and of the cor, or circular inclosure. Even those who have been scandalised at some of Mr. Herbert's theories, readily admit that the bards, as late as the twelfth century, were deeply tinctured with the mysticism of the "Song of Ceridwen" the goddess of this mystical cauldron, of which the chalice of the Christian communion seems to have been but a type among the *illuminati* of the more recondite faith.

"If one be slain to-day, and be cast therein, to-morrow he will be as well as ever he was at the best, except that he will not regain his speech." It was a cauldron of regeneration and discreet silence. "It is now a common learning in this belief," says Mr. Herbert, "that the British mysteries were expressed by the bards and by the bardists, under the name of the cauldron, of which they speak often, and with extreme enthusiasm. They style it *their* cauldron, that of the Lady Ceridwen, that of Gogyrwen, that of Gwyon, that of Pwyll, chief of Hades or Hell; also the cauldron of Britannia, &c. It was likewise the cauldron of *dadeni*, new-birth, regeneration, or rejuvenescence. That cauldron was not so much a part of their remarkable scheme, as a term expressive of its whole. But in some sense, literal or mystical, the cauldron was to impart a renewed life to those who entered it. It was, in this respect, a representation of Nature's reproductive powers." Now, say the British legends (but we must remember that we are here citing the *Mabinogion*, or Welsh boy's story-book, a compilation not earlier, in its present form, than the 14th century), Bran, the son of Llyr carried this magical cauldron to Ireland. We can hardly doubt that we have here the same transaction, whatever it may be, referred to by

the Irish traditions of the cauldron of the Daghada. But "the obvious affinity" between this cauldron of Ceridwen, or of Bran, or of the Daghada, the parent of the three Brighids, and the Cor y Gawr, or Chorea Gigantum of Girald, is a matter which we prefer leaving to be demonstrated by Mr. Herbert; and here is his argument, for which we have already prepared the reader, by our extract from Geoffrey.—"A cauldron is conveyed abroad, and great stones are brought hither; but a large stone temple cannot be called a magical cauldron of renovation. But if it be wrong to call it so, it is none of my saying: and merely what I find written to my hands. The stones are mystical and salubrious for various causes. The giants brought them from Africa, and placed them in Ireland while they dwelt there. And the reason was to make *baths* within them, when oppressed by infirmity. For they washed the stones and poured it into the baths, by which the sick were cured. They also mixed with it preparations of herbs, by which the wounded were cured. For there is no stone which hath not a medical virtue. I think my argument (considering the subject of it) is not loose, but pressing."—*Cyc. Christ*, p. 131.

It is but justice to Mr. Herbert to apprise the reader that he considers the British history of Geoffrey to be a version (as, in fact, it professes to be) of a bardic Welch original, in which everything relating to these mystical matters is studiously veiled and misrepresented. Here, Arthur, Merlin, and Aurelius, are allegorical personages; buildings stand for systems; and the truth is only indicated by hints and allusive analogies, known to the initiated. These hints about the confections of herbs, used for making the ambrosian baths of the Cor y Gawr, seem to him palpable references to the ingredients of the Cor of Ceridwen. "After she had appointed Gwyon to be guardian of her cauldron, she devoted herself to collecting for it, by astrological rules and planetary hours, herbs of every opposite virtue."—*Hanis Taliesin* in prose, p. 17. The same thing is shewn in various poems that breathe the very soul of witchcraft"—

"When there is a calm dew-falling
There is the offering of wheat;
And the liquor that bees
Have collected, and resin,

And exotic aloes,
And shining orpiment,
And pleasant precious silver;
And the ruddy gem, and the grain
From the ocean foam (the pearl);
The cress over which the fountain
Hurries, for a further oblation;
Wort, the noble liquor,
To which the people flock;
And a load of moon-influenced,
Placid, pleasing vervain;
And the understanding of the fixed stars;
And the virtue of the stars and the moon;
And the influence of their clear aspect, &c.
And medicinal plants
From a place entirely veneficious, &c.
And the honey, and the trefoil,
And the intoxicating mead-horns,
The boon of the Druids."

—*Codair Taliesin*, pp. 37-8.

This, then, was the system which had been driven out of Britain, to shelter itself in Ireland, between the departure of Bran, son of Llyr, and the discovery and disclosure again of his head (so the bardic mystics seem to designate his system) by Arthur. The following lines from a British poem, in praise of Illudd, if they be not the fruit of modern polemical forgery, appear to refer to that period of exile, and of the expected return and re-establishment of the banished system—an expectation also shadowed out in the dead-alive sleep of the mighty Arthur, among the apple-trees of the mystical Island of Avallon.

"Long before the Day of Judgment
There shall come the day,
When learning shall be dawning
From the radiant, lovely land of Erin.
To Britain, then, shall come the uprising
Of the Britons from under the race of
Rome; "
And I shall have a judge in days of impartiality.
So prophesied the astrologers
In the land of the lost ones;
So prophesied the Druids
Beyond the sea—beyond the Britons."

And again—

"A fair prospect, as far as from Erin
Is the bright hour of dismissing the race
of Cæsar."

Mr. Herbert, we think, establishes that the bardic tradition of the slaughter by Hengist, whatever that was, is uniform and consistent in representing it as having taken place in the sacred stone enclosure, that is, in Stonehenge itself, on Salisbury Plain. His argument, therefore, is, that when

Merlin brought over the Cor, the temple for its reception was there already; that the round table was laid and the seats prepared for Arthur and his mystical college. Moreover, that the Arthur of romance was immediately derived from this Arthur of bardism, and that the Saint Greal of the Templars was the Cauldron of Bran and Ceridwen under a new name. Here, indeed, are many steps, and each one wide enough for an antiquary in seven-league boots. But since we have gone so far with Mr. Herbert, we are unwilling to leave his side till he has gone to his *ultimatum*. Taking up a mediæval Italian poem, the *Caccia di Valvasone*, he finds Arthur engaged in the pursuit of a hind, which leads him to a cave. "The king followed her through subterranean tracks into the valley of the metallurgic nymphs. He saw the preparation for earthquakes and volcanic fires; he saw the flux and reflux of the sea, to and from the inmost caverns of the earth; and in the same place he beheld Demogorgon, whom 'Nature harbours in that turbid retreat,' and admired his vast horns and terrific aspect. At last he penetrated to the palace of Morgana, in which he saw represented the sun, the planets, and the twelve signs, and beheld the goings forth of the astral influences.

'E vide come e di pace e di guerra,
D'odio e d'amor, cade l'influsso in terra.'

And here he received from her hands the sword Excalibar."

"These descriptions," he goes on to say, "prompt a suspicion that the lore of the Templars, or whoever they were who would have set up the kingdom of the Saint Greal, had been British, more and otherwise than we are well aware of. I have," he says, "passed over other important portions of his statement, because they bear upon the question (which I am keeping aloof for the present), *what* the great mysteries of Ceridwen may have been?" In a word, the conclusion to which all these portentous speculations tend, is, that in the mysticism of the holy Greal, as in the *pseudo* chalice of Bran ap Llyr, the fruit of the ceremonial womb was something revoltingly different from the Christian communion.

Girald himself was a firm believer in, at least, the prophetic pretensions

of bardism, and constantly refers to Merlin's predictions, both for explanation of past events in the conquest of Ireland, and for conclusions as to its future. But the mention of Girald's name recalls us from those mazy labyrinths of the Giant's Dance, in which we have been whirled along so dizzily by our Neo-Druid, to the remaining part, or "Third Distinction" of the Topography, that which, as our readers may recollect, Girald recited on the third day of his public readings at Oxford, being the day of his entertaining the municipal authorities and burgesses.

A perfect topography, philosophically arranged, would treat—first, of soil, climate, and natural productions; secondly, of the inhabitants; and thirdly, of the artificial productions and commerce arising from the uses made of the soil by the occupants of it. Girald's division is also three-fold—viz., soil and climate, prodigies, and inhabitants. If we omit the prodigies, the arrangement is philosophical, so far as it goes. It is the same arrangement which would have been adopted in the Ordnance Survey Memoir, if we had been suffered to go on with that important work. But the topography of Girald is destitute of the economic division. In fact, there was little that could be called commerce at that time in Ireland. Whatever activity of that kind the country may have possessed in earlier times, when it was said to be better known to merchants than Britain, had disappeared during the oppressive dynasty of the Danes. The Danes themselves were a people of commercial as well as military enterprise. Under their auspices the trading cities of Dublin, Limerick, and Waterford, had sprung up; and but for the recent recovery of the kingdom by the Irish, would still have been flourishing emporiums. But it is one of the evils that attend the subjugation of a people, that, when the turn of fortune enables them to reassert their independence, they are no longer capable of doing so with advantage to themselves. When we read of the oppressive proceedings of the Danes during the height of their power, we are reminded of the pernicious impolicy of other parties exercising a temporary dominion here, to their own ultimate discomfiture, and the unspeakable injury of future generations. "No town nor village but had its

Danish magistrate ; no church without its Danish parson ; no house, nay, not a cabin, without its Danish garrison-man quartered on the family. If this fellow were not fed to his satisfaction, the very master of the household should be dragged before the (Danish) tribunal, and amerced. Nothing escaped them : to the very cocks and hens on the poor man's floor, they seized whatever they would. Moreover, the Irish had to pay them a yearly tax of an ounce of gold for every head ; and if any one, from poverty or other cause, failed to pay, his nose was cut off ; so that the tax goes by the name of *nose-money* to this day. The very magistrates of the land durst not dress themselves in new clothes, but in the cast-off clothes of Danes ; and noble ladies had to wear cloaks already threadbare from long use by the Danish women. Nay, even an Irishman durst not make up a piece of cloth into raiment for himself, but should hand it first to a Dane, to take off the gloss by wearing it for a while, before he ventured to put it on his own back." Making all allowance for Keating's indignation, which probably leads him to exaggerate in all the particulars of this complaint, as he apparently does in the account of the poll-tax, we cannot wonder that a century and a half of such treatment should have left the Irish of the eleventh century but ill-prepared for any of the higher pursuits of freedom and intelligence. Nevertheless they retained considerable skill in the constructive arts, especially in masonry, and were excellent artists in all kinds of smiths' work. No more admirable specimens of workmanship in the precious metals can be found in any museum of national antiquities than this very period has supplied to the collection of the Royal Irish Academy. The archiepiscopal crosier of the first archbishop of Tuam, commonly known as the Cross of Cong, is an undoubted specimen of what the Irish goldsmiths and enamellers of the early part of the twelfth century could do in work of this kind. The case in the same museum, which contains the Academy's collection of ancient Irish brooches, rings, and jewellery, is quite matchless among all the similar collections in Europe, for the delicacy as well as the peculiar fashion of the workmanship. When we contrast these elegant

remains with the clumsy and barbaric relics of Saxon and Frankish times, preserved elsewhere, we are astonished that a people possessing that pre-eminent skill in works of this description, should have been so much inferior to the neighbouring nations in the more advanced processes of manufacture, in commercial enterprise, and in social polity. They were good carpenters, harness-makers, and cordwainers. They made excellent linens and woollens ; they had the art of dyeing and cloth-working ; could, in fine, produce everything necessary for their consumption except wines, and these they imported from France, in exchange chiefly for raw hides. It was a rude and infant state of society ; but still very far from the barbarism alleged by Girald. We shall at once proceed to give the whole of that passage of the Topography, in which he treats of this branch of the subject—a passage much more offensive to the just pretensions of the Irish of the twelfth century than any of those directed against their faith or morals :—"I have deemed it not improper here to make some observations touching the physical as well as moral characteristics of this people. The Irish, then, at their birth, are not nursed with the same care as elsewhere ; for almost all is left to nature, if we except the mere supply of necessary aliment, by the untender parents. They use no cradles, nor swaddling-clothes ; nor do they make that frequent use of the bath necessary for forming or smoothing the tender limbs of their infants. For their midwives neither rinse the nostrils of their new-born infants in warm water, nor press their faces (into shape), nor pull their limbs : but nature alone, without any help of art, at her own will and pleasure, arranges and regulates her own handiwork. And so, proving what she can do if left to herself, she ceases not to preside over the formation both of feature and limb, until she ends by producing her full-grown progeny in perfect strength, most handsome and tall in person, and of very ruddy and comely countenances. But although they enjoy those gifts of nature to the full, their barbarous culture of their beards, and clothing, and of their very minds, keeps them still savages. For they make but little use of woollens, and those mostly black (such being

the colour of their sheep), and barbarously fashioned. For their usual wear is a short, tight-fitting cloak, hanging over their back and shoulders to the elbow, with various sorts of colours, in pieces, for the most part sewed on; and under which they wear linen kilts instead of tunics, or legginged breeches, or breeches-fashioned leggings, and these generally dyed of some colour. Also, in riding they use no saddles, neither boots nor spurs; but a riding-rod only for the hand, with a curved head, with which they excite and encourage their horses. The reins they use serve the purpose both of rein and bit in one, offering no impediment to the feeding of their horses, which are always accustomed to grass. Moreover, they go into battle naked, and without any kind of defensive armour, which they consider only a burthen, and esteem it honourable and valiant to fight without it.

“Their offensive weapons are of three sorts: short lances and a couple of javelins, which they use after the manner of the Basques; also broad battle-axes, very well steeled, which they purchase from the Norwegians and Easterlings. They use one hand only, not both, in striking with the battle-axe, directing their blow with the thumb, applied lengthwise along the shaft; and neither helmet rising from the neck, nor the linked and iron closeness of the shirt of mail, saves head or body from such a stroke. Even in our own times, a soldier's thigh, although protected on both sides with armour of iron, was cut through by a single battle-axe stroke: the leg and thigh fell on one side of the horse, the dead body on the other. And, when other weapons fail them, there is no nation in the earth will make so prompt and destructive a use of hand-stones in battle.

“It is an inhospitable people—a people subsisting on, and by beasts alone, and like beasts; a people that have never advanced beyond the manner of living in a pastoral state. For while the general progress of human society is from the woods to tillage, and from tillage to towns, and civic communities, this people, despising the labours of agriculture—little regardful of civic wealth, and quite regardless of civic laws—have neither learned to unlearn, nor to advance out of, that life which

they have hitherto pursued among their woods and pasturages. For they live wholly by the land—in pasture (mostly), in tillage but a little, in sown crops very sparingly. For, from the neglect of cultivation, there are but few tilled lands, though most of the soil is, by nature, most fertile and productive. The entire of the soil remains in reluctant idleness; husbandmen are wanting for the best fields, and the land asks for hands to labour it in vain.

“Of fruit-bearing trees, there are but few sorts, and this not by reason of any unkindness of nature, but from the want of industry of the cultivator. For the lazy cultivator never attempts the production of exotic plants, although the soil would yield them excellently well. Four species, however, of trees, indigenous to Britain, are here wanting: the chesnut, the beech, the (aralus?), and the box, yielding not fruit but materials for cups, shafts, and handles. But, beyond all other countries that we have ever visited, the yew-tree, with its bitter sap, here most abounds; and you shall see great abundance of those trees in cemeteries and sacred places, contributing such ornament as they may, where they have been planted by the hands of holy men in the old time. The woods of Ireland also abound in the pine, mother of incense. Moreover, the various sorts of metals with which the inner veins of the soil abound, by reason of the same vice of laziness, are neither brought to light nor use. Gold, also (quo et abundare quærunt? and which they still thirst for like Spaniards), is brought to them by merchants, who ransack sea and land. Further, they do not promote their livelihood by linen or woollen manufacture, or any sort of merchandising or use of the mechanical arts. But wholly given to sloth, wholly abandoned to idleness, they count the highest happiness to consist in having nothing to do, and the greatest riches to possess freedom. This, then, is a barbarous people; and truly barbarous, for it is so not only in the barbarous fashion of its dress, but also in the wild luxuriance of hair and beard, most barbarous according to our modern novelties of fashion—and even their manners smack of barbarism. For since manners are formed by intercourse (and they, in those ex-

tremities of the earth, as if in another world, are so far removed and separated from cultivated and civilised communities), they only know and practise that barbarism in which they have been born and bred, and it they embrace as a second nature. So far, then, as they derive aught from nature, that is of the best; so far as from aught pertaining to industry, that is of the worst.”—*Top. Hib. Dict.*, ii. ex.

The Irish cloak was long a subject of keen attack and defence. The poet Spenser thought he had discovered a compendious method of civilising the Irish of Munster, by simply prohibiting the use of it. Spenser's method was put into actual operation by Cromwell. Lynch has given a pitiable, but ludicrous account of the appearance his poor townswomen of Galway made after their dismantlement. “One Hurd,” says he, “the son of a carpenter, as I have heard, lieutenant-colonel of the garrison, in the absence of Peter Stubbs, his colonel, commanded here in Galway. He, seized with some spirit of devilment, issued his edict that no one should wear a cloak. It was not enough that the Irish should be stripped of their ancient faith and possessions, but they must be denuded of their old costume as well. Presently you might see numbers of females clad in the great coats of men, in most unseemly wise; staid mothers of families, who had lost all their household goods through the rapacity of the soldiery, forced to exhibit themselves in public, all patched and threadbare in their under-clothing, or carrying, thrown over their shoulders, a table-cloth, a breadth of tapestry taken down from the wall, or a curtain stripped from their bed-tester; others covering their arms only with readers' satchels or book covers, table-napkins, or other such old ragged substitutes; so that you would have sworn Galway was a kind of theatre for stage-players and masqueraders, such a variety of costumes did it expose to the laughter of the beholders.”—*Camb. Evers.*, 21.

The cloak, however, which so strangely excited the disapproval of Spenser, and of Lieutenant-Colonel Hurd, was a flowing, long, and ample garment, apparently very different from the little cape described by

Girald. Lynch has given us a full account of the Irish mantle of his period. The collar was furnished with several rows of fringes, which fell as far as the shoulders in thrums and tassels, with a single row of fringe down the front. There were no arm-holes. The fringes were sometimes of silk, and sometimes of the thread of the cloth left unwoven; and the wearer could wrap them round the neck, or throw them over the head in rain. The *chlamys*, mentioned by Girald, was probably cut to the short proportions he describes, to suit some temporary fashion. We do not see any example of that kind of short cloak on early Irish monuments: but it is remarkable, that a male figure on one of the sculptured stones, probably of the twelfth or thirteenth century, in the north of Scotland, (at Essie, in Forfarshire), is represented in just such a short mantle, coming to the elbow, and wearing the bonnet and trews. The trews, no doubt, was the garment described by Girald as semi-leggings, semi-breeches. There is now in the possession of Mr. Walker, Q.C., of this city, a complete suit, consisting of cloak, coat, and trews, taken from the remains of a man found under several feet of bog in the North of Ireland. The costume much resembles that of the sculptured figure above-mentioned, only the cloak is somewhat longer. The coat is a well-fitting but collarless frock, buttoning down the front; and the trews strongly resemble a shepherd's-plaid trowsers of the present day, only that they are made tight to the limbs. What would surprise a sculptor or painter, however, is, that instead of being gathered in at the ankle, like the Parthian or Dacian braccæ, these Celtic pantaloons appear to have been strapped down by prolongations, buttoning or fastening in some other way under the foot; but whether within or without the brogue would now be impossible to say. The costume, no doubt, would appear barbarous enough to one habituated to the sumptuous array of the courts of Paris and London; but if we compare the Anglo-Norman citizen or courtier of that period, as we find them in any of our books of costume, with the frock-coated and trowsered man of modern civilisation, we shall find that the latter bears a closer resemblance to the Irish

barbarian, than to the refined and scornful cotemporaries of Girald. Just in the same way, the Anglo-Norman management of infants is now accounted the barbarous, and the Irish the civilised method. If all the rest of his censures were as easily displaced as these, the passage we have cited would be easily dealt with; but while a vein of exaggeration and ill-disguised hostility plainly runs through all his charges of idleness and inattention to the civilising arts of life, old and recent experience, and the testimony both of books and observation, compel us to admit that his remarks, as they would not be wholly inapposite at present, were probably but too well justified by the fact, at the time he wrote. Still we do not see that the bulk of our people are at all better provided for in any of the daily wants of life, by having abandoned their pastoral habits either for tillage, or for the struggle for existence in our towns. Barbarism is, unhappily, capable of being a denizen of the cellar as well as of the cabin. Ignorance and debasement can exist in presence of the best polished and oiled machinery, as well as under the greenwood tree. Progress is not always advancement; nor has any thing yet occurred in the condition of the Irish peasant to give him reason to appreciate the blessings of a civilisation which found him a ruddy idler, and has left him a pallid suppliant for work—which found him a man remarkable for strength, stature, and comeliness, and has left him, in many districts, stunted in figure and degraded in countenance; which addressed him with hostile contempt in the twelfth century, and continues to address him with patronising disdain in the nineteenth; which is never tired of probing his sores, counting his rags, viewing him through its lenses, and promising that he shall be made a comfortable ploughman by economic process; but whose magnifiers have hitherto discovered nothing but blemishes, and whose economic processes all end at the door of the workhouse, or the gate of the grave-yard.

Civilisation, however, the Irish had in calligraphy and in music; and with all his indisposition to admit anything to their credit, Girald's love of learning and harmony has compelled him to

do their excellence in both full justice. Their skill in decorative manuscript work had long been celebrated in all the chief religious houses and libraries of the Continent. Mr. Westwood, at the present day, could not more enthusiastically express his admiration of the illuminated tracery of the Book of Kells, than Girald has done of the writing of the Book of Kildare. "Amongst the marvels of Kildare, nothing that I saw seemed more wonderful than that admirable book, written, as they say, in the time of the Virgin (Brigid) at the dictation of an angel. This book contains the four gospels according to the Concordance of Jerome; wherein there are almost as many figures of various sorts, and done in various colours, as there are pages. Here you behold the countenance of the divinely-imaged majesty; there the mystic symbols of the evangelists, here with six, now with four, anon with two wings. Here the eagle, there the bull; here the man, there the lion; with other figures, well nigh infinite; which if you look at superficially, and with a cursory glance, it seems rather some kind of arbitrary hatching than a systematic decoration; nor will you notice any of the subtilty of it, though it is, in truth, all subtilty. But should you be induced to direct your eyes more keenly and closely to it, and to penetrate into the arcana of the art, you will see interweavings of ornament so delicate and so subtle, so fine and so close, with such concatenations and tyeings, and all so brilliant with colours still seemingly quite fresh, that really you would think it was angelical rather than human diligence that had executed it. Indeed, the oftener and more narrowly I inspect it, the more I am still struck with admiration at something new, and always find something to gaze on with more and more delight."—*Dist. ii., c. xxxviii.*

This is the candid writing of a cultivated scholar; what follows will be equally recognised as the sincere expression of the feelings of an accomplished musician:—

"I find that this people shew a commendable diligence only in instrumental music, in which they are accomplished incomparably above all other nations that I am acquainted with. For in their instruments, not as in the British harps to which we have been accustomed, there is no tardy or hesitating modulation; but, on the contrary, a rapid and headlong,

yet sweet and delicious loudness. Wondrous it is, how in that precipitation and rapacity of the performer's fingers, musical proportion is observed; and how the rules of art remaining throughout unimpaired, the melody, amid those crisp modulations and multiform intricacies of notes, with such a sweet velocity, with such a discrepant unity, with such a dissonant consonance, is preserved and completed, whether the chords resound the diatesseron or the diapante. But they always begin from *B mol.* and return to the same, so as to embrace all within its sweet and joyous compass. With such delicacy do they introduce and conclude their modulations, and so daringly, under the deep tones of the thicker harp-string, do the tinklings of the finer notes disport themselves, so broadly do they diffuse their titillations, and with so sweet a wantonness do they delight us, that the best part of the art seems to lie in concealing it—

“*Si lateat, prosit; ferat ars deprensa pudorem.*”

“Hence it is that these performances, which we appreciate by subtle investigation, and the keen discernment of what is recondite in art, yield us those ineffable inward pleasures of the soul; but the same notes, to those who do not bend their minds to their understanding, who seeing, see not, and hearing, hear not, rather load than delight the ear, and beget in the hearer tedium and weariness, by what seems a confused and incondite crowd of noises. Note here, that Scotland and Wales, the former by reason of her derivation, the latter from intercourse and affinity, seek with emulous endeavours to imitate Ireland in music. The Irish use and delight in but two instruments, the harp and viol; the Scotch in the harp, viol, and bagpipe; the Welsh in the harp, pipes, and bagpipe. The Irish also use brass wire for their harps in preference to those of gut. But in the opinion of many, Scotland at this day not only equals but far surpasses and excels her mistress, Ireland, in musical accomplishment.”—*Top. Dist.* iii., c. xi.

None but a cultivated and enthusiastic musician could have written this passage, and the general disquisition on music which follows it. There is much elegance, and a *curiosa felicitas* of diction in these passages, which the translation can hardly catch. Girald's love of the art has led him to celebrate not only the musical performances of the Irish, but those also of the Welsh, and the Northumbrians. As each reflects illustration on the other, we proceed with his account of the Welsh practice of glee-singing:—

“In their musical performance they do not, as elsewhere, chant their strains in a single part, but in many, and with a variety of combinations and harmonies; so that in a

crowd of singers, as with this people is customary, you hear as many distinct strains and voices as you see heads, all agreeing in one consonance and organ-like melody, under the bland sweetness of the note *B mol.* Also, in the northern parts of Great Britain, beyond the Humber and the borders of York, the English who inhabit that region affect the like sort of symphonised harmony in their singing, with two tonal differences, however, only, and two vocal parts—the one in an undertone murmuring below, and the other at once soothing and delighting the ear above. Nor is this any effort of art; but either people seems, by long use and practice, as it were by constant habit becoming a second nature, to have acquired these special methods. And—what is very surprising—their children, and even the very infants, when they first begin to sing, observe the same sorts of modulation. But, inasmuch as all the English do not practise this kind of vocal harmony, but only those of the northern parts, I apprehend they must have contracted that peculiar method of singing, as they have also the idiom of their language, from the Danes and Norwegians, who used to frequent, and for a long time occupied, those parts of the island.”—*Cambr. Disc.* c. xiii.

The description of Wales, from which we draw this second note on mediæval music, furnishes many characteristics of that family of the Celtic race, and of their manners and customs, which would, we dare say, apply perfectly to their Irish cousins. It is in the particulars of the daily life and conversation of the people that Girald's “*Topography of Ireland*” most disappoints us. It could hardly be expected, indeed, that he should have acquired any intimate knowledge of the domestic life or social habits of a people amongst whom an Anglo or Cambro-Norman could hardly, at that time, have ventured with safety. Whatever he knew of the mere Irishman, he probably learned from the accounts of his English associates. It is only on this supposition we can account for his extraordinary charge against them of inhospitality. Their mode of living was probably very similar in all its details to that of the Welsh. Perhaps the Irish possessed larger and more permanent dwellings, and were somewhat richer in furniture and decoration, as being a mixed and as a primitive people. But we may, with tolerable safety, take the daily routine of a Welshman's household at the same period as a fair specimen of the way in which the Irish of Girald's

time spent their lives, when not engaged in warfare. We shall find it a most pleasing picture of primitive manners:—

“Amongst this people is no such thing as a beggar, for every man's house is common to all; for they esteem liberality and an abundant table for their guests as the first of virtues. Hospitality is so much the rule, that it is neither asked for by, nor offered to, travellers. Only, on entering the house, they hand their arms to the doorkeeper, and on water being offered them, if they suffer their feet to be bathed, they are guests, that offering of the foot-bath being among them the equivalent of an invitation to remain. But if the persons arriving decline that proffered attention, it signifies that they desire to pay a morning visit, and do not seek lodging. But they who come to spend a morning are entertained by the conversation of young females, and tunes of the harp, till evening; for every house here has young women and harps prepared for that purpose. Wherein note two things remarkable—that as no people are more the victims of jealousy than the Irish, so none are less so than the Welsh. But every man's family and household pride themselves on their skill in the harp, beyond any other kind of learning. Now, in the evening, when the concourse of visitors arriving has ceased, supper is prepared, according to the number and the dignity of the guests, and according to the extent and ability of the household; but without any array of delicate dishes or stimulants of the palate, and also without tables, cloths, or napkins. They study simplicity much more than show; and so, at supper, sitting in parties of three, and not two and two as elsewhere, they produce all their dishes together, on broad mats and trusses of fresh-platted rushes. And instead of plates, they use thin and broad cakes of bread, which they bake daily, such as we read of in old documents under the name of *Lagana*. Even such a plate did the princely youth from whom they boast themselves to be descended, and whose manners, in this respect, they still retain, once make use of, as witness the poet—

“*‘Heu menses consumpsimus inquit Iulus.’*”

“During the entertainment the whole family wait on the guests, and the host and hostess remain standing to observe that all are attended to, nor do they ever partake of the fare till all are satisfied, that if by chance there should be any scarcity, the want may fall on themselves. When at length the hour of retiring to rest arrives, a common bed is strewn with rushes along either wall of the house, and on this, covered with a hard and rough counterpane of the stuff they call *bryean*, they (the guests?) lie down together without undressing, a cloak and a tunic being at all times their only defence

from the cold. But the fire is kept burning at their feet all night as during the day.”—*Camb. Disc.*, c. x.

We dare say this is very much the ancient life of the Gauls, and of all the Celtic nations. What foundation Girald may have had for his remark implying the unwillingness of the Irish to allow the females of their families the same liberty of conversing with strangers as here described, we are unable to surmise. There may have been somewhat more of reserve, but certainly there was nothing of seclusion or moroseness. The differences in costume were probably the same as formerly distinguished *Gallia comata* and *braccata* from *Gallia togata*. The Irishman's hair hung on his shoulders; the Welshman's was clipped round to the ears and eyebrows; the Welsh matrons also clipped their hair, and wore the veil, arranged in a kind of turban. Girald remarks their extraordinary care of their teeth, which they polished to an ivory whiteness, with a dentifrice of green sorrel. We miss these personal and domestic particulars of the Irish when we seek for similar passages in the “Topography.” Here our author is wholly occupied in making out excuses for the invasion. The Irishman's battle-axe seems to him as great an abomination as the Irish cloak to Edmund Spenser, or to “pro-tribunus” Herod. The name *securis* (an axe) argues every form of insecurity to life and limb that a paralogism can suggest. “Of antique as of antic custom, they ever carry their axes in their hands, as it were walking-staves, the better to effect their evil affections. It is not as a sword, which a man must unsheath; nor as a bow, which he must bend; nor as a lance, which he must couch: the axe has only to strike and it slays. So you may say that death is at all times in these people's hands; for from their *securis* there is no security. When you think yourself secure, you are secure of a blow of the *securis*. Catch the *securis*, and you lose your security,” &c., &c. He then proceeds to give a revolting account of horrible bestialities practised at the coronation of the O'Donnell, where, among other proceedings, the king elect gets into a butt of broth, made from the carcase of a white mare, and distributes the viands of this unholy cauldron to his

subjects. After this monstrous tale, for which modern inquiry can discover no foundation, but which was probably told him by some vicious humorist, he makes some statements respecting the backwardness of religious instruction, which carry with them a considerable show of probability: as that there were some districts in the south and west where people were to be found who had never been baptized, and that certain islanders had been discovered on the western coast clad in skins, and who had never heard the name of Christ. Excepting the barbarism of costume, the same might be stated, at the present day, of considerable numbers of the inhabitants of the mining and manufacturing districts of England; but we would hardly think a Russian invasion justified by the reports, on labour and the poor, of the *Morning Chronicle*. Moreover, amongst their other enormities, the women as well as the men rode astride on horseback. But possibly the passage is an interpretation; for if we are to credit Camden, that was the mode of riding practised generally by Englishwomen till the time of Richard the Second. Yet this also must have been among the commonalty only, in both countries; for there remain in both abundant evidences, as well in sculpture as in other monuments, that ladies of condition then usually rode as they do now.

Girald notices the great number of deformed and blind among the population, ascribing these defects to nature's abhorrence of the frequent uncanonical marriages, which he stigmatizes as incests; and takes the opportunity to reiterate the epithets of "adulterous race," "incestuous race," "race of bastards," "lawless race," "hating and hateful race," "filthy race," and such other compliments of conquest as the occasion offers. Probably the horrors of war had contributed to the deformities of that generation, in the same way as in the first French revolution.

He afterwards relates the history and fate of Turgesius, and the coming of the Ostmen. We apprehend this latter piece of history is the only distinct authority we possess on the subject. Girald represents them as peaceable traders, coming from Norway and the northern isles, although called Easterlings. Hamil, Sitric, and

Ivor, were their leaders: the first name sounds of the Orcades, the others of Scandinavia. To these the Irish owed any commerce possessed by their seaports and walled towns of Dublin, Limerick, and Waterford. The native population preferred the woods and brakes, where they had room for their herds and huntings. Since they preferred that mode of life, it is hard to see that any one had a right to object. But it appears a law of progress that, during certain periods, at least of national aggregation, the tilling, trading, commercial communities are impelled to push out the pastoral ones, instinctively and necessarily. That the Irish could have escaped their evil day, sooner or later, except by an entire change of their social and military system, was not to be expected. But the evils have been tremendous; and although nearly seven hundred years have elapsed—a period of time almost as long as the Roman Empire took to become mistress of the world—the wounds are many of them still recent, and scarce a day passes without a repetition of some of the worst and most offensive indignities of conquest.

The other historical narratives of the "Topography" are taken, most part, out of Nennius. But in Girald's recently-published treatise, *de Instructione Principis*, he has given some further particulars touching the Picts and their descent from the Agathyosi, which we do not find in any other historian; and as he must have taken this also from some work then regarded as an authority, it will probably gratify our antiquarian readers to have so much by way of addition to their historical and ethnographical materials:

"But since the Picti and Scoti have been here mentioned, I have thought it relevant to explain who these nations were, and whence and why they were brought into Britannia, as I have gathered it from divers histories.

"Histories relate that the Picti, whom Virgil also calls Agatirsi, had their dwellings near the Scitic marshes; and Servius, commenting upon Virgil, and expounding that place, 'Picti Agatirsi,' says:—'We call the same people Picti whom we call Agatirsi, and they are called Picti as being stigmatised, since they are wont to be stigmatised and cauterised for the abundance of phlegm, and these people are the same as the Gothic. Since, then, the continual punctures superinduce scars, their bodies become, as it were,

painted, and they are called Picti, from these cauteries overgrown with scars.'

"So when that tyrant Maximus went over from Britannia to Francia, with all the men, and forces, and arms of the island, to assume the empire, Gratian and Valentinian, brothers and partners in the empire, transported this Gothic nation, brave and strong in war, either allied or subject to themselves, and (won) by imperial benefits, from the boundaries of Scitia to the northern parts of Britannia, to infest the Britons and call home the tyrant with all the youth of the island, which he had taken away never destined to return.

"But they, being strong in the warlike valour natural to Goths, nevertheless finding the island stripped (as I have said) of men and forces, occupied no small part of its northern provinces, never meaning to revisit their own country, and of pirates becoming settlers.

"In process of time (having married wives from the neighbouring Hybernia, since they could have none from the Britons) they took into alliance the Hybernian nation, also called Scotian, and gave them the maritime part of the land they occupied, and the nearest to their own country, where the sea is narrow, which is called Galweidia, where they afterwards became unanimous in infesting the Britons, and advancing their own frontiers. And it is of them that Gildas, in his 'Treatise de Excidio Britonum,' says:—'Then Britannia, destitute of armed soldiers, and deprived of the vigorous young men of the country, who, having followed the above-mentioned tyrant, never returned home, being now entirely ignorant of the use of war, began first to be oppressed and trampled by two very fierce nations, the Picti from the north, and the Scoti from the north-west, &c., &c. And now I will briefly relate how the mighty nation of Picti, after so many victories, has come to nothing.

"When the Saxons had occupied the island, as I have said, and concluded a stable peace with the Picti, the Scoti (who had been joined to the Picti and invited by them to inhabit their country), seeing that the Picti (although now fewer, because of the affinity of Hybernia) were yet much their superiors in arms and courage, had recourse to their wonted and, as it were, innate treacheries* in which they surpass other nations. They invited all the magnates of the Picti to a banquet, and when an excess and profusion of meat and drink had been taken, and they perceived their opportunity, they removed the pegs which supported the planks, whereby they all fell, by a wonderful stratagem, up to their hams into the hollow of the benches whereon they were sitting, so that they could by no means rise; and then straightway they slaughtered them all, taken by surprise, and fearing no such treatment from their kinsfolk and confederates, whom they had joined

in fealty to their own enfeoffment, and who were their allies in war. In this manner the more warlike and powerful of the two nations entirely disappeared; but the other, in all respects far inferior, having gained the advantage in a moment by so great a treachery, obtained even unto this day the whole of that country, from sea to sea, which, after their own name, they called Scotia."—*De Instr. Princip. Disto. Citanta. Alg. Herbert in Notes to Irish Nennius, p. cxii.*

The slaughter of the Picts seems an edition of the stock story of the slaughter of the Britons by Hengist; but however little value it may possess as a record of fact, it may be fairly used to shew that the story of the destruction of the Picts by the Scoti, was considered, in Girald's time, as applicable only to their chiefs and magnates, and will so far lend countenance to the argument of Mr. Skene for the permanency of the Pictish blood among the clans of Scotland. We had a sharp controversy with Mr. Skene, on this subject, many years ago, in which we assumed that there had been a total extirpation of the Pictish people. Time and new evidences incline us to regard the views of Mr. Skene with less repugnance. Among so much that is necessarily inferential, there is doubtless an abundance of error, and even of extravagance; but the broad conclusion, that the Highlanders of Scotland derive a share of their characteristics, physical and national, from the Pictish race, seems to be true, and we willingly offer it the confirmation of this testimony of Girald, *valeat quantum*.

Mr. Herbert, among other singular opinions, maintains that the Pictish practice of tattooing prevailed both among the Britons and Scots, and down, moreover, to a comparatively recent epoch. The Irish Gael derive themselves from Gaidheol glas, the green; the captain of the Nemedians was Simon Bric, the speckled. Nemedius himself was father of Fergus Leath-dearg, the half-red, or red-sided. A Danannan chief, son of the Daghdha, was Fraoch the green, and another early Irish King, Lugaid Riabh-dearg, or Red-Streak. The first man who cleared Tara Hill of wood, say the verses ascribed to St. Fintain, was Liath the blue, son of Laigen Leathan-glass, or Laigen Broad-Stain. Such

* The word in the original is *prælictionibus*, probably by mistake for *proditionibus*.

are a few of the Hiberno-Scotic names arguing the practice, enumerated by Mr. Herbert. Among the Picts, one of the earliest names we meet with is that of Silver-hip, (if *Argento-coxus* be not a Latin equivalent of the sound only of the barbarian name), who fought against Severus at the head of the painted Caledonians described by Dion Cassius. Britan, progenitor of the British, is so-called from Brith, the equivalent of the title of Simon Bric the *speckled*. Finally (to omit a great number of examples, some opposite, others questionable, but all curious, adduced by Mr. Herbert), the canon of the British Synod of Calcuth, A.D. 785, decrees thus:—"The Pagans, by the instigation of the devil, introduced most unseemly scars, agreeable to what Prudentius says in his *Enchiridion*.

'Tinxit et innoceum maculis sordentibus Adam.'

"Verily, if any one were, for God's sake, to undergo this blemish of staining, he would therefore receive great reward; but whoever does it from the superstition of the Gentiles, it does not avail him to salvation." In fact, Mr. Herbert suggests, that at one period, and that not far removed from the Christian era, all the inhabitants of the British Islands were alike tattooed and painted savages.

Girald winds up his performance with a recapitulation of the titles and achievements of his sovereign, King Henry the II., and an adulatory apostrophe to the princes John and Richard. When the reading of the piece was finished, Walter Mapes, Archdeacon of Oxford, one of the most eminent scholars and wits of the University, made his acknowledgments to the author, declaring that if he could compose, in three years, as much admirable matter as they had heard from him during his three days' prelections he would esteem himself fortunate and happy.

Immediately after the readings at Oxford, we find Girald engaging, with his characteristic energy, in preaching the Crusade. Those who recognise moral as well as physical epidemics among mankind, may find ample confirmation of their views in the frenzy of religious zeal which attended the progress of the Archdeacon. Girald has given a graphic account of the effect of his oratory, even where

the audience did not understand a word he said, in spreading the contagion. He had gone with Archbishop Baldwin to Haverford West, where an acquaintance of his, Sir Philip Mangonell, had dissuaded him from the attempt, assuring him that no man in that district would leave his friends and country for any persuasion either of his or of the Archbishop's. Now Girald preached the sermon, and divided his discourse into three heads. At the first, two or three only came forward. The Archbishop then gave his portable cross into the hands of the preacher. Girald redoubled his efforts. Several others advanced. Then the preacher, throwing all his powers of persuasion and command into the concluding head, the whole multitude became agitated with a general impulse, and pressed forward in such numbers to enroll themselves, that Girald had frequently to pause. During these pauses, he noticed Sir Philip Mangonell weeping profusely, and as soon as the discourse was finished, he had the satisfaction to admit him and six other knights to the Crusade, by signing them with the sign of the cross. "And this was especially wondered at by many, that, although the Archdeacon spoke only French and Latin (then, as now, the clergy of Wales disdained to know their own language), the vulgar, who knew neither language, as well as the others, listened to his discourse with tears, and to the number of over two hundred received the sign of the cross." The Archbishop declared he had never seen so many tears shed before. A Knight Hospitaller, sitting by, exclaimed, "Verily, this day the Holy Ghost hath spoken manifestly by thy mouth;" and King John of Ireland, then Earl of Moreton, and who had just obtained the county of Pembroke from his father, the next time he saw Girald, angrily accused him of having left his (John's) patrimony defenceless against the Welsh, and charged him that he had done so not for the relief of Jerusalem, but that he might regain Pembroke again for his own Welsh father and mother, by spiriting away the loyal population. To which Girald replied, that his intentions in the matter were known to God, the searcher of hearts, only. At St. David's they had less success. In the early part of the discourse, all

wept; many took the cross; but towards the close, great numbers repented, "*Lachrymâ nihil citius arescit.*" Next day, however, at Kenmeis, they made a great crowd of converts from among the subjects of Rice ap Griffith. Rice's jester, one Jack Spang, declared that his master might be thankful the Archdeacon could speak no Welsh, "for if he could but preach to them in their own tongue, there was not a man in his pay but would take service with Christ;" an irreverent speech, but one that might be studied with profit by those who have the spiritual charge of Wales at the present day. There were not wanting miraculous testimonies in favour of the popular frenzy. A woman of Abertheiny seeing her husband preparing to rush forward to be enrolled with the others, seized him by the cloak and girdle, and held him back. Three nights after she had a vision—"Thou hast taken from me my servant: I shall take from thee that which thou lovest more;" and as she turned in bed, often relating the dream to her husband, she overlaid her infant child and smothered it. The husband next day took the cross, &c. &c.

All was now settled for a crusade. Girald was to be the historiographer of the expedition, one Joseph, a nephew of Archbishop Baldwin, its bard and poetic chronicler. But the death of King Henry suddenly put an end to the design. Girald obtained his dispensation from the legate, and refusing, in succession, the two bishoprics of Bangor and Landaff—for he had set his heart on his native diocese—betook himself to a life of retirement and study. As a preparation for this course of discipline, he repaired to a spot called *Locheis*, near the Wye, where a hermit named *Wecheleu* (*Anglice Wyckliffe?*), lived in a little cell in the woods. *Wecheleu* could speak a broken Latin, but the infinitive served him for every form of the verb. "*Ego,*" he would say, "*ire Hierosolymam et visitare sepulchrum Domini mei: et quando redire ego ponere me in hoc carcere pro amore Domini mei qui mori pro me: et multum ego dolere quod non posse intelligere Latinum.*" Nevertheless *Wecheleu* was a man in whose conversation Girald took extreme delight, especially in his broken accounts of his spiritual experiences, his visions, revelations, and

meditative consolations. The conversation of *Wecheleu*, instead of reconciling Girald to his present measure of knowledge, inflamed his thirst for further learning; and he would have returned again to Paris to renew his studies; but the breaking out of the war anew prevented him, and he betook himself instead to Lincoln. Here, while immersed in his books, comes the news that Peter of St. David's is at last gone to his account, and the chair, to which he had so long aspired, again open for his acceptance. The chapter present three names to Hubert Archbishop of Canterbury: Peter of Whitby, *dignus*; Walter of St. Dogmael, *dignior*; Girald of Brecknock, *dignissimus*—three native-born Welshmen—and, by way of not seeming to make invidious distinctions, they added also Reginald Foliot, an Englishman, but of no fitness. But Archbishop Hubert said no. The King would have no Welshman a bishop in Wales—least of all would he suffer a kinsman of the Welsh princes to be bishop there. Moreover, Hubert had his own private quarrel with Girald, who had exercised his spiritual jurisdiction against a certain client of his, and had offended him by complaints of the cruelty with which, as chief justiciary, he had lately used his own temporal sword against the Welsh. Walter of St. Dogmael, and Peter of Whitby, shared the same fate. They were men of genius, and Welshmen. But Hubert offered them one Alexander, a Cistercian, and Geoffrey of Llanthony, both loyal Englishmen, if they would. But they wouldn't; and so the case went before the King, then in Normandy. We need not detail the series of writs, "*quod mittatis,*" and "*quod transfretare parati estis.*" We shall probably soon enough ourselves experience the same inconveniences of litigating beyond seas. The cause never came to a hearing; the chapter were too poor to go or send, or affected to be so. Interest was in the meantime made with the King, who gave the fairest promises to his mother, Queen Eleanor, and his step-mother, Queen Berengaria, and even wrote home to the justiciary not to impede the election of the archdeacon. But returning soon after to be crowned at London, John quite changed his mind, and gave the archdeacon so cold a reception at court, that the latter retired in dis-

gust to St. David's. Here the people of every degree very warmly took up his quarrel; and the canons proceeded to a formal election, in which he obtained the unanimous vote of the diocese. The canons, at the same time, called upon him to maintain his rights, if necessary, by an appeal to Rome—and to Rome, accordingly, we have now to accompany him. We cannot dwell on the adventures of the journey. To avoid the theatre of war, he had to travel through the Ardennes, which he did at no little risk, and not without great fatigue. Arrived at Rome, he presented himself before Pope Innocent the Third. "Let others bring your Holiness *libras* (pounds)," said he: "let me bring you *libros* (books);" and presented copies of six works which he had already found time, in the midst of his various occupations, to compile. They included the "Topography and Conquest of Ireland," the "Itinerary" and probably the "Description of Wales," and the "Gemma Sacerdotum," all which, but the last in particular, the Pope received very graciously.

So far all was well, and fortune immediately after offered our appellent another favour. A friendly clerk getting into company with Archbishop Hubert's messenger, and finding that he was the bearer of letters hostile to Girald, took an opportunity to steal the missives, and brought them to the Archdeacon. Girald made no scruple to break the seal of one of them, and finding it full of the most hostile matter, had nearly made up his mind to give the price demanded by the thief, and commit them all to the flames; but Cardinal John Albani, whom he took into his confidence in the matter, would not suffer him to prejudice his case by an act so dishonourable, and the letters were suffered to reach their destination. The letters read and replied to, the pleadings began; but we should sooner pass in review all the tourists who have ever written their travels in Ireland, than relate one-half of the great suit in the Roman Consistory, which forms the subject of Girald's treatise *de jure et statu Menevensis ecclesiæ*. One collateral issue, however, we may shortly report. Girald, when dealing about his excommunications in the diocese of St David's, had levelled his thunder against a certain friar called Golwyn, whom he found strolling through that country and dis-

posing of false relics. Girald's dean and beadles had emptied his relic-box, and had summarily seized his horse, on which he rode his rounds. The archdeacon was not a little astonished to encounter this Golwyn and a formidable body of witnesses at the threshold of the Apostles. Hubert of Canterbury had sent him over to look after his horse, in the chamberlain's court at Rome. Here he impeached the archdeacon, and actually insisted that the horse on which Girald rode every afternoon in the *Via Laterana* was his identical horse. Now, Girald's was a tall, well-paced, and very handsome horse, whereas Friar Golwyn's was a sorry nag. But this only gave Golwyn the greater advantage, as he had witnesses *ad libitum* ready to swear that the archdeacon's steed and his own lost horse were one and the same. Girald's vexation was extreme; and he set all the faculties of his mind to devise a defence. Accordingly, when the cause was called on for trial, one of the archdeacon's friends, instructed for the purpose, stepped forward and said, "I am astonished that this strolling impostor should have the impudence to say that the archdeacon's horse is his. His was a poor little sorry gelding; the archdeacon's is a fine tall horse, that has never been mutilated." Golwyn, ready to swear anything, immediately sprang forward, and protested, so help him all the saints, that his horse, of which he had been robbed, as aforesaid, was no gelding at all, but just such as Master Girald's witnesses had described, and as the reverend judge would find him to be if he would take the trouble to examine. Thereupon, the allegation, being taken down, and the issue set forth on the record, tryers were sworn in, "*ad inspiciendum*," and the parties proceeded to the archdeacon's stables. The tryers returning to the chamberlain, gave in their finding, in the midst of a burst of laughter, nearly to the effect that the archdeacon's horse was a mare:—"Domine, fecimus quod jussistis, et nihil ibi tale invenimus; sed nec monachus ipse nobiscum veniens quanquam propinquius aliis partes illas inspiciens, et oculis quidem et manibus cuncta perscrutans ac perlustrans, quidquam ibi præter virgam inutilem et peram vacuam invenit." The trick was completely successful. The chamberlain that even- ing entertained the Pope with the

story, and Golwyn's process next morning was quashed.

There is, or was at that time a fountain on the south side of the Church of St. John of Lateran, called the "Fountain of the Virgins," where Innocent was in the habit of sitting to take the air; and being seated here with some of his attendants, next day, he had Girald called to him, and admitted into his private circle. Here there was abundance of grave joking about Golwyn's nag, and Girald by his humorous emulation of the Pope's puns, which Innocent did not spare on the Latin equivoque for "witnesses," kept up a series of witty sallies which mortified the Canterbury advocates inexpressibly, and gave high hopes and confidence to the counsel for St. David's. But a consistorial suit was not to be gained by even pontifical jokes. The primatial purse was inexhaustible. Every Cardinal, and every judge, and every officer of the court had his bribe. The Archdeacon was worn out by delays, references commissioned to examine witnesses in England, costs and expenses. At last, after six years' litigation, he abandoned his suit, with difficulty finding means to get out of the hands of the usurers, and pay his journey home. He was now in about the fiftieth year of his age, and for upwards of twenty years longer he continued to write and study with wonderful assiduity in the midst of continual broils; for his reverse at Rome did not smooth his path in after life. Still he was Archdeacon of Brecknock, and the pride of St. David's. As he had lived for his native diocese, he died, and is buried at the Cathedral of St. David's. His monument is still seen in the transept bearing a full length effigy, which represents him in the prime of life. The countenance is long, oval, and gracious; the nose straight; a long and straight upper lip, and a mouth expressive at once of resolution and taste—such are the lineaments which time preserves of our traveller.

Of the features of his mind we have endeavoured to give an honest transcript from the voluminous writings

which he has left behind him. If we have censured him for vanity, we hope we have allowed him due credit for learning and ability: if we have imputed to him a base sycophancy in his earlier libels on his own countrymen, and all their Celtic kindred, we must allow that, in struggling so long and so devotedly as he did to become a Welsh bishop over his own people, he gave proof that natural and manly affection had long outlived that puerile disdain in his bosom; if we have smiled at his credulity in some things, we have been careful to remind the reader that he lived in the midst of moral agencies with which the world is not now practically acquainted, and which, perhaps, if they surrounded any of ourselves in the same modes of manifestation as he was habituated to, might leave the strongest-minded of us open to the rebuke of superstition from future ages. On the whole, our excursion into those remote fields of inquiry has been wholesome, and attended, if with no great accession of knowledge, at least with some increase of charity. But we fear we must conclude by saying something that may not be deemed quite charitable. We have been speaking of a great genius and scholar, an eminent ecclesiastic, a distinguished politician: we must beg pardon of his memory that we should have counted him among so unworthy a class of competitors for notice as those with whose names we have associated his. A geographer, a naturalist, an antiquary, a musician, an elegant writer, and with all the unhappy petulance of his early contempts against his own country, a strenuous patriot, Girald, the Welshman, can well afford to have his errors in fact corrected, his credulity in the marvellous excused, and his faults in feeling and taste rectified, without descending from the high rank of a first-class British writer, a place in which he need be under no apprehension of being incommoded by the intrusion of any of the other "Irish Tourists" with whom we have done him the injustice to associate his great and honourable name.

LAW REFORM.

SINCE our last number appeared, the promised measures of law reform have been introduced into parliament. They may be said—at least one of them—to have already received the fiat of legislative approval; and they will, ere long, be, either entirely or with modifications, the law of the land.

It is strange how little interest the majority of unprofessional men take in such measures. We are all ready to take an active part in the question whether our neighbour's house should be worth £8 or £10, to entitle him to a vote, though it probably is practically as immaterial to many, as the colour of his waistcoat; but to the improvement of our judicial system, a matter which must personally affect us all more or less, and that in the most sensitive organ, the pocket, we are almost as profoundly indifferent, as we are to the social condition of the man in the moon. Men are seldom roused from this apathy until they are afflicted with active litigation, and suffering under that ungentle irritant, a bill of costs. Members of the legal professions have, in one sense, less interest in law reform than most other classes of the community; for they are, to a proverb, less engaged in litigation.

The ministerial programme contains bills of two kinds: One, to improve the practice of the Court of Chancery, and the other to improve proceedings in the Law Courts.

The Chancery bill purports to be a measure to "simplify and improve" proceedings in the Court of Chancery. The scope of the bill is not extensive; it is confined to the introduction of proceedings by petition instead of by bill. This is by no means a novelty. Certain branches of equitable relief have long been administered on petitions. It is the ordinary practice of the court to appoint receivers for the benefit of mortgagees and judgment-creditors on petition, the relief in the case of mortgagees being given under a statute passed so far back as 1771. The appointment of new trustees in certain cases, and various other simple branches of equitable jurisdiction, are

conducted in the same form, under special statutes. So far as the present measure proposes merely to extend this practice to other simple cases in which proceedings by petition will be really less expensive to the suitors, it will probably meet with universal approval. There are, no doubt, many other cases unprovided for by statute, in which the formal issuing of subpoenas and requiring answers and proofs (which constitute the difference between proceedings on petition and in a complete suit) lead to an unnecessary expense.

But here the merits of this portion of the measure end. When it is proposed to apply the same practice to adverse suits, in which discovery is required, and to allow petitions with schedules of interrogatories, instead of bills, to be met by affidavits in lieu of answers, and on which notices are to be served in lieu of subpoenas, it is but changing the *name* and not the substance, and introducing the uncertainty of a new and loose practice for one settled and well understood. It is hard to conceive a case in which it would be proper to decide a hostile suit on an answering affidavit, in which it would not be equally easy to decide it on bill and answer. So far as expense is caused in suits by requiring the presence of unnecessary and formal parties, it would be a much more obvious and effectual remedy to extend further the improvements lately made by the general orders of the court and the application of the principle enunciated in the 24th section of this bill, to which we shall presently refer. So far as delay and complexity is caused by the technicalities of pleading on the present system, the bill leaves the evil almost untouched; for these difficulties arise chiefly in the very cases to which the proceeding by petition is by this bill admitted to be inapplicable. They are thus left unremedied in the instances where they are most mischievous, and the substitute which is to avoid them is applicable to cases in which they do not exist.

Saving of expense, which is the principal advantage claimed for the

change, is undoubtedly an object of paramount importance. It is one great excellence in the course proposed, when applied to simple cases; but in other instances, as truly observed by Mr. Turner, the altered procedure proposed by this bill would rather increase than diminish the expense to suitors. Even if it were not so, yet if the change substitutes a less effective mode of doing justice (which, by preserving the proceeding by bill for difficult cases, the framer of the plan appears to admit it is a move in the wrong direction. A glance at the real causes of expense in a Chancery suit will shew this, and that the giant evil of the court in this respect is wholly untouched by the measure.

A great part, often the greatest part, of a bill of Chancery costs is paid almost *for nothing*. Take the common instance of the preparation of a Master's report, which is a part of the suit to be still continued in the new system. The only individual who takes any trouble with this, after the points in dispute between the parties before the Master are decided, is the solicitor who has the carriage of the proceedings. To him the preparation of the report is a work of great labour, requiring an intimate knowledge of all the proceedings in the cause, and the rights of the parties, and a duty of great responsibility, not only to his own client but to other parties and the Court. Take, as an instance, a report of average length—say 200 folios, of 72 words each—the drafting of which would occupy a solicitor several days, exclusive of his clerk's time. For this the charges are nearly as follow:—

To the solicitor for attending the Master, for instructions, and drafting the report and schedules,.....	£5	0	0
To the Master's clerk for copying it, ..	5	0	0
Chancery Fund,.....	3	3	0
Registrar, for a copy attested.....	7	17	1

Thus £16 is paid for nothing or matters of mere form, and £5 is paid for the work done. In one cause now pending, the charges for the report for the Master's examiner and the registrar were £68, and this was by no means a very unusual instance. The same system pervades every part of the court. On every affidavit filed there is a fee of two shillings and sixpence late currency for the first 72

words, and tenpence for every subsequent 72 words, beside the charges afterwards made for attested copies. The official charges for copies of documents filed in the court are tenpence for every seventy-two words, being more than eight times as much as is charged for precisely the same thing in the Court of the Commissioners for Sale of Encumbered Estates, where the expense is only three halfpence for every ninety words. In many instances the suitor, by the practice of the Court of Chancery, is *obliged* to pay for these attested copies, though they are *wholly useless* to him. Thus an answer cannot be filed until a copy of the bill is taken, or a replication until copies of the answers are taken, though the opposite solicitor is willing to lend his copies, which would answer every purpose just as well. For a class of formal proceedings, called "side-bar orders," the solicitor is allowed to charge 3s. 1d.; the official charges are £1 12s. 6d. For issuing a Master's summons, a document of less gravity than a petty sessions summons, which costs sixpence, the Chancery charge is 13s. These are far from being the most grievous official charges; they are in fact selected at random. Every step taken in the court is subject to some such exaction; and all these must be paid down in the first instance. They are usually advanced by the solicitor; and instances have occurred in which the remuneration allowed for some duties was less than the interest of the money thus expended, when the payment of his costs was long delayed!

The excuse made for these exorbitant charges, is the necessity of sustaining a fund called the "Suitors' Fee Fund," to meet certain expenses. A few words will explain to the unprofessional reader what this is. By several statutes, passed since the year 1823, various offices connected with the court were abolished. They were all either absolute sinecures, or offices which became useless from the improvements effected in the practice of the court. Some of the discharged officers were appointed to new offices; but, by the odd fatality which occurs in all changes connected with our public departments, some of the old hands did not supply the new places. Whether re-appointed or not, all had claims for compensation. To supply a

fund for this purpose, a statute authorised the investment of a sum of £200,000 of the unemployed money belonging to the suitors and lodged in the Bank of Ireland. But this expedient (which savours somewhat of the genius of certain *ci devant* stock-brokers) not supplying a sufficient fund when more extensive changes were introduced, the old fees and charges payable by suitors were continued or commuted for others of nearly the same amount. They are all paid into a common fund, called the "Suitors' Fee Fund," on which the compensations, along with certain salaries and some other expenses,* are charged.

The origin of the fund which was selected to supply the abovementioned £200,000 is curious, and may be incidentally mentioned, as illustrative of the origin of some compensations in the court. In ancient times a large proportion of the suitor's money used to be suffered to remain in the hands of the Masters. Master Tunnadine failed in his circumstances in 1783, by which a sum of £9,000, then in his hands, was lost. A statute was, thereupon, passed (22, 23 Geo. III.) requiring the suitor's money to be all lodged in the Bank of Ireland. The Masters had been allowed to use the money lying in their hands, and this flagrant breach of trust was made the excuse for a compensation of £300 added to their salaries when the outrageous abuse was abolished.

The policy or justice of compensating the holders of sinecure or useless offices, which improvement renders profitless, may well be questioned. It is hard to see why because a man has for years enjoyed a salary for idleness or, work inconsistent with improvement—that is for nothing or worse than nothing—he should therefore be entitled to have it continued. The very opposite would be more reasonable. No one ever would dream of remunerating the doctors of a city because improved sanatory regulations lessened their practice, though they

had spent much money and time in study, trusting to its profitable unhealthiness. No one thought of compensating junior barristers for the loss of their fees consequent on the abolition of fines and recoveries. But when chancery reform has abolished the office, for example, of usher, two and a-half per cent. is to be still levied on all moneys of ruined and impoverished suitors passing through the court, to pay a salary to the Hon. R. H. Fitzgibbon for doing nothing. The only justification for this is, that the holders of the abolished offices were appointed to or allowed to buy their places on the faith that the abuses would be perpetual, and that it would be a breach of faith summarily to dismiss them when no fault can be found with them personally. This, no doubt, is true; though it is odd that its justice never occurs to the legislature in such instances as are above alluded to, where patronage is not concerned. But why should such compensation fall only on a particular class of the community? Why should suitors alone suffer for bad practices which they could not help, and not the whole community who authorised those practices? If such a contract or understanding existed, it was one between the whole community and the officers of the court, and not between the latter and the present suitors; and the whole community should keep it by allowing the state to pay the compensation. Beside, the answer does not truly meet the objection, which is, that offices are ever held on such an understanding; and though a statute of Wm. IV. prevents compensation being given for the future on this ground in the Court of Chancery, the same wise rule has not been applied to other public departments.

In the infancy of our judicial system, the administration of justice was regarded as a legitimate source of profit, with many other branches of prerogative which were made the foundation of extortion.† All our courts

* Among the charges on this fund, it may be mentioned, one is any deficiency in the salary of the learned first Commissioner of Bankrupts, whose court has no more connexion with the matters of equitable jurisdiction, for which the fee-fund is levied on the suitors, than the Star-Chamber or the Court of Conscience.

† There is a curious account of the costs of a suit in the reign of Henry II., in the first volume of Mr. Purton Cooper's reports. The reader is amused with the frequent buying of writs. The suitor's gifts in money and horses to his "pleaders and helpers," are about 24

grew up under this theory, of which fees to judges and their officers were the necessary consequence. But the administration of justice is the duty of the state—not a prerogative of the prince. When men unite in society, they necessarily give up their right by nature to act on their own views of their private disputes and enforce what they individually consider justice. A primary object of forming a civil society is to avoid the inconveniences of exercising that natural right. The community are, therefore, under as strong an obligation to provide the means of deciding and enforcing private claims as to perform any other purpose for which they are united. The administration of civil justice is as much a duty of the state as protecting the citizens from foreign enemies, or performing any other public function. Why should the particular persons who are unfortunate enough to require the exercise of that duty specially pay for it, any more than any other individuals of the community who derive a special benefit from the discharge of any other state duties? A particular class of British subjects derive a special, if not exclusive, benefit from the suppression of the Borneo pirates; the whole community pays for it. That the same rule should apply to the administration of justice is, in some degree, recognised in our polity by the payment of the judges out of the national exchequer. It is not easy to see why the state should provide the person who is to decide, and not equally provide the auxiliary officers indispensable to work out that decision. The expences of bringing forward the case to be decided, such, for example, as the payment of advocates, attorneys, and witnesses, are, of course, to be borne by the litigants. It is no part of the duty of the state to prepare the dispute, or take any part in contesting it; it is only to decide it, and enforce its decision. Whether this theory be correct as a doctrine of jurisprudence or not, the universal cry for cheap justice shews how general the feeling is of its practical utility.

Regarding the question then, either in reference to the special grievances of the Court of Chancery, or on more general principles, we are led towards the same conclusion. Efforts to cheapen litigation by having rights decided on garbled or imperfect materials, or by providing inferior and incompetent tribunals, are all mistaken. The first great step is, that the duties of the court and its officers should be performed at least cheaply, if not gratuitously, so far as the suitors are concerned. Vast improvement has, no doubt, been made in this respect within the last half-century. Prior to 1817 the charges payable in the superior courts in Ireland are almost incredible. Among the instances to be found in the Report of the Commissioners of Inquiry, is one cause in which £431 13s. 4d. was paid to a six clerk for 1295 attendances on a reference before the Master, not one of which he actually gave! In another instance the clerk of errors refused to set down a cause for argument in the Court of Error until £400 was paid to him for copies of the record! There are other instances equally flagrant. But though much has been done, much remains to be done. The existing Acts do provide for the gradual reduction of court charges; but the process advances very slowly. It is not to be forgotten, that in addition to the amount levied on suitors in the name of official fees, they have to contribute very largely to the funds of the state in the form of stamp duties, which are imposed at a high rate on all legal proceedings.

Beside rendering proceedings in Chancery less expensive, the proposed measure purports to render them more simple. The mere substitution of petitions and answering affidavits for bills and answers would have little effect in this way—being, as before observed, but giving other names to the same thing in substance. But one section of the bill contains the rudiments of a very great improvement, though it may be well questioned whether it proposes an effectual remedy for the evil it is intended to obviate. It is

marks; the fees to the King's courts are 16 marks and a-half; to the King's physician 36 marks and a-half; to the King 100 marks; and to the Queen a mark of gold. All the money is borrowed from Jews.

the 24th section, which enables the court to give relief by the partial administration of an estate or trust. There is no doctrine of courts of equity which works more practical injustice than the rule, that the court will not give relief unless it can give complete relief. It is the fruitful source of expense in suits; it is, also, an inexhaustible mine for technical and captious objections. In fact, this rule, with the necessity of having every interest, however formal, represented, is the great source of complication in equity suits. A simple example of very ordinary occurrence will explain this to the unlearned reader.

A. borrows money on his estate; he then marries, and settles it in the usual course, creating trustees for securing children's portions, and making himself tenant for life, with remainder to his eldest son. He dies, and his creditor institutes a suit for the money borrowed. Suppose all the younger children of age, but the trustees dead; and suppose, also, the borrower left little or no personal property. It is yet necessary to have a personal representative of the survivor of the trustees, because he has what is called a legal estate, and to have a personal representative of A., because the eldest son has, in the eye of the law, a right to have the personal estate of A. applied, in the first instance, to pay the debt, and, to give complete relief, an account of it must, therefore, be taken. In order to perfect his suit, the plaintiff procures separate letters of administration to the trustee and to A., out of the Ecclesiastical Court, and these administrations may be, and commonly are, granted to two of his attorney's clerks, who are made defendants, and against whom the court goes through the farce of making a decree. It is easy to see how complicated a suit may become when the process of borrowing and settling the estate has been repeated by two or three successive generations, before the suit is instituted.

A remedy for this evil is manifestly very desirable, and the proposed bill, so far as it would remedy it, would be most useful; but it is limited to a proceeding by petition, and leaves untouched cases where a plenary suit would be instituted, where the evil

would still be most severely felt. However, the clause, such as it is, along with another provision in the bill, enabling suitors to have the decision of the court on a special case stated in a petition, are certainly moves in the right direction.

Our object is rather to invite attention to the subject of Chancery reform than to criticise this measure in detail. The objections made to it so forcibly by Mr. Turner point out its principal defects, and are well worth reading. Many of these are of a nature not easy to explain to the unprofessional reader. Beside those alluded to by him, there are two novelties in the bill which are a little startling—one is (in sec. 11), making books of account *prima facie* evidence in favour of the person who kept them; and the other is (in sec. 17), allowing the Master in Chancery to direct a person out of the jurisdiction, to be served and bound with notice, by publishing an advertisement, [in a newspaper?]

We have already said the scope of this measure is limited. It is to be hoped, now that public attention is being awakened to the subject, that some future measure will deal with more comprehensive doctrines. Some practical changes of considerable importance have been tried under the late act for the sale of incumbered estates, and there seems no reason why they should not be adopted, to a modified extent at least, in Courts of Equity.

One great evil in causes respecting land in courts of equity arises from the appointment of receivers. The estate cannot be sold until all the claims on it are ascertained, and, to preserve the profits of the estate for creditors, pending the accounts requisite for that purpose, a receiver is appointed. The appointment of a receiver is often the signal to the tenants to become irregular and dishonest; to say nothing of the political evils of breaking up the relation which should subsist between landlord and tenant, and putting a stop to all improvement on the estate, the loss from dishonest tenants and the expense and costs of the receiver swallow up a very large proportion of the nominal proceeds of the property; and the disorganised state to which it is sometimes reduced may materially affect its value when ultimately brought to the hammer. In

the Encumbered Estates Commission, the course pursued is the very opposite. The estate is sold in the first instance, and the purchase-money invested. It well deserves consideration whether the same course should not be adopted in courts of equity, in cases where, at the commencement of the suit, it appears that it must eventuate in a sale. The creditors would, in many instances, be gainers, by securing even the reduced dividends on the invested purchase-money. The leading principle of the Incumbered estates Act—that a sale in court should give an indefeasible title to the purchaser—might also be advantageously adopted within certain limits; not to the arbitrary and unjustifiable extent of protecting the purchaser in every case, though he be ever so careless, or the sale be ever so fraudulent or collusive; but to the modified extent of enabling the court to give a complete legal title, without having every outstanding estate represented before it. There would, undoubtedly, be much difficulty in defining the extent to which this might be done; but it does not seem to be insuperable. We are far from approving of the introduction of extempore or occasional tribunals, or of the policy of the Encumbered Estates Act in particular; but the working of that measure, nevertheless, might supply some good rules of practice. Thus, for instance, the mode of taking accounts adopted by the Commissioners—by which a schedule of the incumbrances is prepared by one party, and there is no further litigation by any person who is satisfied with the statements made in it, proceedings becoming necessary only when there is really some question in dispute—is much cheaper and more satisfactory than the practice in courts of equity, of filing charges and discharges for every claim, thus getting up a separate little suit for every demand, disputed or undisputed.

Before leaving the subject of Chancery reform, we must say a word of the way in which the subject is brought forward in parliament. Why is the proposed measure confined to Ireland? If it is good, why is England excluded? If it is bad, why should Ireland be victimized? But one reason can be suggested, viz. that it is a hasty experiment of the merits of

which its framers are not satisfied. It was calculated that from the unfortunate facility in carrying any measure for Ireland of which the ministry choose to take the responsibility, the ministerial hobby could thus be trotted through parliament with less danger of a fall. The fact that the house was counted out on the second reading of the bill, shows this was not a miscalculation. The advantages of assimilating the laws in both countries are many and great, and not the least is the protection it affords against measures introduced as this is. Such protection is peculiarly necessary in legal matters, on which it is so hard to bring public opinion to bear. The mode in which the measure appears to have been prepared, makes the limiting of it more objectionable. Save the mysterious communications which passed between the learned framer of it and a few high legal functionaries (the extent of whose approval appears to have been limited), no one at this side of the channel seems to have known, in the least, what was intended until the bill was introduced. The Irish public, lay and professional, like children for whom papa has prepared something very nice, were expected to clap their hands in ecstasy, when the toy was suddenly produced.

Another bill has been introduced for the improvement of our common law proceedings. This, as far as it goes, is most excellent. Its principal objects are to make all actions commence by a uniform process—a writ of summons; to remove the delays consequent on the distinction between term and vacation; to equalise the business of all the courts, and make the practice of all uniform; and to introduce certain improvements in detail, which will simplify and cheapen pleadings. By the first of these changes, not only is the now-unmeaning fiction of our writs abolished, but a better mode of serving them is introduced. The second is a great improvement. By the present system a debtor or wrong doer can only be sued at certain times of the year, and if he can evade, or his adversary neglects, service of the writ upon him, before a particular day, he gains a delay of several months. The provisions respecting the filing of pleadings will not only cheapen proceedings, but re-

move a mass of nonsensical fictions from the records of future actions. The excellence of these objects no one can question. Whether there may not be faults to be found with a few of the means by which it is proposed to carry them out, is another matter. Thus requiring the service of summonses to be made within so limited a space as a quarter sessions' district may lead to inconvenience. This and some others of the provisions of the bill ought to be attended to by persons whose practical knowledge makes them competent judges of the probable results. On these subjects we are legislating with the experience of some years to guide us, as reforms of the same character were introduced several years since in England.

There is one provision in the bill which affirms a very important principle, though it is comprised in very few lines. It is allowing debtors to be sued in Ireland, who have property here, though they reside out of the jurisdiction. Until the year 1843, it was doubted whether, under the existing law, this could be done, although the power had been occasionally exercised. In that year the power to substitute service on persons living within the jurisdiction acting in certain capacities for persons out of the jurisdiction, was affirmed by a solemn decision of the Court of Exchequer, on the construction of an act of parliament peculiar to Ireland. This practice of substitution has, however, been sparingly followed. The injustice of allowing a debtor to cheat his creditors by living in one country, and leaving the property out of which alone they can levy their debts in another, is obvious. The quantity of property held in this country by absentees, may have made the grievance more felt here than in England, and led to the difference in the now existing law. The remedy must be either by giving jurisdiction to the courts of the country where the debtor resides over property here, or by giving authority to the courts here to act against a defendant abroad. The former, beside other objections, is, in cases of persons residing in foreign kingdoms, impossible. The latter has a precedent in the Scotch law and in the laws of several other nations, and is supposed to have been adopted here by the statute of George III.

above referred to, which, however, is rather obscure on the subject. The proposed bill will clear away all doubt. The principle has, indeed, been already affirmed in various acts respecting the process of our Courts of Equity.

It is to be regretted only that the bill stops where it does. Thus it leaves untouched what will be now the last remnant of the legal fictions in which our ancestors delighted, viz: the form used in an ejectment. It would be difficult to invent another equally absurd jumble of nonsensical falsehoods. Mr. Smith wishes to recover a small house from Mr. Murphy, and he commences an action in the Common Pleas for this purpose. He does so, by delivering to Murphy a declaration in ejectment, in which an imaginary personage, John Doe, complains about as many messuages, acres of arable land, land covered with water, &c., as the fancy of the pleader and the law stationer suggests, with bogs, dove cots, coney boroughs, &c., *ad libitum*; and the complaint is, that A. B. C. & D. made leases of the premises to Mr. Doe, the terms of which are gravely stated, and while he was peaceably possessed of them, another fanciful personage, John Thrustout, against the peace of the Queen, with force and arms, with swords, clubs, &c., also according to the fancy of the pleader and the law stationer, on a certain day turned him out, and keeps him out; for which Mr. Doe seeks to recover from Mr. Thrustout £1000 damages. In the entire drama, Mr. Smith's name need not, and Mr. Murphy's does not, once appear; but a notice from Mr. Thrustout is appended to the document, informing Mr. Murphy and all others that he claims nothing in the premises, and that this is served on them to frighten them into employing an attorney. Upon this rigmarole the court gravely adjudicates; and will not allow Murphy to say one word about his claim to the house, unless he *admits* the accurate *truth* of all the falsehoods stated in it! These absurdities are defended by some on the ground of convenience, and the state of our law of real property, by which, in the case supposed, Smith, though the real claimant, would be obliged to rely on the title of A. B. C. or D., to recover in a court of law. But all the material

facts could be stated in three lines, alleging that Smith seeks to recover the house in question, and that for that purpose he has a right to use the names of A. B. C. & D., and that he claims to have been entitled to it from a certain day. Fines and recoveries, and a host of other antiquated fictions, have been swept away by the common sense of modern times; why is this, the most absurd of all, suffered to continue in daily use? It is no answer that its meaning is generally understood. That is equally true of all the other prolix legal forms which have been abolished. Besides, it is not always true of ejectments. Instances have occurred in which persons served with them have imagined them to be practical jokes!

By the bill before the house, it is not proposed to extend to this country the English system of pleading in actions at law. It may be questioned how much of it is an improvement; but there are points in our system of pleading which need reform in both countries. To take one instance: There are two forms of action, technically known as *case* and *trespass*. The sole differences between them are of the most purely technical character, and the injuries to which they are respectively applicable sometimes depend on the most subtle distinctions. If a defendant throws a block out of his window, and it hits you, your remedy is trespass; but if it lies on the ground, and you stumble over it, your remedy is case. If your neighbour has a spout which makes your house damp, if the shoe of it ends on his land, your remedy is case; if it is long enough to project on your land, the remedy is trespass. In either of these instances, if from ignorance of what may turn out to be the real facts, or from an oversight of the pleader, the action is begun in the wrong form, though all the substantials be ever so clearly proved, instead of recovering compensation for your broken bones or damaged house, you will have the pleasure of paying your opponent's costs; and the dispute at the trial may be purely as to the precise moment at which the block fell, or the number of inches in the shoe of the spout—putting the real merits wholly out of view. The leading case by which this distinction (technically known as the

difference between immediate and consequential damages) is usually illustrated, affords a good example of its absurdity. A young gentleman named Shepherd, for sport, threw a large squib into a market-house on a fair-day. It fell on the table of a pie-man. The pie-man, in terror, pelted it away, and the next pie-man, in warding it off, gave it a direction by which it hit a man named Scott in the eye, exploding and blinding him. Scott brought his action against Shepherd. It was admitted on all hands that he had lost his eye, solely through the wanton and unjustifiable act of the defendant; that the pie-men were wholly blameless, having acted under the momentary impulse of self-preservation; and that Shepherd alone was responsible for the damage. But the sole question discussed, and on which much learned and refined argument was expended, was, what form of action should have been adopted—which turned upon this, whether, when the squib fell on the first pie-man's table, the immediate act of Shepherd was to be considered complete. The subtlety of the point was exquisite; it was worthy of the genius of Scotus or Aquinas, or any of the irrefragable or invincible doctors that ever disputed at the Sorbonne.

Simplicity is a merit in every system. In systems of law it is pre-eminently so. Every citizen is presumed to *know* the law, and bound by the consequences of that knowledge. It is rather hard that it should contain things he could not *understand*.

The foregoing observations, though meant to direct the attention of the general reader to the subject of law reform, are by no means intended to advocate the theory, that the unlearned and inexperienced are the fittest to make it. Law reforms not emanating from lawyers, will generally produce more mischief than good. The connection between the various branches of our system is so intimate and extensive, that a change in any one part necessarily affects many more. The supposition that the advantage of knowledge of the subject is counterbalanced by the evils of educational prejudices, is without foundation. Many of the most ardent reformers are to be found among the most learned lawyers. But a popular knowledge of

the subject, and of the species of evils to be remedied, is useful, if it be only to give a right direction to the pressure from without. When a measure called a reform is introduced, people are too apt to rely implicitly on the statement that it is so. Crude and ill-considered measures can thus be forced through parliament by the effects of mere indolence. It is left to lawyers alone to debate upon them, and any objections of theirs which do not tally with the preconceived notions of the man who believes the other side, are recklessly imputed to selfish motives. Take as an instance the comment evoked from the *Times* newspaper by Mr. Turner's speech on the chancery reform bill; in which it is assumed, that no one could resist the measure except from blind prejudice or sordid self-interest. Members have not even the patience to listen to the debate, in which they might pick up some knowledge* of the subject. There is, consequently, no class of measures where the votes are more purely factious.

Before leaving the subject, which being rather an unpopular one has perhaps occupied an undue space, one word is to be added on another branch of our jurisprudence, untouched by the bills before the House. The system of our ecclesiastical courts calls as loudly for reform as either our equity

or law courts—indeed more so. The system is radically defective. The questions usually discussed there are on the competency of testators. If there be one subject more fit than another for open investigation, and to be submitted to a jury, it is this. Yet our ecclesiastical courts have no power to direct *vivâ-voce* examinations or issues, as our equity courts have, on any disputed facts. All the inquiry is necessarily conducted in secret on written statements. Cross-examination is, consequently, comparatively useless. The process of direct examination is particularly objectionable, for it is taken on the pleadings, and is little better than a set of affidavits. In the case of illiterate witnesses, the use of the obsolete and peculiar phraseology of the pleadings increases the mischief. How can a frieze-coated countryman truly swear to a statement filled with the terms “impugnant,” “promotement,” “party proponent,” “party ministrant,” &c. &c.? It is said to be the examiner's duty to explain these terms, but as the depositions are taken down in them, it is trusting a vast deal to the care and skill of the officer. There is nothing more difficult than explaining such things to an illiterate person. But the pursuit of this topic would extend these remarks to an unreasonable length.

* Not much sometimes—witness the second debate on the bill in question, in which one speaker flippantly professed to be ignorant even of the name of the Irish Chancellor!

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MAURICE TIERNAY, THE SOLDIER OF FORTUNE.

CHAPTER I.

"THE DAYS OF THE GUILLOTINE."

NEITHER the tastes nor the temper of the age we live in are such as to induce any man to boast of his family nobility. We see too many preparations around us for laying down new foundations, to think it a suitable occasion for aluding to the ancient edifice. I will, therefore, confine myself to saying, that I am not to be regarded as a mere Pretender because my name is not chronicled by Burke or Debrett. My great-grandfather, after whom I am called, served on the personal staff of King James at the Battle of the Boyne, and was one of the few who accompanied the monarch on his flight from the field, for which act of devotion he was created a peer of Ireland, by the style and title of Timmahoo—Lord Tiernay, of Timmahoo the family called it—and a very rich-sounding and pleasant designation has it always seemed to me.

The events of the time—the scanty intervals of leisure enjoyed by the king, and other matters, prevented a due registry of my ancestors' claims; and, in fact, when more peaceable days succeeded, it was judged prudent to say nothing about a matter which might revive unhappy recollections, and open old scores, seeing that there was now another king on the throne "who knew not Joseph;" and so, for this reason and many others, my great-grandfather went back to his old appellation of Maurice Tiernay, and was only a Lord among his intimate friends and cronies of the neighbourhood.

That I am simply recording a matter of fact, the patent of my ancestors' nobility now in my possession will suffi-

ciently attest: nor is its existence the less conclusive, that it is inscribed on the back of his commission as a captain in the Shanabogue Fencibles—the well-known "Clear-the-way-boys"—a proud title, it is said, to which they imparted a new reading at the memorable battle aforementioned.

The document bears the address of a small public-house called the Nest, on the Kells road, and contains in one corner a somewhat lengthy score for potables, suggesting the notion that his majesty sympathised with vulgar infirmities, and found, as the old song says, "that grief and sorrow are dry."

The prudence which for some years sealed my grandfather's lips, lapsed, after a time, into a careless and even boastful spirit, in which he would allude to his rank in the peerage, the place he ought to be holding, and so on: till at last, some of the Government people, doubtless taking a liking to the snug house and demesne of Timmahoo, denounced him as a rebel, on which he was arrested and thrown into jail, where he lingered for many years, and only came out at last to find his estate confiscated, and himself a beggar.

There was a small gathering of Jacobites in one of the towns of Flanders, and thither he repaired; but how he lived, or how he died, I never learned. I only know that his son wandered away to the east of Europe, and took service in what was called Trenck's Pandours—as jolly a set of robbers as ever stalked the map of Europe, from one side to the other. This was my grandfather, whose name is mentioned in various chronicles of that estimable

corps, and who was hanged at Prague afterwards, for an attempt to carry off an archduchess of the empire, to whom, by the way, there is good reason to believe he was privately married. This suspicion was strengthened by the fact, that his infant child, Joseph, was at once adopted by the imperial family, and placed as a pupil in the great military school of Vienna. From thence he obtained a commission in the Maria Theresa Hussars, and subsequently, being sent on a private mission to France, entered the service of Louis XVI., where he married a lady of the Queen's household—a Mademoiselle de la Lasterie—of high rank and some fortune; and with whom he lived happily, till the dreadful events of 17—, when she lost her life, beside my father, then fighting as a Garde du Corps, on the staircase at Versailles. How he himself escaped on that day, and what were the next features in his history, I never knew; but when again we heard of him, he was married to the widow of a celebrated orator of the Mountain, and he himself an intimate friend of St. Just and Marat, and all the most violent of the Republicans.

My father's history about this period is involved in such obscurity, and his second marriage followed so rapidly on the death of his first wife, that, strange as it may seem, I never knew who was my mother—the lineal descendant of a house, noble before the Crusades, or the humble “bourgeoise” of the Quartier St. Denis. What peculiar line of political action my father followed I am unable to say, nor whether he was suspected with or without due cause: but suspected he certainly was, and at a time when suspicion was all-sufficient for conviction. He was arrested, and thrown into the Temple, where I remember I used to visit him every week; and whence I accompanied him one morning, as he was led forth with a string of others to the Place de la Grève, to be guillotined. I believe he was accused of royalism; and I know that a white cockade was found among his effects, and in mockery was fastened on his shoulder on the day of his execution. This emblem, deep dyed with blood, and still dripping, was taken up by a bystander, and pinned on my cap, with the savage observation, “Voilà, it is the proper colour; see that you profit by the way it became so.” As, with a bursting

heart, and a head wild with terror, I turned to find my way homeward, I felt my hand grasped by another—I looked up, and saw an old man, whose threadbare black clothes and emaciated appearance bespoke the priest in the times of the Convention.

“You have no home now, my poor boy,” said he to me; “come and share mine.”

I did not ask him why. I seemed to have suddenly become reckless as to everything present or future. The terrible scene I had witnessed had dried up all the springs of my youthful heart; and, infant as I was, I was already a sceptic as to everything good or generous in human nature. I followed him, therefore, without a word, and we walked on, leaving the thoroughfares and seeking the less frequented streets, till we arrived in what seemed a suburban part of Paris—at least the houses were surrounded with trees and shrubs; and at a distance I could see the hill of Montmartre and its wind-mills—objects well known to me by many a Sunday visit.

Even after my own home, the poverty of the Père Michel's household was most remarkable: he had but one small room, of which a miserable settle-bed, two chairs, and a table constituted all the furniture; there was no fireplace, a little pan for charcoal supplying the only means for warmth or cookery; a crucifix and a few coloured prints of saints decorated the whitewashed walls; and, with a string of wooden beads, a cloth skull-cap, and a bracket with two or three books, made up the whole inventory of his possessions; and yet, as he closed the door behind him, and drew me towards him to kiss my cheek, the tears glistened in his eyes with gratitude as he said—

“Now, my dear Maurice, you are at home.”

“How do you know that I am called Maurice?” said I, in astonishment.

“Because I was an old friend of your poor father, my child; we came from the same country—we held the same faith, had the same hopes, and may one day yet, perhaps, have the same fate.”

He told me that the closest friendship had bound them together for years past, and in proof of it showed me a variety of papers which my father

had entrusted to his keeping, well aware, as it would seem, of the insecurity of his own life.

"He charged me to take you home with me, Maurice, should the day come when this might come to pass. You will now live with me, and I will be your father, so far at least as humble means will suffer me."

I was too young to know how deep my debt of gratitude ought to be. I had not tasted the sorrows of utter desertion; nor did I know from what a hurricane of blood and anarchy fortune had rescued me; still I accepted the Père's benevolent offer with a thankful heart, and turned to him at once as to all that was left to me in the world.

All this time, it may be wondered how I neither spoke nor thought of my mother, if she were indeed such; but for several weeks before my father's death I had never seen her, nor did he ever once allude to her. The reserve thus imposed upon me remained still, and I felt as though it would have been like a treachery to his memory were I now to speak of her whom, in his life-time, I had not dared to mention.

The Père lost no time in diverting my mind from the dreadful events I had so lately witnessed. The next morning, soon after daybreak, I was summoned to attend him to the little Church of St. Blois, where he said mass. It was a very humble little edifice, which once had been the private chapel of a chateau, and stood in a weed-grown, neglected garden, where broken statues and smashed fountains bore evidence of the visits of the destroyer. A rude effigy of St. Blois, upon whom some profane hand had stuck a Phrygian cap of liberty, and which none were bold enough to displace, stood over the doorway; besides, not a vestige of ornament or decoration existed. The altar, covered with a white cloth, displayed none of the accustomed emblems; and a rude crucifix of oak was the only symbol of the faith remaining. Small as was the building, it was even too spacious for the few who came to worship. The terror which prevailed on every side—the dread that devotion to religion should be construed into an adherence to the monarchy, that submission to God should be interpreted as an act of rebellion against the sovereignty of hu-

man will, had gradually thinned the numbers, till at last the few who came were only those whose afflictions had steelled them against any reverses, and who were ready martyrs to whatever might betide them. These were almost exclusively women—the mothers and wives of those who had sealed their faith with their blood in the terrible Place de la Grève. Among them was one whose dress and appearance, although not different from the rest, always created a movement of respect as she passed in or out of the chapel. She was a very old lady, with hair white as snow, and who led by the hand a little girl of about my own age; her large dark eyes and brilliant complexion giving her a look of unearthly beauty in that assemblage of furrowed cheeks, and eyes long dimmed by weeping. It was not alone that her features were beautifully regular, or that their lines were fashioned in the very perfection of symmetry, but there was a certain character in the expression of the face so different from all around it, as to be almost electrical in effect. Untouched by the terrible calamities that weighed on every heart, she seemed, in the glad buoyancy of her youth, to be at once above the very reach of sorrow, like one who bore a charmed fate, and whom Fortune had exempted from all the trials of this life. So at least did I read those features, as they beamed upon me in such a contrast to the almost stern character of the sad and sorrow-struck faces of the rest.

It was a part of my duty to place a foot-stool each morning for the "Marquise," as she was distinctively called, and on these occasions it was that I used to gaze upon that little girl's face with a kind of admiring wonder that lingered in my heart for hours after. The bold look with which she met mine, if it at first half abashed, at length encouraged me; and as I stole noiselessly away, I used to feel as though I carried with me some portion of that high hope which bounded within her own heart. Strange magnetism! it seemed as though her spirit whispered to me not to be downhearted or depressed—that the sorrows of life came and went as shadows pass over the earth—that the season of mourning was fast passing, and that for us the world would wear a brighter and more glorious aspect.

Such were the thoughts her dark eyes revealed to me, and such the hopes I caught up from her proud features.

It is easy to colour a life of monotony; any hue may soon tinge the outer surface, and thus mine speedily assumed a hopeful cast; not the less decided, that the distance was lost in vague uncertainty. The nature of my studies—and the Père kept me rigidly to the desk—offered little to the discursiveness of fancy. The rudiments of Greek and Latin, the lives of saints and martyrs, the litanies of the church, the invocations peculiar to certain holydays, chiefly filled up my time, when not sharing those menial offices which our poverty exacted from our own hands.

Our life was of the very simplest; except a cup of coffee each morning at daybreak, we took but one meal; our drink was always water. By what means even the humble fare we enjoyed was procured, I never knew, for I never saw money in the Père's possession, nor did he ever appear to buy anything.

For about two hours in the week I used to enjoy entire liberty, as the Père was accustomed every Saturday to visit certain persons of his flock who were too infirm to go abroad. On these occasions he would leave me with some thoughtful injunction about reflection or pious meditation, perhaps suggesting, for my amusement, the life of St. Vincent de Paul, or some other of those adventurous spirits whose missions among the Indians are so replete with heroic struggles; but still with free permission for me to walk out at large and enjoy myself as I liked best. We lived so near the outer Boulevard that I could already see the open country from our windows; but fair and enticing as seemed the sunny slopes of Montmartre—bright as glanced the young leaves of spring in the gardens at its foot—I ever turned my steps into the crowded city, and sought the thoroughfares where the great human tide rolled fullest.

There were certain spots which held a kind of supernatural influence over me—one of these was the Temple, another was the Place de la Grève. The window at which my father used to sit, from which, as a kind of signal, I have so often seen his red kerchief

floating, I never could pass now, without stopping to gaze at, now, thinking of him who had been its inmate, now, wondering who might be its present occupant. It needed not the onward current of population that each Saturday bore along, to carry me to the Place de la Grève. It was the great day of the guillotine, and as many as two hundred were often led out to execution. Although the spectacle had now lost every charm of excitement to the population, from its frequency, it had become a kind of necessity to their existence, and the sight of blood alone seemed to slake that feverish thirst for vengeance which no sufferings appeared capable of satiating. It was rare, however, when some great and distinguished criminal did not absorb all the interest of the scene. It was at that period when the fierce tyrants of the Convention had turned upon each other, and sought, by denouncing those who had been their bosom friends, to seal their new allegiance to the people. There was something demoniacal in the exultation with which the mob witnessed the fate of those whom, but a few weeks back, they had acknowledged as their guides and teachers. The uncertainty of human greatness appeared the most glorious recompense to those whose station debarred them from all the enjoyments of power, and they stood by the death-agonies of their former friends with a fiendish joy that all the sufferings of their enemies had never yielded.

To me the spectacles had all the fascination that scenes of horror exercise over the mind of youth. I knew nothing of the terrible conflict, nothing of the fierce passions enlisted in the struggle, nothing of the sacred names so basely polluted, nothing of that remorseless vengeance with which the low-born and degraded were still hounded on to slaughter. It was a solemn and a fearful sight, but it was no more; and I gazed upon every detail of the scene with an interest that never wandered from the spot whereon it was enacted. If the parade of soldiers, of horse, foot, and artillery, gave these scenes a character of public justice, the horrible mobs, who chanted ribald songs, and danced around the guillotine, suggested the notion of popular vengeance; so that I was lost in all my attempts to reconcile the reasons of these executions with

the circumstances that accompanied them.

Not daring to inform the Père Michael of where I had been, I could not ask him for any explanation; and thus was I left to pick up from the scattered phrases of the crowd what was the guilt alleged against the criminals. In many cases the simple word "Chouan," of which I knew not the import, was all I heard; in others jeering allusions to former rank and station would be uttered; while against some the taunt would imply that they had shed tears over others who fell as enemies of the people, and that such sympathy was a costly pleasure to be paid for but with a life's-blood. Such entire possession of me had these awful sights taken, that I lived in a continual dream of them. The sound of every cart-wheel recalled the dull rumble of the hurdle—every distant sound seemed like the far-off hum of the coming multitude—every sudden noise suggested the clanking drop of the guillotine! My sleep had no other images, and I wandered about my little round of duties pondering over this terrible theme.

Had I been less occupied with my own thoughts, I must have seen that the Père Michel was suffering under some great calamity. The poor priest became wasted to a shadow; for entire days long he would taste of nothing; sometimes he would be absent from early morning to late at night, and when he did return, instead of betaking himself to rest, he would drop down before the crucifix in an agony of prayer, and thus spend more than half the night. Often and often have I, when feigning sleep, followed him as he recited the litanies of the breviary, adding my own unuttered prayers to his, and beseeching for a mercy whose object I knew not.

For some time his little chapel had been closed by the authorities; a heavy padlock and two massive seals being placed upon the door, and a notice, in a vulgar handwriting, appended, to the effect, that it was by the order of the Commissary of the Department. Could this be the source of the Père's sorrow? or did not his affliction seem too great for such a cause? were questions I asked myself again and again.

In this state were matters, when one morning, it was a Saturday, the Père enjoined me to spend the day in prayer,

reciting particularly the liturgies for the dead, and all those sacred offices for those who have just departed this life.

"Pray unceasingly, my dear child—pray with your whole heart, as though it were for one you loved best in the world. I shall not return, perhaps, till late to-night; but I will kiss you then, and to-morrow we shall go into the woods together."

The tears fell from his cheek to mine as he said this, and his damp hand trembled as he pressed my fingers. My heart was full to bursting at his emotion, and I resolved faithfully to do his bidding. To watch him, as he went, I opened the sash, and as I did so, the sound of a distant drum, the well-known muffled roll, floated on the air, and I remembered it was the day of the guillotine—that day in which my feverish spirit turned, as it were in relief, to the reality of blood. Remote as was the part of the city we lived in, to escape from the hideous imaginings of my overwrought brain, I could still mark the hastening steps of the foot-passengers, as they listened to the far-off summons, and see the tide was setting towards the fatal Place de la Grève. It was a lowering, heavy morning, overcast with clouds, and on its loaded atmosphere sounds moved slowly and indistinctly; yet I could trace through all the din of the great city, the incessant roll of the drums, and the loud shouts that burst forth, from time to time, from some great multitude.

Forgetting everything, save my intense passion for scenes of terror, I hastened down the stairs into the street, and at the top of my speed hurried to the place of execution. As I went along, the crowded streets and thronged avenues told of some event of more than common interest; and in the words which fell from those around me I could trace that some deep Royalist plot had just been discovered, and that the conspirators would all on that day be executed. Whether it was that the frequent sight of blood was beginning to pall upon the popular appetite, or that these wholesale massacres interested less than the sight of individual suffering, I know not; but certainly there was less of exultation, less of triumphant scorn in the tone of the speakers. They talked of the coming event, as of a common occurrence, which,

from mere repetition, was gradually losing interest.

"I thought we had done with these Chouans," said a man in a blouse, with a paper cap on his head. "Pardie! they must have been more numerous than we ever suspected."

"That they were, citizen," said a haggard-looking fellow, whose features showed the signs of recent strife; "they were the millions who gorged and fed upon us for centuries—who sipped the red grape of Bourdeaux, while you and I drank the water of the Seine."

"Well, their time is come now," cried a third.

"And when will ours come?" asked a fresh-looking, dark-eyed girl, whose dress bespoke her trade of *bouquetiere*—"Do you call this our time, my masters, when Paris has no more pleasant sight than blood, nor any music save the 'ça ira' that drowns the cries at the guillotine? Is this our time, when we have lost those who gave us bread, and got in their place only those who would feed us with carnage?"

"Down with her! down with the Chouane! à bas la Royaliste!" cried the pale-faced fellow; and he struck the girl with his fist upon the face, and left it covered with blood.

"To the Lantern with her!—to the Seine!" shouted several voices; and now, rudely seizing her by the shoulders, the mob seemed bent upon sudden vengeance; while the poor girl, letting fall her basket, begged, with clasped hands, for mercy.

"See here, see here, comrades," cried a fellow, stooping down among the flowers, "she is a Royalist: here are lilies hid beneath the rest."

What sad consequences this discovery might have led to, there is no knowing; when, suddenly, a violent rush of the crowd turned every thought into a different direction. It was caused by a movement of the Gendarmerie à cheval, who were clearing the way for the approaching procession. I had just time to place the poor girl's basket in her hands, as the onward impulse of the dense mob carried me forward. I saw her no more. A flower—I know not how it came there—was in my bosom, and seeing that it was a lily, I placed it in my cap for concealment.

The hoarse clangour of the bassoons

—the only instruments which played during the march—now told that the procession was approaching; and then I could see, above the heads of the multitude, the leopard-skin helmets of the dragoons, who led the way. Save this I could see nothing, as I was borne along in the vast torrent towards the place of execution. Slowly as we moved, our progress was far more rapid than that of the procession, which was often obliged to halt from the density of the mob in front. We arrived, therefore, at the Place a considerable time before it; and now I found myself beside the massive wooden railing placed to keep off the crowd from the space around the guillotine.

It was the first time I had ever stood so close to the fatal spot, and my eyes devoured every detail with the most searching intensity. The colossal guillotine itself, painted red, and with its massive axe suspended aloft—the terrible basket, half filled with sawdust, beneath—the coarse table, on which a rude jar and a cup were placed—and, more disgusting than all, the lounging group, who, with their newspapers in hand, seemed from time to time to watch if the procession were approaching. They sat beneath a misshapen statue of wood, painted red like the guillotine. This was the goddess of Liberty. I climbed one of the pillars of the paling, and could now see the great cart, which, like a boat upon wheels, came slowly along, dragged by six horses. It was crowded with people, so closely packed that they could not move their bodies, and only waved their hands, which they did incessantly. They seemed, too, as if they were singing; but the deep growl of the bassoons, and the fierce howlings of the mob, drowned all other sounds. As the cart came nearer, I could distinguish the faces, amid which were those of age and youth—men and women—bold-visaged boys and fair girls—some, whose air bespoke the very highest station, and beside them, the hardy peasant, apparently more amazed than terrified at all he saw around him. On they came, the great cart surging heavily, like a bark in a stormy sea; and now it cleft the dense ocean that filled the Place, and I could descry the lineaments wherein the stiffened lines of death were already marked. Had any touch of pity still lingered in that

dense crowd, there might well have been some show of compassion for the sad convoy, whose faces grew ghastly with terror as they drew near the horrible engine.

Down the furrowed cheek of age the heavy tears coursed freely, and sobs and broken prayers burst forth from hearts that until now had beat high and proudly.

"There is the Duc d'Angéac," cried a fellow, pointing to a venerable old man, who was seated at the corner of the cart, with an air of calm dignity; "I know him well, for I was his *per-ruquier*."

"His hair must be content with sawdust this morning, instead of powder," said another; and a rude laugh followed the ruffian jest.

"See! mark that woman with the long dark hair—that is La Bretonville, the actress of the St. Martin."

"I have often seen her represent terror far more naturally," cried a fashionably-dressed man, as he stared at the victim through his opera-glass.

"Bah!" replied his friend, "she despises her audience, *voilà tout*. Look, Henri, if that little girl beside her be not Lucille, of the Pantheon."

"Parbleu! so it is. Why, they'll not leave a pirouette in the Grand Opera. Pauvre petite, what had you to do with politics?"

"Her little feet ought to have saved her head any day."

"See how grim that old lady beside her looks: I'd swear she is more shocked at the company she's thrown into, than the fate that awaits her. I never saw a glance of prouder disdain than she has just bestowed on poor Lucille."

"That is the old Marquise D'Estelles, the very essence of our old nobility. They used to talk of their mesalliance with the Bourbons as the first misfortune of their house."

"Pardie! they have lived to learn deeper sorrows."

I had by this time discovered her they were speaking of, whom I recognised at once as the old Marquise of the Chapel of St. Blois. My hands nearly gave up their grasp as I gazed on those features, which so often I had seen fixed in prayer, and which now—a thought paler, perhaps—wore the self-same calm expression. With what intense agony I peered into the mass, to see if the little girl, her grand-

daughter, were with her; and, oh! the deep relief I felt as I saw nothing but strange faces on every side. It was terrible to feel, as my eyes ranged over that vast mass, where grief, and despair, and heart-sinking terror were depicted, that I should experience a spirit of joy and thankfulness; and yet I did so, and with my lips I uttered my gratitude that she was spared! But I had not time for many reflections like this; already the terrible business of the day had begun, and the prisoners were now descending from the cart, ranging themselves, as their names were called, in a line below the scaffold. With a few exceptions, they took their places in all the calm of seeming indifference. Death had long familiarised itself to their minds in a thousand shapes. Day by day they had seen the vacant places left by those led out to die, and if their sorrows had not rendered them careless of life, the world itself had grown distasteful to them. In some cases a spirit of proud scorn was manifested to the very last; and, strange inconsistency of human nature! the very men whose licentiousness and frivolity first evoked the terrible storm of popular fury, were the first to display the most chivalrous courage in the terrible face of the guillotine. Beautiful women, too, in all the pride of their loveliness, met the inhuman stare of that mob undismayed. Nor were these traits without their fruits. This noble spirit—this triumphant victory of the well-born and the great—was a continual insult to the populace, who saw themselves defrauded of half their promised vengeance, and they learned that they might kill, but they could never humiliate them. In vain they dipped their hands in the red life-blood, and, holding up their dripping fingers, asked—"How did it differ from that of the *canaille*?" Their hearts gave the lie to the taunt; for they witnessed instances of heroism, from grey hairs and tender womanhood, that would have shamed the proudest deeds of their new-born chivalry!

"Charles Gregoire Courcelles!" shouted out a deep voice from the scaffold.

"That is my name," said a venerable-looking old gentleman, as he arose from his seat, adding, with a placid smile, "but, for half a century my

friends have called me the Duc de Riancourt."

"We have no dukes nor marquises; we know of no titles in France," replied the functionary. "All men are equal before the law."

"If it were so, my friend, you and I might change places; for you were my steward, and plundered my chateau."

"Down with the Royalist—away with the aristocrat!" shouted a number of voices from the crowd.

"Be a little patient, good people," said the old man, as he ascended the steps with some difficulty; "I was wounded in Canada, and have never yet recovered. I shall probably be better a few minutes hence."

There was something of half simplicity in the careless way the words were uttered that hushed the multitude, and already some expressions of sympathy were heard; but as quickly the ribald insults of the hired ruffians of the Convention drowned these sounds, and "Down with the Royalist" resounded on every side, while two officials assisted him to remove his stock and bare his throat. The Commissary, advancing to the edge of the platform, and, as it were, addressing the people, read in a hurried, slurring kind of voice, something that purported to be the ground of the condemnation. But of this not a word could be heard. None cared to hear the ten-thousand-time told tale of suspected Royalism, nor would listen to the high-sounding declamation that proclaimed the virtuous zeal of the Government—their untiring energy—their glorious persistence in the cause of the people. The last words were as usual responded to with an echoing shout, and the cry of "Vive la Republique" rose from the great multitude.

"Vive le Roi!" cried the old man, with a voice heard high above the clamour; but the words were scarce out when the lips that muttered them were closed in death; so sudden was the act, that a cry burst forth from the mob, but whether in reprobation or in ecstasy I knew not.

I will not follow the sad catalogue, wherein nobles, and peasants, priests, soldiers, actors, men of obscure fortune, and women of lofty station succeeded each other, occupying for a brief minute every eye, and passing away for ever. Many ascended the

platform without a word; some, waved a farewell towards a distant quarter, where they suspected a friend to be; others, spent their last moments in prayer, and died in the very act of supplication. All bore themselves with a noble and proud courage; and now some five or six alone remained of whose fate none seemed to guess the issue, since they had been taken from the Temple by some mistake, and were not included in the list of the Commissary. There they sat, at the foot of the scaffold, speechless and stupified—they looked as though it were matter of indifference to which side their steps should turn—to the gaol or the guillotine. Among these was the Marquise, who alone preserved her proud self-possession, and sat in all her accustomed dignity; while close beside her an angry controversy was maintained as to their future destiny—the Commissary firmly refusing to receive them for execution, and the Delegate of the Temple, as he was styled, as flatly asserting that he would not reconduct them to prison. The populace soon grew interested in the dispute, and the most violent altercations arose among the partisans of each side of the question.

Meanwhile, the Commissary and his assistants prepared to depart. Already the massive drapery of red cloth was drawn over the guillotine, and every preparation made for withdrawing, when the mob, doubtless dissatisfied that they should be defrauded of any portion of the entertainment, began to climb over the wooden barricades, and, with furious cries and shouts, threaten vengeance upon any who would screen the enemies of the people.

The troops resisted the movement, but rather with the air of men entreating calmness, than with the spirit of soldiery. It was plain to see on which side the true force lay.

"If you will not do it, the people will do it for you," whispered the Delegate to the Commissary; "and who is to say where they will stop when their hands once learn the trick?"

The Commissary grew lividly pale, and made no reply.

"See there!" rejoined the other—"they are carrying a fellow on their shoulders yonder—they mean him to be the executioner."

"But I dare not—I cannot—without my orders."

"Are not the people sovereign?—whose will have we sworn to obey, but theirs?"

"My own head would be the penalty if I yielded."

"It will be, if you resist—even now it is too late."

And as he spoke he sprang from the scaffold, and disappeared in the dense crowd that already thronged the space within the rails.

By this time, the populace were not only masters of the area around, but had also gained the scaffold itself, from which many of them seemed endeavouring to harangue the mob; others contenting themselves with imitating the gestures of the Commissary and his functionaries. It was a scene of the wildest uproar and confusion—frantic cries and screams, ribald songs and fiendish yellings on every side. The guillotine was again uncovered, and the great crimson drapery, torn into fragments, was waved about like flags, or twisted into uncouth head-dresses. The Commissary, failing in every attempt to restore order peaceably, and either not possessing a sufficient force, or distrusting the temper of the soldiers, descended from the scaffold, and gave the order to march. This act of submission was hailed by the mob with the most furious yell of triumph. Up to that very moment, they had never credited the bare possibility of a victory; and now they saw themselves suddenly masters of the field—the troops, in all the array of horse and foot, retiring in discomfiture. Their exultation knew no bounds; and, doubtless, had there been amongst them those with skill and daring to profit by the enthusiasm, the torrent had rushed a longer and more terrific course than through the blood-steeped clay of the Place de la Grève.

"Here is the man we want," shouted a deep voice. "St. Just told us, t'other day, that the occasion never failed to produce one; and see, here is 'Jean Gougon;' and though he's but two feet high, his fingers can reach the pin of the guillotine."

And he held aloft on his shoulders a misshapen dwarf, who was well-known on the Pont Neuf, where he gained his living by singing infamous songs, and performing mockeries of the service of the mass. A cheer of welcome acknowledged this speech, to which the dwarf responded by a mock

benediction, which he bestowed with all the ceremonious observance of an archbishop. Shouts of the wildest laughter followed this ribaldry, and in a kind of triumph they carried him up the steps, and deposited him on the scaffold.

Ascending one of the chairs, the little wretch proceeded to address the mob, which he did with all the ease and composure of a practised public speaker. Not a murmur was heard in that tumultuous assemblage, as he, with a most admirable imitation of Hebert, then the popular idol, assured them that France was, at that instant, the envy of surrounding nations; and that, bating certain little weaknesses on the score of humanity—certain traits of softness and over mercy—her citizens realised all that ever had been said of angels. From thence he passed on to a mimicry of Marat, of Danton, and of Robespierre—tearing off his cravat, baring his breast, and performing all the oft-exhibited antics of the latter, as he vociferated, in a wild scream, the well-known peroration of a speech he had lately made—"If we look for a glorious morrow of freedom, the sun of our slavery must set in blood!"

However amused by the dwarf's exhibition, a feeling of impatience began to manifest itself among the mob, who felt that, by any longer delay, it was possible time would be given for fresh troops to arrive, and the glorious opportunity of popular sovereignty be lost in the very hour of victory.

"To work—to work, Master Gougon!" shouted hundreds of rude voices; "we cannot spend our day in listening to oratory."

"You forget, my dear friends," said he, blandly, "that this is to me a new walk in life. I have much to learn, ere I can acquit myself worthily to the republic."

"We have no leisure for preparatory studies, Gougon," cried a fellow below the scaffold.

"Let me, then, just begin with monsieur," said the dwarf, pointing to the last speaker—and a shout of laughter closed the sentence.

A brief and angry dispute now arose as to what was to be done, and it is more than doubtful how the debate might have ended, when Gougon, with a readiness all his own, concluded the discussion by saying—

"I have it, messieurs—I have it. There is a lady here, who, however respectable her family and connexions, will leave few to mourn her loss. She is, in a manner, public property, and if not born on the soil, at least a naturalised Frenchwoman. We have done a great deal for her, and in her name, for some time back, and I am not aware of any singular benefit she has rendered us. With your permission, then, I'll begin with *her*."

"Name, name—name *her*," was cried by thousands.

"*La voila*," said he, archly, as he pointed with his thumb to the wooden effigy of Liberty above his head.

The absurdity of the suggestion was more than enough for its success. A dozen hands were speedily at work, and down came the Goddess of Liberty! The other details of an execution were hurried over with all the speed of practised address, and the figure was placed beneath the drop. Down fell the axe, and Gougou, lifting up the wooden head, paraded it about the scaffold, crying—

"Behold! an enemy of France. Long live the republic, one and 'indivisible.'"

Loud and wild were the shouts of laughter from this brutal mockery; and for a time it almost seemed as if the ribaldry had turned the mob from the sterner passions of their vengeance. This hope, if one there ever cherished it, was short-lived; and again the cry arose for blood. It was too plain, that no momentary diversion, no passing distraction, could withdraw them from that lust for cruelty, that had now grown into a passion.

And now a bustle and movement of those around the stairs showed that something was in preparation; and in the next moment the old Marquise was led forward between two men.

"Where is the order for this woman's execution?" asked the dwarf, mimicking the style and air of the Commissary.

"We give it: it is from us," shouted the mob, with one savage roar.

Gougou removed his cap, and bowed a token of obedience.

"Let us proceed in order, messieurs," said he, gravely; "I see no priest here."

"Shrive *her* yourself, Gougou; few know the mummeries better!" cried a voice.

"Is there not one here can remember a prayer, or even a verse of the offices," said Gougou, with a well-affected horror in his voice.

"Yes, yes, I do," cried I, my zeal overcoming all sense of the mockery in which the words were spoken; "I know them all by heart, and can repeat them from '*lux beatissima*' down to '*hora mortis*;' " and as if to gain credence for my self-laudation, I began at once to recite in the sing-song tone of the seminary—

"*Salve, mater salvatoris,
Fons salutis, vas honoris;
Scala cœli porta et via,
Salve semper, O, Maria!*"

It is possible I should have gone on to the very end, if the uproarious laughter which rung around had not stopped me.

"There's a brave youth!" cried Gougou, pointing towards me, with mock admiration. "If it ever come to pass—as what may not in these strange times?—that we turn to priestcraft again, thou shalt be the first archbishop of Paris. Who taught thee that famous canticle?"

"The Père Michel," replied I, in no way conscious of the ridicule bestowed upon me; "the Père Michel of St. Blois."

The old lady lifted up her head at these words, and her dark eyes rested steadily upon me; and then, with a sign of her hand, she motioned to me to come over to her.

"Yes; let him come," said Gougou, as if answering the half-reluctant glances of the crowd. And now I was assisted to descend, and passed along over the heads of the people, till I was placed upon the scaffold. Never can I forget the terror of that moment, as I stood within a few feet of the terrible guillotine, and saw beside me the horrid basket, splashed with recent blood.

"Look not at these things, child," said the old lady, as she took my hand and drew me towards her, "but listen to me, and mark my words well."

"I will, I will," cried I, as the hot tears rolled down my cheeks.

"Tell the Père—you will see him to-night—tell him that I have changed my mind, and resolved upon another course, and that he is not to leave Paris. Let them remain. The torrent runs too rapidly to last. This

cannot endure much longer. We shall be among the last victims! You hear me, child?"

"I do, I do," cried I, sobbing. "Why is not the Père Michel with you now?"

"Because he is suing for my pardon—asking for mercy, where its very name is a derision. Kneel down beside me, and repeat the 'angelus.'"

I took off my cap, and knelt down at her feet, reciting, in a voice broken by emotion, the words of the prayer. She repeated each syllable after me, in a tone full and unshaken, and then stooping, she took up the lily which lay in my cap. She pressed it passionately to her lips; two or three times passionately. "Give it to her; tell her I kissed it at my last moment. Tell her ——"

"This 'shrift' is beyond endurance.

Away, holy father," cried Gougou, as he pushed me rudely back, and seized the Marquise by the wrist. A faint cry escaped her. I heard no more; for, jostled and pushed about by the crowd, I was driven to the very rails of the scaffold. Stepping beneath these, I mingled with the mob beneath; and burning with eagerness to escape a scene, to have witnessed which would almost have made my heart break, I forced my way into the dense mass, and, by squeezing and creeping, succeeded at last in penetrating to the verge of the Place. A terrible shout, and a rocking motion of the mob, like the heavy surging of the sea, told me that all was over; but I never looked back to the fatal spot, but having gained the open streets, ran at the top of my speed towards home.

GENIUS.

Far out at sea—the sun was high,
While veered the wind and flapped the sail,—
We saw a snow-white butterfly
Dancing before the fitful gale,
Far out at sea.

The little stranger, who had lost
His way, of danger nothing knew;
Settled awhile upon the mast,
Then flutter'd o'er the waters blue;
Far out at sea.

Above there gleam'd the boundless sky;
Beneath, the boundless ocean sheen;
Between them danced the butterfly;
The spirit-life in this vast scene;
Far out at sea.

Away he sped with shimmering glee!
Dim, indistinct—now seen—now gone.
Night comes, with wind and rain,—and he
No more will dance before the Morn—
Far out at sea.

He dies unlike his mates, I ween;
Perhaps not sooner, nor worse cross'd;
And he hath felt, and known, and seen,
A larger life and hope,—though lost,
Far out at sea!

MEMOIRS OF THE FIRST DUCHESS OF ORLEANS.

WHILE the fortunes of the last Duchess of Orleans are still in uncertainty, it may not be displeasing to read something of the family and character of the first princess who bore that title. The retrospect will carry us back to stirring times, and make us acquainted with the virtues and sufferings, as well as the crimes, which mark the family history of the great European houses. The story of Valentina Visconti links the history of Milan with that of Paris, and imparts an Italian grace and tenderness to the French annals. Yet although herself one of the gentlest of women, she was sprung from the fiercest of men. The history of the rise and progress of the family of Visconti is, in truth, one of the most characteristic that the Lombardic annalists have preserved.

The Sforzias, called Visconti from their hereditary office of *Viccomes*, or temporal vicar of the Emperor, were a marked and peculiar race. With the most ferocious qualities, they combined high intellectual refinement, and an elegant and cultivated taste, in all that was excellent in art, architecture, poetry, and classical learning. The founder of the family was Otho, Archbishop of Milan at the close of the 13th century. He extended his vicarial authority into a virtual sovereignty of the Lombard towns, acknowledging only the German Emperor as his feudal lord. This self-constituted authority he transmitted to his nephew Matteo, "Il grande." In the powerful hands of Matteo the Magnificent, Milan became the capital of a virtual Lombardic kingdom. Three of the sons of Matteo were successively "tyrants" of Milan, the designation being probably used in its classical, rather than its modern sense. Galeazzo, the eldest, was succeeded by his son Azzo, the only one of the male representatives of the Visconti who exhibited any of the milder characteristics befitting the character of a virtuous prince. Luchino, his uncle and successor, was, however, a patron of learning, and has had the good fortune to transmit his name to us in illustrious company. At his court, in other

respects contaminated by vice, and made infamous by cruelty, the poet Petrarch found a home and a munificent patron. Luchino cultivated his friendship. The poet was not above repaying attentions so acceptable by a no less acceptable flattery. Petrarch's epistle, eulogising the virtues and recounting the glory of the tyrant, remains a humiliating record of the power of wealth and greatness, and the pliability of genius.

Luchino's fate was characteristic. His wife, Isabella of Fieschi, had frequently suffered from his caprice and jealousy; at length she learned that he had resolved on putting her to death. Forced to anticipate his cruel intent, she poisoned him with the very drugs he had designed for her destruction.

Luchino was succeeded by his brother Giovanni, Archbishop of Milan, the ablest of the sons of Matteo. Under his unscrupulous administration the Milanese territory was extended, until almost the whole of Lombardy was brought under the yoke of the vigorous and subtle tyrant. Although an ecclesiastic, he was as prompt to use the temporal as the spiritual sword. On his accession to power, Pope Clement the Sixth, then resident at Avignon, summoned him to appear at his tribunal to answer certain charges of heresy and schism. The papal legate sent with this commission had a further demand to make on behalf of the Pontiff—the restitution of Bologna, a fief of the church, which had been seized by the Milanese prelate, Giovanni Visconti, as well as the cession, by the latter, of either his temporal or spiritual authority, which the legate declared could not be lawfully united in the person of an archbishop. Giovanni insisted that the legate should repeat the propositions with which he was charged at church on the following Sunday: as prince and bishop he could only receive such a message in the presence of his subjects and the clergy of his province. On the appointed day, the Archbishop having celebrated high-mass with unusual splendour, the legate announced the message with which he was charged by his

Holiness. The people listened in silence, expecting a great discussion. But their astonishment was not greater than that of the legate, when Archbishop Giovanni stepped forth, with his crucifix in one hand, while with the other he drew from beneath his sacerdotal robes a naked sword, and exclaimed—"Behold the spiritual and temporal arms of Giovanni Visconti! By the help of God, with the one I will defend the other."

The legate could obtain no other answer, save that the Archbishop declared that he had no intention of disobeying the pontiff's citation to appear at Avignon. He accordingly prepared, indeed, to enter such an appearance as would prevent citations of that kind in future.

He sent, as his precursor, a confidential secretary, with orders to make suitable preparations for his reception. Thus commissioned, the secretary proceeded to hire every vacant house in the city and surrounding neighbourhood, within a circuit of several miles; and made enormous contracts for the supply of furniture and provisions for the use of the Archbishop and his suite. These astounding preparations soon reached the ears of Clement. He sent for the secretary, and demanded the meaning of these extraordinary proceedings. The secretary replied, that he had instructions from his master, the Archbishop of Milan, to provide for the reception of 12,000 knights and 6,000 foot soldiers, exclusive of the Milanese gentlemen who would accompany their lord when he appeared at Avignon, in compliance with his Holiness's summons. Clement, quite unprepared for such a visit, only thought how he should extricate himself from so great a dilemma. He wrote to the haughty Visconti, begging that he would not put himself to the inconvenience of such a journey: and, lest this should not be sufficient to deter him, proposed to grant him the investiture of Bologna—the matter in dispute between them—for a sum of money: a proposal readily assented to by the wealthy Archbishop.

Giovanni Visconti bequeathed to the three sons of his brother Stephano a well-consolidated power; and, for that age, an enormous accumulation of wealth. The Visconti were the most skilful of financiers. Without overburthening their subjects, they had

ever a well-filled treasury—frequently recruited, it is true, by the plunder of their enemies, or replenished by the contributions they levied on neighbouring cities. The uniform success which attended their negotiations in these respects, encouraged them in that intermeddling policy they so often pursued. We can scarcely read without a smile the proclamations of their generals to the inoffensive cities, of whose affairs they so kindly undertook the unsolicited management.

"It is no unworthy design which has brought us hither," the general would say to the citizens of the towns selected for these disinterested interventions; "we are here to re-establish order, to destroy the dissensions and secret animosities which divide the people (say) of Tuscany. We have formed the unalterable resolution to reform the abuses which abound in all the Tuscan cities. If we cannot attain our object by mild persuasions, we will succeed by the strong hand of power. Our chief has commanded us to conduct his armies to the gates of your city, to attack you at our swords' point, and to deliver over your property to be pillaged, unless (solely for your own advantage) you shew yourselves pliant in conforming to his benevolent advice."

Giovanni Visconti, as we have intimated, was succeeded by his nephews. The two younger evinced the daring military talent which distinguished their race. Matteo, the eldest, on the contrary, abandoned himself to effeminate indulgences. His brothers, Bernabos and Galeazzo, would have been well pleased that he should remain a mere cipher, leaving the management of affairs in their hands; but they soon found that his unrestrained licentiousness endangered the sovereignty of all. On one occasion a complaint was carried to the younger brothers by an influential citizen. Matteo Visconti having heard that this citizen's wife was possessed of great personal attractions, sent for her husband, and informed him that he designed her for an inmate of his palace, commanding him, upon pain of death, to fetch her immediately. The indignant burgher, in his perplexity, claimed the protection of Bernabos and Galeazzo. The brothers perceived that inconvenient consequences were likely to ensue. A dose of poison, that very day,

terminated the brief career of Matteo the voluptuous.

Of the three brothers Bernabos was the most warlike and the most cruel; Galeazzo the most subtle and politic. Labouring to cement his power by foreign alliances, he purchased from John, king of France, his daughter Isabelle de Valois, as the bride of his young son and heir; and procured the hand of Lionel, Duke of Clarence, son of Edward III. of England, for his daughter Violante. While Galeazzo pursued these peaceful modes of aggrandisement, Bernabos waged successful war on his neighbours, subjecting to the most refined cruelties all who questioned his authority. It was he who first reduced the practice of the torture to a perfect system, extending over a period of forty-one days. During this period, every alternate day, the miserable victim suffered the loss of some of his members—an eye, a finger, an ear—until at last his torments ended on the fatal wheel. Pope after pope struggled in vain against these powerful tyrants. They laughed at excommunication, or only marked the fulfilment of a papal bull by some fresh act of oppression on the clergy subject to their authority. On one occasion Urban the Fifth sent Bernabos his bull of excommunication, by two legates. Bernabos received the pontifical message unmoved. He manifested no irritation—no resentment; but courteously escorted the legates, on their return, as far as one of the principal bridges in Milan. Here he paused, about to take leave of them. “It would be inhospitable to permit you to depart,” he said, addressing the legates, “without some refreshment; choose—will you eat or drink?” The legates, terrified at the tone in which he compliment was conveyed, declined his proffered civility. “Not so,” he exclaimed, with a terrible oath; “you shall not leave my city without some remembrance of me; say, will you eat or drink?” The affrighted legates, perceiving themselves surrounded by the guards of the tyrant, and in immediate proximity to the river, felt no taste for drinking. “We had rather eat,” said they, “the *sight* of so much water is sufficient to quench our thirst.” “Well, then,” rejoined Bernabos, “here are the bulls of excommunication which you have brought to me; you shall not pass this bridge

until you have eaten, in my presence, the parchments on which they are written, the leaden seals affixed to them, and the silken cords by which they are attached.” The legates urged in vain the sacred character of their offices of ambassador and priest: Bernabos kept his word; and they were left to digest the insult as best they might. Bernabos and his brother, after having disposed of Matteo, became, as companions in crime usually do, suspicious of one another. In particular, each feared that the other would poison him. Those banquets and entertainments to which they treated one another must have been scenes of magnificent discomfort.

Galeazzo died first. His son, Giovanni-Galeazzo, succeeded, and matched the unscrupulous ambition of his uncle with a subtlety equal to his own. Not satisfied with a divided sway, he manœuvred unceasingly until he made himself master of the persons of Bernabos and his two sons. The former he kept a close prisoner for seven months, and afterwards put to death by poison. The cruelty and pride of Bernabos had rendered him so odious to his subjects, that they made no effort on his behalf, but submitted without opposition to the milder government of Giovanni-Galeazzo. He was no less successful in obtaining another object of his ambition. He received from the Emperor Wenceslaus the investiture and dukedom of Milan, for which he paid the sum of 100,000 florins, and now saw himself undisputed master of Lombardy.

The court of Milan during such a period seems a strange theatre for the display of graceful and feminine virtues. Yet it was here, and under the immediate eye of her father, this very Giovanni-Galeazzo, that Valentina Visconti, one of the most amiable female characters of history, passed the early days of her eventful life. As the naturalist culls a wild flower from the brink of the volcano, the historian of the dynasty of Milan pauses to contemplate her pure and graceful character, presenting itself among the tyrants, poisoners, murderers, and infidels who founded the power and amassed the wealth of her family. It would be sad to think that the families of the wicked men of history partook of the crimes of their parents. But we must remember

that virtue has little charm for the annalist; he records what is most calculated to excite surprise or awake horror, but takes no notice of the unobtrusive ongoings of those who live and die in peace and quietness. We may be sure that among the patrons of Petrarch there was no want of refinement, or of the domestic amenities with which a youthful princess, and only child, ought to be surrounded. In fact, we have been left the most permanent and practical evidences of the capacity of these tyrants for the enjoyment of the beautiful. The majestic cathedral of Milan is a monument of the noble architectural taste of Valentina's father. In the midst of donjons and fortress-palaces it rose, an embodiment of the refining influence of religion; bearing in many respects a likeness to the fair and innocent being whose fortunes we are about to narrate, and who assisted at its foundation. The progress of the building was slow: it was not till a more magnificent usurper than any of the Visconti assumed the iron-crown of Lombardy, in our own generation, that the general design of the Duomo of Milan was completed. Many of the details still remain unfinished; many statues to be placed on their pinnacles; some to be replaced on the marble stands from which they were overthrown by the cannon of Radetski. Of the old castle of the Visconti two circular towers and a curtain-wall alone remain: its court-yard is converted into a barrack, its moats filled up, its terraced gardens laid down as an esplanade for the troops of the Austrian garrison. The family of the Visconti have perished. Milan, so long the scene of their glory, and afterwards the battle-ground of contending claimants, whose title was derived through them, has ceased to be the capital of a free and powerful Italian state: but the Cathedral, after a growth of nearly four centuries, is still growing; and the name of the gentle Valentina, so early associated with the majestic gothic edifice, "smells sweet, and blossoms in the dust."

The year after the foundation of the Duomo, Valentina Visconti became the bride of Louis Duke of Orleans, only brother to the reigning monarch of France, Charles VI. Their politic father, the wise King Charles, had repaired the disasters occasioned

by the successful English invasion, and the long captivity of John the Second. The marriage of Valentina and Louis was considered highly desirable by all parties. The important town of Asti, with an immense marriage portion in money, was bestowed by Giovanni-Galeazzo on his daughter. A brilliant escort of the Lombard chivalry accompanied the "*promessa sposa*" to the French frontier.

Charles VI. made the most magnificent preparations for the reception of his destined sister-in-law. The weak but amiable monarch, ever delighting in fêtes and entertainments, could gratify his childish taste, while displaying a delicate consideration and brotherly regard for Louis of Orleans. The marriage was to be celebrated at Méhun. Fountains of milk and choice wine played to the astonishment and delight of the bourgeois. There were jousts and tournaments, masques and banquets, welcoming the richly-dowered daughter of Milan. All promised a life of secured happiness; she was wedded to the brave and chivalrous Louis of Orleans, the pride and darling of France. He was eminently handsome; and his gay, graceful, and affable manners gained for him the strong personal attachment of all who surrounded him. But, alas! for Valentina and her dream of happiness, Louis was a profligate; she found herself, from the first moment of her marriage, a neglected wife: her modest charms and gentle deportment had no attractions for her volatile husband. The early years of her wedded life were passed in solitude and uncomplaining sorrow. She bore her wrongs in dignified silence. Her quiet endurance, her pensive gentleness, never for a moment yielded; nor was she ever heard to express an angry or bitter sentiment. Still she was not without some consolation: she became the mother of promising children, on whom she could bestow the treasures of love and tenderness, of the value of which the dissolute Louis was insensible. Affliction now began to visit the French palace. Charles VI. had long shewn evidences of a weak intellect. The events of his youth had shaken a mind never robust: indeed they were such as one cannot read of even now without emotion.

During his long minority the country, which, under the prudent adminis-

tration of his father, had well nigh recovered the defeats of Cressy and Poitiers, had been torn by intestine commotions. The regency was in the hands of the young king's uncles, the dukes of Anjou and Burgundy. The latter inheriting by his wife, who was heiress of Flanders, the rich provinces bordering France on the north-east, in addition to his province of Burgundy, found himself, in some respects, more powerful than his sovereign. The commercial prosperity of the Low Countries filled his coffers with money, and the hardy Burgundian population gave him, at command, a bold and intrepid soldiery.

From his earliest years, Charles had manifested a passion for the chase. When about twelve years old, in the forest of Senlis, he had encountered a stag, bearing a collar with the inscription, "*Cæsar hoc mihi donavit.*" This wonderful stag appeared to him in a dream a few years afterwards, as he lay in his tent before Roosebeke in Flanders, whither he had been led by his uncle of Burgundy to quell an insurrection of the citizens of Ghent, headed by the famous Philip van Artevelde. Great had been the preparations of the turbulent burghers. Protected by their massive armour, they formed themselves into a solid square bristling with pikes. The French cavalry, armed with lances, eagerly waited for the signal of attack. The signal was to be the unfurling of the oriflamme, the sacred banner of France, which had never before been displayed but when battling against infidels. It had been determined, on this occasion, to use it against the Flemings because they rejected the authority of Pope Clement, calling themselves Urbanists, and were consequently looked on by the French as excluded from the pale of the church. As the young king unfurled this formidable banner, the sun, which had for days been obscured by a lurid fog, suddenly shone forth with unwonted brilliancy. A dove, which had long hovered over the king's battalion, at the same time settled on the flag-staff.

"Now, by the lips of those you love, fair gentlemen of France,

Charge for the golden lilies—upon them with the lance!"

The French chivalry did indeed execute a memorable charge on these burghers of Ghent. Their lance-points

reached a yard beyond the heads of the Flemish pikes. The Flemings, unable to return or parry their thrusts, fell back on all sides. The immense central mass of human beings thus forcibly compressed, shrieked and struggled in vain. Gasping for breath, they perished, *en masse*, suffocated by the compression, and crushed under the weight of their heavy armour. A reward had been offered for the body of Philip van Artevelde: it was found amid a heap of slain, and brought to the king's pavilion. The young monarch gazed on the mortal remains of his foe, but no wound could be discovered on the body of the Flemish leader—he had perished from suffocation. The corpse was afterwards hanged on the nearest tree. When the king surveyed this horrible yet bloodless field, the appalling spectacle of this mass of dead, amounting, it is said, to 34,000 corpses, was more than his mind could bear. From this period unmistakeable evidences of his malady became apparent. The marvellous stag took possession of his fancy; it seemed to him the emblem of victory, and he caused it to be introduced among the heraldic insignia of the kingdom.

In his sixteenth year, the king selected, as the partner of his throne, the beautiful Isabeau of Bavaria. She also was a Visconti by the mother's side, her father having wedded one of the daughters of Bernabos. In her honour various costly fêtes had been given. On one of these occasions the royal bridegroom displayed his eccentricity in a characteristic manner. The chroniclers of the time have given us very detailed accounts of these entertainments. The costumes were extravagantly fantastic: ladies carried on their head an enormous *hennin* a very cumbersome kind of head-dress, surmounted by horns of such dimensions, that their exit or entrance into an apartment was a work of considerable difficulty. The shoes were equally absurd and inconvenient; their pointed extremities, half a yard in length, were turned up and fastened to the knees in various grotesque forms. The robes, the long open sleeves of which swept the ground, were emblazoned with strange devices. Among the personal effects of one of the royal princes we find an inventory of about a thousand pearls used in embroidering

on a robe the words and music of a popular song.

The chronicle of the *Religieux de St. Denis* describes one of these masked balls, which was held in the courtyard of that venerable abbey, temporarily roofed over with tapestries for the occasion. The sons of the Duke of Anjou, cousins of the king, were prepared to invade Naples, in right of their father, to whom Joanna of Naples had devised that inheritance. Previous to their departure, their royal cousin resolved to confer on them the order of knighthood. An immense concourse of guests were invited to witness the splendid ceremonial, and take part in the jousts and tournaments which were to follow. The king had selected a strange scene for these gay doings. The Abbey of St. Denis was the last resting-place of the kings of France. Here mouldered the mortal remains of his predecessors, and here were to repose his bones when he, too, should be "gathered to his fathers." The celebrated "Captain of the Companies," the famous du Guesclin, the saviour of France in the reign of his father, had paid the debt of nature many years before, and reposed there among the mortal remains of those whose throne he had guarded so well. The astonishment of the guests was extreme, when it appeared that the exhumation and reinterment of du Guesclin formed part of the programme of the revels. The old warrior was taken up, the funeral rites solemnly gone through, three hundred livres appropriated to the pious use of masses for his soul, and the revellers dismissed to meditate on the royal eccentricities.

The murder of the Constable of France, Oliver de Clisson, followed soon after, and quite completed the break down of poor Charles's mind. This powerful officer of the Crown had long been feared and hated by the great feudal lords, especially by the Duke of Brittany, who entertained an absurd jealousy of the one-eyed hero. Although Clisson, by his decisive victory at Auray, had secured to him the contested dukedom of Brittany, the jealous duke treacherously arrested his benefactor and guest, whom he kept prisoner in the dungeons of his castle of La Motte. In the first transports of his fury the duke had given orders that de Clisson should be put to death; but his servants, fearing the consequences of so

audacious an act, left his commands unexecuted. Eventually, the Constable was permitted by his captor to purchase his freedom, a condition which was no sooner complied with, than the duke repented having allowed his foe to escape from his hands. He now suborned Pierre de Craon, a personal enemy of de Clisson, to be the executioner of his vengeance. The Constable was returning to his hotel, having spent a festive evening with his sovereign, when he was set on by his assassins. He fell, covered with wounds, and was left for dead. To increase his torments, the murderer announced to him, as he fell, his name and motives. But, though severely injured, Clisson was yet alive. The noise of the conflict reached the king, who was just retiring to rest. He hastened to the spot. His bleeding minister clung to his robe, and implored him to swear that he should be avenged.

"My fidelity to your Majesty has raised up for me powerful enemies: this is my only crime. Whether I recover, or perish from my wounds, swear to me that I shall not be unavenged."

"I shall never rest, so help me God," replied the excited monarch, "until the authors of this audacious crime shall be brought to justice."

Charles kept his word. Although suffering from fever, the result of this night's alarm and exposure, he collected a considerable army and marched for Brittany. His impatient eagerness knew no bounds. Through the sultry, noonday heat, over the arid plains and dense forests of Brittany, he pursued the assassin of his Constable. He rode the foremost of his host—often silently and alone. One day, having undergone great personal fatigue, he had closed his eyes, still riding forward, when he was aroused by the violent curvetting of his steed, whose bridle had been seized by a wild-looking man, singularly clad.

"Turn back, turn back, noble king," cried he; "to proceed further is certain death, you are betrayed!" Having uttered these words, the stranger disappeared in the recesses of the forest before any one could advance to arrest him.

The army now traversed a sandy plain, which reflected the intensity of the solar rays. The king wore a black velvet jerkin, and a cap of crimson

velvet, ornamented with a chaplet of pearls. This ill-selected costume rendered the heat insufferable. While musing on the strange occurrence in the forest, he was aroused by the clashing of steel around him. The page, who bore his lance, had yielded to the drowsy influences of the oppressive noonday heat, and as he slumbered his lance had fallen with a ringing sound on the casque of the page before him. The succession of these alarms quite damaged Charles's intellect. He turned, in a paroxysm of madness, crying, "Down with the traitors!" and attacked his own body-guard. All made way, as the mad king assailed them. Several fell victims to his wildly-aimed thrusts, before he sunk at length, exhausted by his efforts, a fit of total insensibility followed. His brother of Orleans and kinsman of Burgundy had him conveyed by slow stages to Paris.

Charles's recovery was very tedious. Many remedies were tried—charms and incantations, as well as medicines; but to the great joy of the people, who had always loved him, his reason was at length pronounced to be restored, and his physicians recommended him to seek amusement and diversion in festive entertainments.

Another shock, and Charles VI. became a confirmed lunatic. This tragical termination of an absurd frolic occurred as follows:—

On a gala occasion the monarch and five knights of his household conceived the design of disguising themselves as satyrs. Close-fitting linen dresses, covered with some bituminous substance, to which was attached fine flax resembling hair, were stitched on their persons. Their grotesque figures excited much merriment. The Dukes of Orleans and Bar, who had been supping elsewhere, entered the hall somewhat affected by their night's dissipation. With inconceivable folly, one of these tipsy noblemen applied a torch to the covering of one of the satyrs. The miserable wretch, burning frightfully and hopelessly, rushed through the hall in horrible torments, shrieking in the agonies of despair. The fire was rapidly communicated. To those of the satyrs, whose hairy garments were thus ignited, escape was hopeless. To detach the flaming pitch was impossible; they writhed and rolled about, but in vain: their tortures only ended with their lives. One alone be-

sides the king escaped. Recollecting that the buttery was near, he ran and plunged himself in the large tub of water provided for washing the plates and dishes. Even so, he did not escape without serious injuries. The king had been conversing in his disguise with the young bride of the Duke of Berri. She had recognised him, and with admirable presence of mind and devotion she held him fast, covering him with her robe lest a spark should descend on him. To her care and energy he owed his preservation from so horrible a fate, but, alas! only to linger for years a miserable maniac. The terrible spectacle of his companions in harmless frolic perishing in this dreadful manner before his eyes, completed the wreck of his already broken intellect. His reason returned but partially. Even these slight amendments were at rare intervals. He became a squalid and pitiable object; his person utterly neglected, for his garments could only be changed by force. His heartless and faithless wife deserted him—indeed in his insane fits his detestation of her was excessive—and neglected their children. One human being only could soothe and soften him, his sister-in-law, Valentina Visconti.

Charles had always manifested the truest friendship for the neglected wife of his brother. They were alike unhappy in their domestic relations; for the gallantries of the beautiful Queen were scarcely less notorious than those of Louis of Orleans; and if scandal spoke truly, Louis himself was one of the Queen's lovers. The brilliant and beautiful Isabeau was distinguished by the dazzlingly clear and fair complexion of her German fatherland, and the large lustrous eyes of the Italian. But Charles detested her, and delighted in the society of Valentina. He was never happy but when near her. In the violent paroxysms of his malady, she only could venture to approach him—she alone had influence over the poor maniac. He yielded to her wishes without opposition; and in his occasional glimpses of reason, touchingly thanked his "dear sister" for her watchful care and forbearance.

It must have been a dismal change, even from the barbaric court of Milan; but Valentina was not a stranger to the consolations which are ever the reward of those who prove themselves self-sacrificing in the performance of

duty. She was eminently happy in her children. Charles, her eldest son, early evinced a delicate enthusiasm of mind—the sensitive organisation of genius. He was afterwards to become, *par excellence*, the poet of France. In his childhood he was distinguished for his amiable disposition and handsome person. Possibly at the time of which we now write, was laid the foundation of that sincere affection for his cousin Isabella, eldest daughter of the king, which many years afterwards resulted in their happy union. One of the most touching poems of Charles of Orleans has been charmingly rendered into English by Mr. Carey. It is addressed to his deceased wife, who died in child-bed at the early age of twenty-two:—

“To make my lady’s obsequies,
My love a minster wrought,
And in the chantry, service there
Was sung by doleful thought.
The tapers were of burning sighs,
That light and odour gave,
And grief, illumined by tears,
Irradiated her grave;
And round about in quaintest guise
Was carved, ‘Within this tomb there lies
The fairest thing to mortal eyes.’

“Above her lieth spread a tomb,
Of gold and sapphires blue;
The gold doth mark her blessedness,
The sapphires mark her true;
For blessedness and truth in her
Were livelily portray’d,
When gracious God with both his hands
Her wondrous beauty made;
She was, to speak without disguise,
The fairest thing to mortal eyes.

“No more, no more; my heart doth faint,
When I the life recall
Of her who lived so free from taint,
So virtuous deemed by all;
Who in herself was so complete,
I think that she was ta’en
By God to deck his Paradise,
And with his saints to reign;
For well she doth become the skies,
Whom, while on earth, each one did prize,
The fairest thing to mortal eyes!”

The same delicate taste and sweet sensibility which are here apparent break forth in another charming poem by Charles, composed while a prisoner in England, and descriptive of the same delightful season that surrounds us with light and harmony, while we write, “le premier printemps:”—

“The Time hath laid his mantle by
Of wind, and rain, and icy chill,
And dons a rich embroidery
Of sunlight pour’d on lake and hill.

“No beast or bird in earth or sky,
Whose voice doth not with gladness thrill;
For Time hath laid his mantle by
Of wind, and rain, and icy chill.

“River and fountain, brook and rill,
Bespangled o’er with livery gay
Of silver droplets, wind their way:
All in their new apparel vie,
For Time hath laid his mantle by.”

We have said little of Louis of Orleans, the unfaithful husband of Valentina. This young prince had many redeeming traits of character. He was generous, liberal, and gracious: adored by the French people; fondly loved, even by his neglected wife. His tragical death, assassinated in cold blood by his cousin, Jean-sans-peur of Burgundy, excited in his behalf universal pity. Let us review the causes which aroused the vindictive hostility of the Duke of Burgundy, only to be appeased by the death of his gay and unsuspecting kinsman.

Among the vain follies of Louis of Orleans, his picture-gallery may be reckoned the most offensive. Here were suspended the portraits of his various mistresses; among others he had the audacity to place there the likeness of the Bavarian princess, wife of Jean-sans-peur. The resentment of the injured husband may readily be conceived. In addition to this very natural cause of dislike, these dukes had been rivals for that political power which the imbecility of Charles the Sixth placed within their grasp.

The unamiable elements in the character of the Duke of Burgundy had been called into active exercise in very early life. While Duke de Nevers, he was defeated at Nicopolis, and made prisoner by Bajazet, surnamed “Il-derim,” or the Thunderer. What rendered this defeat the more mortifying was, the boastful expectation of success proclaimed by the Christian army. “If the sky should fall, we could uphold it on our lances,” they exclaimed, but a few hours before their host was scattered, and its leaders prisoners to the Moslem. Jean-sans-peur was detained in captivity until an enormous ransom was paid for his deliverance. Giovanni-Galeazzo was

suspected of connivance with Bajazet, both in bringing the Christians to fight at a disadvantage, and in putting the Turks on the way of obtaining the heaviest ransoms. The splenetic irritation of this disaster seems to have clung long after to the Duke of Burgundy. His character was quite the reverse of that of his confiding kinsman of Orleans. He was subtle, ambitious, designing, crafty—dishonourably resorting to guile, where he dared not venture on overt acts of hostility. For the various reasons we have mentioned, he bore a secret, but intense hatred to his cousin Louis.

In the early winter of 1407, the Duke of Orleans, finding his health impaired, bade a temporary adieu to the capital, and secluded himself in his favourite chateau of Beauté. He seems to have been previously awakened to serious reflections. He had passed much of his time at the convent of the Celestines, who, among their most precious relics, still reckon the illuminated manuscript of the Holy Scriptures presented to them by Louis of Orleans, and bearing his autograph. To this order of monks he peculiarly attached himself, spending most of the time his approaching death accorded to him. A spectre, in the solitude of the cloisters, appeared to him, and bade him prepare to stand in the presence of his Maker. His friends in the convent, to whom he narrated the occurrence, contributed by their exhortations to deepen the serious convictions pressing on his mind. There now seemed a reasonable expectation that Louis of Orleans would return from his voluntary solitude at his chateau on the Marne, a wiser and a better man, cured, by timely reflection, of the only blemish which tarnished the lustre of his many virtues.

The aged Duke of Berri had long lamented the ill-feeling and hostility which had separated his nephews of Orleans and Burgundy. It was his earnest desire to see these discords, so injurious to their true interests and the well-being of the kingdom, ended by a cordial reconciliation. He addressed himself to Jean-sans-peur, and met with unhopèd-for success. The Duke of Burgundy professed his willingness to be reconciled, and acceded with alacrity to his uncle's proposition of a visit to the invalided Louis. The latter, ever trusting and warm-hearted,

cordially embraced his former enemy. They received the sacrament together, in token of peace and good-will: the Duke of Burgundy, accepting the proffered hospitality of his kinsman, promised to partake of a banquet to be given on this happy occasion by Louis of Orleans, a few days later.

During the interval the young Duke returned to Paris. His sister-in-law, Queen Isabeau, was then residing at the Hotel Barquette—a noble palace in a retired neighbourhood, with fine gardens, almost completely secluded. Louis of Orleans, almost unattended, visited the Queen, to condole with her on the loss of her infant, who had survived its birth but a few days. While they were supping together, Scas de Courteheuze, valet-de-chambre to Charles VI., arrived with a message to the Duke:—"My lord, the king sends for you, and you must instantly hasten to him, for he has business of great importance to you and to him, which he must communicate to you this night." Louis of Orleans, never doubting that this message came from his brother, hastened to obey the summons. His inconsiderable escort rendered him an easy prey to the ruffians who lay in wait for him. He was cruelly murdered; his skull cleft open, the brains scattered on the pavement; his hand so violently severed from the body, that it was thrown to a considerable distance; the other arm shattered in two places; and the body frightfully mangled. About eighteen were concerned in the murder: Raoul d'Oquetonville and Scas de Courteheuze acted as leaders. They had long waited for an opportunity, and lodged at an hotel "having for sign the image of Our Lady," near the Porte Barquette, where, it was afterwards discovered, they had waited for several days for their victim. Thus perished, in the prime of life, the gay and handsome Louis of Orleans. The mutilated remains were collected, and removed to the Church of the Guillemins, the nearest place where they might be deposited. This confraternity were an order of hermits, who had succeeded to the church convent of the BlancManteaux instituted by St. Louis. The church of the Guillemins was soon crowded by the friends and relatives of the murdered Prince. All concurred in execrating the author or authors of this horrid deed. Suspicion

at first fell upon Sir Aubert de Canny, who had good reason for hating the deceased Duke. Louis of Orleans some years previously had carried off his wife, Marietta D'Enghein, and kept her openly until she had borne him a son, afterwards the celebrated Dunois. Immediate orders were issued by the king for the arrest of the Knight of Canny. Great sympathy was felt for the widowed Valentina, and her young and fatherless children. Noone expressed himself more strongly than the Duke of Burgundy. He sent a kind message to Valentina, begging her to look on him as a friend and protector. While contemplating the body of his victim, he said, "Never has there been committed in the realm of France a fouler murder." His show of regret did not end here: with the other immediate relatives of the deceased Prince, he bore the pall at the funeral procession. When the body was removed to the church of the Celestines, there to be interred in a beautiful chapel Louis of Orleans had himself founded and built, Burgundy was observed by the spectators to shed tears. But he was destined soon to assume quite another character, by an almost involuntary act. The Provost of Paris, having traced the flight of the assassins, had ascertained beyond doubt that they had taken refuge at the hotel of this very Duke of Burgundy. He presented himself at the council, and undertook to produce the criminals, if permitted to search the residences of the princes. Seized with a sudden panic, the Duke of Burgundy, to the astonishment of all present, became his own accuser. Pale and trembling, he avowed his guilt:—"It was I!" he faltered, "the devil tempted me!" The other members of the council shrunk back in undisguised horror. Jean-sans-peur, having made this astounding confession, left the council-chamber, and started, without a moment's delay, for the Flemish frontier. He was hotly pursued by the friends of the murdered Louis; but his measures had been taken with too much prompt resolution to permit of a successful issue to his Orleanist pursuers. Once among his subjects of the Low Countries, he might dare the utmost malice of his opponents.

In the meantime, the will of the deceased duke was made public. His

character, like Cæsar's, rose greatly in the estimation of the citizens, when the provisions of his last testament were made known. He desired that he should be buried without pomp in the Church of the Celestines, arrayed in the garb of that order. He was not unmindful of the interests of literature and science; nor did he forget to make the poor and suffering the recipients of his bounty. Lastly, he confided his children to the guardianship of the Duke of Burgundy: thus evincing a spirit unmindful of injuries, generous, and confiding. This document also proved, that even in his wild career, Louis of Orleans was at times visited by better and holier aspirations.

Valentina mourned over her husband long and deeply, she did not long survive him; she sunk under her bereavement, and followed him to the grave ere her year of widowhood expired. At first the intelligence of his barbarous murder excited in her breast unwonted indignation. She exerted herself actively to have his death avenged. A few days after the murder, she entered Paris in "a litter covered with white cloth, and drawn by four white horses." All her retinue wore deep mourning. She had assumed for her device the despairing motto—

" Rien ne m'est plus,
Plus ne m'est rien."

Proceeding to the Hôtel St. Pôl, accompanied by her children and the Princess Isabella, the affianced bride of Charles of Orleans, she threw herself at the King's knees, and, in a passion of tears, prayed for justice on the murderer of his brother, her lamented lord. Charles was deeply moved: he also wept aloud. He would gladly have granted her that justice which she demanded, had it been in his power to do so; but Burgundy was too powerful. The feeble monarch dared not offend his overgrown vassal. A process at law was all the remedy the king could offer. Law was then, as now, a tedious and uncertain remedy, and a rich and powerful traveller could weary out his prosecutor with delays and quibbles equal to our own. Jean-sans-peur returned in defiance to Paris to conduct the proceedings in his own defence. He had erected a strong tower of solid masonry in his hôtel; here he was secure in the midst of his

formidable guards and soldiery. For his defence, he procured the services of Jean Petit, a distinguished member of the University of Paris, and a popular orator. The oration of Petit (which has rendered him infamous), was rather a philippic against Louis of Orleans, than a defence of Jean-sans-peur. He labours to prove that the prince deserved to die, having conspired against the king and kingdom. One of the charges—that of having, by incantations, endeavoured to destroy the monarch—gives us a singular idea of the credulity of the times, when we reflect that these absurd allegations were seriously made and believed by a learned doctor, himself a distinguished member of the most learned body in France, the University of Paris. The Duke of Orleans conspired “to cause the king, our lord, to die of a disorder, so languishing and so slow, that no one should divine the cause of it; he, by dint of money, bribed four persons, an apostate monk, a knight, an esquire, and a varlet, to whom he gave his own sword, his dagger, and a ring, for them to consecrate to, or more properly speaking, to make use of, in the name of the devil,” &c. “The monk made several incantations. . . . And one grand invocation on a Sunday, very early, and before sunrise on a mountain near to the tower of Mont-joy. . . . The monk performed many superstitious acts near a bush, with invocations to the devil; and while so doing he stripped himself naked to his shirt and kneeled down: he then struck the points of the sword and dagger into the ground, and placed the ring near them. Having uttered many invocations to the devils, two of them appeared to him in the shape of two men, clothed in brownish-green, one of whom was called Hermias, and the other Estramain. He paid them such honors and reverence as were due to God our Saviour—after which he retired behind the bush. The devil who had come for the ring took it and vanished, but he who was come for the sword and dagger remained,—but afterwards, having seized them, he also vanished. The monk, shortly after, came to where the devils had been, and found the sword and dagger lying flat on the ground, the sword having the point broken—but he saw the point among some powder where the devil had laid it. Having waited half-an-hour, the

other devil returned and gave him the ring, which to the sight was of the colour of red, nearly scarlet, and said to him: ‘Thou wilt put it into the mouth of a dead man in the manner thou knowest,’ and then he vanished.”

To this oration the advocate of the Duchess of Orleans replied at great length. Valentina's answer to the accusation we have quoted, was concise and simple. “The late duke, Louis of Orleans, was a prince of too great piety and virtue to tamper with sorceries and witchcraft.” The legal proceedings against Jean-sans-peur seemed likely to last for an interminable period. Even should they be decided in favour of the family of Orleans, the feeble sovereign dared not carry the sentence of the law into execution against so powerful an offender as the Duke of Burgundy. Valentina knew this; she knew also that she could not find elsewhere one who could enforce her claims for justice—justice on the murderer of her husband—the slayer of the father of her defenceless children. Milan, the home of her girlhood, was a slaughter-house, reeking with the blood of her kindred. Five years previously her father, Giovanni Galeazzo Visconti, had died of the plague which then desolated Italy. To avoid this terrible disorder he shut himself up in the town of Marignano, and amused himself during his seclusion by the study of judicial astrology, in which science he was an adept. A comet appeared in the sky. The haughty Visconti doubted not that this phenomenon was an announcement to him of his approaching death. “I thank God,” he cried, “that this intimation of my dissolution will be evident to all men: my glorious life will be not ingloriously terminated.” The event justified the omen. By his second marriage with Katharina Visconti, daughter of his uncle Bernabos, Giovanni Galeazzo left two sons, still very young, Giovanni-Maria and Philip-Maria, among whom his dominions were divided, their mother acting as guardian and regent.

All the ferocious characteristics of the Visconti seemed to be centred in the stepmother of Valentina. The Duchess of Milan delighted in executions; she beheaded, on the slightest suspicions, the highest nobles of Lombardy. At length she provoked reprisals, and died the victim of poison.

Giovanni-Maria, nurtured in blood, was the worthy son of such a mother. His thirst for blood was unquenchable; his favourite pursuit was to witness the torments of criminals delivered over to bloodhounds, trained for the purpose, and fed only on human flesh. His huntsman and favorite, Squarcia Giramo, on one occasion, for the amusement of his master, threw to them a young boy only twelve years of age. The innocent child clung to the knees of the duke, and entreated that he might be preserved from so terrible a fate. The bloodhounds hung back. Squarcia Giramo seizing the child, with his hunting-knife cut his throat, and then flung him to the dogs. More merciful than these human monsters, they refused to touch the innocent victim.

Facino Cane, one of the ablest generals of the late duke, compelled the young princes to admit him to their council, and submit to his management of their affairs; as he was childless himself, he permitted them to live, stripped of power, and in great penury. To the sorrow and dismay of the Milanese, they saw this salutary check on the ferocious Visconti about to be removed by the death of Facino Cane. Determined to prevent the return to power of the young tyrant, they attacked and massacred Giovanni-Maria in the streets of Milan. While this tragedy was enacting, Facino Cane breathed his last.

Philippo-Maria lost not a moment in causing himself to be proclaimed duke. To secure the fidelity of the soldiery, he married, without delay, the widow of their loved commander. Beatrice di Tenda, wife of Facino Cane, was an old woman, while her young bridegroom was scarcely twenty years of age: so ill-assorted a union could scarcely be a happy one. Philippo-Maria, the moment his power was firmly secured, resolved to free himself from a wife whose many virtues could not compensate for her want of youth and beauty. The means to which he resorted were atrocious: he accused the poor old duchess of having violated her marriage vow, and compelled, by fear of the torture, a young courtier, Michel Orombelli, to become her accuser. The duke, therefore, doomed them both to be beheaded. Before the fatal blow of the executioner made her his victim, Bea-

trice di Tenda eloquently defended herself from the calumnies of her husband and the base and trembling Orombelli. "I do not repine," she said, "for I am justly punished for having violated, by my second marriage, the respect due to the memory of my deceased husband; I submit to the chastisement of heaven; I only pray that my innocence may be made evident to all; and that my name may be transmitted to posterity pure and spotless."

Such were the sons of Giovanni-Galeazzo Visconti, the half-brothers of the gentle Valentina of Orleans. When she sank broken-hearted into an early grave—her husband unavenged, her children unprotected—she felt how hopeless it would be to look for succour or sympathy to her father's house: yet her last moments were passed in peace. Her maternal solicitude for her defenceless orphans was soothed by the conviction that they would be guarded and protected by one true and faithful friend. Their magnanimous and high-minded mother had attached to them, by ties of affection and gratitude more strong, more enduring than those of blood, one well fitted by his chivalrous nature and heroic bravery to defend and shelter the children of his protectress. Dunois—"the young and brave Dunois"—the bastard of Orleans, as he is generally styled, was the illegitimate son of her husband. Valentina, far from slighting the neglected boy, brought him home to her, nurtured and educated him with her children, cherishing him as if he had indeed been the son of her bosom. If the chroniclers of the time are to be believed, she loved him more fondly than her own offspring. "My noble and gallant boy," she would say to him, "I have been robbed of thee; it is thou that art destined to be thy father's avenger; wilt thou not, for my sake, who have loved thee so well, protect and cherish these helpless little ones?"

Long years after the death of Valentina the vengeance of heaven did overtake Jean-sans-peur of Burgundy: he fell the victim of treachery such as he had inflicted on Louis of Orleans; but the cruel retaliation was not accomplished through the instrumentality or connivance of the Orleanists: Dunois was destined to play a far nobler part. The able seconder of Joan

of Arc—the brave defender of Orleans against the besieging English host—he may rank next to his illustrious countrywoman, “*La Pucelle*,” as the deliverer of his country from foreign foes. His bravery in war was not greater than his disinterested devotion to his half-brothers. Well and nobly did he repay to Valentina, by his unceasing devotion to her children, her tender care of his early years. Charles of Orleans, taken prisoner by the English at the fatal battle of Agincourt, was detained for the greater part of his life in captivity: his infant children were unable to maintain their rights. Dunois reconquered for them their hereditary rights, the extensive appanages of the house of Orleans. They owed everything to his sincere and watchful affection.

Valentina's short life was one of suffering and trial; but she seems to have issued from the furnace of affliction “purified seven times.” In the midst of a licentious court and age, she shines forth a “pale pure star.” Her spotless fame has never been assailed. Piety, purity, and goodness, were her distinguishing characteristics. She was ever a self-sacrificing friend, a tender mother, a loving and faithful wife. Her gentle-endurance of her domestic trials recalls to mind the character of one who may almost be styled her contemporary, the “patient Griselda,” so immortalised by Chaucer and Boc-

cacio. Valentina adds another example to the many which history presents for our contemplation, to shew that suffering virtue, sooner or later, meets with its recompense, even in this life. The broken-hearted Duchess of Orleans became the ancestress of two lines of French sovereigns, and through her the kings of France founded their claims to the Duchy of Milan. Her grandson, Louis the Twelfth, the “father of his people,” was the son of the poet Duke of Orleans. On the extinction of male heirs to this elder branch, the descendant of her younger son, the Duke of Angoulême, ascended the throne as Francis the First. Her great grand-daughter was the mother of Alphonso, Duke of Ferrara, the “*magnanimo Alfonso*” of the poet Tasso. His younger sister, Leonora, will ever be remembered as the beloved one of the great epic poet of Italy—the ill-starred Torquato Tasso.

The mortal remains of Valentina repose at Blois; her heart is buried with her husband, in the Church of the Celestines at Paris. Over the tomb was placed the following inscription:—

“Cy gist Loys Duc D'Orleans.
Lequel sur tons duez terriens.
Fut le plus noble en son vivant
Mais ung qui voult aller devant,
Par envye le feist mourir.”

M. N.

WRITTEN AFTER VISITING EXETER CATHEDRAL.

There were pale figures of ancient kings,
And sculptured knights and warriors were there,
And sainted priests in attitude of prayer;
But dim and dreary seemed the hallowed things,
Of that august Cathedral as they lay,
In twilight—till the painted window's ray,
Like sunset tints mixed with the rainbow's hue;
Shed o'er the antique figures in my view,
A living splendour. So we see the light
Of many-coloured genius, probably cast,
Over high thoughts and warrior actions past:
Making them flash before the mental sight,
With an undying radiance, as we read
Thy glorious page—High Ministrel of the Tweed!

M. A. HOARE.

AN AUTUMN IN SICILY.*

It has often struck us as not a little singular, that of those who visit Italy from the British Islands, so few, in comparison, include within their tour a visit to the Island of Sicily. Naples, or at the farthest Pæstum, usually forms the southern limit to the hosts of annual tourists whom the innumerable incentives to travel lead to the classical scenes of that sunny land, whose enchantments of clime, of scenery, and of association, still continue to exercise an almost unabated attraction, despite of the many competitors for public favour which the miraculous facilities of travel have brought within the reach of *steam-propelled* humanity.

By the way, how wonderful are the revolutions which steam has wrought in the world! The diamond, we are told, is but pure carbon; and the dream of the alchymist has long been to disentomb the gem in its translucent purity from the sooty mass dug up from the coal field. But if the visionary has failed to extricate the fair spirit from its earthy cerements, the practical philosopher has produced from the grimy lump a gem, in comparison to which the diamond is valueless—has evoked a Titanic power, before which the gods of ancient fable could not hold their heaven for an hour;—a power wielding the thunderbolt of Jove, the sledge of Vulcan, the club of Hercules; which takes to itself the talaria of Mercury, the speed of Iris, and the hundred arms of Briarëus. Ay, the carbon gives us, indeed, the diamond after all; the white and feathery vapour that hisses from the panting tube, is the priceless pearl of the modern utilitarian. Without STEAM man is nothing—a mere zoological specimen—Lord Monboddo's ape, without the caudal elongation of the vertebræ. With steam, man is everything. A creature that unites in himself the nature and the

power of every animal; more wonderful than the ornithorynchus—he is fish, flesh, and fowl. He can traverse the illimitable ocean with the gambolings of the porpoise, and the snort of the whale; rove through the regions of the earth with the speed of the antelope, and the patient strength of the camel; he essays to fly through the air with the steam-wing of the aeronauticon, though as yet his pinions are not well fledged, and his efforts have been somewhat Icarian. And, albeit our own steam aeronavigation is chiefly confined to those involuntary gambols (as Sterne happily called Sancho's blanket-tossing), which we now and then take at the instance of an exploding boiler, yet may we have good hope that our grandchildren will be able to “take the wings of the morning,” and sip their cup of tea genuine at Pekin. He is more than human, and little less than Divinity. Were Aristotle alive, he would define the genus “homo”—neither as “animal ridens,” nor yet “animal sentiens,” but “Animal VAPORANS.” True it is, doubtless, that man alone can enjoy his joke. He hath his laugh, when the monkey can but grin and the ape jabber—his thinking he shares with the dog and the elephant; but who is there that can “get up the steam” but man? “Man,” say we, “is an animal that VAPORETH!” and we will wager one of Stephenson's patent high-pressure engines against our cook's potato-steamer, that Dr. Whatley will affirm our definition.

But our digression is leading us astray; we have been off the rails, and are in imminent danger of walking, it may be, through the roof of a house, amongst the respectable innates of the fourth floor, or of plunging headlong down an embankment. Let us shut off the steam, and get back upon our track—entreating our reader's pardon for the skittishness of our

* “An Autumn in Sicily; being an account of the principal remains of Antiquity existing in that Island,” &c., &c. By the Marquis of Ormonde. Dublin: Hodges and Smith. 1850.

hobby. And now, then, for Sicily. We have said that the Italian tourist does not always visit the island, which is so easily reached from the bay of Naples, or the shores of Calabria; and, in truth, he does himself a grievous wrong by striking out of his "*carte de voyage*" the land of the sun—the isle of the Cyclops and the Giants, as old Homer calls it. It is a rich, a beautiful, and a picturesque spot of earth, as any that floats on the bosom of the waters; and, though its natural excellencies contrast painfully with its social degradation—its past memories with its present realities—its ancient monuments with its modern inciviliation—these very contrasts, if they do not heighten the picture to the eye, at least deepen the interest to the mind. The traveller of refinement and reflection—he, indeed, to our thinking, is alone a traveller; without them he is but a *locomotive* (do not be alarmed at the word, dear reader, we are not meditating another escapade)—the traveller of refinement and reflection will think upon Sicily with feelings near akin to those which we shall express in words better than any of our own:—

"Altra volia quivi fiorivan le arti e popolo d'erotera:
Or tutt'è rovinato tanto a fatto la guerra,
Città distrutte vedonsi, con belle ruine per diversi
rivi
Fra piani fruttiferi non mai di frondi privi:
Rupi canuti o coperta di verdura, e monti altissimi
Con fiori ed erba fra prati amenissimi;
Mira O Stranier! fuor del Tyrrheno non è mai
uscita
Isola piu bella, con ciel piu sereno, od aura piu
lieta."

Sicily is all this, and more. There is scarcely a spot upon it that is not classical—scarcely a locality that is not consecrated to the muses. We cannot understand the history of Greece, or Carthage, or of Rome, unless we are also acquainted with that of Sicily. A modern traveller has well observed, that "through the medium of Sicily Rome first commenced her career of foreign greatness; there it was she first acquired that taste for the fine arts by which she became, in after ages, so pre-eminently distinguished; and from thence she obtained all those splendid works of Grecian skill and ingenuity, many of which, to the present day, continue to adorn the galleries of the Eternal City, and to be held up as the most perfect models of human art.

There is no paucity of works upon

Sicily, topographical and archæological—but they are chiefly by foreign authors. Amongst the principal we may enumerate those of the Duke de Serradifalco, the Prince de Trabia, and the magnificent volumes of Houel and of Saint Non, both of which abound in accurate and beautiful illustrations of every interesting monument in the island. Some few books, too, we have in English on these subjects, but the information is scant, and much is left yet for enterprise and learning. We are disposed, therefore, to welcome another book on Sicily, and to scan its pages with no unfriendly eye. The volume before us, though it has not seen the light till the present year, is the record of a tour made more than seventeen years since. The delay in its publication is partly accounted for by its noble author; and though the value of any work of the kind must be necessarily diminished by being so long held over, still the changes which have taken place in Sicily, in a social point of view (with the exception of the recent revolution, the permanent effects of which are very doubtful), have been so few, that the tourist of to-day will find little which differs from the descriptions of twenty years ago, in the people or their habits, while the monuments of antiquity and the face of the country remain entirely unchanged. The object of the Marquis of Ormonde in the present publication is briefly and modestly stated by him:—"While aiming at giving pleasure to the scholar and the antiquary, to supply a volume which may be acceptable to the traveller, as containing a faithful account of the objects most worthy of notice, with such hints as to time, distance, and means of transit as may be relied on." With the modern history, politics, and internal condition of the country, he deals but very slightly. Thus, as might be expected, we are not favoured with many political disquisitions or philosophical inquiries, but, in their stead, we have occasional notices of places and things that show good taste, and a scholarly appreciation of the beautiful and the classic.

After a visit to Pæstum, the Marquis of Ormonde proceeded to Stromboli and Lipari, ascending the volcano of the former, and thence entered Sicily by Messina, which, as our readers know,

is one of the three capital cities of the island. Its situation is charming, lying at the base of a range of mountains clothed with wood, vineyards, and olive groves, while the town itself, following the indentations of the shore, presents, from the sea, a very magnificent appearance. The author takes occasion to give us a brief but well sketched epitome of the modern history of the island, from the latter portion of the eighteenth century to the establishment of the constitution in 1812; and thence to the recent revolution, which terminated, in the end of May last, by a surrender of all the strongholds in the island to the troops of the King of Naples, and the nominal return of the Sicilians to their allegiance. Making Messina his head-quarters for a few days, our author visited Charybdis and Scylla. Of the former, he observes:—

“Both Ulysses and Æneas were warned to be on their guard against this poetical bugbear, and were we to believe the tales related by Buffon and others of the fatal consequences of approaching within its influence, we should believe the danger to be still equally great, and acquit Virgil of exaggeration, when he speaks of its ‘lashing the stars with its waves.’ But, unfortunately, so far from drawing vessels into its vortex, and swallowing them up, it is found to repel and drive to a distance any light bodies which may be thrown on its surface. The story of Colas the diver is well known, and we cease to wonder at the extravagant conceits of the ancients, when we turn to the romantic, but by no means equally amusing, nonsense of modern travellers.”

Of Scylla he thus writes:—

“A traveller who carries with him an imagination heated by the beautiful, but, in a great measure, unfounded tales of Homer and Virgil, will find himself still more at a loss to reconcile the relative position of Scylla and Charybdis with his preconceived notions, than he was to account for the actual appearance of the latter. He will call to mind the miraculous escape of the Argonauts, the advice of Circe to Ulysses when she tells him that these horrors are

Πήλσιον ἄλληλον, καὶ κέν διώϊστεύσεις.

‘so near that he might throw a dart from one to the other;’ that the priest of Apollo told Æneas it would be better to sail round the southern promontory of Sicily, than incur such imminent danger; and that Tibullus calls the passage of these straits, ‘skirting, on either side, the threshold of death.’ If he turn to the moderns it is only the same

story repeated; Milton and Gaultier de Châtillon have conspired to persuade him, that threading these watery mazes is like attempting to pass a steel between two loadstones. How then will he be disappointed, when he discovers that Scylla and Charybdis are upwards of ten miles apart, and not even in sight of each other!”

From Messina Lord Ormonde proceeded southward along the western coast of the island to Taormina, which occupies a portion of the site of the ancient Tauromenium, or Tar of the Carthaginians. Our author says it was founded by the people of Naxos, after the destruction of their own city. In this he follows the account given by Diodorus Siculus; but Strabo says that it was built by the Zancleans and the Hyblæans. It was the birth-place of Timæus, and famous of old for the wine which the rich grapes of the neighbouring vineyards produced; and it seems that it has not yet lost its celebrity in that respect. But the object of greatest interest at Tauromenium are the remains of its theatre. His lordship takes occasion to dilate into an agreeable essay upon the form and disposition of the Greek theatre, a subject with which, however, every one having the slightest pretensions to scholarship is familiar. We shall prefer letting him describe the theatre as it now exists:

“The theatre of Tauromenium stands on the brow of a precipice, facing the south, 850 feet above the sea, and occupies a semi-circular cavity in the rock, which has been taken advantage of for the curvature of the seats. This contrivance may almost be considered as characteristic of ancient theatres, for where the nature of the situation admitted of it, such is invariably found to be the case, nor is it the least merit of the architects of former times, that they compelled nature to furnish the foundations for their gigantic edifices. Another circumstance which may be remarked in this theatre, in common with many others, is that of its commanding a view of the sea: at Syracuse, Ægesta, Tyn-daris, at Athens, Argos, and at Sparta, at Halicarnassus, Telmessus, Alexandria Troas, at Saguntum, in short, in every theatre from Spain to the extremity of Asia Minor, where it was compatible with the situation, these two features may be observed. They thus formed part of one stupendous design, nor could anything possibly be grander than one of these prodigious buildings, containing its tens of thousands of spectators, with the mountains towering above, and the sea stretching, in boundless perspective, beyond the *scena*.

"The ornaments of this theatre were of the Corinthian order; but, with the exception of a few fragments of marble columns and cornices found in the rubbish, and now built into the wall, or lying on the ground, they are all gone: a Duke of St. Stefano carried off the statues and everything else of value that remained, enriching his private residence at the expense of one of the noblest monuments of antiquity. The walls are built partly of bricks, and partly of small stones, and, as well as the seats, were cased with marble. Of the seats themselves there are now no vestiges, but the space they once occupied forms rather more than a semicircle, and is surmounted by a wall pierced by eight *vomitoria*, and exhibiting a row of niches, by some supposed to have contained *echea*, but more probably destined to receive statues. The *scena* is still tolerably perfect, more so than in any other ancient theatre, and has three doors; a large one in the centre, and two smaller ones. There are also eight niches for statues, and the marks remain on the wall where columns were formerly placed. At each extremity of the *scena* there is a large square chamber with a vaulted roof, but whether intended for the use of the actors or the audience cannot now be ascertained. In front of the *proscenion* there is a subterranean passage, partly open, that might have been used as the *bronteion*, a place where brazen vessels full of stones were kept to imitate thunder.

"Notwithstanding the great size and dilapidated state of the building, so perfect is the conveyance of sound, that a person standing on the *proscenion*, and speaking in his natural tone of voice, is heard distinctly in the *vomitoria* above the seats; a proof that the principles of acoustics were better understood formerly, or more attended to, than they now are.

"This theatre, supposed, but perhaps without due consideration, to have been capable of containing 40,000 spectators, is overhung by the boldest and most precipitous rocks, crowned by an old Saracenic castle, above which, on a seemingly inaccessible peak, and at an elevation of 1600 feet from the level of the sea, stands the village of Mola. The Straits of Messina, the distant mountains of Calabria, and the Ionian sea, are on one side; while on the other, *Ætna*, with its base covered by luxuriant vegetation, and studded with villages, its broad belt of forest, and smoking summit, forms a background the majesty of which cannot be described."

Lord Ormonde has given us a good description of his progress into the interior, in one of the detours which he made from his coast journey. Leaving Nicolosi, and crossing the plains of ashes below Monte Rosso, he entered on the most dreary and desolate region that he had yet seen:—

"Vast streams of dark brown lava, with just enough of vegetation in the crevices to contrast with their dusky hue, and above them innumerable cones, whose thunders shook the mountain at remote periods, were the only objects that presented themselves to us. The demon of fire seemed to exercise undisputed sway over all around, and we might have fancied ourselves transported to the shores of Phlegethon, had we not seen, several thousand feet below us, the plain of Catania, and the Hyblæan hills beyond. Some idea may be formed of the wild and forlorn aspect of this tract, when it is mentioned, that one of the torrents of lava that we rode over is four miles wide, and upwards of 100 feet deep: not a living being, nor even a blade of grass, enlivened its rugged surface; and nothing met the eye but an interminable succession of dark ridges, resembling, in every thing but their colour, the waves of the sea during a storm."

At Aderno a desolation and dreariness of another sort met the eyes of the traveller, and seems to have impressed him not less profoundly than the natural sterility through which he was passing. The subject of his contemplation was the haggard and shrivelled faces of the ancient vestals of the nunnery of Aderno. As his lordship was then a young man, we can pardon the feelings of disgust and repugnance to which he owns; and we can entirely believe him, without putting him to "answer upon his honor" that he made no attempt to scale the walls, and break through the iron gratings of the upper windows, to enjoy a nearer converse with those poor humanicicles. But woman is woman still, in every clime, condition, and age, and she did not fail even here in her mission; and even at this low temperature she was the muse of his lordship's inspiration; and thus he meditates:—

"The tranquillity and 'heavenly pensive contemplation,' which we are apt to consider as inherent in, and peculiar to, a cloister, are unfortunately but too seldom found to shed their mild influence over those sepulchres of the living, for experience has shown full often, that the mortifications and solitude to which their hapless inmates are condemned, are not the means designed by Providence to curb our jarring and rebellious passions. Solitude may restore serenity to the philosopher, or it may teach the man whose spirit adversity has beaten down, that, though all men are his enemies, he may be unto himself a friend; but few there are throughout our whole species whose minds have been so effectually disciplined, either by philosophy or misfortune, as to entitle them

to expect relief from this severe but salutary remedy. If we sometimes become impatient of the society even of those we love by living constantly with them and them only, how much sooner would indifference ripen to disgust, when we found ourselves immured for ever with those whom our imagination could not but identify with our misfortunes. The jealousies and heart-burnings of our wayward nature acquire intensity in proportion as their sphere is contracted, and it is almost using the words of one of these victims of perverted piety to say, that the feuds and cabals of the world at large are as charity itself when compared with the rancour and animosity that pervade 'a convent's solitary gloom.' The retirement to which Petrarch and Zimmermann devoted themselves, and to which they sacrificed the more brilliant but deceitful fortune that might have been their's, was not such as this,—it was virtue labouring in silence and seclusion to promote the welfare of the whole human race. The sublime idea of passing our lives in an anticipated communion with the Deity, and in a total abstraction from all sublunary cares, is calculated to take a strong hold upon melancholy or enthusiastic minds, but, like other beautiful and impracticable theories, it must wait its completion till another and more perfect state of existence."

His lordship was fated, nevertheless, ere long to encounter womankind in a more importunate way, when there were no iron bars to prevent her throwing herself into his arms. At the birth-place of Diodorus Siculus—delicacy for his lordship forbids us giving the modern name of the village,—he tells us that an old gentleman hospitably allowed them the use of his house, the consequence of which, is thus recorded:—

"A damsel belonging to the establishment was so obliging as to offer to leave her master and accompany us, to make herself useful in any capacity that we might desire; but, having already a very superior cook, and not being in want of a housemaid, we begged to decline the favour."

At Castro-Giovanni, the ancient Enna, the land of Proserpine and Ceres, there is nothing now remaining of its ancient temple; but the old castle is standing, and from its towers a fine view of still nature is to be seen, and a degrading, though perhaps instructive, one of human nature, in the wretched prisoners. The prison discipline in Sicily was, at the time his lordship wrote, of the very worst descrip-

tion, and we fear that the interval that has since elapsed has not done much towards its improvement. Neither in point of religion has any considerable enlightenment taken place; and the observations of Lord Ormonde in relation to the semi-paganism of the Sicilians are as applicable to-day as they were in 1832, and acts of superstition and stupid brutality, such as he describes, may still occur:—

"Among the more curious of these customs 'copied from the antique,' is that of reviling their saints, when mortified by disappointment. If a storm lasts more than a reasonable time, it is no unusual thing for the unfortunate image to be thrown into the sea for its non-interference; and when S. Gennaro's blood does not liquefy at the prayers of the populace, murmurs of disapprobation may first be heard, then more audible expostulations, coupled with prayers to God, that he will entreat the saint to perform the miracle, and at length their impatience breaks forth in the grossest abuse of the luckless gilt bust: '*Che faccia brutta! O briccone! Che bestia gialla! O maledetto! Accidente!*' and similar expressions resound through the church."

From Castro-Giovanni he returned to the western coast by Piazza Aidone, and through the plain of Catania to the town of that name; and a sorry picture he gives of his transit—bad roads, miserable villages, scant accommodation, and, where once all was fertility and abundance, the neglected and desolate plain did not afford a morsel of bread, a cup of milk, or a dish of maccaroni. Our author considers Catania the handsomest town in the island, though we believe there are some who would not agree with him on that point. The harbour is bad, and its commerce much inferior to that of either Palermo or Messina. Its university, founded by Alphonso of Arragon, is justly celebrated for its fine library. We have seen the number of volumes estimated as high as eighty thousand, but we are inclined to think it too high; though, as the collection is increased yearly, it may perhaps not fall very far short of that number. As at Messina, there was at Catania an amphitheatre, the ruins of which still remain, a portion of the marble having been made use of by Theodoric in repairing the walls of the town.

Every one who wishes to be esteemed

a traveller in Sicily sees Etna, and Catania is the city from which the ascent is usually made. Lord Ormonde was not behind other travellers, and he has given us a remarkably interesting description of the localities, and an account of his journeyings up and down. Having discussed the origin of its name, Monte Gibello, and the extent of its circumference, he proceeds to describe its regions :—

“The three regions or zones into which it is divided by nature, have been justly remarked as affording an epitome of every climate in the world. The lower or cultivated region extends up the mountain to a distance varying from six to eleven miles, excepting at the north-west side, where it is scarcely two in breadth. The fertility and romantic beauty of this district could scarcely be surpassed: vines, oranges, sugar-canes, pomegranates—every fruit or flower, in short, that can delight the eye or gratify the taste, are here produced in the richest profusion, while around are seen convents, villages, and churches, embosomed in groves of lemon and palm trees. Even the dark iron-grey streams of lava, rising above the surrounding country, seem by contrast to impart an additional charm to the verdure and luxuriance of the remainder. No other part of the island is so thickly inhabited, nor are the people elsewhere so uniformly well housed, clothed, or fed, for, dingy as their dwellings may appear, it should be borne in mind, that lava is the only building material. The danger of losing everything by an eruption is supposed by strangers to counterbalance any advantages, however great, and that, with Eden around them, the inhabitants can never forget their proximity to an abyss of unquenchable fire: but it will be found that they are tormented by no such morbid anxiety. ‘Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof:’ what others preach they practice. Like true philosophers, they neither fear the future nor lament the past, but are content to live on, with Sant’ Agata’s veil for their palladium, until convinced that even their goddess can no longer protect them, when they carry off their moveables, and migrate to some other part of this ‘*casa del diavolo*.’ Comparatively few of the eruptions have, however, extended their ravages to the cultivated region; certainly not more, on an average, than two in a century.

“To the cultivated succeeds the woody region—a belt of forest extending upwards from two to eight miles, and consisting principally of oak, pine, and chesnut, interspersed with poplar, cork, ilex, beech, and a variety of other trees. It would be difficult to give any adequate notion of the appearance of this tract; some parts of it resemble the Black Forest in Germany, or the finest park scenery of England, diversified by a multitude of

cones wooded to the summit, and re-echoing to the bells of cattle browsing among their shady solitudes; others again exhibit nothing but a gloomy waste of lava, as bare and arid as when first it issued from the crater. . .

“Above the forest is the third or desert region, the lower part of which produces a few lichens, stunted shrubs, and a species of camomile; but all traces of vegetation soon disappear, and are succeeded by an unbroken expanse of ashes and scorix, from the midst of which, in mournful grandeur, rises the great crater. So few travellers visit Sicily during summer, that the summit of the mountain is very generally believed to be covered with ‘eternal snow;’ such, however, is by no means the case; from the middle of June to the latter end of October, it is black and bare as we have described it.”

His lordship proceeds to give an interesting epitome of the various eruptions of Etna which history has recorded, terminating with that tremendous eruption of March, 1669, which claims, over all that either preceded or followed it, a disastrous pre-eminence :—

“For many days previous the sky had been overcast, and the weather, notwithstanding the season, oppressively hot. The thunder and lightning were incessant, and the eruption was at length ushered in by a violent shock of an earthquake, which levelled most of the houses at Nicolosi. Two great chasms then opened near that village, from whence ashes were thrown out in such quantities, that, in a few weeks, a double hill, called Monte Rosso, 450 feet high, was formed, and the surrounding country covered to such a depth, that nothing but the tops of the trees could be seen. The lava ran in a stream fifty feet deep, and four miles wide, overwhelming in its course fourteen towns and villages; and had it not separated before reaching Catania, that city would have been virtually annihilated as were Herculaneum and Pompeii. The walls had been purposely raised to a height of sixty feet, to repel the danger if possible, but the torrent accumulated behind them, and poured down in a cascade of fire upon the town. It still continued to advance, and after a course of fifteen miles ran into the sea, where it formed a mole 600 yards long. The walls were neither thrown down nor fused by contact with the ignited matter, and have since been discovered by Prince Biscari, when excavating in search of a well, known to have existed in a certain spot, and from the steps of which the lava may now be seen curling over like a monstrous billow in the very act of falling.

“The great crater fell in during this eruption, and a fissure, six feet wide and twelve miles long, opened in the plain of S. Leo. In the space of six weeks, the habitations of

27,000 persons were destroyed, a vast extent of the most fertile land rendered desolate for ages, the course of rivers changed, and the whole face of the district transformed."

Having proceeded as far as Nicolosi, the party continued their march over the plain of ashes—the remains of the great eruption of 1669—and thence into the woody region, and by the "Casa del Bosco" to the Grotto de Capri—so called from its being the resort of flocks of goats, but better known to the early climbers of Etna as the only shelter they could hope to find between Nicolosi and the summit. Here, resting for some time, they scrambled up the steep and disagreeable ascent to the Piano del Lago, and thence to the Casa Inglese, and finally reached the top of the cone before sunset. The scene is finely described, not only with picturesque force, but with unaffected solemnity:—

"Any description must fall short of the sight that burst upon us. There was not a cloud in the sky. The whole of Sicily, the south of Italy, all the Lipari Islands, and a vast extent of sea, lay beneath us as on a map, while across its smooth surface the sun cast the broad pyramidal shadow of the volcano, which lengthened and lengthened until lost in the distance. It gradually disappeared, and was succeeded by a perfect image of the mountain, thrown on the vapours above the horizon; the sky on each side retaining its pink hue, but the shadow assuming a greyish-blue colour. All the higher mountains were easily recognised, but the details of such a panorama are lost in its own immensity. Not only Mount Eryx, at the western extremity of Sicily, but the island of Maritimo, 160 miles off, and even the sea beyond it, were visible: Palermo was concealed by hills, but Monte Pellegrino, Calatabellota, and Monte S. Bonifacio, over Alcamo, were as clearly defined as if we had been within a few hours' ride of them. The straits of Messina on one side, and Syracuse on the other, each about fifty miles distant, seemed almost under our feet.

"The thermometer did not fall below 358, yet having for some time past been accustomed to an extremely high temperature, we both felt the cold excessively. The wind had hitherto been high, but at the moment the sun began to sink below the horizon, it fell as if by enchantment; the air became perfectly motionless; not a sound broke upon the ear, and it seemed as if all nature were hushed in silent adoration of that Almighty Being, whose glorious works, spread beneath us, appeared to stretch into boundless space. The total solitude and the vastness of such a

scene, the astonishing proofs of the creative, as well as the destructive power of the Deity, all combine, at such a moment, to force upon the mind the comparative nothingness of human existence; we feel like specks in the creation, and the thoughts involuntarily turn from so humiliating a reflection, to the certainty, that when all that we survey shall have crumbled into dust, and when time itself shall be no more, we shall have entered on a new and eternal state.

"Every spot on which the eye now rested had been hallowed by poetic or historical association; either as the resort of those fabled beings, who were once supposed to exercise so powerful an influence over the destinies of mankind; as the field where liberty triumphed over lawless oppression; as the poet's cradle or the patriot's grave; as recalling all that can dignify or adorn human nature; or as proclaiming the irresistible decree, that not only genius, virtue, glory, empires, but even the earth itself, shall pass away."

Retracing their steps, as the darkness fell on the scene, they reached the miserable house of refuge, the "Casa Inglese," where they passed the night, in order that they might see the sun rise from the summit of the mountain. A walk of about forty minutes placed the party again on the top of Ætna:—

"The horizon was clear, excepting a small part, which unfortunately was precisely in the direction of Malta, but a thin light vapour was rolling over the valleys and low grounds. This, however, gradually disappeared, and the increasing brightness of the sky announced the approach of the moment to which we had so anxiously looked forward. The sun at length appeared, in unclouded majesty, rising as it were out of the sea: we watched it till its whole disk was above the horizon, and then, turning round, saw the image of the mountain, that we had before observed in the east, now as distinctly figured in the opposite direction. It continued visible for fifteen minutes, and was then succeeded by the pyramidal shadow, stretching in the present instance across the land, as it had at sunset across the sea. The atmosphere had now assumed that brilliant transparency unknown to northern climates, and of which no description can convey any adequate idea to those who have never witnessed it. With this advantage we followed without difficulty the various windings of the coast of Italy to a considerable distance beyond Policastro, and, looking over Calabria, saw the gulf of Taranto sparkling in the sun, and the rugged outline of the mountains of the Terra di Lecce, 245 miles off, darkly traced against the sky.

"The appearance of Ætna itself from this

central point would alone repay a journey to the summit; the relative position of every town and village is seen at once; innumerable cones rear their tufted heads from amongst the old oaks of the woody region; while streams of lava, radiating in every direction, traverse the forest like black roads, the highways of destruction to the country beneath.

"But indescribably grand as the spectacle unquestionably was, it wanted that solemnity which so forcibly affected the imagination at sunset. The stillness of the air, the lengthening shadows, the fading light, and the dark sea rolling its mysterious waves into the unseen distance, all heightened at that hour the sublimity of the scene. Now, on the contrary, every object was glittering in the broad glare of daylight; nothing was left to the imagination, and the impressiveness of the scene was impaired in the same proportion that its splendour was enhanced. Each period has, however, its peculiar charm, and though romance was now absorbed in reality, we watched with interest the magical effect produced by the rays of the sun striking in succession the summits of the mountains far below, and then, having risen higher in the heavens, chasing the lingering shadows from the valleys, and bringing back to life the diversified beauties of this stupendous and unrivalled picture."

The crater was next examined, which does not materially differ from that of other volcanoes. In their descent, they passed a quantity of snow covered with the scorïæ thrown out during a succession of eruptions. It was perfectly hard, and likely to continue so for many years; and the author informs us that, in more than one instance, during a scarcity of snow caused by the unusual heat in the autumn of 1828, the magistrates of Catania employed men to quarry through the lava, for the purpose of procuring snow to supply the town. The Val del Bove was passed in the descent, and the cavern of the Fossa del Palomba entered, the explanation of which will interest the reader.

From Catania our author proceeded by Corlentini to Syracuse, whose modern wretchedness contrasts sadly with its ancient glories; and there, too, is the far-famed fountain of Arethusa—but, oh! how changed:—

"The sweet waters have become brackish—Diana's grove has given place to mean hovels—the sacred fish have disappeared—and a tribe of bare-legged girls, unworthy representatives of the nymphs whose airy forms were once reflected in the crystal flood,

have converted it into the public washing-house of the city."

The name of Syracuse is a spell to conjure with. What memories it awakens!—what shades of heroes it summons from the grave! The siege which it sustained with such successful fortitude against the power of Athens! Alcibiades and Glycyppus, Demosthenes and Archimedes, rise to our recollection; and we can well excuse the writer of the tour before us for lingering through a few pages over the recollections of those events which have rendered Syracuse famous in story. We shall not follow the Marquis in his journeyings southward to Passaro, and thence along the southern coast, but shall take him up at Girgenti.

In no part of the island are the architectural remains more interesting than here, or attest, even in their ruin, more strongly the magnificence, the wealth, and the civilisation of its ancient inhabitants. The remains which claim the first place in consideration are those of the Temple of Jupiter, which, though it would not have stood any comparison, in point of extent, with such modern structures as Saint Peter's at Rome, or even St. Paul's in London, was nevertheless one of the largest of ancient times, and in the gigantic proportions of its architectural details, surpassed everything which exists in our own times. Simond tells us that the Doric capitals were 14½ feet in diameter, and that the hollows of the fluted work of the columns were sufficiently deep to hide a man standing in them. The destruction of the Temple is complete, and the gigantic fragments lie scattered around. The Temple of Concord—a beautiful Doric structure of thirteen columns at the sides, and six at the ends—is still in a state of very high preservation. The Temple of Juno has not so successfully withstood the assaults of time—only ten of the southern and five of the eastern columns are now standing; while of that of Æsculapius only a few pillars remain. Still, grouped together as they are within a short distance of each other, they form a subject of most interesting study to the archæologist, and the notices of them contained in the volume before us, though somewhat

scant for the architectural antiquary, are abundantly sufficient to satisfy the wishes of the ordinary inquirer.*

A dreary route it is, according to Lord Ormonde's account, from Girgenti to Marsala—the roads bad, the mules slow—Monte Allegro just the place to put one in the dismal—Sciacca without a decent inn, a want which tries an Englishman sorely—and the only refreshment which the travellers seem to have enjoyed was at the *stufe*, or hot-baths, near the convent beyond Sciacca, where they were joined by some of the young monks from the establishment; “and a merry set they were,” says his lordship, “full of jokes and fun.” We do not at all doubt it. “Cucullus non facit monachum;” neither does every monk's cowl cover an ascetic. We have met old monks as conversible, intelligent, and agreeable companions as ever traveller gossipped away an hour with, and young monks as frisky as kids, if you only came across them at a time and place at which they might gambol with propriety.

The site of the ancient *Selinunte* claims the attention of the tourist; not that a single remnant of the dwellings of its inhabitants now remains—all these frail abodes have perished, and left “not a wreck behind;” but the strong and enduring materials of the monuments which they raised to religion, though prostrate and in confusion, bespeak the pristine grandeur of their temples. These ruins, known as the “*Pileri de Giganti*,” belong to three temples, and are thus noticed by the Marquis of Ormonde:—

“These remains exist in close proximity to each other, and are commonly known as the *Pileri de' Giganti*, a name not ill-chosen,

when the size of the blocks here and there used is considered. My antiquarian knowledge not being extensive, the appearance of the ruins puzzled me, and I was unable to determine whether they had been once completed, and had fallen owing to some convulsion of nature, or whether they had never advanced beyond a state of preparation for erection. In the great temple the columns of one side lie on the ground parallel to each other, with the greatest regularity, so as hardly to admit of the first supposition; while the various stages of perfection in which the stones appear, come columns being circular, others cut into polygons and scored for flutings, while a few are completely finished, lead me to believe that in all probability some sudden stop was put to the progress of the work. The area of the temple contains a mass of capitals, cornices, and triglyphs, in great confusion; one piece of the architrave measured twenty-five feet in length by about six feet square at the end. This district suffered greatly in the wars between Selinus and Ægesta, and the Carthaginian allies of the latter destroyed indiscriminately, under the command of Hannibal, the son of Giscon.”

The Abbé de Saint Non, who visited these remarkable ruins just half a century before the Marquis of Ormonde, is of opinion that the prostration of the Selinuntine temples was caused by a succession of violent earthquake shocks; and this conjecture derives much corroboration from the fact that all the columns are found lying in the same direction, namely, from west to east. Indeed, this supposition appears to us much more plausible than the views of Fazelli, and some others, who think that Hannibal, being irritated by the long and obstinate resistance of the Selinuntines, demolished the temples. For this, however, there really appears to be no sufficient authority. It is true that Diodorus Siculus says, Hannibal destroyed the

* The reflections of Houel on these ruins have all the picturesque force and high colouring of the “*Peintre du Roi*” and the *Virtuoso*:—“Lorsqu'on refilet sur ce qu'étoit une ville qui nous présente tant de magnificence, l'imagination s'enflamme, et retablet idéalement cette citte superbe; elle relève les debris des maisons, des palais, des temples, des theatres, des cirques, des amphitheatres, et elle decore ces monumens de statues, de colonnes, de bas reliefs, de vases, tels qu'ils étoient autrefois. Elle fait plus, elle amine ces monumens, en se rappelant ces jours de luxe et de grandeur que Diodore de Sicile et plusieurs autres historiens se sont plus à nous retracer; elle se rappelle avec transport que cette ville étoit habitée par un peuple ami des talens, de la gloire et surtout des plaisirs. Il semble que les citoyens étoient tous animés par le dieu de la Guerre, des arts ou du commerce; car c'est sur-tout à son commerce que cette villa a du sa splendeur. Le gout du lucre n'enleva point à ses habitans le gout de la poésie, de la musique, de la peinture, de l'architecture des veritables beaux arts, qui ils cultivèrent avec enthousiasme.”—*Voyage Pittoresque*, tom. 4, p. 44.

town of Selinunte, burning and demolishing the houses, but he does not assert that he injured the temples. Besides, the Syracusans sent ambassadors to him, begging that he would liberate the prisoners, and spare the temples of the gods; and though he replied that, as they were unable to defend their liberty, they deserved to lose it, and that the gods were displeased with the town, and would inhabit it no longer, still we learn from the same authority that, on the petition of Empedion, he restored their goods to the citizens, and permitted them to return; and we may believe that he was not less exorable in relation to the temples.*

The quarries of Campo Bello, from which those mighty blocks which produced the pillars and other parts of the temples were hewn, are not far distant; and yet it is difficult to conceive how the masses were removed from the quarry to the site for which they were ultimately destined. That they were rolled along is more than probable, but how, is unascertained. Houel suggests a method after a mechanism mentioned by Vitruvius, but it is quite fanciful; and though the artist illustrates it with a sketch, he does not seem to have any great faith in his own conjecture. Beyond a doubt, the removal of the immense masses indicate a high degree of mechanical knowledge.

On the road from Trefani to Palermo is the Temple of Ægesta, the last to which we mean to refer from the work before us:—

“The first view of the temple, to which we proceeded early, is very striking. It stands in solitary grandeur in the midst of desolate hills. The platform on which it is placed overlooks on one side a precipitous descent. It differs from those previously described in having no cella, and the space thus gained in the interior shows to advantage the great size of the enclosure. The columns are not fluted, and the spaces between the bases are in many parts not filled up, which injures the general effect by making the pillars look too high. It is in other respects very complete.”

After visiting Marsala, our author finally reaches Palermo, and gives us an interesting account of its institu-

tions, amusements, and some notices of the society of the capital, together with a historical episode, containing an account of the Sicilian Vespers. With this we shall not trouble our readers; they will find ample details of that memorable outbreak in every history of the country. We shall accompany our author from Palermo, along the northern coast of the island, by Termini, Cefalù, Aquadolce, Terra Nova, and Giojosa, where, as might be expected his fortunes of roads and *locandas* were such as usually fall to the lot of travellers. At the latter place he hears the joyful intelligence that Mount Ætna is actually preparing for an insurrectionary movement, a fact of which the quantity of dust with which they were all the day annoyed in some degree premonished them. Accordingly, the travellers, rejoicing in their good fortune, determine forthwith to make a detour inland, for they were now nearly within forty miles of the mountain, which lay due south of them. Taking the road from Patti to Bronte, they arrive at the latter in time to make the necessary arrangements for their comforts, and then take an evening walk to the streams of lava which were pouring from the mountain. On the following morning the author proceeded to the vicinity of the terrible flood which descended from Ætna. The sight of it was, he assures us, both extraordinary and fearful:—

“The mass extended for a breadth of about 1,000 paces, advancing gradually, more or less rapidly according to the nature of the ground over which it moved, but making steady progress. It had formed two branches, one going in a northerly, and the other in a westerly direction. No danger beyond loss of trees or crops was apprehended from the former, but the second was moving in a direct line for the town of Bronte, and to it we confined our attention. The townspeople, on their part, had not been idle. I have before mentioned the clearance which they made of their goods, but precautions had also been taken outside the town, with a view, if possible, to arrest the progress of the lava; and a very massive wall of coarse loose work was in the course of erection across a valley down which the stream must flow. We heard afterwards, that the impelling power was spent before the strength

of this work was put to the test, but had, it failed, Bronte had been lost. It is not easy to convey by words any very accurate idea. The lava appeared to be from thirty to forty feet in depth, and some notion of its aspect and progress may be formed by imagining a hill of loose stones of all sizes, the summit or brow of which is continually falling to the base, and as constantly renewed by unseen pressure from behind. Down it came in large masses, each leaving behind it a fiery track, as the red-hot interior was for a moment or two exposed. The impression most strongly left on my mind was that of its irresistible force. It did not advance rapidly; there was no difficulty in approaching it, as I did, closely, and taking out pieces of red-hot stone; the rattling of the blocks overhead gave ample notice of their descent down the inclined face of the stream, and a few paces to the rear, or aside, were quite enough to take me quite clear of them; but still onward, onward it came, foot by foot it encroached on the ground at its base, changing the whole face of the country, leaving hills where formerly valleys had been, overwhelming every work of man that it encountered in its progress, and leaving all behind one black, rough, and monotonous mass of hard and barren lava. It had advanced considerably during the night. On the previous evening I had measured the distance from the base of the moving hill to the walls of a deserted house which stood, surrounded by trees, at about fifty yards off, and, though separated from it by a road, evidently exposed to the full power of the stream. Not a trace of it was now left, and it was difficult to make a guess at where it had been. The owners of the adjacent lands were busied in all directions felling the timber that stood in the line of the advancing fire, but they could not in many instances do it fast enough to save their property from destruction; and it was not a little interesting to watch the effect produced on many a goodly tree, first thoroughly dried by the heat of the mass, and, in a few minutes after it had been reached by the lava, bursting into flames at the base, and soon prostrate and destroyed. It being Sunday, all the population had turned out to see what progress the enemy was making, and prayers and invocations to a variety of saints were everywhere heard around. 'Chiamate Sant' Antonio, Signor,' said one woman eagerly to me, 'per l'amor di Dio, chiamate la Santa Maria.' Many females knelt around, absorbed in their anxiety and devotion, while the men generally stood in silence gazing in dismay at the scene before them. Our guide was a poor fiddler thrown out of employment by the strict penance enjoined with a view to avert the impending calamity, dancing and music being especially forbidden, even had any one under such circumstances been inclined to indulge in them."

The Marquis of Ormonde was adventurous enough, despite the fate of Empedocles and of Pliny, to ascend in the evening to see the Bocca di Fuoco, which is at an elevation of about 6,000 feet. The sight which met his eyes was, he tells us, and we may well believe it, one of the grandest and most awful it had ever been his fortune to witness:—

"The evening had completely closed in, and it was perfectly dark, so that there was nothing which could in any way injure or weaken the effect. The only thing to which I can compare it is, as far as can be judged from representations of such scenes, the blowing up of some enormous vessel of war, the effect being permanent instead of momentary only. Directly facing us was the chasm in the mountain's side from which the lava flowed in a broad stream of liquid fire; masses of it had been forced up on each side, forming, as it got comparatively cool, black uneven banks, the whole realising the poetic description of Phlegethon in the most vivid manner. The flames ascended to a considerable height from the abyss, and high above them the air was constantly filled with large fiery masses, projected to a great height, and meeting on their descent a fresh supply, the roar of the flames and crash of the falling blocks being incessant. Advancing across a valley which intervened, we ascended another hill, and here commanded a view of the ground on which many of the ejected stones fell, and, though well to windward, the small ashes fell thickly around us. The light was sufficient, even at the distance we stood, to enable us to read small print, and to write with the greatest ease. The thermometer stood at about 408, but, cold though it was, it was some time before we could resolve to take our last look at this extraordinary sight, and our progress, after we had done so, was retarded by the constant stoppages made by us to watch the beautiful effect of the light, as seen through the *Rosco*, which we had entered on our return."

After witnessing the eruption, the author returned to Patti, and, proceeding coastwise thence to Milozzo, terminated his circuit of the island by returning to Messina.

Having thus given a brief outline of Lord Ormonde's travel in Sicily, we shall, ere dismissing his volume, make a few remarks upon the manner in which he has executed his task. Viewed merely as an itinerary, it is a very companionable and pleasant book. The style is light, agreeable, and unaffected. There is no ambitious straining after effect; no magniloquence or

rhapsodising ; but there is a good deal of classical reference, which enhance the value of the work to the general reader—and occasional historical and architectural notices, which are by no means misplaced. At the same time we cannot but regret that the sheets should have remained so long without seeing the light ; for, though the face of the country has undergone but little change of late years, still old topographies, like old almanacs and old directories, are somehow considered to be less safe guides every successive year after the time at which they were written. If Lord Ormonde's letterpress is not as picturesque as that of Brydone, he has, nevertheless, contrived to increase its pictorial effect, by the exquisite illustrations of our gifted fellow-countryman, Dr. Petrie ; and we also congratulate him on the very beautiful style in which his publishers have produced a volume that reflects credit on every person who has been concerned in its execution.

But there is one point of view in which we regard the present publication with more than usual interest. It affords a practical proof of the right feeling which the higher classes of our countrymen entertain for the promotion of art and literature in this country. Strange, in truth, it is, that the existence of such a feeling should be for a moment a matter of comment, or the subject of congratulation. Yet so it is : we are ashamed to say that heretofore few Irishmen, who sought for

their works a circulation or a fame beyond our own island, had the courage or the patriotism to publish at home. There was no absentee more common than the literary absentee. This, we are proud to say, is no longer the case. The enterprise, perseverance, and ability of more than one Irish publisher, whom we forbear to name, have proved that we can produce works which, in every department, typographical, illustrative, and ornamental, are not a whit behind those of our neighbours ; and we now only need that Irish authors shall do their duty by Irish publishers, as those publishers have done their duty to this country.

We look with extreme pleasure on the appearance of every work of merit that issues from our native presses ; but we are especially gratified to find a nobleman, whose station and pursuits lead him constantly to the British metropolis, preferring to publish in Dublin. The example set by Lord Cloncurry, and adopted now by the Marquis of Ormonde, is good, and sure to be followed. In the case of Lord Cloncurry's *Memoirs* the attempt has been signally successful, and the whole edition of the work is exhausted. We entertain no doubt that the success which shall attend the "*Autumn in Sicily*" will show the noble author, and others of his order, that they may publish at home with as much advantage to themselves, and at the same time confer a benefit on their own land.

MYSTERIES OF KANOBA; OR, THE MESMERIC WARREN.—NO. II.

PROCEEDINGS AT THE MUTHUS ON THE NIGHT OF JUNMU-USHTUMEE, AND THE MORNING OF GOKOOLU-USHTUMEE.

ON the festival of GOKOOLU-USHTUMEE, a Waren procession takes place among the disciples of Kanoba's Muthus, which, though generally exhibiting the afflatus in a milder form, bears some resemblance to the procession of Deveen's Waren on the Dusura, formerly described. The procession succeeds and terminates certain mystic proceedings carried on throughout the night of JUNMU-USHTUMEE.

There is a peculiar connection, and an apparent confusion, between the two festivals of JUNMU-USHTUMEE, and GOKOOLU-USHTUMEE, which it is necessary to explain.

Krishnu was born at midnight, on the 8th of the dark half of the month of Shravunu, at Muthooru; hence, the eighth was celebrated *there*, and is still by most Hindoos, as JUNMU-USHTUMEE, or NATIVITY-EIGHTH. But, during the night, the infant was removed beyond the reach of his uncle Kansu, who sought to destroy him, to a place called Gokoolu, in the country, where he appeared early the next morning. According to the Hindoo method of computing the lunar day from the exact place of the moon, which is constantly advancing, their day commences at different hours from one sunset to another; and having on this occasion begun a little before midnight, it was *still the eighth* when the child was discovered at Gokoolu. The eighth, therefore, was celebrated at Gokoolu, as Gokoolu-USHTUMEE, or Gokoolu Eighth, *i.e.*, the eighth distinguished by his manifestation there. Hence, the two-fold name and two-fold character of this one lunar day, on which two events which occurred to the same child, at places remote from each other, and at different periods of that one day, have a distinct commemoration. Two festivals of the religious calendar are, in fact, compressed into one day of the astronomical. But, as that day is lunar, and is constantly shifting its relation to the civil day, it almost always happens, that it embraces con-

siderable portions of two civil or luni-solar days; and thus, in point of fact, the two festivals originally compressed within one lunar day, and both bearing the name of Ushtumee, or Eighth, become, in practice, extended over two days of the civil almanac, in such a manner as to produce some discrepancy and confusion.

Whenever the eighth lunar day begins before twelve o'clock on the night which intervenes between the seventh and eighth days of luni-solar or civil reckoning, the celebration of the nativity falls on that midnight: and, although the commencement of the lunar Ushtumee occurs, perhaps, only ten minutes before midnight, yet, as the ritual requires a whole day of fasting to precede this midnight, the popular and ritual Junmu-UShtumee; which, up to the midnight hour of actual birth, must be regarded as a fast—in this respect resembling our Christmas Eve—really falls in such case, upon the civil seventh; the joyful event of the nativity, with its accompanying festive demonstrations, is celebrated on the midnight intervening between the seventh and the eighth; and the latter is accounted to be, and is kept as Gokoolu-UShtumee.

But when the eighth lunar day, as often happens, begins after the midnight succeeding the civil or luni-solar seventh though but a few minutes, the nativity cannot be celebrated on that night, and is, consequently, not observed at all. The whole of the next day, *i.e.*, the civil eighth, is kept as the fast of Junmu-UShtumee, or Nativity-eve; on the midnight intervening between it and the civil ninth, the Junmu or Nativity is celebrated; and the next day, or civil ninth, is, by a necessary anachronism, observed as Gokoolu-eighth.

Thus, by a sort of necessity, there is a discrepancy either way. In one case, the ritual Nativity-eighth is drawn back on the civil seventh; in the other, the ritual Gokoolu-eighth is thrown forward to the civil ninth.

In all cases, however, the time which immediately precedes the midnight hour of birth itself, and the interval between that hour and the morning of the Gokoolu celebration, being the period occupied in the night journey from Muthoora to Gokoolu, is that which, as stated in the description of the Muthus, is considered so favorable to the development of Waren; and, indeed, to all varieties of supernatural operations—a sort of witch's sabbath or Walpurgis night.

The inhabitants of Guzerat and the north-western part of India, and those Buiragee, or religious mendicants, who are particularly devoted to Krishnu, reject Junmu-Ushtumee altogether, and keep Gokoolu-Ush-tumee alone; thus in a manner disavowing all knowledge of Krishnu's existence as a divinity, before his manifestation at Gokoolu. But the more numerous and orthodox class of Hindoos acknowledge both festivals—the nativity of Muthoora, the appearance of Gokoolu; though, excepting those who are immediately attached to the temples of Krishnu, few observe more than one solemnity.

Krishnu's birth having taken place precisely at midnight, it is the custom, as before observed, to fast during the portion of Junmu-Ushtumee which precedes that hour, and which may be termed the eve of the Nativity. At night, the temples dedicated to Krishnu, such as that of Mooruleedhuru [Krishnu Tibicen] in Bombay, are all lit up and crowded. Exactly at mid-

night, while a Hurdasu, or preacher-bard, is in the act of narrating the history of Krishnu's birth to the assembled multitude; just as he has concluded the announcement of that event in the very words of the Bhaguvutu Pooranu, a sudden cry is heard from behind a curtain, as of a woman in travail; then comes the feeble wail of a new-born infant: the curtain is drawn aside, and a man, covered with a woman's mantle, personating Devukee, Krishnu's mother, is seen seated, with a baby of cloth, earth, or wood, wrapped in swaddling-clothes, lying on his lap.* The assistants beat their cymbals; and the whole crowd breaking out into a joyful cry of "Juyu! Juyu!" [Io! triumphé, glory! glory!] worship the image with joined hands, and cast upon it, in token of their homage and their joy, a shower of crimson dust, fresh flowers, and scented powder, composed of sandal-wood, Zedoary, and other ingredients. They then dance about to express their pleasure, repeating the words:—

"Juyu! Juyu! Govindu! Juyu! Juyu!
Govindu!
Govindu! Gopalu! Narayunu! Huri!"

which constitute a song of triumph, enumerating some of the various titles of the new-born divinity, and may be thus rendered:—

Glory! Glory! oh, Govindu! Glory! Glory!
oh, Govindu!
Oh, Govindu! Gopalu! Narayunu! Huri!

* This dramatic representation of similar events in the lives of their divine or heroic personages, seems to have prevailed also among the Greeks. Plutarch, in his life of Theseus, quotes from Pæon the following account of the commemoration of Ariadne:—

"On the second day of the month Gorpiceus [September], they have this among other ceremonies—a youth lies in bed, and with his voice and gesture counterfeits all the pains of a woman in travail."

We regret to add, that this plan of dramatic exhibition has long obtained at many of the Roman Catholic churches throughout India: and so attached are the native Christians to it, that all the efforts of European vicars apostolic have been hitherto insufficient to put it entirely down. One, the Rev. Fra. Maurelio, was actually tied up by his own flock to the stone cross at Verapoli, for opposing this propensity. On Christmas Eve we have witnessed, in the Carmelite chapel at Surat, a representation of the infant Christ and his mother, which might, in many points, be compared with those of Krishnu and Devukee, at the Muthus of Kanoba: and although the actual travail and birth were not, as in the case of Devukee and Ariadne, simulated by a living person, the adoration of the Magi was. In the midst of the service, and of the prayers of the congregation, a sudden noise and clashing was heard outside the church; and, after it had lasted a considerable time, in marched ten or twelve representatives of the eastern kings—Malabar Christians arrayed in tinsel crowns, and robes and swords; and these, after offering their gifts to the waxen infant, again retired and maintained their noisy dance for hours outside the church. Whatever may be said of the innocence of such things in other places, their existence, side by side, with similar Hindoo exhibitions, is a fatal degradation of Christianity.

After this, a preparation called soon-tuwuda, composed of ginger, sugar, aniseed, and singusticum ajwan—which is usually given to puerperal women, and marks in India the event of a delivery, as caudle does in England—is distributed among the congregation by the priest or clerk of the temple. All then retire to their homes.

At the Muthus of Kanoba, a somewhat similar scene is enacted; but, instead of retiring at its close, the disciples pass the remainder of the night in mystic operations.

On Gokoolu Ushtumee, *i.e.*, the day following this night, those Hindoos who observe this second festival, including generally all who are attached to, and frequent the temples of Krishnu, and are particularly devoted to his service, give themselves up to mirth; relating and imitating the gambols of the young Gopalu, or deified herdsman, among the Gopees or herdswomen of Gokoolu, where he played a part not unlike that of Apollo, when tending the herds of Admetus. Among other observances, it is usual to hang up in the portico of the temple, where the Hurdasu narrates the youthful exploits of Krishnu, earthen jars filled with curds, milk, butter, &c. At the end of the discourse, all dance under the jars, clashing cymbals, and repeating the hymn, “Juyu! Juyu! Govindu!” as on the previous night. The jars are at last broken with a stick, and the contents sprinkled over the persons of the assembly, and swallowed by those who are so lucky as to catch any particles of solid or fluid, before they reach the ground. This is in imitation of Krishnu’s having wantonly broken with a stick all the jars of milk and curds belonging to the herdswomen at Gokoolu.

In this besprinkled state the worshippers proceed to the sea, carrying with them the image of Krishnu, and clay images of cows, representing those herds of Gokoolu amongst which he played his youthful gambols: all these they cast into the sea.

Contemporaneously with these processions of the ordinary worshippers, from the temples dedicated to Krishnu,

the great processions of Kanoba’s Bhuktus and inspirati set out from the various Muthus where the initiated have been passing the night.

For, on this festival, all the frequenters of the Muthus, of whatever degree; the chief Bhuktu, and his assistant mystagogues; the disciples of every class, whether inspirati, who have been subject to the thaumaturgic process, and are possessed of Kanobic power, or patients who have merely been under the sanative operation of the mystic Prusadu, *i.e.*, the blessed ashes, flowers, or twisted worsted cords sent from the tabernacle, which, rubbed on, or smelt, or worn, or swallowed with faith, like the magnetised soap, and flowers, and chains, of Madame Alina D’Eldir, supersede the use of all other medicine;* the new patients also, or candidates, who are desirous of submitting to the operations of the Bhuktu, and obtaining on this night—auspicious for spiritual influence and mysteries—a favourable and powerful initiation; nor these alone, but all former patients and frequenters of the establishment, and all within the sphere of its influence, who have any sort of pythonical spirit or Waren, whether hereditary or whencesoever derived, generally make a point of attending, and taking part, either as actors or spectators, in the proceedings of this night, or the procession of the following morning.

The whole night, after the celebration of the birth, is passed in a succession of mystic operations like those described in a former paper; with intervening periods of sacred reading, bathing, and sleepless rest. The old patients and disciples are first thrown into Waren, and exhibit, successively, the phenomena which mark its various stages, according to the length of time for which they have been subject to the process, and the frequency with which they have submitted to it.

The new comers are then operated upon, and seldom without effect on this occasion, on which the example of numbers, the force of contagion, and the superstitious prestige attached to the night itself, may be supposed to

* This lady, born and educated in India, and brought up perhaps within the sphere, or at the very feet of some Bhuktu of Kanoba, or Ellassa, or other pneumatic Numen, enjoyed great celebrity in Paris as a mesmeric thaumaturgist, from 1814 to 1829. In June, 1819, a native of India came to France to claim her; but she was still living in Paris in 1829.

add force to the ordinary influence of the process. Having passed the night in scenes of initiation and exorcism, of convulsive energisings, maniac dancing and shrieking—trance-like stupefaction, and, occasionally, oracular awakenings—though this last, always the highest and rarest effect of Waren, is seldom exhibited on such noisy and crowded occasions as that of Gokoolu Ushutume. In the morning they proceed in procession to the sea side, carrying with them sometimes the *Katee* of Kanoba, *i. e.*, a tall pole in his honour, adorned at the top with the usual flounce of red cloth, or supporting an embroidered flag of the same colour. This flag is generally received from some other eminent or parent Kanobic Lodge, if we may so call it. As the crowd sallies forth from the Muthu, some are absolutely in Waren; but all are more or less under the influence of religious excitement or enthusiasm, though of a more subdued and placid character than that of Deveen. Those who are in Waren dance convulsively; but on some occasions we are informed they present a different and very singular appearance, in which stupefaction is the most marked feature. At such times they reel and shuffle along the street, like a crowd of persons under the influence of opium; gently and simultaneously nodding their heads up and down, with a stupid, sleepy, expression; all uttering in chorus, but in a low tone of voice, the words, “Govind! Govind! Govind!” which is merely a repetition of the most popular name of Krishna abbreviated by curtailing its final *u*. In this way they proceed to the sea, which all enter with one accord, and in which they bathe. The procession then returns to the Muthu in the same manner, with drums beating and banner flying.

But the proceedings of the day are seldom limited to the mere procession. Some time before the latter returns to the Muthu, either on its progress out, or its way back, there is generally some curious public exhibition; the result, if not the object, of which, is to display the effects of the Waren, in rendering the inspirati superior to all sensations of external pain. The most common mode of doing this is, by the chief Bhuktu lashing the possessed with the Koruda, at stated places of halting along the road, much the same

as in the Dusura procession. To these lashings they are perfectly insensible, though the instrument is undoubtedly far too formidable to suppose pretence possible. The only apparent effect of this flagellation is to refresh the inspirati: it seems to impart to them a sensation of relief and satisfaction, if not of pleasure and hilarity: but it in no manner interferes with the antics which they play upon the road, utterly heedless to, and indeed apparently wholly unconscious of, any other presence, than their own and that of the Bhuktu.

At Mudhee, however, and probably occasionally at other places, the exhibition on this day is of a different character, calculated to display *a power of balancing the body*, rather than the capacity for enduring pain. Tall poles are buried in the ground; and, on the tops of these, or at the extremity of other transverse poles which cross them, are fastened earthen pitchers, containing curds, and the other products of the dairy. The disciples of the Muthu who are in Waren are brought to these; and, after having their bodies rubbed with oil, and taking sticks in their hands, they ascend, at the command of the Bhuktu, the upright, and, where such are, run along the transverse poles—both feats requiring a considerable command over their movements. Then, in imitation of Krishna’s mischievous gambols at Gokoolu, they break the pitchers, the fragments of which are gathered and licked up with avidity by the crowd below.

There are many other feats performed by parties under the influence of Kanoba’s, Deveen’s, Khundoba’s, and various other Warens—all tending to display insensibility to pain, recklessness of danger, and that power of self-preservation in difficult positions, which the earlier phrenologists termed concentrativeness—exemplifying it by a reference to the goat browsing in safety along the edge of a precipice—and which has been so often witnessed with astonishment in somnambulists.

Some will go and sit down in the nearest fire-place, or walk into the sea or some neighbouring river, till forcibly dragged out.

Some lay hold on fire-brands or live coals, and dance and toss them about, often with great risk to all around

them—in some instances even setting fire to dresses and houses, but with perfect impunity to themselves.

Some scatter live coals on their path, and walk coolly over them, as in the fiery ordeal.

Some will hold on the palm of the hand, for hours, a thin earthen dish full of fire: others, a flat-bottomed shallow tray of silver, divided into fifteen or twenty compartments filled with oil, in each of which a lighted wick is burning.

Others go a step further: after getting their heads previously clean shaven with a razor, and rubbed with oil, they will take this silver tray—with all its wicks burning—and bear it for hours on their head, holding all the time other lamps or torches in their hands, without any appearance of pain from the heated metal, or any risk of its falling from its slippery position.

It would be impossible, however, to

enumerate all the minute varieties of form in which this consciousness of, or pretence to, a power above the natural delights to manifest itself, in different persons and different places. The resemblance of some of these feats to those performed among the ancients, under the support of devotion to, or the influence of possession by, certain gods and dæmoniac powers, is very striking:

“Not far from the city of Rome,” says Pliny—Lib. 7, cap. 2—“in the land of the Falisus, are a few families called Hirpiæ, who in a yearly sacrifice, made at Mount Soracte to Apollo, WALK OVER A HEAP OF WOOD WITHOUT BEING BURNT; and on that account are, by a perpetual decree of the Senate, exempted from military service and all other taxes.” *

To this fact Virgil alludes in the *Æneid*, Lib. xi., where Aruns, in his prayer to Apollo exclaims—

“Chief of the Gods, guardian of sacred Soracte, Apollo!

Whom we first worship, to whom the pine-fed flame in the pile

Is nourished, and, UPHELD BY OUR DEVOTION TO WHOM, THRO’ THE MID-FIRE,

WE, THY WORSHIPPERS, IMPRINT MANY FOOTSTEPS WITH THE SOLES OF OUR FEET.” †

Strabo also, in his Fifth Book, speaks thus of the same exhibition; but attributes the supporting afflatus, not to Apollo, but to the local Goddess Feronia. So with one Hindoo it is Kanoba; with another, some village Devee:—

“Under Mount Soracte is the town of Feronia, named after some native goddess [Daimon] whom the neighbours zealously worship: there also is the grove of Feronia, in which a wonderful sacrifice is performed; for MEN POSSESSED BY [the waren of] THIS GODDESS [or female Daimon] PASS UNHURT WITH NAKED FEET, THROUGH a GREAT heap OF LIVE COALS and cinders;

and there comes together a multitude of men as well for the sake of the solemnity, which is celebrated yearly, as for the spectacle above mentioned.” ‡

And Varro De Ling. Lat. 4. c. 10, 6, alluding to the practice, attributes the impunity of the devotees to the use of a medicine.

“The Hirpini are accustomed to use it: when about to walk through the fire, they anoint the soles of their feet with the medicament.” §

Besides the town and grove, there was also, it will be remembered, the fountain of Feronia, as commemorated by Horace in his celebrated journey

* “Haud procul urbe Roma, in Faliscorum agro, sunt paucæ familiæ quæ Hirpiæ vocantur, quæ sacrificio annuo, quod fit ad montem Soractem Apollini, super ambustam ligni struem ambulantes, non adurantur; et ob id, perpetuo Senatus-Consulto, militiæ omniumque aliorum munerum vacationem habent.”

† Summe Deum, sancti custos Soractis, Apollo,

Quem primi colimus, cui pineus ardor acervo

Pascitur, et MEDIUM Freti pietate per ignem

Cultores, multa premimus vestigia planta.”

‡ Τοῦ δὲ τῷ Σωράκτῳ ὄρει Φερωνία πόλις ἐστὶν ὁμώνυμος ἐπὶ χωρίῳ τινὶ δαίμονι τιμαυμένη σφόδρα ἀπὸ τῶν περιόικων; ἥς τέμινός ἐστιν ἐν τῷ τόπῳ θαυμαστέην προσέουσι ἔχον: γυμνοὶ γὰρ ποσὶ διαΐξασιν ἀνθρακίαν καὶ σποδιὰν μεγάλην οἱ κατιχόμενοι ἀπο τῆς δαιμονος ταύτης ἀπαυθις; καὶ συνέχεται πλῆθος ἀνθρώπων ἅμα τῆς τε πανηγύρεως χάριν, ἢ συντιλῖται κατ’ ἑτος, καὶ τῆς λιχθείσης θύας.

§ “Eo uti solent Hirpini; ambulaturi per ignem, medicamento plantas unguunt.”

to Brundusium.—Fifth satire, first book—

“Ora manusque tua lavimus, Feronia, lymphæ.”

And this fountain, like the hot spring of Vujra-Baee, mentioned in a former paper, was, no doubt, the original native goddess, female Dæmon, or local Devee worshipped. When about twelve lines further on, we find the poet saying, that he and his friends left Fundi, laughing at the

“Prætextam, et latum clavum, PRUNÆ QUE VATILLUM,”

we are almost tempted to imagine that this latter phrase, which has rather puzzled commentators, instead of being the same as “*prunæ que batillum*,” and signifying the “censer, or pan of burning coals,” as generally supposed, contains some allusion to the fire-walking Bhuktus and inspirati of Feronia, who doubtless were lions of the locality; and should accordingly be read *Vatellum*, “the little Vates, prophetling, or Bhuktu of the burning coals.” Prosody, however, is somewhat against this reading, the first syllable in *Vates* being long, in *Vatillum*, short. If any of our classic readers take an interest in this new reading, they will perhaps be able to marshal authority or arguments to overcome this difficulty, and settle the distance between Feronia and Fundi.

Having hazarded one conjectural new interpretation of Horace, we will here turn aside for a moment to suggest another, but upon somewhat surer grounds. We read in the Fourth Ode, Third Book, the following lines:—

“Visam Britannos hospitibus feros,
Et latum equino sanguine CONCANUM;
Visam pharetratos Gelonos
Et Scythicum inviolatus amnem.”

PROCEEDINGS WITNESSED IN ONE OF KANOBA’S MUTHUS, ON GOKOOLU-USHTUMEE
EVE, A.D. 1844.

ON entering the Muthu at ten at night, we found it thronged so thickly with visitors, that only a small space was left clear in front of the blazing tabernacle. Bunches of Subza and Nimb leaves were hanging in every direction from the roof. Three persons were already in Waren, dancing

The word Concanum, this man of a nation delighting in horses’ blood, is generally explained to mean the inhabitant of a certain town or locality in Spain, inhabited, as one commentator states, by a Cantabrian, as another, by a Tartar tribe. But the poet in the very same stanza indicates the true direction where we should look for these eaters of horse-flesh. He mentions the quiver bearing Geloni, a Sarmatian tribe: he mentions the Scythian river, that is the Don or Tanais; and we very much mistake if these Concani were not kindred of the Don Cossacks. For, beyond the Don, beyond that Scythian river, lies the father-land of the horse-flesh-eating Tartars, and dog-eating Cossacks [khor-sag], known doubtless to the Romans, as of late years made known to us, under the name of KOKAN or COCAN Tartary: and this we hold to be the locality which the Roman lyrist offers fearlessly to visit under the protection of the muses.

To return, however, to Feronia and the fire-walkers: a similar feat is mentioned by Strabo in his description of Cappadocia, of certain women of Castabalis, at the temple of Diana. “Not far from thence are Castabala and Cybistria, towns still nearer to the mountain; of which, in Castabala is the temple of the Perasian Diana, where they say THE PRIESTESSES WALK WITH NAKED FEET THROUGH THE BURNING COALS.”*

Here then we have the fire-braving Waren of another local Devee: and we have no doubt many more such examples will occur to persons of more extensive reading.

convulsively about; seven or eight more were sitting in a line on their haunches, staring at the tabernacle. The Bhuktu and five or six other persons, of whom two were patients, were beating tabours and singing “Alee-Goojara.” The Mahomedan beaters of the big drum were playing outside

* Ου πολυ δε αποθεν ταυτης εστι τα τε Κασταβαλα, και τα Κύβιστρα, ἔτι μῦλλον ὅτι ὄρει πλησιάζοντα πολίσματα. ὡν ἐν τοῖς Κασταβάλοις ἐστὶ τὴ τῆς Περασίας Ἀρτέμιδος ἱερὸν, ὅπου φασι τὰς ἱερείας γυμνοὺς τοῖς ποσὶ δι’ ἀνθρακίᾳς βαδίζειν ἀπαθείς.

in the street. Three more of the patients fell into Waren soon after. Their state became apparent by degrees. It began by a fixed stare of the eye ; next came a trembling of the body, and a waving motion backwards and forwards ; eventually they made a rush at the tabernacle. Being intercepted in this, they began dancing convulsively ; but every now and then this impulse would return, and they would make a dash at the shrine, and would have plunged head-foremost into it, but were caught by persons purposely stationed to prevent this foreseen result. For, in Waren, the patients have always this tendency, and would, if permitted, dash themselves against the illuminated tabernacle, as the moth against the sides of an Argand lamp. Of the remaining patients who sat staring, two rose up, and the Waren appeared more than once to have come on ; for a shivering and a waving motion backwards and forwards would now and then come over their bodies. It was, however, but as a momentary ripple on the water, and passed away again. Seeing this, the Bhuktu left his tabour, and, sending for a pitcher of DUHEE [liquid curds], frequently cast it upon them and the other patients, by dipping his hand in the vessel, and then scattering the fluid at them by a quick out-shooting of the fingers. This not proving effective, he took the Koruda, and passing it in a loop round the neck of one of the patients, pushed him gently back, and drew him forward again, five or six times. He next put his left arm round his waist, and placing one hand upon the small of his back, with the other held his girdle in front, and heaved him back and forward in the same way. This succeeded with one : he tried to make a rush at the tabernacle, but fell down in Waren ; he then rose up and danced, every now and then making an attempt to fling himself at the tabernacle. With another, after trying these processes in vain, he pressed his right hand upon his stomach about the navel, and seemed to shake and probe him there, his left hand being on his back ; with another, he pressed the back of the head and neck with the left hand, while probing the abdomen with the right. In one case he pressed the neck behind the ear, so as to make the jugular vein swell. While he

practised on some of the patients, his elder disciples—and, what was very singular, one of them being himself in Waren—followed the same process with others of the patients, and five or six more were brought into Waren. There still remained four or five, of whom one or two were new patients who had only had Waren once before, who resisted the influence of all the methods tried. The Bhuktu, and the disciples who had been assisting him in these operations, now resumed their tabours, and sitting in a semicircle, five in number, close round the head of one of the recusant patients, began to play at a rate that thrilled through the frames of all present. They also sung at times, joined by the other tabour-players and the disciples in Waren, the verse, “Alee-Goojara-Dustera-deen.” At other times they would all scream out, in a piercing, shrill tone, the words “Bap-ree-ee,” or “Oh, father !” an exclamation of astonishment and of suffering, in which the final *ee* was raised and prolonged into a shriek. While this was going on, one of the disciples, who was at the tabours, uttered a loud scream, and, flinging up his arms, bounded out of the circle towards the tabernacle in convulsions. He had been thrown involuntarily into Waren ; and three or four of the assistants were obliged to hold and support him until the tabour, which was fastened by a loop to his wrist, and which he was now dashing about at random, could be untied and removed. This result was wholly unintended either by the Bhuktu or the patient himself. The new patient, meanwhile, against whose resistance to the Waren these energetic measures had been adopted, was at last affected, stared at the tabernacle with a fixed look, trembling from head to foot, and fell down senseless. In regard to two or three, however, of those now left, all the efforts of the Bhuktu were fruitless ; and they remained, during the rest of the night, as spectators only.

The parties who had been thrown into Waren danced and flung themselves about like persons no longer their own masters. They would often come into contact with, and be obliged to be dragged away from, the surrounding spectators. One dashed his head against the ground. All had a convulsive movement in the throat, and contorted their limbs,

especially their clasped hands, in various directions. Every now and then they would squat down on their knees, and strike their open hands upon the ground; and once during the whole scene, some patients cast out their arms at length, one after another; upon which the Bhuktu *flogged the extended arms* with the Koruda. Others held both arms high over their heads, whereon the Bhuktu *flogged them round the body*, sometimes leaving welts visible on the skin; and all joined occasionally the chorus of tabour-beaters in shouting "Alee Goojara." The above motions seemed signals well understood, expressive of their desire of being flogged, and they appeared to receive pleasure from it; they cried out frequently *atsa, atsa*, probably their corrupt pronunciation of *ucha*, good! for, though Mahrattas, they have in Waren all the tendency to express themselves in Hindostanee. Now and then one of them sat, or rather threw himself, down on the ground, took some ashes out of the censer, blew them into the air, called out "BUJAO! BUJAO!" "beat! beat the drums;" and then DEEN POKARO BHUYA! "Shout DEEN, boys!" whereupon the tabour-beaters redoubled their blows, and all shouted out "Alee-goojara-dustera-Deen." The patients also called out "*lao-lao-lao*," "bring, bring," or "give, give," very frequently, which was interpreted to us as an urgent demand for the Koruda; in other words, an entreaty to the Bhuktu to flog them!

At last they fell down one by one, and lay senseless, panting, and perspiring profusely on the ground, where, after some time, they gradually came to themselves.

Two or three, however, continued their convulsive movement much longer than the rest, and these the Bhuktu was obliged to operate upon. Two of them he touched on the head with a slight shoving motion of his hand, when they fell down motionless. With the third he placed the right hand on the head and the left on the stomach, and, pressing the former, caused him to bend his body down, and, eventually, to lie down on the ground.

He applied water to some of those who were lying there, and, by degrees,

all were restored to their natural state.

From this up to midnight, one of the disciples sat and read out an account of Krishnu's birth and actions, from some Pracrit version of the Bhaguvutu Pooranu, probably the Huri Vijuyu. In some Muthus, a Brahmin Pooranic, or reader and expounder of the Pooranus, is employed to read and expound the original narrative from the Bhaguvutu itself.

At midnight was to be the second visitation of Waren, preparatory to which all the patients appear to have gone out and bathed. For, at that hour, all were again sitting in a row staring at the idol, with their hair hanging down, glossy and half wet. The Bhuktu ordered a fresh pitcher of liquid curds to be brought and placed near the tabernacle, and a censer, on which he threw camphor and incense. Two of his assistants then took a curtain and held it for some minutes between the patients and the tabernacle. When it was lifted up, the BIRTH of the infant Krishnu was supposed to have taken place, and was announced by the Bhuktu shouting out "Govindu! Govindu!" in which the whole assembly joined him. He then repeated the song—

"Govindu! Gopalu! Narayunu! Huri!"

at the same time sprinkling curds upon the patients; and then, by a sudden transition, giving a beat on his tabour, he shouted out the "Alee Goojara." All the tabours chimed in; the drums outside struck up; the "Alee-Goojara" rang again through the house and street, and three of the patients were already in Waren. The former scene was then gradually repeated with little variation, except that fewer efforts were now necessary to bring on the crisis, and that some of the patients held lighted camphor on their hands, at the bidding of the Bhuktu, to evince, as we suppose, their insensibility. At two or three in the morning, the Waren was brought on, as we understood, a third time, but this was not witnessed by us, for none but a Bhuktu of Kanoba could hold out for a whole night amid such maddening scenes, without incurring some risk of himself succumbing to the contagious influence of Waren.

PROCESSIONS ON THE MORNING OF GOKOOLU-USHTUMEE, A.D., 1844.

THE first procession—it was that from the Mutha of . . . —the same wherein the proceedings last recorded had been witnessed, passed quietly along in silence, for it was on the main-street, on which native music is not permitted by the police to play. There might be twelve or fifteen musicians, who were all properly dressed, as usual; about the same number of persons who walked along naked from the waist upward, without turbans, and their hair hanging down loose over their heads and shoulders. These were pointed out to us as the disciples—the parties who had been in Waren during the night-time. None of them were in that state now, but all had a stupified, worn look, as might have been expected. At the head of these walked the Bhuktu, naked and dishevelled like them; the scourge was borne by an assistant at his side. We perceived no censer, but it might have been there, for a miscellaneous crowd of devotees and spectators closed round the procession, swelling its numbers, and shutting it out from our view. They turned down one of the narrow streets leading out of the main Kalbadevee-road towards the sea-side, and there we lost sight of them; but they had not gone far in this direction before we could hear their music strike up again. It is possible, also, that, as they receded from the main road, the Bhuktu may have caused the Waren to play in their bodies, but we had not the good fortune to witness it, which, from the number of inspirati present, we should have much wished.

Two other processions we witnessed from one of the narrow intersecting streets, and these passed with their music in full play. Each consisted of a small group in the centre who danced along, some separately, some with hands joined in a circle. These were preceded and followed by larger bodies of dancers, consisting of twelve, twenty, or twenty-five persons arranged in an oval form; the parties in the centre of each body being men, those next to them youths, on the outside boys—all interlinked by the arms and hands in a singular manner, so as to form what seemed, as it moved along, a single, many-limbed animal. The whole of the procession danced along with a

simultaneous movement, shouting “Govindu! Govindu!” There was a great deal of excitement visible, but merely such as might be expected at a religious festival—such as may be always witnessed at the Mohurram. And while among the men this excitement had the character of a joyous religious enthusiasm, among the boys it seemed rather the spirit of boyish fun and merriment. There was nothing whatever as yet corresponding with the genuine character of Waren.

Disappointed in our hopes of seeing this exhibited, we retired to the house of a Hindoo friend in the neighbourhood, and sat there for some time, conversing with him upon the character of this festival, and the nature of these exhibitions. While thus engaged, we suddenly heard a loud report down the street, apparently not far off. It was repeated in quick succession three or four times, and our host rising up, said “There must be some parties at hand, actually possessed by the Waren; for that is the sound of the Koruda.” We proceeded towards the spot, and found he was right in his conjecture. A crowd had just issued from a little Muthu of Kanoba in this very street, of the existence of which we were not before aware. The doorway and steps were crowded with people; some were beating drums and tabours; the others evidently belonged to the Muthu, either as assistants or disciples; for one or two held censers; one carried the Koruda; another had a pair of fire-tongs; and all were looking with eager interest at the proceedings of the party who had just left the Muthu, and were now assembled in the street in front of it. There, in the midst of a crowd of spectators, we saw a Bhuktu standing with an assistant,—both, as usual, naked from the waist up, with bare, dishevelled heads, quietly watching the motions of two of the disciples, who had the Waren upon them, and were performing a convulsive dance in the street. A little beyond them were some other young men, imitating their motions; and beyond them again, a crowd of boys, likewise dancing and shouting. As we approached the place, the whole appeared to us a mass of dancers of the same character; but we soon perceived that the two men in

Waren, both of whom seemed between the age of twenty and thirty, were in a state both of body and mind quite different from the others, from whom they were immediately distinguishable. There was a shivering perceptible all over their bodies, which we could sometimes observe beginning in the legs and advancing upward, as it were, in a current. In addition to this, there was a general convulsive movement of the body and limbs. There was less motion of the head than we expected to see: it being generally rigid in one direction: but when the shivering fit came on, creeping gradually up till it overspread and shook the whole frame, the head also trembled. The motions of the legs gave the idea of a rhythmical dance, sustained and energetic, but not very rapid. The movement of the upper members was still slower, but more painful. Sometimes they wound their bodies round in a serpentine motion, expressive of torture; sometimes with a cowering down, as if in terror. The arms were now thrown wildly out—the fingers stiffened out, or crooked in—now clasped convulsively, at half length; then extended slowly and painfully out, and twined, so as to throw the clasped palms outwards: sometimes they were tossed aloft over the head perfectly straight, and very frequently, while in that position, they were clasped, wrung forcibly together, as in agony, the face at the same time cast upward as though with an imploring look,—and then twisted round so as to leave the interlaced palms upwards. The hands were often clenched. During nearly the whole time, their lips were drawn back, and they gnashed their teeth fearfully; and uttered from between them a suppressed continuous moaning sound, of a very peculiar and painful character, expressive apparently of deep suffering; this would now and then break out into a long, loud, sharp cry of *La! la! la! la! la! la!** uttered very rapidly. There was no appearance of foam at the lips.

The most remarkable thing in their whole appearance was the eye: it was fixed, and marked by that total ab-

sence of living expression, which is, itself, the most ghastly of all expressions. There was no speculation in their eyes for anything around them. During the whole period we saw them, about twenty minutes or half an hour, the eyes maintained this fixed expression—till, towards the close of the scene, the eye-balls of one of the two seemed drawn wholly upward, leaving the whites only visible.

The scene was painful to look at: the predominant expression of the two men being that of suffering. It reminded us very strongly of a lithographic print published some years ago, either by Sir William Ross, or his cousin Mr. Edwin Dalton, representing the Gadarene demoniac issuing from the tombs; it recalled to our minds still more forcibly, two of the Baron de Poutet's epileptic female patients, whom we had seen at his public seances in 1838, thrown by him into a state precisely similar.

While the disciples were dancing in this state, the Bhuktu on one occasion took the Koruda, and lashed them round the body with this formidable scourge, till the street rang again. They did not wince in the slightest degree, or appear at all sensible of it. We are told, however, that they have a *pleasurable sense* of it, and desire it; that it keeps down the Waren when growing insupportable, and that the Bhuktu, knowing when this is the case, applies it for that purpose.

On another occasion the Bhuktu took the tongs, and going to the censer, and taking up a live coal, placed it on the open palm of one of the inspirati. He held it for about a minute and then closed his hand upon it. The Bhuktu brought a second coal, which was both red and flaming, and placed it on the hand of the other. We saw it blazing on his hand for about two minutes; he then dashed it into his mouth, glowing as it was, and retained it there for another minute or two, after which it dropped out, apparently extinguished. All this time they had never intermitted the movements of their legs and bodies. At another period, upon a motion from the Bhuktu,

* A Hindoo spectator supposes this to be merely the singular form, and to have the same sense as the cry of "*lao! lao!*"—"bring! bring!" mentioned in the foregoing paper; in other words, that it was really a petition to the Bhuktu to flog them with the Koruda. As they generally speak Hindosthanee in this state, it may perhaps be "*Allah! Allah! Allah!*" "Oh, God! oh, God!" or it may be only an interjection, expressive of muscular pain.

one of them climbed up a thin pole, about ten or twelve feet high, and broke a crock of curds and buttermilk fastened to the top. During the dance of these inspirati, they frequently came against each other, or against the crowd outside, apparently unconscious of it ; and then the Bhuktu came, and with a touch of the hand, altered their direction. At last, one fell down in the mire, and lay there across the street, exhausted, panting, but seemingly insensible. A Parsee, driving up in his buggy, called out to him to move away. We also called out to him, telling him he would be driven over and killed. But he heard nothing. At last, the Bhuktu, sitting down beside him, gathered back his legs from the knee, as one might those of a person asleep or dead, and thus allowed the buggy to pass. He then handled his head, pressed the back of the neck and twisted back his ear, and went through some other manipulations, when the man sat up perfectly recovered, with an expression of face so totally altered, so calm and self-possessed, that we should not have known him again. The dance of the other continued somewhat longer, till the Bhuktu, desirous apparently of terminating it, touched his head slightly, when he fell down like the other, and the same process restored him to himself. The whole party then moved down to the sea side to bathe.

While the above scene was being acted, the tabours and drums never ceased ; and the chorus of musicians every now and then called out from the steps and door the words mentioned in the description of the Muthus. They were all Hindoos, and pronounced them “Eleé-Goojara dusteradeen.”

We had now seen enough to convince us that there was more than imposture or mere excitement could have produced in the Waren of Kanoba ;

that a real physical change had been induced on these parties by the Bhuktu, and had terminated at his will by means of some manipulation ; that the convulsive movement and physical insensibility, and *the want of physical self-direction*, were as genuine as that which we had seen in the seances of the Baron du Potet ; though the whole scene was exhibited in an open street, with much noisy accompaniment, and none of the quiet and imposing dignity that marked the exhibitions in Wigmore-street. Yet, essentially, it was the same thing. And it is thus that many things, which we see in Europe arrayed in grace and dignity, we may find in India occupying an humbler position, and wearing a less impressive garb. The feudal system has its prototype in the petty Raja and his ragamuffin followers : the mayor and corporation in the village Patell and his robeless council ; the guilds in the caste assemblies ; the jury in the Punchayet ; the monastic orders and mendicant friars, in the Yogeas and Bhuiragees ; the russet gown of the Carmelite in the brick-dust coloured garments of the Gosaeen ; the rosary of St. Bonaventura in the Roodrakshu beads of the Shivite Bawa, and the Toolsee-Mala of the Vishnuvite devotee ; the ascetic of Christendom in the self-tormenting zealot of Hindosthan—one standing on a pillar all his life, the other hanging from a tree with his head down, or reposing on a bed of spikes, or supporting a flower-pot on his outstretched hand for forty years : St. Simon Stylites in Toolsee-Bawa, or Parum-Swutuntru-Bawa ! All these are striking instances of European life repeating the facts of Indian life, in a form more dignified, and on a scale more extended. To these examples we may add that of animal magnetism. Mesmer, and Puseygur, and Du Potet might find their prototypes, at this day, in the Bhuktus of Kanoba.

VISIT TO ANOTHER MUTHU OF KANOBA.

ANOTHER Muthu we visited on a different occasion without sending any previous notice. It is situated in the centre of the native town of Bombay, in one of the long lanes connecting the Kalbadevee and the Girgaum roads, and belongs to a man of some celebrity, named . . . , the chief of all

the Bhuktus of Kanoba in Bombay. He is by caste a Panchkulsha, a class who generally follow the two occupations—rather singularly combined—of taking care of cocoa-nut gardens for other parties, and working as carpenters for themselves, but which has, of late years, sent many young aspirants into

the public offices as writers, and has given to the cause of literature and education one distinguished scholar in the person of Huri Keshowjee, whose Mahratta versions of English scientific works have been pronounced by the most competent judges among his own countrymen to be the best executed translations existing in the language, and who merits, by his eminent attainments, his useful labours, and his unassuming virtues, a higher reward from the British government than he has yet received.

In former days it appears . . . followed the ordinary calling of his caste, and worked as a carpenter and builder. But his father had been a Bhuktu, and, some years ago, he himself having gone on a pilgrimage to Mudhee or Puithunu, and received instruction and initiation there, returned to Bombay a Bhuktu, exorcist, and mystic practitioner. The success of his practice—especially in the class of diseases considered as daimonic—has been so great, that he has long given up all other business, and has grown to be generally recognised by all the other Bhuktus as their superior in power. The emoluments which such a man might have derived from his success in London, amidst a vast population so abounding in riches, and so lavish in expending them where occasion needs, must not form a test for measuring the worldly prosperity of the Bombay thaumaturgist. As a carpenter, he might have earned his ten, twelve, or fifteen rupees a month; as a Bhuktu he probably receives, in the shape of presents and gratuities, ten times the last-named amount; and although one hundred and fifty pounds a-year will appear to Europeans a poor fruit of success in such a profession, yet, when it is remembered, that, in India, even one hundred pounds per annum is deemed and, owing to the patriarchal simplicity of Hindoo habits, really is an affluent income, which but few indeed of its learned Pundits are so fortunate as to obtain, the comparative prosperity of the Bhuktu will be more correctly appreciated.

It was between eight and nine at night that we made our visit to the establishment of this individual. Having sent on our Bramhin companion to the Muthu to inform the Bhuktu of our arrival, and request permission to approach, we awaited his

return on the Kalbadee road; but so long a time elapsed without his re-appearance, that we became impatient, and, resolving ourselves to explore the mysterious locality, got out of the carriage, and walked down the lane towards a blaze of light in the distance, which we rightly conjectured to be the Muthu. Here we found the Bramhin in high altercation with two or three parties standing in the verandah of the Muthu, who were reproaching him, in no gentle language, for bringing Europeans to witness their proceedings, or even informing them of their existence. We were fortunately able to acquit him of this charge; and, addressing the principal man of the group, who was no other than the Bhuktu himself, informed him that he accused the Bramhin wrongfully, adding, that he had no cause for exhibiting so much anger, as we came there not to ridicule or disparage his operations, but simply to gather information; that we should feel obliged to him if he allowed us to be spectators of what was going on in the Muthu; but that we had no desire to intrude against his wish, and, for this reason, had sent on the Bramhin to obtain his permission. Somewhat appeased by this address, yet still with a clouded brow and a sullen reluctance of deportment, which courtesy failed to wholly overcome or conciliate, he told us, if we chose, we might come into the veranda, and stand at the door, or one of the windows which looked into the Muthu, but not to enter the latter unless we took off our shoes. We preferred standing at the door, from which all within was visible. The room before us was a small and very clean apartment, about twenty feet square. The tabernacle, which was taller and richer than that of the Girgaum Muthu, stood against the centre of the western wall, and was lit up with a great number of clear, brilliant lights, and wreathed with white flowers. No instruments of music or of noise appeared in the room; nothing, indeed, but the illuminated tabernacle, a smoking censer, and a small vase of water. Two Parsee women, relations, of a patient, sat on the ground, on the side opposite the tabernacle. Erect and motionless, in the centre of the room, with his face fronting the tabernacle, his left arm crossing his breast, supporting the right elbow, his chin drooped, his

cheek leaning upon the palm of his open right hand, and his eyes riveted in a fixed, unwinking gaze upon the idol, stood—it might be the husband, brother, or son of one of these mourners—a Parsee daimoniatic patient, now under the process of cure. We stood and watched him for a full quarter of an hour. He never moved a muscle, or took his eyes from the idol during that time. No one spoke; everything was perfectly still, so still indeed, so clean, so bright, that the rich tabernacle with its brilliant lights, and its tresses of snowy flowers casting out their strong perfume so silently, and the white cloud of incense that rose with equal silence from the censer, and blent its fragrance with theirs; and this solitary man, standing before the shrine in such absorbed and reverend contemplation, and the women sitting so humble and silent in the back-ground—all reminded us very strongly of the night-vigil held in the Roman Catholic Church on the night between Maunday Thursday and Good Friday, before one of the lesser altars, which is adorned, lit up, and watched, while the greater altar is stripped and placed in mourning.

We asked the Bhuktu who this patient was; he replied—

“He was a maniac—he is my disciple; he was brought here some months ago raving mad—foaming, convulsed, knowing no one, tearing every one that came in his way; ask those women, his relations, in what condition he was then, and look at him now.”

“Is he now cured?”

“You see him. When he came here he knew no one—would speak to no one; now he is sensible, and converses rationally. Speak to him yourselves.”

Saying this he went up to him, laid his hand upon his shoulder, and said, “Come Pestonjee! speak to those gentlemen.”

For the first time since our arrival the Parsee now gave signs of life. Moving his head half round to the Bhuktu, with a heavy, fixed sort of look, yet with an expression implying at once dependence and confidence, he muttered, in a low voice, one or two words which we could not catch, and then, relapsing into his former statuesque attitude and silence, became once more intently wrapt in contemplation of the tabernacle.

“Your patient,” we remarked,

“seems, after all, very far from being thoroughly restored.”

“You cannot well judge him at present; he neither understands the cause of, nor likes this interruption. It is true, however, he is not quite restored, but he is partially so—he is very much so. Had you seen him when first brought here, and been able to compare his condition then and now, you could not but acknowledge the extraordinary change that has taken place, and his rapid amendment from utter madness to gentleness and a comparatively rational state. His cure is not completed; it is still in progress, and will be perfected.”

“And what process of cure have you pursued?”

“You see the process.”

“We see nothing but a man in a reverie; there must be something more than this. What is your objection to informing us? We are not likely to open a rival Muthu.”

“Why should I inform you, and why should you seek to know? One ought never to search into the religion of others, nor reveal the secrets of his own.”

In confirmation of these maxims, he poured forth a torrent of quotations in Sanscrit verse, stanza succeeding stanza with such rapidity, that all chance either of understanding or of reply was equally hopeless. Not that he was, necessarily, a man of learning—we believe far from it; but many Hindoos, nay, many persons who profess themselves Pundits, and seek employment as such, provide themselves with a ready stock of Sanscrit quotations, which they learn by heart, and introduce on all possible occasions, as regularly as Ephraim Jenkinson did his medley of opinions upon the cosmogony of the world.

As soon as the Bhuktu had exhausted his stream of verse, we replied—

“All that you have quoted is, doubtless, very true; but still it is scarcely applicable. The point here is a medical rather than a religious one; and you yourself must have practically considered it so: otherwise, why should you object to our witnessing your operations, and yet permit Parsee women to do so; or why introduce a Parsee patient into the Muthu at all, if it be so sacred? Parsees are as much excluded from Hindoo rites as Christians.”

“The Parsee has faith: he is a

disciple. You would not become so."

"Though not disciples, we feel a great interest in the subject of these cures, and the various operations at the Muthus; and other Bhuktus have given us information on the subject without incivility, and without expecting us to become disciples."

"And what may they have told you?"

"That you employ such and such means to bring on the Waren."

"Well! it is true they do employ such means at other Muthus in Bombay; but none of these rude, coarse, noisy means are employed by me."

"What, then, are the means you employ?"

"It is useless for you to ask; for, did I tell you, you could not possibly comprehend them."

"Yet, if you tell us, we shall try. Europeans are not quite so ignorant of your mysteries, nor so utterly stolid of understanding, as you seem to imagine. The substance of your Pooranus is known to us. We have Menu's institutes, and the Bhuguvud Geeta, your law, and your philosophy, in our language: portions even of your Vedus, and of the still more secret Shaktu books, are translated and printed, and known all over Europe."

"I tell you, when you go again into the womb of a mother, and taking another birth, are born again in this world,—then, and not till then, will you be able to understand my system."

"Still, what is it?"

"It is SUMADHI: but what that is, 'tis in vain for you to ask, or conjecture: you could not even conceive it."

We bade the Bhuktu farewell, and came away with our companion. We had seen as much as there was any

chance of doing, with so unwilling a revealer of mysteries; and had heard all he was likely to communicate. This all, indeed, might be summed up in the single word SUMADHI; but that word—like the accidental expression of the more frank and civil Bhuktu of the Girgaum Muthu, "*charged with Kanoba*,"—was in itself a revelation; little as he who made it thought so. The former papers will have exhibited one phase of the system in Kanoba's Muthus, which we may term the exciting or stimulant. The acknowledgment about SUMADHI, coupled with what we witnessed of the profound stillness reigning around the Parsee patient, and his own wrapt, trance-like state, will give us a glimpse of the other,—the tranquillising, sedative, or Quietist phase. Without embracing both in our conception, we shall not justly appreciate the whole system of Kanoba. As regards the assertion of the Kalbadavee Bhuktu, that he never employed the stimulant process, it must be taken with great restriction. We know that, at times, he does employ it, from parties who have been present; and we have ourselves passed the Muthu, when not only the clangour from inside was loud, and the fragrance strong, but even the street outside was filled with his drummers in full clatter. But that in many, perhaps most, of his cases, the SUMADHI, or Quietist process, is resorted to in preference, is very likely. The admitted employment of this singular process as a part of the daimon-exorcising system, is a point of considerable interest, and renders it necessary that we should endeavour to obtain a clear idea of what SUMADHI itself is. But this will demand a chapter by itself.

AMERICAN LITERATURE.

LONGFELLOW.*

WE believe it was M. L'Abbe Raynal who said that America had not yet produced a single man of genius. The productions now under our notice will do more to relieve her from this imputation than the reply of President Jefferson—

"When we have existed," said that gentleman, "so long as the Greeks did before they produced Homer, the Romans Virgil, the French a Racine and a Voltaire, the English a Shakespeare and a Milton, we shall inquire from what unfriendly causes it has proceeded that the other countries of Europe, and quarters of the earth, shall not have inscribed any poet of ours on the roll of fame."

The ingenuity of this defence is more apparent than its truth; for although the existence of America, as a separate nation, is comparatively recent, it must not be forgotten that the origin of her people is identical with that of our own. Their language is the same; they have always had advantages in regard of literature precisely similar to those which we now enjoy; they have free trade, and a little more, in all our best standard authors. There is, therefore, no analogy whatever between their condition and that of the other nations with whom the attempt has been made to contrast them. With a literature ready-made, as it were, to their hand, America had never to contend against any difficulties such as they encountered. Beyond the ballads of the Troubadours and Trouveres, France had no stock either of literature or of traditions to begin upon; the language of Rome was foreign to its people; Greece had but the sixteen letters of Cadmus; the literature of England struggled through the rude chaos of Anglo-Saxon, Norman, French, and monkish Latin. If these difficulties in pursuit of knowledge be

compared with the advantages of America, we think it must be admitted that the President had the worst of the argument.

But although America enjoys all these advantages, it cannot be denied that her social condition presents impediments of a formidable character towards the cultivation of the higher and more refined branches of literature. Liberty, equality, and fraternity are not quite so favourable to the cultivation of elegant tastes as might be imagined; where every kind of social rank is obliterated, the field of observation, which is the province of fiction, becomes proportionately narrow; and although human nature must be the same under every form of government, the liberty of a thorough democracy by no means compensates for its vulgarity. It might be supposed that the very obliteration of all grades of rank, and the consequent impossibility of acquiring social distinction, would have a direct tendency to turn the efforts of genius in directions where the acquisition of fame might be supposed to compensate for more substantial rewards; and when men could no longer win their way to a coronet, they would redouble their exertions to obtain the wreath. The history of literature, however, teaches us the reverse: its most brilliant lights have shone in dark and uncongenial times. Amid the clouds of bigotry and oppression, in the darkest days of tyranny and demoralisation, their lustre has been the most brilliant. Under the luxurious tyranny of the empire, Virgil and Horace sang their immortal strains; the profligacy of Louis the Fourteenth produced a Voltaire and a Rousseau; amid the oppression of his country, grew and flourished the gigantic intellect of Milton; Ireland, in the darkest times of her gloomy history, gave birth to the im-

* "Poems, Lyrical and Dramatic." By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. Liverpool: John Walker.

perishable genius of Swift ; it was less the liberty of Athens than the tyranny of Philip, which made Demosthenes an orator ; and of the times which produced our great dramatists it is scarcely necessary to speak. The proofs, in short, are numberless. Be this, however, as it may, the character of American literature which has fallen under our notice must demonstrate to every intelligent mind, what immense advantages she has derived from those sources which the advocates of her claims would endeavour to repudiate. There is scarcely a page which does not contain evidence how largely she has availed herself of the learning and labours of others.

We do not blame her for this ; far from it. We only say that, having reaped the benefit, it is unjust to deny the obligation ; and that in discussing her literary pretensions, the plea which has been put forward in her behalf is untenable.

But ere we proceed further, we must avail ourselves of this opportunity of expressing our obligations where they are due—it is to the enterprise of a Liverpool publisher we are indebted for this very elegant—we believe, indeed, the first complete edition of our poet's works, brought out in this country ; and we sincerely hope he will gain from the gratitude of a discriminating public a reward more substantial than any approbation of ours can bestow. Prefixed to this edition is a preface from the accomplished pen of Mr. Gilfillan, which contains critical observations upon the poet's works, with some of which we are happy to be able to agree. There are others from which we dissent ; but as our present task is not criticising Mr. Gilfillan's preface, but writing a criticism of our own, we shall leave these matters to the discrimination of our various readers.

It is impossible there can be a more complete illustration, than the works now before us, of the truth of our assertion, that the national poet of America has not as yet been produced. The muse of Mr. Longfellow owes little or none of her success to those great national sources of inspiration which are most likely to influence an ardent poetic temperament. The grand old woods—the magnificent mountain and forest scenery—the mighty rivers—the trackless savannas—all those stupendous and

varied features of that great country, with which, from his boyhood, he must have been familiar, it might be thought would have stamped some of these characteristics upon his poetry. Such, however, has not been the case. Of lofty images—and grand conceptions we meet with few, if any, traces. But, brimful of life, of love, and of truth, the stream of his song flows on with a tender and touching simplicity, and a gentle music, which we have not met with since the days of our own Moore. Like him, too, the genius of Mr. Longfellow is essentially lyric ; and if he has failed to derive inspiration from the grand features of his own country, he has been no unsuccessful student of the great works of the German masters of song. We could almost fancy, while reading his exquisite ballad of the "Beleaguered City," that Goëthe, Schiller, or Uhland was before us ; and yet, we must by no means be understood to insinuate that he is a mere copyist—quite the contrary. He has become so thoroughly imbued with the spirit of these exquisite models, that he has contrived to produce pieces marked with an individuality of their own, and no ways behind them in point of poetical merit. In this regard he affords another illustration of the truth of the proposition with which he started, that the legendary lore and traditions of other countries have been very serviceable towards the formation of American literature. But, as is happily observed by Mr. Gilfillan :—
"Longfellow bears so well his load of accomplishments and acquirements, his ornaments, unlike those of the Sabine maid, have not crushed him, nor impeded the march of his own mind. He has transmuted a lore gathered from many languages, into a quick and rich flame, which we feel to be the flame of genius."

We cannot commence our extracts better, than with that exquisite little poem, entitled "The Psalm of Life," every line of which is full of touching beauty, besides inculcating a philosophy we may all study with advantage :

"A PSALM OF LIFE.

"What the heart of the young man said to the Psalmist.

"Tell me not in mournful numbers,

Life is but an empty dream ;

For the soul is dead that slumbers,

And things are not what they seem.

- "Life is real! life is earnest,
And the grave is not its goal;
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
Was not spoken of the soul.
- "Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way;
But to act that each to-morrow
Find us further than to-day.
- "Art is long, and time is fleeting,
And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still like muffled drums are beating
Funeral-marches to the grave.
- "In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of li e,
Be not like dumb driven cattle:
Be a hero in the strife.
- "Trust no future, however pleasant;
Let the dead Past bury its dead;
Act—act, in the living present,
Heart within, and God o'er head!
- "Lives of great men all remind us,
We can make our lives sublime;
And, departing, leave behind us
Foot-prints on the sands of time.
- "Foot-prints that, perhaps, another
Sailing o'er life's solemn main;
Some forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, may take heart again.
- "Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for every fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labour and to wait."

To expatiate on the beauties of this poem would be quite superfluous; they are apparent to every reader. And cold, indeed, and insensible, must be the heart which they do not touch with a softening and purifying influence.

We are reluctant to subject to the test of minute criticism those two fine verses, towards the conclusion of this piece, the image of the mariner sailing over the solemn sea of life, is, unquestionably, one of great beauty, but we doubt if its application is quite in keeping with the rest of the stanza; and we fear that the footsteps on the sands of time would be of a nature too evanescent to be of much use to him in his course—the stars of heaven would serve him better; but we shall not dwell upon this. The poem is most touchingly beautiful, and we ought not always to analyse too curiously what affords us real pleasure.

We would far rather enjoy the effect than scrutinise the cause.

Those who are familiar with the writings of Jean Paul will be at no loss to recognise the source of many of the ideas contained in this piece. The coincidence is so remarkable that we shall add the parrallel passage—the prose of which is almost as poetical as the melodious verses of Longfellow:—

"Cheerfulness," saith Jean Paul, "not enjoyment, is our duty. Be it then our aim. In a soul filled with pleasures and mistrust, the heavy air checks the growth of spiritual flowers. Let your heart expand to sympathy and compassion, but not to cold mistrust, as the flower opens to the blessed dew, but closes its leaves against the rain. So little is suffering, so much is happiness, a proper part of our nature, that, with equal means of delusion, we reach only what has pained instead of what has given us pleasure. Great bereavements work more refreshingly upon the spirit thus pained than great joys; so, on the contrary, minor sorrows weaken more than minor joys strengthen. After the sunshine of happiness, the chambers of the heart open to our enemies. Grief expands them to our friends. But the happiness of grief consists, like the day, not in single flashes, but in a steady, mild serenity. The heart lives in this peaceful and even light. The spirit alone can yield us this heavenly calm and freedom from care—it is beyond the power of Fortune, who gives with one hand what she takes away with the other; therefore, instead of planting joys, our endeavour ought to be to remove sorrows, so that the soul, unchoked by acids, may of itself bear sweet fruits, not by man's seeking after joys, and building up for himself heaven after heaven, which clouds may obscure, but by removing the mask from grief, and looking it steadily in the face. If man has only once unmasked, that is conquered, grief, he holds in his hand the key of Eden, for there remains to him besides all the higher blessings of circumstance and of duty. Thus we shall have a perpetual 'Forget-me-not' of joy within us, but no similar one of pain; and thus is the blue firmament greater than any cloud that is therein, and more lasting, too."

There is, perhaps, no department of poetry which requires a combina-

tion of so many varied qualities of mind, as that in which Mr. Longfellow most excels. Milton, Byron, Dryden, and Pope, were masters of the art of song; but we greatly question if they could have produced lyrical effusions so simple, and yet so full of sweet and touching beauty, as many which are contained in this little volume. We have marked so many for extracts, that the task of selection is by no means an easy one. Whenever we open the book we are sure to light

upon some gem of rare beauty which we feel a reluctance in passing over; and yet, were we to extract them all, we could fill half of our Magazine. Of the singular sweetness, melody of versification, and elegance for which these compositions are distinguished, perhaps no piece affords a better example than that which we shall place next on our list. The quaint simplicity and beauty of these charming lines are quite irresistible:—

NUREMBERG.

"In the valley of the Pegnitz, where, across broad meadow-lands,
Rise the blue Franconian mountains, Nuremberg the ancient stands.
Quaint old town of toil and traffic, quaint old town of art and song,
Memories haunt thy pointed gables like the rooks that round thee throng.
Memories of the Middle Ages—when the emperors rough and bold
Had their dwelling in thy castle, time-defying, centuries old.
And thy brave and thrifty burghers boasted in their uncouth rhyme—
That their great imperial city stretched its hand through every clime.
In the court-yard of the castle, bound with many an iron band,
Stands the mighty linden planted by Queen Lunigunde's hand.
On the square the oriel window; where, in old heroic days,
Sat the poet Melchior singing Kaiser Maximilian's praise.
Everywhere I see around me rise the wondrous works of art,
Fountains wrought with richest sculpture, standing in the common mart;
And above cathedral doorways, saints and bishops carved in stone,
By a former age commissioned as apostles to our own.
In the church of sainted Laurence stands a pix of sculpture rare,
Like the foamy sheaf of fountains rising through the painted air.
Here, when art was still religion, with a simple, reverend heart,
Lived and laboured Albrecht Dürer, the evangelist of art.
Here, in silence and in sorrow, toiled he still with busy hand;
Like an emigrant he wandered, seeking for the better land.
'Emigravit' is the inscription on the tomb-stone where he lies,
Dead he is not—but departed—for the artist never dies.
Fairer seems the ancient city, and the sunshine seems more fair,
That he once has trod its pavement, that he once has breathed its air.
Through these streets so broad and stately, these obscure and dismal lanes,
Walked of old the master singers, chaunting rude poetic strains.
From remote and sunless suburbs came they to the friendly guild,
Building nests in Fame's great temple, as in spouts the swallows build;
As the weaver plied the shuttle, wove he, too, the mystic rhyme,
And the smith his iron measures, hammered to the anvil's chime.
Thanking God, whose boundless wisdom makes the flowers of poesy bloom,
In the forge's dust and cinders, in the tissues of the loom.
Here Hans Sachs, the cobbler-poet, laureate of the gentle craft,
Wisest of the twelve wise masters, in huge folios sung and laughed;
But his house is now an ale-house, with a nicely-sanded floor,
And a garland in the window, and his face above the door;
Painted by some humble artist, as in Adam Puschman's song,
As the old man, grey and dove-like, with his great beard white and long.
And at night the swart mechanic comes to drown his care and care,
Quaffing ale from pewter tankards in the master's antique chair.
Vanished is the ancient splendour, and before my dreamy eye
Ran these mingling shapes and figures, like a faded tapestry.
Not thy councils, not thy Kaiser, win for thee the world's regard—
But thy painter, Albrecht Dürer, and Hans Sachs, thy cobbler bard.
Thus, O! Nuremberg! a wanderer, from a region far away,
As he paced thy streets and courtyards, sang in thought his careless lay,
Gathering from the pavement's crevice, as a flow'et of the soil,
The nobility of labour, the long pedigree of toil."

We once chanced to meet with a rare old German book which contains an accurate history of the foundation of the Meistersingers, a body which exercised so important an influence upon the literary history, not only of Germany, but of the whole European Continent, that the circumstances connected with its origin cannot prove uninteresting to our readers.

The burghers of the provincial towns in Germany had gradually formed themselves into guilds or corporations, the members of which, when the business of the day was discussed, would amuse themselves by reading some of the ancient traditions of their own country, as related in the old Nordic poems. This stock of literature was soon exhausted, and the worthy burghers began to try their hands at original composition. From these rude snatches of song sprung to life the fire of poetic genius, and at Mentz was first established that celebrated guild, branches of which soon after extended themselves to most of the provincial towns. The fame of these social meetings soon became widely spread. It reached the ears of the Emperor, Otho I., and, about the middle of the ninth century, the guild received a royal summons to attend at Pavia, then the Emperor's residence. The history of this famous meeting remained for upwards of six hundred years upon record among the archives of Mentz, but is supposed to have been taken away, among other plunder, about the period of the Smalkaldic war. From other sources of information we can, however, gratify the curiosity of the antiquarian, by giving the names of the twelve original members of this guild, among which we do not find that of the "laureate of the gentle craft" mentioned by Mr. Longfellow :—

Walter, Lord of Vogelweid,
Wolfgang Eschenbach, Knight,
Conrad Mesmer, Knight,
Franenlob of Mentz, { Theologians.
Mergliny of Ment, }
Klingsher,
Starke Papp,
Bartholomew Regenboger, a blacksmith.
The Chancellor, a fisherman,
Conrad of Wurtzburg,
Stall Seniors,
The Roman of Zgwickau.

These gentlemen, having attended

the royal summons in due form, were subjected to a severe public examination before the court by the wisest men of their times, and were pronounced masters of their art; enthusiastic encomiums were lavished upon them by the delighted audience, and they departed, having received from the Emperor's hands a crown of pure gold, to be presented annually to him who should be selected by the voice of his fellows as laureate for the year.

Admission to these guilds became, in process of time, the highest literary distinction; it was eagerly sought for by numberless aspirants, but the ordeal through which the candidate had to pass became so difficult that very few were found qualified for the honour. The compositions of the candidates were measured with a degree of critical accuracy of which candidates for literary fame in these days can form but little idea. The ordeal must have been more damping to the fire of young genius than the most slashing article ever penned by the most caustic reviewer. Every composition had of necessity to belong to a certain class; each class was distinguished by a limited amount of rhymes and syllables, and the candidate had to count each stanza, as he read it, upon his fingers. The redundancy or the deficiency of a single syllable was fatal to his claims, and was visited in addition by a pecuniary fine, which went to the support of the corporation.

Of that branch of this learned body which held its meetings at Nuremberg, Hans Sachs became, in due time, a distinguished member. His origin was obscure—the son of a tailor, and a shoemaker by trade. The occupations of his early life afforded but little scope for the cultivation of those refined pursuits which afterwards made him remarkable. The years of his boyhood were spent in the industrious pursuit of his lowly calling; but when he had arrived at the age of eighteen, a famous minstrel, Numenbach by name, chancing to pass his dwelling, the young cobbler was attracted by his dulcet strains, and followed him. Numenbach gave him gratuitous instruction in his tuneful art, and Hans Sachs forthwith entered upon the course of probationary wandering, which was an essential qualification for his degree. The

principal towns of Germany by turns received the itinerant minstrel, who supported himself by the alternate manufacture of verses and of shoes. After a protracted pilgrimage of several years, he returned to Nuremberg, his native city, where, having taken unto himself a wife, he spent the remainder of his existence; not unprofitably, indeed, as his voluminous works still extant can testify. We had once the pleasure of seeing an edition of them in the library at Nuremberg, containing two hundred and twelve pieces of poetry, one hundred and sixteen sacred allegories, and one hundred and ninety-seven dramas—a fertility of production truly wonderful, and almost incredible, if we reflect that the author had to support a numerous family by the exercise of his lowly trade.

The writings of this humble artisan proved an era, however, in the literary history of Germany. To him may be ascribed the honour of being the founder of her school of tragedy as well as comedy; and the illustrious Goëthe has, upon more than one occasion, in his works, expressed how deeply he is indebted to this poet of the people for the outline of his immortal tragedy of "Faust." Indeed, if we recollect aright, there are in his works several pieces which he states are after the manner of Hans Sachs.

The Lord of Vogelweid, whose name we find occupying so conspicuous a position in the roll of the original Meistersingers, made rather a curious will—a circumstance which we find charmingly narrated in the following exquisite ballad:—

"WALTER VON DER VOGELWEID.

"Vogelweid, the Minnesinger,
When he left this world of ours,
Laid his body in the cloister,
Under Wurtzburg's minster towers.

"And he gave the monks his treasure;
Gave them all with this bequest—
They should feed the birds at noontide,
Daily, on his place of rest.

"Saying, 'From these wandering minstrels
I have learned the art of song;
Let me now repay the lessons
They have taught so well and long.'

"Thus the bard of lore departed,
And, fulfilling his desire,
On his tomb the birds were feasted,
By the children of the choir.

"Day by day, o'er tower and turret,
In foul weather and in fair—
Day by day, in vaster numbers,
Flocked the poets of the air.

"On the tree whose heavy branches
Overshadowed all the place—
On the pavement, on the tombstone,
On the poet's sculptured face:

"There they sang their merry carols,
Sang their lauds on every side;
And the name their voices uttered,
Was the name of Vogelweid.

"Till at length the portly Abbot
Murmured, why this waste of food;
Be it changed to loaves henceforward,
For our fasting brotherhood.

"Then in vain, o'er tower and turret,
From the walls and woodland nests,
When the minster bell rang noontide,
Gathered the unwelcome guests.

"Then in vain, with cries discordant,
Clamorous round the gothic spire,
Screamed the feathered Minnesingers
For the children of the choir.

"Time has long effaced the inscription
On the cloister's funeral stones;
And tradition only tells us
Where repose the poet's bones.

"But around the vast cathedral,
By sweet echoes multiplied,
Still the birds repeat the legend,
And the name of Vogelweid."

The critical distinction between imagination and fancy is now so well understood, that any discussion upon the principles by which they are regulated would be unnecessary—the one makes the greatest poets, the other, when combined with feeling, will generally produce the most popular. Upon the ordinary run of mankind, the higher flights of imagination will probably be thrown away; while the thoughts of fancy, expressed with taste and feeling, must always come home to the hearts of all. How many are there who have a keen appreciation of the beauties of Moore, or Burns, upon whom the lofty grandeur of Milton would be utterly lost. The one class of poetry will always be the most popular—the other the most enduring. Nothing that is false, fleeting, or redundant can last; and the true aim of real poetry has, perhaps, by no one been better defined than by Shelley:—

"It lifts," he says, "the veil from the hidden beauty of the world, and makes familiar objects as if they were not familiar. It reproduces all that it represents; and the impersonations, clothed in its Elysian light, stand thenceforward in the minds of those who have once contemplated them, as memorials of that gentle and exalted content which extends itself over all thoughts and actions with which it exists. The great secret of morals is love, or a going out of our own nature, and an identification of ourselves and the beautiful which exists in thought, action, or person, not our own. A man, to be greatly good, must imagine intensely and comprehensively; he must put himself in the place of another, and of many others. The pains and pleasures of his species must become his own. The great instrument of moral good is imagination; and poetry administers to the effect by acting upon the cause."

This critical maxim is so beautifully expressed, it contains the whole germ of what can be said or thought upon that branch of the subject; and although, in some regards, Longfellow does not come quite up to the standard, yet in others his poems will be found an exquisite illustration of the truth and force of the observations we have quoted. Although full of fancy, his pieces do not display much of the higher order of imagination, with the exception, perhaps, of "Excelsior," which comes nearer to the mark than any we have read. Beautiful and impressive, yet tender and touching, it is one of the highest proofs of his genius; because, its own merit apart, it shows more implied power, and more imaginative passion, than any other piece he has written. The simplicity is most touching; and although the sequence of thought is not quite so clear as might be desired, it is uncommonly beautiful.

The succession of pictures presented to the mind's eye, each complete in perfect beauty, can scarcely be surpassed. The solitude of the lonely Alpine village among the mountains—its lights glimmering faintly through the mists and shadows of darkening night; the entrance of the youthful enthusiast, his heart and eye full of the fire of hope and of resolute purpose, and bearing in his hand the banner with the "strange device;" his sorrow, as he turns with wistful eye away from the warm and friendly welcome of social homes, to the stern reality of

the giant height that frowns before him; the warning of cautious age, the solicitations of youthful beauty, fall alike unregarded on his ear. His path is upward! He hears a voice—he sees a hand dim in the distance pointing to the path, and forbidding him to tarry—

" 'Oh, stay,' the maiden said, 'and rest
Thy weary head upon this breast!'
A tear stood in his bright blue eye;
But still he answered, with a sigh,
'Excelsior!'"

And then the last scene of all—the cold and lifeless clay—from which the daring spirit had departed—found in the snow by the kindly monks; the banner, with the wondrous device, grasped in the frozen hand firmly still; the musical voice, faint like the light of a star falling from the clime he had gained—all, all, is exquisitely beautiful.—

"EXCELSIOR.

"The shades of night were falling fast,
As through an Alpine village passed
A youth, who bore, 'mid snow and ice,
A banner with the strange device—
'Excelsior!'"

"His brow was sad; his eye beneath
Flashed like a falchion from its sheath;
And like a silver clarion rung
The accents of that unknown tongue—
'Excelsior!'"

"In happy homes he saw the light
Of household fires gleam warm and bright;
Above the spectral glaciers shone,
And from his lips escaped a groan—
'Excelsior!'"

" 'Try not the pass!' the old man said;
'Dark lowers the tempest overhead,
The roaring torrent is deep and wide,'
And loud that clarion voice replied—
'Excelsior!'"

" 'Oh, stay!' the maiden said, 'and rest
Thy weary head upon this breast!'
A tear stood in his bright blue eye;
But still he answered, with a sigh—
'Excelsior!'"

" 'Beware the pine-tree's withered branch!
Beware the awful avalanche!'
This was the peasant's last good night!
A voice replied, far up the height—
'Excelsior!'"

"At break of day, as heavenward
The pious monks of St. Bernard
Uttered the oft-repeated prayer,
A voice cried through the startled air—
'Excelsior!'"

"A traveller, by the faithful hound,
Half-buried in the snow was found—
Still grasping in his hand of ice
That banner with the strange device—
 'Excelsior!'

"There in the twilight cold and grey,
Lifeless, but beautiful, he lay;
And from the sky, serene and far,
A voice fell like a falling star—
 'Excelsior!'"

We are sorry to say that, the only poem of any length contained in this volume we have as yet been unable to accomplish a perusal of: the metre is a formidable impediment which we are unable to surmount. We therefore leave "*Evangeline, a Tale of Acadia*," to the discrimination of some future critic. The story upon which it is founded is one which narrates the wholesale eviction of a people from their own country and homes. The inhabitants of this fated province having entered into a treaty that they would not afford arms or assistance to the Indians, were supposed to have violated their engagement; and having been collected together into a large church, by the orders of General Winslow, were afterwards forcibly expelled into the woods, and the whole of their houses and possessions set on fire. The story is a most painful one; the act seems one which it is difficult to justify, even under the stern exigencies of war. We shall not, however, enter into any discussion of it here, but pass on to objects more attractive, many of which merit our notice.

From the few specimens which Mr. Longfellow has given us of his translations, we are enabled to form a very tolerable opinion of his qualifications for excellence in that most difficult path of literature. With many of the originals which he has selected in English verse we are familiar, and they are all very tastefully as well as beautifully rendered. There is one, however, which is new to us, taken from the works of a German poet, with whom the reading public here are not very familiar. We are therefore unable to pronounce any opinion upon its merits as a mere translation; but as a beautiful piece of English poetry, we feel assured that our readers will thank us for calling their attention to it. It is by Salis, a poet whose genius inclines most to the

plaintive and melancholy. He is, if we recollect right, the author of a beautiful little poem, called "*The Grave*," which may be found in some of the collections of German ballads issued from the Leipsic press.

"SONG OF THE SILENT LAND!"

"Into the Silent Land!
Ah! who shall lead us thither;
Clouds in the evening skies more darkly
gather,
And shattered wrecks lie thicker on the
strand,
Who leads us with a gentle hand,
Hither! O hither!
Into the Silent Land?"

"Into the Silent Land!
To you ye boundless regions
Of all perfection! tender morning visions
Of beauteous souls! the future's pledge and
band!
Who in life's battle firm doth stand
Shall bear hope's tender blossoms
Into the Silent Land?"

"O land! O land
For all the broken hearted;
The mildest herald by our fate allotted,
Beckons, and with inverted torch doth stand,
To lead us with a gentle hand,
Into the land of the great departed;
Into the Silent Land."

We thank Mr. Longfellow, as we are assured our readers will also, for making us acquainted with this most exquisite little piece, which in the original can scarcely be more beautiful than in the medium through which he has presented it to our notice.

Although distinguished by grace, tenderness, and sweetness of modulation, the more we study these poems, the more we feel assured that the author is deficient in those qualities to which we have already alluded. With little grandeur of conception, he seldom attempts to soar, and when he does it is a failure. There is no martial music in the sound of his verses. He never could have been a Tyrtæus, and could no more, as far as we are enabled to give an opinion, from the specimens before us, have written a ballad like Campbell's "*Mariners of England*," or the "*Battle of the Baltic*," than he could write the "*Iliad*." With much variety and tenderness, his verses have little force or vigour. He has the sweetness of Tennyson, without his quaintness or his varied power. He

has all the lyrical excellencies of Moore, without his glitter—and we think also, without his playful imagination. He has a good deal of learning, without a great deal of imaginative power; and his wood-notes are warbled with a cadence which is most exquisite. With the exception of the little piece called “Excelsior,” we have not for many a long day read anything more affecting than—

“THE FOOTSTEPS OF ANGELS.”

“When the hours of day are numbered,
And the voices of the night
Wake the better soul that slumbered
To a holy calm delight:

“Ere the evening lamps are lighted,
And, like phantoms grim and tall,
Shadows from the fitful firelight
Dance upon the parlour wall:

“Then the forms of the departed
Enter at the open door,
The beloved, the true hearted,
Come to visit us once more.

“He, the young and strong, who cherished
Noble longings for the strife,
By the road-side fell and perished,
Weary with the march of life.

“They, the holy ones and weakly,
Who the cross of suffering bore;
Folded their pale hands so meekly,
Spake with us on earth no more.

“And with them came the being beauteous,
Who unto my youth was given,
More than all things else to love me,
And is now a saint in heaven.

“With a slow and noiseless footstep
Comes that messenger divine,
Takes the vacant chair beside me,
Lays her gentle hand in mine.

“And she sits and gazes at me
With those deep and tender eyes,
Like the stars, so still and saintlike,
Looking downward from the skies.

“Uttered, not yet comprehended,
Is the spirit's voiceless prayer;
Soft rebukes, in blessings ended,
Breathing from her lips of air.

“Oh! though oft depressed and lonely,
All my fears are laid aside,
If I but remember only
Such as these have lived and died.”

The nicest analysis of the most metaphysical critic, we are of opinion, can scarcely detect a flaw in this very beautiful little poem. We must all bow down, as it were, involuntarily, and pay homage due at the shrine of genius—and genius, too, in one of its most exquisite moods. We can luxuriate in these beautiful thoughts. They have something which must come home to, and must touch, the hearts of all of us—tears stand in our eyes as at the strain of well-remembered, melancholy music; when the world is locked in sleep and silence, and the common cares of life have subsided, the mind, no longer disturbed, can hold communion with the friends who have long passed away to that realm of shadows whither we shall follow them—they come back, then, radiant and beautiful—

“Each heart as warm, each eye as gay
As if we parted yesterday!”

We see in these pleasant dreams the eye brighten and the lip smile, which are dim and cold long ago; and from these realms, so far away above the storms and cares of this miserable world, where it is pleasant to hope and believe our friends have gone, kindly they gleam upon us through the misty light of fancy: and we rise from these reveries strengthened and doubly armed for the battle of life by the reflection so beautifully expressed in the poet's concluding verse:—

“All our fears are laid aside,
If we but remember only
Such as these have lived and died.”

Of kindred beauty with “The Footsteps of Angels,” and no unfit companion to it in thought and feeling, is a poem, entitled “Resignation,” which we extract from a subsequent collection of poems by Mr. Longfellow.* Although our space is rapidly narrowing, we cannot pass it by. Such of our readers as are familiar with these beautiful lines on the same theme, by “La Motte Fouque,” will read it with increased gratification. All of them must do so with pleasure:—

* “The Seaside and Fireside.” By W. H. Longfellow. Liverpool: Walker.

"RESIGNATION.

"There is no flock, however watched and
tended,
But one dead lamb is there;
There is no fireside, however defended,
But has one vacant chair.

"The air is full of farewells for the dying,
And mournings for the dead;
The heart of Rachael, for her children crying,
Will not be comforted!

"Let us be patient! Those severe afflictions
Not from the ground arise;
But oftentimes celestial benedictions
Assume their dark disguise.

"We see but dimly through the mists and
vapours,
Amid these earthly damps;
What seem to us but sad funereal tapers,
May be heaven's distant lamps.

"There is no death—what seems so is transi-
tion.
This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life Elysian,
Whose portal we call death.

"She is not dead, the child of our affection,
But gone into that school
Where she no longer needs our poor protection,
And Christ himself doth rule.

"In that great cloister's stillness and seclusion,
By guardian angels led—
Safe from temptation, safe from sin's pollution,
She lives whom we call dead.

"Day after day we think what she is doing,
In those bright realms of air;
Year after year her tender steps pursuing,
Behold her grown more fair.

"Thus do we walk with her, and keep un-
broken
The bond which nature gives;
Thinking that our remembrance, though un-
spoken,
May reach her where she lives.

"Not as a child shall we aga'in behold her;
For when, with rapture wild,
To our embrace we again enfold her,
She will not be a child:

"But a fair maiden, in her father's mansion,
Clothed with celestial grace;
And beautiful, with all the soul's expansion,
Shall we behold her face.

"And though at times impetuous with emo-
tion,
And anguish long suppressed,
The swelling heart heaves moving like the
ocean
That cannot be at rest.

"We will be patient, and assuage the feelings
We may not wholly stay;
By silence sanctifying, not concealing
The grief that must have way."

We must now pass to a consider-
ation of the prose writings of Mr. Long-
fellow; and we have devoted so much
of our space to his poetry, that we
shall be unable to dwell at much
length upon their merits.

With "Hyperion" the public have
been for some time familiar; but it is
not generally known that in this ex-
quisite little story are shadowed forth
the leading incidents of the poet's life,
and that he himself is the hero of his
own romance. We shall give the
facts as they have come to our own
knowledge, and, we are assured, they
will not fail to interest our readers.

About the year 1837, Longfellow,
being engaged in making the tour of
Europe, selected Heidelberg for a per-
manent winter residence. There his
wife was attacked with an illness,
which ultimately proved fatal. It so
happened, however, that some time
afterwards there came to the same
romantic place a young lady of consi-
derable personal attractions. The
poet's heart was touched—he became
attached to her; but the beauty of
sixteen did not sympathise with the
poet of six-and-thirty; and Long-
fellow returned to America, having
lost his heart as well as his wife. The
young lady, also an American, re-
turned home shortly afterwards. Their
residences, it turned out, were conti-
guous, and the poet availed himself
of the opportunity of prosecuting his ad-
dresses, which he did for a considerable
time with no better success than at first.
Thus foiled, he set himself resolutely
down, and instead, like Petrarch, of
laying siege to the heart of his mistress
through the medium of sonnets, he
resolved to write a whole book—a
book which would achieve the double
object of gaining her affections, and of
establishing his own fame. "Hy-
perion" was the result. His labour
and his constancy were not thrown
away—they met their due reward. The
lady gave him her hand as well as her
heart; and they now reside together
at Cambridge, in the same house which
Washington made his head-quarters
when he was first appointed to the
command of the American armies.
These interesting facts were commu-

nicated to us by a very intelligent American gentleman whom we had the pleasure of meeting in the same place which was the scene of the poet's early disappointment and sorrows.

The success of "*Hyperion*," in America, for some time doubtful—it "*hung fire*," as the phrase is, until it reached England, where it rapidly gained an extensive popularity; and Longfellow was thus elected by the suffrages of our countrymen to the distinguished position he now occupies among his own.

The romance of "*Hyperion*" consists simply of the facts we have thus briefly detailed, upon which are interwoven some beautiful episodes.

There is no attempt either at the construction of plot or incident. In this respect the author has not drawn upon his inventive faculties in the very least. We have a series of pictures, brilliant, beautiful, and ever-shifting; subtle reflections, full of sound and noble philosophy, and descriptions of the varied aspects of nature amid that enchanting spot where the scene is laid, so vivid and so beautiful, that we can only reiterate our regret that he has not studied more deeply, or to more advantage, the grand features of his own country. The chapter upon literary fame is, perhaps, one of the best in the book; the philosophy which it breathes is sound and instructive:—

"'And after all,' said Fleming, 'perhaps the greatest lesson which the lives of literary men teach us, is told in a single word—wait! Every man must patiently bide his time. He must wait. More particularly in lands like my native land, where the pulse of life beats with such feverish and impatient throb, is the lesson needful. Our national character wants the dignity of repose. We seem to live in the midst of a battle. There is such a din, such a hurrying to and fro. In the streets of a crowded city it is difficult to walk slowly—you feel the rushing of the crowd, and rush with it onward. In the press of our life it is difficult to be calm. In this press of wind and tide, all professions seem to drag their anchors, and are swept out into the main. The voices of the present say, come! the voices of the past say, wait! With calm and solemn footsteps bears against the rushing torrent up stream, and pushes back the hurrying waters. With no less calm and solemn footsteps, nor less certainty, does a great mind bear up against public opinion, and push back its hurrying stream. Therefore, should every man wait, should bide his time, not in listless idleness, not in use-

less pastime, not in querulous dejection, but in constant, steady, cheerful endeavours, always willing, and fulfilling, and accomplishing his task, that when the occasion comes he may be equal to the occasion. And if it never comes, what matters it to the world whether I, or you, or another man did such a deed, or wrote such a book; so be it, the deed and the book were well done. It is the part of an indecent and troublesome ambition to care too much about fame—about what the world says of us—to be always looking into the faces of others for approval—to be always anxious for the effect of what we do or say—to be always waiting to hear the echoes of our own voice! If you look about you, you will see men who are wearing life away in feverish anxiety of fame, and the last we shall ever hear of them will be the funeral bell that tolls them to their early graves! Unhappy men, and unsuccessful, because their purpose is not to accomplish well their task, but to clutch the trick and phantasy of fame; and they go to their graves with purposes unaccomplished and wishes unfulfilled. Better for them, and for the world in their example, had they known how to wait. Believe me the talent of success is nothing more than doing what you can do well, and doing well whatever you do without a thought of fame. If it come at all, it will come because it is decreed, not because it is sought after, and there will be no misgivings, no disappointment, no hasty, feverish disappointment."

The easy, graceful, flowing and unaffected style of this charming little romance, must be considered one of its chief attractions: in this respect it may stand a comparison with the writings of the poet's gifted countryman, Washington Irving. It abounds with the traces of a highly cultivated and elegant mind. And it is impossible not to recognise passages of a loftier tone, upon which the inspiration of genius is strongly stamped; and without being striking, it contains a sufficient amount of originality to distinguish it from, and lift it above the level of the present popular literature of the day. But the observation which we felt called upon to make, with reference to the poetry of Mr. Longfellow, applies, we think, with even greater force to his prose; elegant and graceful as it is, there is not much vigour, there is nothing national about it—an Englishman might have produced it just as well as an American. And although this by no means detracts from the merits of the author, or from the beauty of his compositions, yet, expecting to find in them some-

thing characteristic of the country which has produced the author, we cannot help owning to a little feeling of disappointment. It may be not a whit more unreasonable than that expressed by the English traveller who was struck with astonishment at hearing himself greeted so fluently in his own tongue, upon his arrival at Boulogne.

We have contented ourselves with running rapidly over the leading features of "*Hyperion*;" it has been so long before the public, and is so well known to them all, that any lengthened or elaborate critique would be unnecessary. The other little volume* which now awaits us, being a more recent production, might, had we space, call for a more lengthened comment. As a companion to "*Hyperion*" "*Kavanagh*," is by no means unworthy to occupy a distinguished position in the public estimation. There are many to whom it will unquestionably prove of higher interest than its predecessor. With equal grace and elegance of style, it contains more touches which come home and appeal to the hearts of all. A charming love story, its simplicity is exquisite; less exalted in its pretensions than "*Hyperion*," and with less of the peculiar power and reach of imagination by which that work is distinguished, it will perhaps be more popular with the generality of readers.

The little group of characters, round which converges the interest of the tale, are drawn with an exquisite and airy touch, which is very fascinating. Churchill, the dreamy enthusiast, who wastes his life away in vain aspirations and resolves that bear no fruit, is happily contrasted with the active, energetic, practical young clergyman, whose labours wrought such a wondrous change among the inhabitants of the little town. The sweet and charming picture of the gentle and loving Alice Archer, with her pale face and dark eyes, rises out of the canvas, appealing to our sympathies not in vain; for beside it stands that of her more favoured and more fortunate rival, fresh and glowing with the brilliant hues of youth and of love; and then, the old blind mother,

conversing in the room below of moths and cheap furniture, and the best remedy for rheumatism, as forth from her door went two happy hearts, beating side by side with the pulse of youth, and hope, and joy; while within, and nearer to her still, sat the pale and blighted flower, doomed so soon to bow its head and die.

"The first snow came. How beautiful it was falling silently, all day long, all night long, on the mountains, on the meadows, on the roofs of the living, on the graves of the dead! All white, save the river, that marked its course by a winding black line across the landscape; and the leafless trees that against the leaden sky now revealed more fully the wonderful beauty and intricacy of their branches!

"What silence, too, came with the snow, and what seclusion! Every word was muffled; every voice changed to something soft or musical. No more trampling hoofs—no more rattling wheels! Only the chiming sleigh-bells, beating as swift and merrily as the hearts of children. All day long, all night long, the snow fell on the village and on the churchyard; on the happy home of Cecilia Vaughan, on the lonely grave of Alice Archer! Yes; for before the winter came, she had gone to that land where winter never comes. Her long domestic tragedy was ended. She was dead; and with her had died her secret sorrow and her secret love. Kavanagh never knew what wealth of affection for him faded from the world when she departed. Cecilia never knew what fidelity of friendship, what delicate regard, what gentle magnanimity, what angelic patience had gone with her into the grave! Mr. Churchill never knew, that, while he was exploring the past for records of obscure and unknown martyrs, in his own village, near his own door, before his own eyes, one of that silent sisterhood had passed away into oblivion unnoticed and unknown."

The beauty of this passage is irresistible; and if the author had never written another line, would go far to establish his reputation. Nor can we, in lingering over these charming pictures, so rich with beauty, so true to nature, pass over without notice the minor figures which fill up the back-ground of the picture,—the loving and the forsaken serving-woman, "the good chamber-maid, and the bad cook," who did the work of the house, tended the cow and poultry,

* "*Kavanagh*," a Tale. By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. London: George Slater, Strand.

and administered lamp-oil to the cock when he crowed hoarsely!—with her blue poplin Sunday-gown, her pink bow on the congregation-side of her bonnet, and her matrimonial engagement to the travelling dentist, “who, in filling her teeth with amalgam, had seized the opportunity to fill a soft place in her heart with something more dangerous and mercurial!” The awkward advances of the enamoured woollen-draper, Hiram Adolphus Hawkins, “who spoke blank verse in the bosom of his family.” The swain Silas, Sally Manchester’s adorer, who adopted the quaint mode of expressing his devotion by writing letters with his own blood, “going barefoot into the brook to be bitten by leeches, and then using his feet as inkstands.” And last, but not least, the retreating figure of Mr. Pendexter going from the ungrateful village, in the old-fashioned chaise, “drawn by the old white horse that for so many years had stamped at funerals, and gnawed the tops of so many posts, and imagined he killed so many flies because he wagged his stump of a tail, and had caused so much discord in the parish,

stopping now as if he made common cause with his master, and even shaking from his feet the dust of the thankless place they were leaving.” All these are pictures which appeal irresistibly to the fancy or to the heart; and which, while language and genius have power over the minds of men, cannot readily be forgotten.

So much of the space at our disposal had been occupied in describing the poetical works of Mr. Longfellow, that we have necessarily been obliged to pass over, with brief observation, many of the beauties of his prose: several passages which we had marked for extract, we are most reluctantly obliged to omit. We hope, however, upon some future occasion, it may be in our power to return to this interesting writer. That a pen so graceful, so powerful, and so eloquent as his, should remain idle, the beautiful philosophy inculcated in his writings forbids us to expect. We therefore take our leave of him for the present, in the hope that, before long, we may have the pleasure of renewing our acquaintance with him.

THE CHAPEL BY THE SHORE.

By the shore, a plot of ground
Clips a ruined chapel round,
Buttressed with a grassy mound:
Where Day, and Night, and Day go by,
And bring no touch of human sound.

Washing of the lonely seas—
Shaking of the guardian trees—
Piping of the salted breeze—
Day, and Night, and Day go by,
To the endless tune of these.

Or when, as winds and waters keep
A hush more dead than any sleep,
Still morns to stiller evenings creep,
And Day, and Night, and Day go by;
Here the stillness is most deep.

And the ruins, lapsed again
Into Nature’s wide domain,
Sow themselves with seed and grain,
As Day, and Night, and Day go by,
And hoard June’s sun and April’s rain.

Here fresh funeral tears were shed;
And now the graves are also dead:
And suckers from the ash-tree spread,
As Day, and Night, and Day go by,
And stars move calmly overhead.

THE TWO RAVENS.—A STORY OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

CHAPTER I.

ON a winter evening, in the year 1742, two old women were crossing the port of Marseilles, in a ferry-boat, to reach the *Rue St. Laurent*, in which they lived. The weather was bad; a cold breeze whistled amidst the thousand riggings of the ships, and tossed about the lanterns, which threw their faint light along the quay.

These two women concealed their heads beneath the hoods of their cloaks, and warmed their hands alternately over a little horn lantern, the reddish light of which lent to their faces a sinister appearance. The boatman rowed with all his might, and was humming in a rather frightened tone, as though to overcome an impression of involuntary awe; it was only at rare intervals that he ventured to steal a glance at the two black figures seated before him.

Neither of these three persons uttered a word during their passage from Rive Neuve-quay to the Fort St. Jean. When arrived there, the ferryman jumped out of his boat, and having made it fast, remained silent and motionless, not daring to offer his callous hand to the two passengers; however, they got down on the quay without any assistance.

"Here, Master Tounin," said one of the old dames, offering him two *sous* for their passage.

"No," replied he, "you'd better give it to-morrow to some poor person."

"So you find yourself rich enough to row for pleasure's sake, do you?" asked the other, in a bitter tone of voice; "your poor father was not so proud, and never worked for nothing. His charity began at home; and was, indeed, no indifferent boon to his family."

"I ain't richer than he was," replied the boatman; "but, by *Notre Dame de la Garde*, I can do this charity without going to bed hungry to-night."

"Then do the charity yourself, Master Tounin, it will bring you better

luck," said the old dame, frowning, as she handed him the money.

"Stand back!" exclaimed he, with anger and fright; "your money would bring me ill luck! I won't have it, take it back! 'Tis the money of the dead!"

"Oh!" said the old dame, passionately, "take care we don't soon earn what will do alms, by sewing you up in your winding-sheet!"

At this threat the boatman trembled and grew pale; but soon taking courage, he walked to the woman and, raising his hand, exclaimed—

"Old witch! servant of the devil! you shan't touch me either dead or alive!"

So terrified were the two women that they were about to retire at once; but Master Tounin placed himself before them, and continued insulting and threatening them. At this juncture, a young man, who proceeded from the deserted quay, heard the noise of the voices, and having disengaged his arm from his cloak, put his hand to the hilt of his sword, and advanced to see what caused the quarrel.

"Ah! my good gentleman!" exclaimed the two dames together, "deliver us from this man, who insults us, and will not let us return home quietly."

"Master," said the young man, "you are wrong to insult and frighten defenceless women; only for your costume I would have taken you for a robber, and have treated you accordingly."

"My lord," said Tounin, who saw at once that he was addressing one of the nobility, "these women are furious against me because I won't have their money."

"I can hardly believe it," replied the young man.

"It's quite true," said one of the dames, vexedly; "Master Tounin scorned us and refused to be paid, as if our money were not as good as any!"

“Ay, to be sure! The money of the dead!” interrupted Tounin. “My lord, don’t you know them? They are old witches, who commune with evil spirits. To-morrow I’ll tie a branch of blessed holly to my rudder, lest some misfortune might befall me for having rowed them over this evening.”

Having said this much, and sneered at the women, he kicked away the two sows which they had thrown at his feet, and jumped back into his boat.

“What does this mean?” said the young man, rather astounded; “this fellow must be mad. Why does he think you will bring him ill-luck?”

“Good heavens! I don’t know, *mon bon gentilhomme*. We have never done harm to anybody,” said the old dame, stooping to look for the money. “Oh, dear me! how fortunate it was you came to our assistance!”

“May the Lord protect you!” said the other. “Mercy on us! the lantern is out, and it is as dark as pitch! We must never again venture out so late, there are so many bad characters going about here during the night.”

The young man felt compassion for these two women, as they drew close together, and cast around affrighted looks.

“I see you are afraid to walk by yourselves; well, then, I’ll accompany you.”

“Heaven bless you,” exclaimed they, together.

At that time there stood at the entrance of the Rue St. Laurent a small and miserable-looking house; this was the dwelling of the two dames.

Whilst the one opened the door with her latch-key, the other, turning to the young man, and making him a very humble curtsy, said—

“My good gentleman, be so good as to tell us your name, and we shall never forget you in our prayers.”

“My name is the Chevalier Gaspard de Gréoulx; and now, as you are safe at home, I wish you good night.”

He went away rapidly, and the two sisters, from the threshold of their door, followed him with a friendly gaze to the very turning of the street.

Both had started on hearing his name, but they said nothing, and soon entered their house.

On the ground floor was a spacious

chamber; to behold its antique chimney, would have gratified the curiosity of an amateur. It was richly sculptured, and had a handsome mantel-piece, supported by two small doric columns. The walls were covered with oak wainscoting; but these were the remains of a luxury more than a hundred years old. The furniture was of a more modern style, but plain and rather scanty. A single bed, hung with green curtains, sufficed for the two sisters; it was evident that few friends visited them, as they had no other chairs than those on which they sat by the fire-place. A large press of walnut-wood, a sort of dresser, on which were exhibited a dozen of half-broken plates, and an old-fashioned table with carved legs and gilded ornaments, were the sole furniture of this room, which served at the same time as bedchamber, parlour, and drawing-room. The other parts of the house were left unfurnished, being inhabited by the many rats which were heard tripping along the floor.

Things had been thus for more than thirty years. The poorest fisherman of the neighbourhood, although, perhaps, paying a high rent, and living with his family in a small, smoky hut, having but a single paneless window, would not have consented to inhabit this miserable house, even had he got it rent-free.

The two women, who lived therein alone, were well known in Marseilles, where they had arrived fifty years previously; never had any one questioned their honesty or respectability; yet people entertained towards them sentiments of terror, and even repulsion.

At the time of their arrival, being destitute of means, having no friends to assist them, and knowing no other mode of earning their living, they became nursetenders; their intelligence and activity, the attentions they paid to their patients, secured them introductions into the most respectable families; no sooner was there a patient in town, than these two old dames were immediately sent for. In fact, they had witnessed the deaths of all the respectable and rich people of Marseilles who had died within the last half century. Having grown too old, they had lately been obliged to give up their former occupation, and

were then required only to wake the dead and put them in the shroud. People, when seeing them entering a house, knew at once that death had halted there: whenever they were sent for, they always came neatly dressed in black serge; their air was grave, and they held a blessed taper in their hand. To any one that beheld their everlasting mourning, their thin faces, and livid complexions, their tall and slender figures, there was something appalling and gloomy; the common people, who so easily describe their impressions by energetic words, had given them the *sobriquet* of "The Ravens," and by degrees their real names, Suzanne and Berthe, were forgotten, and every one called them like those birds of sinister omen.

On their return home that evening, they sat abstractedly at the half-extinguished fire, and Berthe said, in a moved tone of voice—

"Did you hear, Suzanne; this young *gentilhomme's* name is Gaspard de Gréoulx?"

"Well!—what is that to us?" replied Susan, with a movement of her head, expressive of indifference.

There was a moment of silence. Berthe, having lighted a little fire, put on the table some bread, a jug of water, and some fruit. It was then the middle of Ember week, and the two pious sisters kept strictly all fast-days.

"I don't think we shall pass this night at home, sister," said Berthe; "the bells are ringing for a death at St. Laurent's Church."

Their gloomy tolling mingled with the whistling of the wind through the lofty chimney. Berthe blessed herself and muttered a prayer.

Having partaken of their evening repast, the more heartily, as they had taken but a cup of coffee in the morning, Suzanne said to her sister—

"Come, let us hasten to bed, for it seldom happens that we have a good night's rest."

"I'd rather stay up a little longer," replied Berthe; "I don't feel the least sleepy; what it is, to be sure, to lose the habit of going to bed! Come, Suzanne, sit beside me and warm yourself."

Berthe put a small log on the fire, and both sisters sat close to each other; and their countenances expressed their

delight, as they indulged in these moments of comfortable laziness.

"Isn't it a blessing to have a home of our own, specially, old as we are?" said Suzanne; "for we are anything but young now; you are advancing in years, and I am four years older than you? I think it's nigh time for us to enjoy some repose after our laborious life."

"Surely I would have no objection," said Berthe; "but I could not give up industrious habits entirely and quite suddenly; we ought to do so only by degrees; don't you think I am right, sister?"

"Unfortunately our business goes on increasing; I don't remember having had at any time so many cases; it's really frightful."

There was another pause; and then Berthe said, after a moment of reflection—

"By the bye, sister, what did you do with that letter we received this morning? No doubt it encloses the draft for five hundred livres for Emilie's board and expenses of this year."

"Ay, you are right," said Suzanne, hastily searching her pockets; "here it is; it is well I did not lose it."

Berthe, having snuffed the candle, and put on her spectacles, broke the seal, unfolded the letter, and read, in her trembling voice:—

"Barcelona, January 6th, 1742.

"Mesdemoiselles,—I am sorry to have to inform you of the death of M. G. de Lescale, the proprietor of a French warehouse in this town; it took place yesterday evening: a few hours previous, I was sent for, and he entrusted to me a statement of his affairs, as also his last instructions. The unfortunate gentleman has been for a long time in difficulties, in consequence of a loss of fifty thousand livres he experienced by a bankruptcy. He died insolvent. Hitherto he had been able to provide for the expenses of his only daughter, by forwarding you every year a sum of five hundred livres; but now, owing to these misfortunes, the young lady will be left without any resource; therefore her father's last wish was, that I should recommend her to your kindly protection. As I am ignorant of her address, I beg you will announce to her this melancholy

news. To conclude, I entreat you not to forget my departed friend in your prayers; and I remain, mesdemoiselles, your most humble and devoted servant,

“FRANCOIS LEPAGE.”

“This is bad news,” sighed Berthe, dropping the letter; “poor M. de Lescale never had luck in anything; a vessel laden with relics would have sunk, had he been on board! I foretold his ill-luck when we assisted his poor wife in her last moments.”

“We must have masses offered for him. But, tell me, sister, what shall we do with Emilie?”

“We have not the means of leaving her in the convent; and even if we had, it’s not there she should be now. She must do as we have done; she must earn her bread. First, I think, we ought to take her with us.”

Suzanne nodded assent, and said, after a moment’s reflection—

“It strikes me that the girl might very well be of assistance to us: while one of us will rest, she’ll go and wake with the other. Maybe at first she’ll feel repugnant to touch corpses, but she will soon get over it.”

“They have brought her up as a lady at the Visitation Convent,” said Berthe. “Query, will she accustom herself to what we’ll want her to do?”

“How could it be otherwise? They

won’t keep her for nothing at ‘The Visitation,’ and if she wished to be a nun, she would require a dowry. When once she has left the convent, what would be her lot if we abandoned her? Her father was right to rely on us, to be sure; we won’t leave her homeless, but she will certainly have to work as we do, and earn her daily support.”

“To-morrow we’ll go and hear mass at the Visitation, and afterwards speak to the prioress,” said Berthe, picking up the letter. “Oh, dear! oh, dear! the poor child has no idea of the tidings we have for her this time. It’s more than a twelvemonth since we last saw her; that was when we went to pay her yearly expenses.”

“Fourteen months!” muttered Suzanne. “It’s exactly fourteen months we owe, and we shall have to pay them out of our own pocket. My goodness! what a nice sum of money that will make!”

“Ay, a fine handful of gold louis,” said Berthe, sighing; “we must henceforth reduce our expenses, sister. For the two last months we have been spending nearly a franc a-day, without thinking of it; it won’t do now.”

“Right, sister,” replied the other Raven; “let us say a prayer for the soul of poor M. De Lescale, and then go to bed.”

CHAPTER II.

On the following evening, three persons were seated at the old-fashioned chimney-piece, before which the “Two Ravens” had sat, *tête-à-tête*, for more than thirty years. Between those two faces, with their sharp features and sallow complexion, with sunken eyes peeping through large spectacles, leaned the sweet countenance of a lovely girl of about sixteen.

Her hair was fair, long, and silky. Large blue eyes of the brightest hue; a nose delicately shaped; the mouth exquisitely formed, whose natural expression was an angelic smile;—such was the companion of our two old dames. But now no smile sat on these sweet lips; big tears slowly trickled down her blooming cheeks. The poor girl, holding in her hand the fatal letter, muttered through her sobbings—

“Oh! my God! Can it be all over with him! My father is no more! My own father, who so fondly loved me! He promised to come for me, to take me with him; I expected him, and now he will never come—never!”

The “Two Ravens” silently listened to the lamentations of the broken-hearted girl; they knew that profound grief must be left to its own exhaustion, and that, in such moments, consolation is vain. They calmly considered what should become of Emilie, and how they could provide for her with the least possible expense. Not that these women were destitute of feeling and sensibility, but they had seen so many funerals, witnessed such awful scenes of desolation and mourning, that now they could hardly feel moved by the expression of human misery.

"Come, child," said Berthe, "you must submit to the Almighty's will. Against death men can do nothing, wherefore it is the misfortune we should the sooner be consoled about. Wipe your eyes; cheer up, and dip your biscuit in this glass of claret. I'll engage it will make you sleep to-night."

"Thank you, good madam," said Emilie, taking the glass, without carrying it to her lips—"I could not take anything just now. My heart is too heavy. I feel as if I were smothering."

"Don't call me madam!" interrupted the dame, rather vexedly; "Call me merely 'Berthe'; leave out 'madam,' as when you speak to common people."

"We are but poor women, who work to live," added the other; "We are no ladies, child; every one should keep their rank in society, no matter how low it be: never forget this, my dear."

"Well, then, I'll call you Suzanne," submissively replied Emilie.

"If you be good, and mind all we tell you," said Berthe, "you shan't be unhappy with us; what's more, I'm sure you will soon find yourself comfortable. We never went to see you at the convent, because we knew you did not want to see us; but we did not feel the less interested in you. We have known you since you were but a mere child."

Emilie lifted up her head, and said, with much feeling, "Oh! I have not forgotten it. I still remember the day you took me to the convent; it is exactly twelve years ago. But previous to that I have no recollection whatever. I remember neither my mother nor my excellent father; but you—knew them."

"Yes, my dear," answered Suzanne, "I knew them, and was never indifferent to their many struggles through life."

"Holy Virgin!" sighed the young girl, "I never heard a word of this before. Oh! speak to me of their misfortunes! Do tell me all they suffered!"

"Their first and greatest misfortune was, being as poor as Job, although by birth they were as noble as our king."

"Why," said Emilie, naively, "I always thought it a source of great

happiness to be of noble extraction, even if one were born in the midst of poverty."

"True, child, when people are able to work; but, unfortunately, your father was Viscount de Lescale—what could he do? He was living as he best could upon the income of a small estate, when the loss of a law-suit brought on his complete ruin. He then came to Marseilles with the view of undertaking some business; but how could a Lescale become a clerk, or even a merchant? He was promised a situation, but did not obtain it; of necessity, he made a poor figure in society, so that his noble relations looked upon him with scornful compassion; and this, above all, goes deeply to the heart of a high-minded man. Your mother, being exceedingly proud, was unable to bear these sorrows; she fell dangerously ill, and as we lived in the neighbourhood, we attended her in her last days. The poor lady died on an Easter Monday. Your father, loving her dearly, experienced the most poignant grief; for several days he remained closetted, and would see nobody. Each and every one forsook and forgot him after this last misfortune. Meanwhile, he should support himself, but was destitute of all means. He then informed us that he would go and exert himself for your sake, as well as his own; he would emigrate to some foreign country, amongst people, who, ignorant of his birth, would not reproach him with having degraded himself. This was rather a wrong step, for the worthy man understood business but little, and had no money to venture in large speculations. We advised him, on the contrary, to remain here, set aside all false pride, and take a shop. This he had not the courage to do; he left Marseilles, and confided you to our care. Shortly after, following his directions, we took you to the Convent of the Visitation, and, during twelve years, he regularly sent us the sum requisite to pay for your board. We both trusted his efforts were successful; but now he dies without leaving a crown. Ah! we can rely on nothing in this world! God sends but trials here below. His will be done, and His name be blessed!"

To these details Emilie paid a mournful attention. She never had

the least idea of her parents' misfortunes: hitherto she had thought her father a comfortable merchant, in an humble, but prosperous position, having no reverses to dread. The only sorrow she had ever experienced was, her long separation from him, and she longed for the time when, at last, she should return home, to quit him no more.

When she heard that he had ended, far from her, a life of struggles and misery—when she saw herself alone on earth, with no other protection than the two old dames, who were kind to her, but whose age, manners, and physiognomy caused her secret sentiments of fear and repulsion, she sank into that passive and silent grief which resembles resignation.

"Come nearer to me," said Suzanne, seeing her more composed; "we'll try to make out a cheap but decent suit of mourning for you. My sister is already searching amongst our wardrobe; don't fret yourself, my dear, we won't have you want for anything."

Berthe laid on the table a bundle of clothes, many of which were new; they were gowns of different sizes and make; in fact, the spoils of the dead, which, as was customary, the parents or friends of the deceased gave away to the two sisters. Emilie looked indifferently at this heap of dresses of various textures, lace, &c., whilst Suzanne, examining every article, muttered—

Emilie spent an entire week in the old womens' house, without the least suspecting what was their occupation. She constantly remained in that spacious room, which the rainy days of winter made dull and gloomy, even at mid-day. The windows of this kind of prison looked upon a yard, enclosed by walls, so very high, that, to catch a glimpse even of the corner of the sky, she must needs stand on a chair and lift up her head.

The poor young girl worked silently, seated before the window, whose opaque panes allowed but a doubtful light to shed itself over her work. Often did she regret the convent; she then remembered it as an abode of cheerfulness and pleasure. Almost

"This is beautiful stuff, and no mistake! This satin skirt must have cost, at least, ten crowns, I'd engage; it's quite new; but silk is not full mourning, it won't do. Look! here is some *gros de Tours*! I declare it is brocaded! That would be too handsome. Come, sister, let us see! What do you think of this cashmere dress we got last week?"

It was a suit of full mourning, with a long train, and large open sleeves, much like bats' wings.

"We'll make this fit you," said Berthe; "there won't be much to do. The poor Marchioness de Flassen was about your height,"

"The very same," she added, throwing the gloomy dress on the shoulders of the young girl.

Emilie shuddered; she thought herself covered with a shroud.

"Ah! Suzanne!" she exclaimed, "maybe it is the dress of a dead person."

"To be sure it is; and what matter? Sure the marchioness did not die of the plague," drily replied the Raven.

The young girl quickly picked up the dress she had thrown aside, and Berthe, won by her docility, said gently—

"Well, never mind, we'll settle all this to-morrow. I have made a comfortable little bed, just beside ours; say your prayers and go you to rest."

CHAPTER III.

every night she was left alone in the house, without being told the cause of their absence.

On the Sunday following, at an early hour, they took her to mass, and on their return Berthe said, without any further preliminary—

"Emilie, my dear, you will come with us this week."

On the afternoon of this very day, some one knocked at the door of this house, where strangers never were admitted, and, as of wont, Berthe opened the door. She immediately came back, and said, with an appearance of great concern—

"Gracious heaven! Suzanne, do you know for whom our attendance is required? For that young man who

protected us one evening, Gaspard de Gréoulx ! He is dead ! so young ! the dear gentleman !”

“The curse of heaven seems to hang over this family,” muttered Suzanne. “Well, we’ll go and watch over the poor deceased.”

“But I am afraid I shan’t be able to go,” said Berthe ; “we have passed so many nights up this week, that I can hardly keep awake. O Lord ! only think, sister, Gaspard de Gréoulx !”

“I am sorry this good young man is dead ; but, whether it be for friends or foes,” interrupted Suzanne, looking fixedly at her sister, “it’s our business to go wherever we are wanted. But tell me, where did he die ?”

“At the Golden Cock Inn. He breathed his last among strangers, just like a man who has neither house nor home. He must have been an orphan, without anybody caring for him, else some friend would have tended him on his death-bed.”

“Come, let us start at once,” interrupted Suzanne, impatiently.

“Listen to me, sister,” resumed Berthe, after a moment’s reflection, “I’ll go and help you ; but then, when everything is settled, I’ll come back, and Emilie will watch with you, for really I would not be able to stay until morning.”

The young girl had listened attentively to this conversation, the latter part of which so astounded her that for some minutes she remained mute. At last she exclaimed—

“Good heavens ! where are we going to pass the night, and over whom are we to watch ?”

“Didn’t you hear,” replied Suzanne, drily ; “it’s over a dead person.”

The poor girl grew as white as the lawn handkerchief that covered her neck. She felt herself quivering, and leant against the back of a chair.

Suzanne winked in her wonted ungracious way, and said—

“Don’t be foolish, child ; it requires but a little good-will. It’s all a matter of habit : perhaps, you’re afraid ?”

“Dreadfully afraid !” she answered, in a faint voice.

“You’ll easily get over it when once you have looked at a dead person. Why, my dear, it’s only the living we need fear—the dead never injure anyone ; nobody, since Dorcas, ever came to life again. What people say about

ghosts is mere invention. Come, put on your mantle, take your prayer-book, your beads, and let us hurry to the inn.”

Emilie complied ; through a sentiment of noble pride, she overcame her fear and reluctance. To these women, who worked to earn their livelihood, she was now indebted for everything ; and the only means of avoiding being a burden was, to assist them in their business. Having summoned up all her courage, she followed the Ravens, and kept saying her prayers the entire way.

Behind the harbour stood a rather fine-looking house—this was the Golden Cock Inn. At this period it was patronised by such people of respectability as were perfect strangers in Marseilles ; but the customers were, indeed, ever few, for hospitality was more practised in France at that time than it is now-a-days. People received each other in their houses, and the remotest degree of kindred was sufficient to secure a hearty welcome. Therefore, had Gaspard de Gréoulx possessed any friend or relative in Marseilles, he would not have died in this inn.

The Ravens found the door wide open ; a servant maid, who met them at the bottom of the stairs, drew close to the wall, and pointing to the first floor, said, with a frightened face—

“It’s there, the second room to the left ; the tapers and flowers will be brought immediately.”

Having said this, she hurried away with all possible speed. In the middle of the stairs they met another servant-maid, who, on seeing them, blessed herself, and exclaimed—

“Good Lord ! here they are. I thought there were but two, and now come three of them !”

She was about disappearing also, but Suzanne stopped her.

“*Ma mie*,” said she, sneeringly, “don’t go down so fast, it’s so very dark that you might break your neck, and people would say it’s our fault.”

The servant stood as though rooted to the spot, and stared in her face with terror-stricken eyes. The dame continued—

“What did the young man die of ? Tell us, like a dear !”

“Bless my soul ! how do I know ?” she answered, gruffly. “The day be-

fore yesterday he took ill, and went to bed; a doctor was sent for, but could not make out what his complaint was, and in the morning it was all over with the poor man."

"That's the way people always call us in too late," muttered the Raven. "The body must be cold by this time."

Having got to the first story, Suzanne took out of her capacious pocket a needle and a pair of large scissors; then, accompanied by Berthe, entered the first room; it was empty. Having closed the door, and beckoned Emilie to remain there, they walked into the next chamber.

The young girl leant her elbow on the mantel-piece, and covered her face with her hands; her whole frame shuddered, for she was the prey of an invincible terror; not that the prejudices of her infancy had any share in her impressions, or that she dreaded any supernatural apparition; but she experienced to the highest degree that instinctive horror which seizes upon all animated beings when, for the first time, they are left face to face with death. Vainly did her reason struggle against her awe; albeit she inwardly knew that she had no danger to apprehend, yet her anguish was as deep as though her life had been in peril. With involuntary starting, she listened to the steps of the dames walking to and fro in the adjacent room; and as the day declined, her fears became more intense.

Many a time she was on the point of opening the door and flying to the convent; but every time she was recalled to herself by a sense of her duty.

An hour after, Suzanne and Berthe opened the door, the latter saying—

"The body is laid out, and in very proper style, too; you don't want me any longer, so I will go home, for I am dreadfully fatigued. Good night, then! Keep up your spirits, Emilie, you'll find there's no occasion to be frightened."

And the younger Raven left the inn, to return to her comfortless dwelling.

"You may come in now, Emilie," the other said; "we'll read the prayers for the dead."

Vainly did the young girl scan the pages of the prayer-book; her eyes grew dim; she could not find the

place, and she was hardly able to hold the book in her trembling hands.

"Make haste, child," said Suzanne, pushing her gently.

"In one minute," answered Emilie; and, with a supernatural effort, she rushed into the room. At first she saw nothing; a cloud covered her eyes, her ears rang with a painful buzzing; she felt ready to faint. Suzanne made her sit in an arm-chair close to the door, and said, rather sourly—

"Surely, there's no occasion to get frightened! This is anything but an ugly corpse!—he must have been a very handsome young man, no doubt!"

Emilie endeavoured to conquer her fright. Raising her head, she looked about the room; the scene she now beheld was, indeed, more melancholy than appalling.

Four tapers were lighted at the corners of the bed; the curtains were fastened up on either side; at the head was hung a font of holy-water, and therein dipped a branch of holly, used as a sprinkler. On this funereal couch lay a human form, white and motionless, like the beautiful marble statues that rest over tombs. The shroud covered the dead body up to the shoulders; the hands, folded over the breast, held a cross, and a wreath of everlasting encircled the forehead.

By degrees Emilie's fright subsided, and was succeeded by a sentiment of deep sadness. At last, instinct yielding to reflection, the young girl knelt down, and began the "Litanies for the Dead."

"Oh! you are more composed now," Suzanne said, with satisfaction. "You see it is not so very dreadful. Go on reading the office—I will join you; and when we have done, I'll give you a cup of strong coffee, that will prevent your falling asleep in the night."

"Thank you, Suzanne," replied the young girl, in a low voice; "I'll take nothing until morning. Come beside me—will you?—and let us pray for the soul of this poor young man."

She continued reciting, with intense fervour, the *De Profundis*; and Suzanne having knelt beside her, went on telling her beads, and mechanically repeating the verses. Never before had Emily prayed with a heart so utterly sad, and so completely detached from the world. The contemplation of this image of

nothingness brought to her mind a recollection of her own misfortunes. She thought of her poor father, who, like this young man, had died, away from either parents or friends, in a house where his last looks had met but the indifferent glance of strangers. Never before had she fathomed that awful mystery which ends man's destiny. To this, she, full of life, radiant with hope, had not hitherto given one moment's thought; but now, impressed by this mute and supreme teaching, she bent her head in profound awe, repeating in her secret heart, "We are all mere clay and dust! Thou alone, oh! Lord, reignest over death!"

Suzanne, having read the office to the very last *requiem*, experienced a feeling of satisfaction at having performed this religious duty. She settled herself in a huge arm-chair, and placing her feet on the fender, said—

"This is certainly a very comfortable seat! Emilie, my child, you must be perished with cold. Sit you beside me. Oh! dear, what dreadful weather this is! What a blessing to enjoy a good fire on such a frosty night!"

Indeed, a sharp north-west wind was heard whistling abroad; the wood crackled cheerfully in the hearth, and the thermometer was down at zero.

"The night is coming on fast," continued the Raven. "I engage they are all dying with fright down stairs. The servants will dream about ghosts, and tomorrow it will be the gossip all over Marseilles. You are not frightened now—are you?"

"No," replied Emily, in a sad but calm tone of voice.

They remained for a long time without saying a word to each other; the one absorbed in sad meditation—the other muttering her prayers, and busying herself stirring the fire.

By degrees every noise ceased in the street, and a deep silence pervaded all, abroad as well as in the room. Nought was heard, save the watchmen, crying out the hour, and the sound of their poles on the pavement.

The old dame had fallen asleep, and Emilie began to shudder. She sat closer to her; yet she felt as if she were alone, and fright again seized upon her so very intensely that her

heart almost ceased to beat. Her face waxed pale, and from her forehead ran a cold perspiration. At times she concealed her face against the chimney-piece, to prevent her seeing anything in the room. Another moment, and her imagination peopled the chamber with phantoms; she thought she felt on her shoulders their cold breathing. This nervous trepidation lasted but a few minutes. Emilie passed both hands over her eyes, as though to dispel these horrible visions, and turning suddenly, carried her looks around the room. All that had belonged to the deceased was still lying, helter-skelter; his watch, hanging at the head of the bed, was still going; his rich silk-and-velvet costume, trimmed with costly lace, was carefully laid on an antique *canape*; his sword and hat were on an arm chair; and the silver buckles of his garters glittered on the chest of drawers. As is customary, the looking-glasses had been covered, to prevent the dead man's face being reflected therein. The tapers burned slowly around the bed, shedding a dim lustre, more gloomy than darkness itself.

Emilie gazed with fixed eyes upon the pale visage, and again her terror vanished. Now she experienced but melancholy compassion, and wept. He whom death had just stricken, was in the prime of youth; his features had lost nothing of their manly beauty. His lips seemed half-opened by a faint smile, and the shadow of his long eyelash appeared to veil a glance; in fact, one would have thought him slumbering, so much repose and calm sat on his forehead.

"Dead! dead!—so young! Can it be possible?" thought Emilie. "Why did the soul fly from this body? Perhaps he is but asleep!—Sleep, that image of Death! Oh! my God, your mere will could awake him!—and yet, tomorrow he will be thrown into a grave, and for ever disappear from our world! Tomorrow he will lie in the cold clay, under the feet of the living! Oh, Lord!—gracious Lord!—how awful is death!"

The young girl, pale and motionless like him whose premature end she was mourning over, kept her eyes on the funereal couch; silent tears dropped along her blanched cheek. She seemed absorbed in the contem-

plation of this appalling scene ; but soon did the influence of religious ideas revive in her ; her reflections turned to the eternal life. She remembered that, unlike the body, the soul is immortal ; and she thought that he for whom she now prayed, perhaps, looked upon her with gratitude from his heavenly home. Her lively faith and sudden rays of hope again warmed her heart. She figured to herself that one day, beyond this world, she might see him under his same human form, but then animated with strength and youth eternal. She imploringly raised her fair visage to the heavens, as though they were to open to her gaze and reveal the end of a mystery, the beginning of which she was witnessing upon earth.

At this moment, the nocturnal voice of the watchman was heard beneath the windows—

“It’s twelve o’clock ! All is quiet ! Marseillais you may rest !”

Emilie again directed her looks towards the bed, and suddenly falling back, in a terror-stricken attitude, screamed—

“Gracious heaven ! The corpse is moving !”

Suzanne started out of her sleep.

“What is the matter ? What happened you ? Blessed Mary ! Speak, child, speak !”

Emilie, standing erect, with immovable glance and trembling lips, pointed to the bed—

“The corpse is moving !”

Indeed the fingers holding the cross were stretching slowly, and with faintly-apparent motion.

“The Lord be praised, the man is not dead !” exclaimed Suzanne, as she approached the presumed corpse.

The thrilling voice of the dame roused the young man from his long slumber ; with a strenuous effort he lifted himself on his hands, and cast around a slow and wondering glance.

Emilie fell on her knees beside the bed, her hands outstretched towards the man struggling against death’s embrace. She experienced that joy, not unmingled with terror, which Martha must have felt on beholding her brother rise from his tomb.

Suzanne, albeit not entirely free from emotion, lost not her presence of mind.

“It was a lethargy !” Saying this,

she upset with her foot the funereal apparatus, and threw aside the wreath of everlastings. “It’s the second time I witnessed a similar case. Come, sir, have courage ! We will take care of you.”

“He is quite cold !” observed Emilie, who had ventured to touch the young man’s hands, which he had let drop, frozen-like.

“Stand aside, Emilie, let me manage him !” was Suzanne’s reply.

She tore off the shroud, and, with a still robust arm, lifted the torpid body.

“You must come to the fire, sir ; I’ll help you. The heat will recover you. Emilie, dear, ring the bell, call up the servants, and let them bring a bottle of good wine. Perhaps he will require bleeding ; send for the doctor. There—you are warmer, now,” she added, closing the folds of the blanket in which she had wrapped him. “Put your feet near the fire, as near as you can, it’ll revive the circulation.”

“What has happened me ?” faintly said the young man, whose eyes were but half opened ; “Where am I ?”

“In your own room, sure. Do you feel any pain ?”

“No ; but a complete exhaustion ; my limbs are lead-like, and my head so light—so light”—and he let it droop on the dame’s shoulder.

Emilie had opened every door and called for help. The servants were still up in the kitchen ; they came to the bottom of the stairs, but none would venture any further.

“For heaven’s sake,” Emilie cried out, “will you bring some wine ; it may save this young man’s life !”

“Nonsense ; you want us to go up stairs, to frighten us !” said the old cook.

“I’d rather see Old Nick himself, than the witches’ face,” added the stable-boy.

“She never deals but with the dead. Faith ! I can’t believe M. De Gréoulx is come to life again,” the old cook continued ; “it must be his ghost !”

Emilie went down to them, and begged that they would at least go for a doctor.

“Faith !” they all said in one voice, “we’d better go for a priest !”

“Emilie ! Emilie !” called out the Raven.

“Oh !—Death of us all !—Hark !

Hark!" they all screamed, running off mad with fright; "the ghost is wringing her neck!"

The young girl hurried back to the chamber.

"Not one of them will either come or go for a doctor!" she observed. She looked, pantingly, and with timorous joy, at the revived corpse.

"Never mind, my dear," replied Suzanne; "give me the other blanket and the pillows. There, that will do! I'll settle our patient for the night; he will be more comfortable here than in bed. By and by I'll make him take the broth I brought for myself, and to-morrow I dare say he will be well enough to receive and thank the people that come to his funeral."

"The Lord be thanked! it's a miracle!" was Emilie's next remark, as she approached gently, with her hands clasped. However, she felt still alarmed at the lividity of the face; the head, deprived of motion, still reclined on Suzanne's shoulder.

"Alas! he gives no sign of life!" and she withheld her breath, to listen to that of the patient's.

"You know nothing about it, dear," retorted the Raven, abruptly. "Just now the pulse was insensible, and now it beats weakly. The body is getting warm by degrees, and I can hear the respiration quite plain. At last he is out of danger—I know he is. Come, don't look at me with tearful eyes, but try to help me. I suppose you are no longer afraid, eh? Well, then, hold the pillow?"

As Emilie attended to this, the head of the young patient sunk on her arm. This reassured her completely.

"Oh!" she said, in a low and gentle tone, "he is asleep; I feel his breathing on my hands."

At this moment he opened, and lifted up to her, his fine expressive eyes.

"I am not asleep"—and a long sigh heaved his breast. "I am trying to becalm myself—my head is so weak!—I cannot collect my thoughts. I imagine I have been very, very ill; and then an icy cold ——"

"Pray, sir, don't speak," interrupted the dame, "it fatigues you; tomorrow you may talk as long as you like, but now try to slumber a while, and may you dream of all the happy days that are in store for you. You know we are never healthy when we feel unhappy."

"If I must recover but when happy, then I shall soon die," faltered the young man, with another, but deeper sigh.

Presently he felt more weary, closed his eyes, and his breathing becoming slower, they saw he wished to go to sleep. Suzanne having gently removed his head, and placed it upon the pillow, sat herself beside him. The young girl withdrew a little aside; she experienced excessive mental excitement, and at the same time utter bodily annihilation. This state lent to all her sensations the appearance of a dream—all her faculties were absorbed in a sort of melancholy ecstasy. There she sat on the chair, her head drooping on her knees—her eyes half closed—her hands clasped; she remained utterly motionless. Suzanne thought she was resting, and thus did the night pass away.

Towards morning the innkeeper's wife entered the room, and seeing the funereal couch empty, and the young man resting by the fire-place, she cried out with fright.

This noise awoke the patient. The rest he had taken, as well as the wine and broth that had been administered to him, had made him recover some strength. He stood up, and said eagerly—

"Ah! I feel quite well now. What disorder there is in the room! Why am I not laid in my bed?" Then perceiving Emilie, he added, with a smile, "You were here last night; I remember it well. You nursed me; I saw you, but was not able to thank you. Pray, may I ask your name?"

"She is your nursetender, as well as myself, sir," abruptly replied Suzanne. "My child, put on your cloak, and go home. Tell my sister to come, and, meanwhile, you may go to bed until evening."

Emilie arose; she obeyed slowly. As she passed close to the foot of the bed, she picked up the wreath of everlasting, and concealed it under her cloak. She was about departing, but when passing the threshold, she leant, half fainting, against the door, and, pressing her head with her hands, faltered, "Oh! dear me, how poorly I feel!"

The old dame ran to her, and received her, fainting, in her arms. She immediately called out to the hostess, and desired her to procure a sedan-chair to send home the young girl.

CHAPTER IV.

A fortnight had elapsed, and Emilie was lying in the large bed, with the curtains carefully closed; she was still too weak to get up. She had been very near dying of a nervous fever, and only the preceding evening was she declared out of danger. The two sisters were conversing, in a low voice, by the old-fashioned chimney. They now saw that it was impossible to continue taking Emilie with them. She was too young to bear the life which they were obliged to lead.

Both were agreed about this, albeit they could not help thinking, that if she remained doing nothing, she would be of some expense to them. However, they did not feel inclined to begrudge her, as their business brought them fine profits. Every one imagined they were poor, but their spare money was lodged at a M. Vincent's, a wealthy merchant. Of this they made a perfect mystery, for had it been known abroad, they would have been in constant dread of robbers.

The one advised to withdraw a small sum from the merchant's hands, in order to meet their new charge; but the other insisted that there would be no necessity for doing so. Emilie was of abstemious habits. They had in store more clothes than would be required in a whole year. They decided that she should stay at home whilst they would be away, and meanwhile occupy herself doing some needlework. She was recovering from her illness rapidly. True, she had cost them much, for nothing had been spared; not that they had regretted the money, or the care they had shown. They felt every day more and more attached to the young girl, who, but for their unceasing solicitude, would have been lost to them.

Presently the conversation was interrupted by a tapping at the door; low as it was, it startled the fair invalid. Suzanne opened the door.

"Good gracious! is it you, sir?" she said, with a deferential curtsy; "I am delighted to see you. Are you able to go out so soon? Are you quite well now?"

"Tolerably well, although still very weak," replied M. de Gréoulx, for it was he; "but I longed to see you, and return my thanks."

"Sit down, sir, and rest yourself,"

said Berthe, welcoming the young man. "Sister, bring a handful of brambles to cheer the fire. I am so glad to see you. You seem quite recovered, at least you look so very well."

"I must look so differently from what you first saw me, that you can hardly recognise me."

This answer was accompanied with a melancholy smile.

In truth his air was decidedly prepossessing; his hair, slightly powdered, as was then the fashion, was, at least so it could be surmised from the color of his eyes and brows, of a rich black. His manner of introducing himself, and also of speaking, betrayed at once the nobleman; the ease and dignity of his deportment contrasted agreeably with his mild and melancholy physiognomy. He took his seat between the two Ravens, and asked, taking a glance round the chamber—

"How is your young friend? I sent every day to inquire about her, and really felt very uneasy until she was out of danger; but ——"

"She is much better, sir, thank you," interrupted Suzanne, placing her finger on her lips, and looking towards the bed: "there is not the slightest doubt of her recovery now."

"Thanks be to God! For I reproached myself with being the involuntary cause of her illness; it must have been brought on by the shock she received, and also by the fright. I can well imagine what she must have suffered during that terrible night. I, though a man, would have been terrified."

"No wonder," observed Suzanne; "people must have been for years, as we have been, in the habit of watching over the dead, not to be frightened out of their senses; especially when seeing him move who was to be buried a few hours afterwards."

"You saved my life, most assuredly. But for your presence of mind and kind attendance, I might have died with cold and hunger in my shroud." As he said this a shudder ran over him. "I never shall forget it; and I hope to be able some day to testify my gratitude in a more satisfactory manner than at present. Meanwhile, please to accept this."

It was a purse, to all appearance containing some twenty gold louis; he placed it on Suzanne's knees.

"Oh! this is ten times too much, sir!" exclaimed both sisters, whose sharp glance eyed with delight the contents glittering through the network.

"I also wish to do something for your interesting young friend. Perhaps her parents are poor? I might place her as companion with some lady of my family."

"Many thanks for her, sir," replied Suzanne, bridling up, and assuming an air of offended dignity, which M. de Gréoulx rightly deemed strange; "she is poor, true; but she is the daughter of a De Lescale."

"What!" interrupted the young man, "the De Lescales belong to one of the noblest houses of the province. They all are allied to the aristocratic families of Provence!"

"That is precisely why the younger member of this family was obliged to leave his own country, and seek elsewhere the means of peaceably earning his livelihood."

And Suzanne continued relating, in a low voice, the misfortunes of M. de Lescale, and the present painful circumstances of his daughter.

To this relation the young man listened with an amazement not unmixed with sadness.

"Can it be possible? A nobleman's daughter reduced to become a beggar!"

"No, sir, never shall she be a beggar as long as we live," retorted Berthe, with dignified pride; "she is to remain with us, and never will she want any one's assistance. God forbid she should claim the protection of some distant relative. I know of nothing more painful than the compassion of those rich people who feel ashamed of their own relatives, because of their poverty."

Gaspard, turning toward the place where Emilie lay, hinted to the dame to speak in a lower tone.

"If she heard you," he observed, "it might hurt her feelings to find that a stranger is made the confidant of her distress."

"There's no fear of her overhearing us, as she is dozing," answered Suzanne; "else she would have asked, before this, with whom we were talking."

There was a pause, during which the two sisters did not divert their looks from Gaspard, who seemed lost in reverie. Had he believed in the influence of the *Evil Eye*, he would certainly have deemed himself bewitched; not that the countenances of his two hostesses had in themselves anything menacing; on the contrary, they expressed a certain degree of kindness.

Berthe broke this interval of silence by inquiring whether the young man had ever, casually, resided at the Chateau de Gréoulx? He made no difficulty in informing them that he usually resided at Gréoulx with his grandfather.

Great was the amazement of the dames when they heard that the old gentleman was still alive.

Gaspard himself was not a little surprised at their knowing his relative.

"The last time I saw him, it was about fifty years ago," Suzanne explained; "he was then a handsome man, and his son *The Chevalier*, so they called him, young as he was—"

"My father!" interrupted Gaspard.

"Was then a lovely, fairheaded boy, as fair as his mother," she continued; "he often would run away from his tutor, *L'Abbé Jollivet*, to go and sport with the young peasants, who all knew and loved him."

"Alas! he died twenty years ago," added the young man; "I scarcely knew him; having also lost my mother shortly after, I remained an orphan under the guardianship of my grandfather."

"So you are sole heir to the title and fortune of the Barons de Gréoulx?" remarked Berthe.

"Yes, I am an only son, as my father was," replied the young man, in a mournful tone; "My nearest kinsman now is my grandfather, the Baron de Gréoulx."

"He must of course," the other hinted, "have centred upon you all his ambition, and taken great delight in seeing you enjoy all that could gratify the vanity of a *gentilhomme*?"

"True: hitherto, up to a very recent period, I lived like a lord. The Baron never quits his chateau, where he receives in the most handsome style all the nobility of Provence. I spent the entire of last year in Paris, living upon an allowance liberal enough to enable

me to make a handsome figure in the fashionable Parisian world. The Duke de B——, a relation of ours, is Gentleman of the King's chamber. He presented me at the court of Versailles, where I passed two months to acquire, as we say, the court manners. I returned since Christmas, but remained only a week at my grandfather's mansion. This journey gave me a taste for liberty, and when I returned to the yoke, I could not submit. I was wrong, I confess ; but such a life had become insupportable to me."

These last words he said with an expression of haughtiness and despondency.

"My grandfather manifested intentions little in accordance with mine. My temper is after his own, firm, perhaps even stubborn. I resisted, he then treated me like a disobedient child ; overwhelmed me with reproaches and threats. In order not to be wanting in the respect I owe him, I left the chateau, and came to Marseilles."

"Perhaps without money?" interrupted Berthe.

"I had about me some fifty golden *louis* ; this was sufficient to enable me to live for a time as an humble citizen, without servants or carriage. Moreover, I intended entering the army at the moment I fell suddenly ill."

"Through weariness and sorrow," again interrupted the Raven.

"Yes, it is quite true;" and hesighed ; "I am young, of noble birth, and the only heir to a large fortune, yet I have led a weary, miserable life."

"Like all those dependent on the Baron," said Suzanne, with the accents of a bitter compassion.

"Oh ! you may as well tell us everything ; we knew the family ages ago."

"Then did you ever live in the Chateau de Greoulx ?

"We did," answered Suzanne, rather bluffly ; "but it is useless to enter into particulars. All we need say is, that we were closely acquainted with your family ; with those who are dead as well as the one living ; we knew them all ; therefore you may place every confidence in us."

Gaspard conjectured that the dames had been in the service of the late Baroness de Gréoulx, his grandmother, dead about half a century ago ; and, albeit he thought them to be of rather low station, he did not despise

the proofs of interest they showed him, after their own way.

"If you knew my grandfather," he resumed, "you must comprehend what I had to endure, living under his authority. He is a man whose absolute and violent will never brooked a contradiction ; he is possessed of all those qualities that give renown in the world ; he is handsomely generous, most engaging and graceful in his manners ; all who come to visit the chateau receive from him the hospitality of a prince, and quit him enchanted with his kindness. To whomsoever does not know him otherwise, he appears, despite of his age, to be a man of even temper, and perfect amiability ; but for me, and all belonging to him, he ever was harsh and inflexible, even to cruelty. When but a child, I often shuddered at a mere look from him ; I was but too well aware that the slightest giddiness, forgetfulness, or irregularity in my duties, brought upon me the most severe punishment ; my life was a continual dread of his anger. In after years I had to yield in my leanings, tastes, ideas, and temper ; the least contradiction to his will was taken as an offence, every observation as a want of respect. In fact, my existence was not unlike that of a monk who makes the vow of passive obedience, and has nothing of his own, not even his will. From year to year, such restraint became more unendurable ; repeatedly I was near flying from the chateau, and renouncing everything. My journey to Paris afforded me some respite, but also made me the better perceive how intolerable was that restless despotism of my grandfather's. I again entertained ideas of resistance, even of revolt. On the evening of my arrival, the Baron kept me with him after supper, and said, in his own dry and short tone — 'Gaspard, I desire you to marry Mademoiselle Louise de la Verrière. She is the wealthiest heiress in all Provence. Since last week I have been busy preparing the marriage-settlements with my lawyer. The contract is to be signed shortly ; you will then know what fortune I intend to bestow upon you. Now, sir, you may retire to your apartment.'"

"That's the way he always would speak," Berthe observed. "Well, then, what followed ? Excuse, dear sir, my involuntary interruption."

"Then I bowed respectfully and withdrew. Mademoiselle de la Verrière is a young lady of an exterior anything but pleasing; nor even do her features bear the stamp of kindness; as to her mind, it is in perfect keeping with the rest. For several days, I felt dreadfully perplexed. To hear my grandfather, this alliance was all but concluded. I lectured myself, almost preached myself, into submission; but reason, as well as my senses, revolted against this projected union. I'd have become a monk rather than marry the *fascinating* heiress." At length one day I abruptly took my resolution, and went to my grandfather. I expressed, in the most reverential manner, my positive refusal—to tell you the truth I trembled all the time."

"No wonder!" thought Suzanne, aloud.

"As to what followed, I could not tell; I was beyond myself. The first words he uttered were a threat to have me incarcerated. That very evening I left the chateau; I feared not to be able to master my indignant passion, and took at random the road to Marseilles. Since then, I had no tidings whatever from Gréoulx. I but too well know my grandfather; he never will forgive me, and when he dies, his malediction will be my inheritance."

"Matters may still be put to rights," said Suzanne, shaking her head; "against death alone there is no remedy; and yet one may escape from it, for *you*, my dear sir, are a striking proof of it. We will do all in our power to be of service to you, as far as our means allow; if you want money, we can lend you some; that will be better than to apply to usurers; and, in the first place, here is a sum we will not accept;" and she gave back the purse to the young man. "Certainly not; we would not take that money—only think! so much gold for one night's attendance!

Why, if we did it, then might we be rightly called birds of prey, and deserve our surname of 'Ravens.'"

"So you are aware that people have given you such names?" inquired Gaspard, with a half smile.

"Yes, sir; but what care we about it! The good Marseillaise are afraid of us, and point at us in the streets. What matter? We are conscious of never having done harm to any living creature; we await, with resignation, our last day."

M. de Gréoulx admired the old dames' philosophy, so simple in its practice, and breathing a spirit of true piety. At last, being about to take leave, he held out his hand to the sisters, saying—

"I shall often come to see you. Keep this money; you will lend it to me, should I ever want it."

At this moment he turned his looks towards the bed, thinking he had seen a slight movement behind the curtains. Berthe divined his thoughts, and said—

"She is still asleep."

The two sisters accompanied the young man to the door: meanwhile, Emilie half-opened the curtains and put her head forward; for more than an hour she had been kneeling on her bed, gazing at the handsome stranger. When the Ravens re-entered the room, she laid down again, and pretended to be slumbering. For a long time after their visitor's departure they conversed about young De Gréoulx. Both were agreed in feeling a real interest in the young man.

"He treated us with affection," thought the one; "he did not despise us for being poor."

"And he has a grateful heart," observed the other.

And the last words of their conversation were—"Well, God grant he may say some day 'The Ravens have been my most devoted friends!'"

CHAPTER V.

A few days afterwards, Gaspard de Gréoulx returned to that gloomy dwelling, the threshold of which no one willingly ventured to cross; he found Emilie seated at the fire between the Ravens. Berthe had wrapped her in

a huge dress of black silk, which looked much like the old gown of a lawyer; her snow-white, delicately-shaped hands issued from extremely wide sleeves; a spacious hood half concealed her fair head, and a sort of

velvet mantle covered her shoulders. This costume, a rather strange one for a patient, had been selected from among the heaps of dresses which, of wont, were allotted to the two sisters.

There was something forbidding in this attire, but, like a flower surrounded with dark foliage, Emilie's lovely countenance projected in a graceful relief from the midst of these black folds: she was now turned towards the hearth, her blanched cheeks receiving a transient glow from the reflection of the flame, and in this position her features shone with a calm and suffering beauty, which made no small impression upon the young man.

"She is quite convalescent, is she not?" he inquired, in a low voice; and as she slowly directed her looks towards him, he approached in a most respectful attitude, and said—

"I knew, mademoiselle, you were almost well, and no one felt more joy than I on hearing of your recovery."

These words, the sound of this voice, still increased Emilie's paleness; her emotion was deep; but as yet she felt unconscious of what could be the source of these violent throbbings of her heart.

During the last three weeks her mind had been engrossed with the one same thought and remembrance: that of the man she had seen lying as dead, and who had risen to life as though her tears and fervent prayers had recalled him from the threshold of the grave; this was her fixed idea, and she delighted in it, through a natural want of emotions. Words failed her to respond to Gaspard; she bowed, half smiled to him, and leant in the easy chair, wherein she had been comfortably settled by Berthe.

"She is rather exhausted," said Suzanne, offering her own seat to Gaspard; "her convalescence has not been as rapid as we expected. The other evening, after you left, she was resting; but the night was bad; the fever returned, and we had to stay up till daylight; at last, by the grace of God, she slept, and now she is all right. I daresay she'll be able to go to mass with us next Sunday. All she requires is quiet of mind; she hasn't a bit of courage; she is constantly buried in a sort of reverie, and seems to live in a world different from ours. Come, my child, rouse your-

self, and talk with the chevalier. Don't you know he was kind enough to send every day to inquire about your health?"

"I feel deeply grateful, *Monsieur*," Emilie said, in a faint voice. "I am better—nearly well—my friends have taken such care of me. Oh! I shall never forget all they have done for me! Yes, Suzanne, Berthe, you have saved my life," she added, feelingly, and looking with much affection at both the sisters.

Her heart was strongly moved, through a deep sense of gratitude; presently tears dimmed her eyes; a something hitherto unknown to her caused her to give vent to her feelings, and indeed she needed but a pretext to weep.

"Now, Emilie, I won't have you cry, nor will I allow you to give way in this manner," exclaimed Berthe, with a scolding kindness; "you know it injures your health; besides, is not this a nice welcome for the chevalier? Come, come, wipe your eyes, and let us talk of something more gay. As the proverb hath it, 'The expectation of a minute of grief is more painful than the remembrance of many past sorrows.' Only think, that next Sunday we will take you to last mass, that you may thank the Almighty for your recovery."

Having said thus much, she gently placed Emilie's head on a soft pillow, and swept her hand over the young girl's forehead, as though to dispel the clouds of sadness.

M. de Gréoulx looked at the patient with keen interest; never had a woman shown herself under more striking contrasts; her budding beauty gleamed between the parchment faces of the Ravens, as a sunbeam playing through an obscure grove; and her presence diffused light and joy through this abode, where one thing and all betokened wretched poverty.

Gaspard heaved a sigh! As he diverted his looks from Emilie, his glance happened to fall upon a wreath of everlasting hanging over the mantel-piece, and surmounting the image of some saint.

"It was Emilie brought that," observed Berthe; "the day she was carried home senseless, I found this wreath passed round her arm. A strange fancy, I must say."

"I have been told it brings good luck to keep the flowers that have been placed over a dead person," eagerly interrupted the young girl; "so I thought it no harm to take the wreath without asking permission."

"Well, really you had a curious idea!" ejaculated Suzanne, with good-humoured raillery; "but don't you see, child, the chevalier was but half-dead, so there can't be any virtue at all in the flowers."

"Yes; but then another thought struck me."

"Well, let us hear your other thought."

"Why," she hesitated to say, "I felt so very ill that I expected the wreath would be of avail for me."

"If I had known that, I would have thrown it into the fire!" Berthe interrupted, making a movement as though the deed should follow the will.

"Oh! no! do not, I beg of you!" exclaimed Emilie; "I wish to keep these flowers for myself; sure, it does not make us die to think of death; and some day, in many, many years, I would like those everlastings to be placed on my forehead, previous to my being laid in my tomb."

"But, my child, you do not expect to die an old maid, do you, though?" Berthe asked, with a half-smile; "it would be rather a premature resolution."

Emilie lowered her eyes; albeit she made no answer, a slight movement of her brows, and the expression of her lips were tantamount to an affirmation.

"She is right," thought Gaspard to himself; "beauty, nobility of birth, perfection, will be of no avail, for she is poor! A noble family will scorn her; it is likely she will not consent to marry a man of low extraction, therefore she will remain single her entire life."

The fair orphan had now closed her eyes; it was obvious this conversation had fatigued her. The Ravens continued to talk with Gaspard in a very low voice.

"Well," inquired Berthe, "did you take any step, or attempt anything with regard to the Baron?"

"Nothing whatever, as yet," responded Gaspard, but too ready to converse with the dames, the sole per-

sons who took a real interest in him; "the only means of obtaining my grandfather's pardon would be to say that I am prepared to marry Made-moiselle de La Verrière, and at such a price I desire it not."

"But, then, matters cannot stand as they are?"

"I know that," he answered, with a melancholy, though determined tone; "I shall make up my mind and write to the Baron; my letter will have no effect; of this I am well aware. It will not prevent his disinheriting me; but I wish to convince him that, under any other circumstances, I would have obeyed his will; I shall assure him of the true respect I still entertain for him; of my fervent desire that his old days may be long and prosperous: afterwards I will enter the king's army, and, perhaps, I will make my way to fortune: if a bullet stop me on the road, I shall die without one regret; for there is not one soul to whom my life could be of the least interest."

Emilie lowered her hood, as though the light fatigued her sight; she remained thus, her face half concealed, and her clasped hands pressed upon her breast.

"Such is my resolution," continued Gaspard; "I have no second course to adopt."

"The Baron has not the power of entirely disinheriting you," remarked Berthe; "you are his only descendant in a direct line, and according to the custom of Provence the rights of no other kinsman can prevail over your's."

"You are right," rejoined the young man, rather surprised to find the old dame acquainted with the customs of Provence, "but our noble fiefs are not inalienable."

"Do you really think, then, that he would go so far as to change the nature of his property, and sell his estates for the purpose of depriving you of the inheritance?"

"You little know my grandfather, if you doubt it. I never saw him once fail to put a threat into execution. I have resisted—disobeyed his order. The only means of being reconciled I emphatically reject; therefore I am perfectly conscious of what I can expect from him at present."

"Still, if I were you," observed Suzanne, whose attention and interest vied with her sister's, "I would not

act too hastily. The baron allows you to live here peaceably; remain in Marseilles, and then we shall see. We will assist you as far as our little means will permit. Of necessity the Chevalier de Gréoulx cannot live like a mere clerk; we will lend you money.

"I cannot express all I feel for your affectionate interest; but who knows whether I should ever be able to repay you," interrupted the Chevalier. "Consider that my future prospects are anything but brilliant. I may die without leaving enough for my funeral expenses; who, then, would pay my debts?"

"Don't mention that," brusquely retorted the Raven; "you may accept our offer without any scruple whatever—you may, I tell you."

Emilie listened in a silent attitude, her head bent down, her face concealed beneath her hood. How gladly would she have pressed to her heart these two poor old women, who were now endeavouring to force the young man to alter his plans. She uttered not a word as long as his visit lasted; but no sooner was he gone, than she rose, and exclaimed, with a sweet smile, taking gently Berthe's hand—

"How very kind you are! Oh! I feel quite well now; I long to be completely restored to health. I gave you so much trouble, and yet you uttered not a word of complaint! I can't tell you how gladly I will work for you, and how happy I shall feel to make myself useful!"

From this day M. De Gréoulx regularly visited the dames. There were at the time but few patients in town; this allowed them time to receive his visits. He was wont to come in the evening. Berthe always took care to have a good fire, before which was laid the antique table, over which an old black apron acted the part of a table-cover. Suzanne would then take from the press an old pack of cards, and Emilie bring a leathern bag, filled with mere *liards* (the fourth part of a sou).

The Ravens were very fond of cards. This harmless amusement gave them now and then the opportunity of winning a few pence from Gaspard. Willingly did the young nobleman play their game, whilst the charming orphan, seated at that corner of the table where the lamp was placed, silently

observed him talking or playing; yet so reserved were her looks, that she did not appear to lift up her eyes from her work. M. De Gréoulx soon experienced the greatest delight in these evenings; albeit he always had a strong dislike for cards, he found this game entertaining; and it was ever with feelings of regret that he heard the church clock strike nine, the hour at which he must retire, so enthralling was Emilie's beauty—so sweet was the expression of her large blue eyes, when uplifted to welcome his arrival! For the two old dames he entertained, also, sentiments of gratitude, and even affection. Through their cold, and sometimes vulgar manners, a sound judgment and real goodness of heart were strikingly perceptible. It even happened, at times, that they spoke, as though through remembrance, a language little in accordance with their rank in life. In truth, they often expressed ideas which strangely contrasted with the niggardly habits of their life. They wanted neither wit nor penetration; yet they did not in the least suspect that love could spring up between the handsome young man and the lovely orphan, who scarcely conversed together, but stealthily stole a glance at each other, and seemed to place their happiness in merely seeing the dames enjoy their game at cards. Nor could they dream that such feelings might exist between them; for the poor old dames had no experience of the passions, no one having ever loved them.

M. De Gréoulx yielded to the charm of this obscure but tranquil existence, without caring about the past or the future. Never had his life glided away so blissfully. There dwelt for the first time, within his breast, one of those passionate affections which so completely absorb the thoughts, and from which we derive every sad or joyful impression.

To the very respectful letter which he had addressed to his guardian and relative no answer had come; yet he wondered not at this silence. Such conduct on the part of the Baron seemed to the young man the unmistakeable proof that his independence was for ever gained; nor did he regret the sacrifice with which it must needs be attended.

The Ravens reflected upon this

subject more gravely; but to their anxious inquiries he would invariably respond—"When I am perfectly sure that the Baron has excluded me from his will, then will I at once take my resolution, and though a nobleman, exert myself, and work for my support. Yet I do not entertain the least doubt but that my days will pass away happier than if I had wedded the rich heiress."

One Sunday the dames and Emilie were returning from vespers, which they had heard at *La Major*. The day was beautiful, soft was the breeze hovering over the bosom of the sea; glimmering were the various hues reflected therein from the rosy clouds. The saline perfumes of the sea-weed, wafted by a gentle wind, mingled with the fragrance of spring. The terrace was thronged by myriads of promenaders, eager to inhale those reviving emanations, and enjoy the last hours of sunshine.

They crossed the irregular square, stretching from the church to the Fort Saint Jean. This promenade is an immense terrace, built over the ramparts bathed by the wide sea. In calm weather the strollers can hear the profound murmur of the waves gently breaking against the reefs, sweetly contrasting with the joyous cries of the children sporting along the strand.

When the wind blows high (coming from the sea) the roaring and irritated waves beat these huge walls, and the foaming billows, white as the mountain snow, wash the stone, worn away by the saline air. The white sails of the fishing-boats quit the harbour in fine weather, and furrow the roadstead wherein lay the foundations of the many pretty country houses, crowned with pine-groves. Opposite the port of Marseilles clusters of barren, greyish cliffs, form an island, on which stands the Chateau d'If, an old state prison, safer than the Bastile ever was; from the sea shore may be seen its lofty towers, intersected but with few windows; beyond this stands, at the horizon, the lighthouse of Planier, rising like a mast; ever and anon do the mists steal from the eyes its undefined shape, suspended between sky and water.

Emilie, leaning pensively on the parapet, was lost in admiration, contem-

plating with an eagle eye the gorgeous scenery, the pure sky, the calm sea, reflecting the azure above, and the crimson sunset already gilding the neighbouring clouds. As she carried her looks from the sea to the heavens, she sighed deeply and exclaimed—

"How very magnificent!"

"Splendid weather for our fishermen!" observed Berthe, "fish will be given away to-morrow."

"Oh, I declare there is M. de Gréoulx yonder!" exclaimed Suzanne, joyfully; "look you, Emilie, with your young eyes, for mine often deceive me."

Emilie started, and turned round instantly.

"It is the Chevalier, indeed it is (*she* could not mistake him)! he does not see us. What in the world is he looking at so attentively? He stands erect, just like a saint in a niche."

They soon neared the young man, who said, hurriedly—

"I just called upon you; I have had a letter—a letter from the Baron!"

"At last!" observed both dames with one voice.

From the sadness depicted in his countenance they surmised unfavourable tidings; they added, with anxiety—

"So you have got bad news?"

"You shall see," replied he, handing the letter.

"Au Chateau de Gréoulx,
16th of April 1743.

"*Monsieur mon petit-fils*, — You shall not marry Mademoiselle de la Verrière. I desire you to return near me without one moment's delay. Under this sole condition will I forgive your conduct. I hope that, in future, your respect and obedience will make up for the past.

"Now, having expressed my will, I pray God may be with you.

"C. BARON DE GREOULX."

Gaspard accompanied them homeward, and they continued conversing on the engrossing subject.

"Well, you must depart immediately," advised Berthe. "Things seem to take a more favourable turn; this is the first time I heard of the Baron giving up his own way!"

"How changed he must be, to be sure!" remarked Suzanne.

"All is going on rightly now," pursued Berthe. "Let us hasten home; we'll talk over it more at ease than in the streets. Well, well! the Baron has yielded for once—given up your marriage; it's as good as a miracle! I would not have believed it, if I had not seen the letter, written and signed with his own hand."

Emilie had wrapped herself in her mantle, and kept at a little distance, walking in silence. As they neared the house, Gaspard, having purposely loitered, joined her and said in a low and reproachful voice—"Mademoiselle, you alone seem to be indifferent to what happens me."

She raised her mantle, and, for her sole response, lifted up to him her eyes suffused with tears.

"Ah!" said he, in a tone of unspeakable affection and joy, "dear Emilie!"

"What is the matter with you, my dear?" asked Berthe, observing an alteration in the young girl's countenance. "How very pale you are! you must have caught cold; go in quickly and warm yourself."

The evening wore away sadly. The Ravens would not play at cards; the idea of parting with their "*dear gentilhomme*" affected them deeply. The two lovers were absorbed in the enjoyment of these last hours of happiness, not free from sorrow. They listened with a restless dread to each stroke of the clock, and when nine was heard chiming at St. Laurent's, a shudder passed over Gaspard and Emilie; a few minutes more, and both young hearts exchanged an affectionate but melancholy adieu.

Before daybreak, M. de Gréoulx quitted Marseilles. In the evening

the Ravens were sent for to watch over a corpse, so that poor Emilie remained alone in the spacious chamber. She sank into that state of despair and prostration experienced at the loss of all that gives zest and endearment to life!

During the day she had drawn her strength and energy from the necessity of concealing her grief; no change had been perceptible in her air or manner; no apparent sign of inward trouble on her countenance. Moreover, albeit she knew Gaspard to be every hour further from her, she still expected him in the evening as was his wont. But once left in solitude, she needed no longer to silence her secret feelings; she sat at the very place where usually sat he whose destiny she felt interwoven with hers, and whose presence alone had awakened in her that undefined longing of every heart for the sister soul.

She recalled every circumstance, even of the most trifling nature, linked with Gaspard; repeated to herself his last few words, so perfectly veiled in their meaning, but to which the emotion of his voice, the eloquence of his glance, added more than volumes. How fondly the forlorn orphan clung to this dawning affection! Her vivid imagination became heated to the utmost enthusiasm, but the sooner to fall from its fanciful regions. Despondency spread its icy shroud over all her fair visions, and she yielded to the melancholy influence.

She bent her head on her breast, let fall her arms, and, mournful and sad, remained in the same place where the two sisters found her in the morning, cold, pallid, and in tears.

SOCIAL STATISTICS ; OR, HINTS FOR THE IMPROVEMENT OF DIRECTORIES.

WE have long been struck by some remarkable deficiencies in the most complete works of this nature ; and have only refrained, up to the present moment, from calling attention to them, in the hope that the authors themselves would have anticipated our observations, by volunteering to supply the wants of which we complain. Indeed, from the experience we have had for several years of the great value, for many practical purposes, of Mr. Thom's publication, in particular ; and having found that work steadily increasing in the quantity of its materials, and the accuracy of its information, we confess that we opened his Directory for 1850, not without very sanguine expectations of seeing our own views to some extent carried out ; but, amidst many improvements and additions, we have failed to discover those which would, in our opinion, double the value of a work of the kind.

The glaring defect, then, to our judgment, of the ordinary directory, is its almost exclusive adaptation to professional and commercial purposes, utterly neglecting a thousand more important uses of a domestic and social nature to which such a publication might easily be adapted. In a social point of view, what information is to be got even from Mr. Thom's work, ample as it is, beyond the names and residences of the inhabitants of the city and suburbs ? For the lawyer, the doctor, the merchant, the tradesman, it abounds with all sorts of useful intelligence ; gives a full account of every public institution ; furnishes tables without end for computing interest, ascertaining stamp-duties, calculating servants' wages, and turning English money into Irish, or Irish back into English ; then, in the novel article of statistics, it leaves the " Companion to the Almanac " a thousand miles in the rear, for it has literally become a digest of all the bills and papers of the Session, and might properly be called the concen-

trated essence of Blue Books. But of what use are any of these business-like details to multitudes of people, to men of pleasure, for instance, or to the fair sex generally ? A comprehensive directory ought surely to provide useful information for all classes and conditions of people, instead of aiming only to be of service in the counting-house, the shop, or the public office. In London, indeed, there is a " Court Guide," but it is nothing but a meagre repertory of names and abodes, not even giving the names of the Sovereigns of Europe, or treating the Londoners to an abridgment of their annals, as our more liberal almanac-makers have done from time immemorial. We do not quarrel with the number of tables which have enriched our Dublin Directories, but only with their *partiality*. We want a directory that will direct everybody, and not merely merchants, attorneys, clerks, and housekeepers ; that will come home, not only to our business, but to our bosoms ; that will be as much in demand in the *boudoir* as in the *bureau* ; assist in other transactions of life beside buying and selling, and be as indispensable to a practical young lady, for example, as to the gravest practical man. This brings us at once to a defect which we may as well notice here as anywhere else, and which we hope Mr. Thom will remedy in 1851. Why should there not be a list of bachelors as well as a list of lawyers and physicians ? To a young lady of business, or a practical mother, having young ladies on her hands, a catalogue of bachelors, with their residences, would be of the greatest interest and utility, particularly if it was accompanied by a table, arranged in columns, showing the age and the income of the parties, with a few observations upon their tastes, tempers, and dispositions. We shall give an example, with imaginary names and details, for Mr. Thom's guidance next year :—

Name.	Residences.	Age.	Estate.	Remarks.
Sir Smithson Smith, Bart., (Of Nova Scotia)	South Frederick-st.—no country seat known.	Middle	None in Nova Scotia, little anywhere else.	A good speculation, as his wife would be Lady Smithson Smith.
Geo. Augustus Snaggs, Esq.	A Boarding-house in the suburbs.	33	Property in the funds, expectations from an uncle, &c.	Looking out for a wife, and has no doubt that his name alone will get him a good one.
Robert Hunter Boozy, Esq.	Kildare-street; cottage at the Curragh.	35	Very good, but much incumbered	Fond of field-sports and the bottle—a very good speculation.
Patrick John Strutt Strutt,	The houses of his relatives and friends.	40, or thereabouts	Looking for a good place under Government;—when he gets one will be well off.	His wife will be Mrs. Strutt Strutt.
Driscoll O'Driscoll,	Castle Driscoll, in Co. Mayo.	45 or 50	Enough to say that he is a proprietor in the Co. Mayo.	His hair very black, but suspected to be a wig. Teeth excellent—by the first London dentist.
O. D. T. Tomkinson, Esq.,	Small house in Holles-st., cottage near Bray.	32	Gross income large; nett not considerable, but his father living, and he has an uncle in California.	A young lady might do worse than take pity upon him.
Harry Lackland Bright, Esq.	Chambers in Henrietta-street.	25	Estate in his head.	Called to the bar, and is confident he will be a judge in a few years. A lady wishing to be a judge's wife would do well to think of him.

A column might be added with advantage for the general health of each individual; and the table might be made highly useful to gentlemen as well as to ladies, by setting forth the convivial habits of each bachelor: whether he is a dinner-giving sort of a man, or a dining-out sort of a man; what clubs he belongs to, and where he was black-balled, if anywhere; for there are always a multitude of independent young men about town, to whom the acquaintance of bachelors of some standing in the world is a matter of great importance, provided they are thoroughly "sans reproche," and have the spirit and good-feeling to give snug dinners to their young friends at their lodgings or hotels.

With respect to dinners, indeed, we would propose a more extensive improvement in our directory statistics.

As there is nothing which distinguishes one set of houses more from another in a great city, than the difference between their notions of hospitality, it would be highly advantageous, particularly to strangers visiting us, to be enabled to see at one view what houses give dinners, what houses give none, and to have the dinner-giving houses properly classified according to the relative merits and capacities of their several cooks, larders, and cellars. We suspect this information would interest many more people than are interested by the prices of peas and beans, or the number of madmen in the Richmond Lunatic Asylum. Such a table would take something of the following model-form: (For obvious reasons we leave blanks for the names of the streets, and numbers of the houses.)

Houses.	Dinners.	Company.	Wine.	Cooking.
No. — square, — street,	0 Frequent.	0 Stupid, miscellaneous, and on the inclusive principle.	0 Varies with company.	0 Ditto
— square,	Rare events.	Select and stupid, on the exclusive principle.	Fair.	Fair.
— row,	Not uncommon.	Queer people, with queer faces, in queer dresses.	Too good for the company.	Much too good for such queer people.
— place,	Two every year.	Mobs. (You long to read the riot-act, and disperse them.)	Not particularly vinous.	Quantity much more remarkable than quality.
— square,	Not frequent enough.	Agreeable.	Excellent.	Commendable.
— street,	Often.	Family parties.	Questionable.	Abominable.

This is what we call “useful knowledge;” for how often do we cultivate people with great pains, visit them, bow to them in the street, notice them in public places, and even sometimes make them little presents, or send them boxes of game, all under the impression that their houses are desirable to dine at; when it turns out in the end that they either give no dinners at all (like the first house in the foregoing table), or, like the fifth in the list, entertain a rabble twice a-year with dishes as cold as charity, and wine from the neighbouring grocer’s. Then, on the other hand, how many worthy people do we often neglect, and even snub in society, who have the highest claims upon our consideration, only that they labour under the disadvantage of having no public and authentic organ to record their hospitalities, and procure for them the respect they deserve. Take the second and the sixth mansions in the above table for examples. Only think how such houses would rise in reputation if Mr. Thom were to take the hint we now give, and enrich his volume with the statistics of good living. The scent of their dinners would not be long in spreading all over the town—the bouquet of their dishes would be wafted on the wings of the wind to all points of the compass; and, what is more, modest worth would be forced out of retirement; the rose would no longer blush unseen, or the gem sparkle in unfathomed caves: all the world would know the people who have the good taste and

the good feeling to feast their friends handsomely and frequently, and thus, as far as in them lies, promote the greatest happiness of the greatest number—performing a most important part of the “whole duty of man.”

It is not for us to profess to instruct Mr. Thom how to obtain the equally curious and useful information necessary to form a complete directory to the city of Dublin, considered under a social and hospitable aspect; but we may mention one or two sources of intelligence which occurs to us. Returns might be obtained, without much expense, from the members of that admirable corps of respectable men in blue coats and white waistcoats, who officiate by day as Mercuries and Cerberuses to the public departments, and minister by night as supernumerary Ganymedes at the tables of people who give dinners. These respectable men, for such they are in every point of view, could indeed furnish much more information than mere lists of the houses where their convivial services are rendered; the store of anecdote, the knowledge of character, necessarily accumulated by them in the course of their professional labours, must needs be very great; and a most agreeable companion to the almanac might be formed out of their notebooks, if they take notes, as we trust they do. But, at all events, they might be called upon to make returns of those who employ them on festive occasions, and such returns would be most valuable. Another plan

would be to use the metropolitan police for our purposes, as the constabulary are constantly, and most beneficially, employed to collect much less interesting statistical details all over the island. The police are not so very busy watching, or catching thieves, that they might not also be required to observe and report upon the external phenomena which indicate the existence of a genial system of house-keeping. At an early hour of the day who does not remark the boys of the poulterers, fish-mongers, and butchers, with baskets or trays, traversing their several beats, and dropping a turkey here, a pheasant there; at one house a turbot and couple of lobsters; at another a haddock, with oysters, and so on, until their loads are discharged, and they are at leisure to play at Scotch-hop, or jump Jim Crow for the rest of the day. Then, between six and seven in the evening, just as the moon is seen mounting over the chimneys, or Hesperus begins to twinkle through the chinks in the clouds, unobservant must he be of what is passing about him, who does not notice another interesting class of carriers, the apprentices of the confectioners and pastry-cooks, gliding through the dinner-giving quarters of the town, bearing on their heads, or under their arms, wooden boxes, inscribed "Polson," "Doyle," or "Giovanni," and containing all the devices and "specious miracles" of *pâtisserie*—creams of all colours and flavours, the numerous species of the great genus, pudding; in short, all that French fancy and Italian art, coming in aid of our native tastes (which, even in our second courses, has a strong tendency to the solid rather than the elegant), has invented for our superfluous eating. Now, what could be easier than for Mr. Thom to make an arrangement with the commissioners of police, by which the police might be directed to note the houses where these several consignments of fish, flesh, fowl, or confectionary are deposited, with the actual amounts of the deposits in each case? By this process, pursued say for a twelvemonth, we should have a very close approximation, indeed, to the relative merits of the Dublin houses during that period; and it is plain that the police might collect a still more exact body of information, by availing themselves of the facilities

which they notoriously have (and notoriously avail themselves of for their *private* purposes), of penetrating the areas of houses, and holding familiar intercourse with the cooks and other domestics, who, holding the keys of our safes and larders, are the very highest authorities from whom information could be obtained. But there is still a third method which might be taken, and which we are disposed to prefer to either of the former, as being more ingenious and scientific. Indeed, the full development of it we reserve for a paper which we shall either read at the Royal Irish Academy, or request some friend to read for us at some reunion of the Statistical Society, where we have not the honour of *figuring* ourselves. We propose, then, to apply the thermometer to the purpose of the proposed research, upon the obvious principle that, as the temperature of the kitchen increases with the quantity of good cheer cooked in it, the degrees of culinary heat must afford a faithful index to the degrees of hospitable fervour. We would employ a number of well-instructed young men, provided with most delicate instruments, to carry them all round the town, at a certain hour to be fixed by a careful determination of the period of the day when the temperature of the kitchen is at the maximum, and we would enjoin them to record, with scrupulous accuracy, the tale told by the thermometer at each successive railing. This sort of Thermo-gastric Survey of Dublin (or, Gastro-thermometric, if you please to call it so), would put the Ordnance Survey entirely out of countenance. Perhaps, as a rival undertaking, the best name of all for our project would be the Battery, meaning the Kitchen Battery, Survey; but, there's "nothing in a name;" the substantial advantages of the plan proposed will, we hope and trust, recommend it to those whose interest, as well as duty, it must be to see it carried into execution. The thermometers employed for the test of hospitality might be graduated, or, rather, the graduations marked as follows:—

Splendid and frequent.
Plain and generous.
Very comfortable.
Comfortable.
Occasional and excellent.

Occasional and tolerable.

Seldom and indifferent.

Seldom or never.

Never.

The mathematical instrument-makers would do well to have a stock of thermometers instantly manufactured upon this savoury principle. There would be a large demand for them, independently of the order which Mr. Thom would be sure to give for his Directory of 1851. Can a more agreeable philosophical recreation be imagined, than to ramble about the town on an evening, when one is unfortunately free from social engagements, and, pulling out our little pocket-thermometer and note-book, make our grave observations upon the convivial temperatures of the houses of our friends and acquaintances? A small telescope, of great penetrating power, might also be employed with advantage, to enable us to pry, in the spirit of scientific curiosity, into the interiors of kitchens, and witness, in detail, the working of that subterraneous machinery by which, more than by any other moving power, the world is swayed and governed. But we refrain from offering more suggestions on this head at present.

Here is another hint, the social importance of which will be felt by thousands of readers. We would take care to have those houses in which the children come in after dinner, marked, or *stigmatised*, with an asterisk, as Roman Catholics are distinguished in the list of the peers. By this means, those who abhor, detest, and abjure the system of a post-prandial irruption of the little Goths and Visigoths of a family, would learn in what disorderly establishments so flagrant an abuse is permitted, and would be careful to avoid their ill-omened thresholds; while those, on the other hand, who take a barbarous satisfaction in the spectacle of juvenile gluttony, as some unquestionably do, would have the corresponding advantage of knowing where that pleasure is sure to form part of the entertainment. In the same way as we propose to have a Directory indicating the several degrees of activity in the culinary department, that make such important distinctions between one roof and another, we would also have a similar key to the relative attractions of houses, in point of general gaiety and fascination; in fact we would have a key to the drawing-room as

well as a key to the kitchen. A complete town-guide ought to inform us what houses are dull and morose—what cheerful and good-natured—what abound with buxom, handsome, agreeable women—what are inhabited by duennas, and ogresses—what by blue-stockings—what by angelical people—what by evangelical—in what saloons you are liable to be riddled to death—in what punned within an inch of your life—where you may do what you like—where you must do what other people like—where people have sense enough to talk nonsense occasionally—and where they are so nonsensical as to be always sensible and steady: we would have those musical houses distinguished with marks of honour where the music is the best of its kind—in which case *alone* is music to be tolerated as a mode of entertaining company. As to those “mansions of woe,” tenanted by the common herd of piano-thumping sisters, flute-playing brothers, and choruses of squalling cousins, we would invent some new note of warning to point them out, and include them in the same statistical return with those never-enough-to-be-execrated houses where the nursery fry come in with the jellies and creams.

We have already stated how we would make our improved Directory eminently useful to young women, by a full and carefully-prepared list of bachelors, out of which a maiden must be very hard to be pleased if she cannot select some Lothario to her fancy, hard as female fancy proverbially is to hit. Of course it would be only fair to give a corresponding catalogue of marriageable ladies, for the benefit of “Cœlebs in Search of a Wife.” This part of our plan we should like to see executed with great pains and accuracy. A complete return of the girls of Dublin, with their several styles of beauty, their heights and other measurements, their talents and accomplishments, their airs, tempers, whims, caprices and propensities, their ranks and connections—and above all, their fortunes and expectations,—would be an invaluable guide to practical young men, and well worth a host of Mr. Thom’s present tables of exports and imports, corn-averages, and bills of mortality. Such a return might be made upon a model like the following:—

Christian Name.	Surname.	Style of Beauty	Fortune.	Temper.	Connections.	Accomplishments.
Victoria ...	Bourke ...	Dutch.	Uncertain.	Quick.	Connaught	Punts and paints hand-screens.
Jane Eleanora ...	De Potts ..	Pale and sentimental.	Personal property—a poodle, and a tiara of Irish diamonds.	Smooth.	Agreat many cousins in the country.	Hums tunes in private. Draws in chalk. The “Pet Pig” in the Amateur Exhibition is by her.
Henrietta ...	Ogle ...	Florid and globular.	£1,000 consols.	Changeable.	TheShabbies and Seedies.	Innumerable.
Auricula ...	Primrose..	Wan and slight.	£500, and a geranium-stand.	Dovellike.	Pastoral and rural.	Paints flowers on satin, and writes lines on linnets and cowslips.
Patty Maria ...	Parrot ...	Charming.	A fortune in herself.	Animated.	Professional.	Principally conversation.
Myrtilia ...	Skipworth.	Pretty.	£3,000 (believe the half of it)	Breezy, but only a zephyr.	Great people (in their own opinion).	Paints in oils—see her picture of “Nebuchadnezzar Smoking,” in the Amateur Exhibition.
Maria Theresa ...	Fitzdickens.	A beauty.	Immaterial.	Divine, (her mother’s report).	Official and influential.	Sings, plays, dances, paints, talks, writes, &c., &c., painted a Cenci, see it at the exhibition.
Celestina Arachne	Spinner ...	Dumpy.	Variously stated, some say £10,000, some £2000.	Might be better, might be worse.	Puseyitical.	Chaunts Requiems, and embroiders pulpit cushions.
Cecilia ...	Skylark ...	Angular.	Not much, except a lot of music, and a piping bullfinch.	Squally.	Musical.	Ut, Re, Sol, Di, Tol, Rol, De, Rol.
Augusta Constantia	Peabody...	Colossal.	Rents of houses on Peabody terrace, Rathmines.	Even and sour.	Municipal.	Made a model of Peabody Terrace in rotten-wood, and a figure of Alderman Peabody in cheese. See Am. Exhib.

There might be a separate table of widows, or they might be included in the foregoing, under the general heading of ladies in want of husbands. The necessary information for this return would be obtained with the utmost facility, for mothers would be only too glad to send in reports of the charms and accomplishments of their daughters, and the widows would be sure to give an account of themselves. With respect to drawing and painting, we would be far from insinuating that the ladies of Dublin, in getting up the Amateur Exhibition, were, in the least degree, influenced by a wish to advertise their several proficiencies with the brush and pencil; but that exhibition has certainly had

the desirable effect of disclosing the fascinating possessors of an elegant and praiseworthy accomplishment. Sensible husbands will always encourage painting in their wives, provided they paint any other faces but their own. Designing with the pencil keeps the sex from designing in other ways, not so unobjectionable; and, moreover, the domestic and sedentary nature of the occupation has a direct tendency to restrain them from gadding about town, and particularly from straying into Grafton-street, a thoroughfare to which husbands and fathers have a decided and most natural aversion. As in all probability the exhibition of amateur artists will, in due course of time, suggest the expediency of a like

exhibition of amateur musicians, for the same or like charitable purposes, Mr. Thom will, probably, before the end of the present year possess ample materials for filling up the column devoted to female accomplishments in the proposed table. It will, then, be for the marrying men of Dublin to consider whether they ought not to take steps to divulge their own agreeable qualities and acquirements, and whether they ought not to follow the example set them at the Dublin Society, and secure some other public building, or enclosure, sufficiently spacious for the display of those gentlemanlike feats, exercises, and accomplishments by which men, in search of wives, find favour in the eyes of women on the look out for husbands.

We flatter ourselves that by this time we have established a fair claim to a large participation in the profits of the Directory for 1851, improved, as it would be immensely, by the adoption of our suggestions, and obtaining an enormous increase of circulation. But we could easily add to the number of our hints. A list of bores, well classified, specifying their haunts and modes of annoyance, and giving practical directions for either shunning them, or extinguishing them, would be ten times as useful as the receipts given in the common publications for destroying mice and rats, or extirpating the far less vexatious bores of the insect kingdom. A table like this would be most welcome:—

Name.	Species of Bore.	Haunts.	Directions.
Fydgett (Francis John)	Miscellaneous and universal.	Public places, Lecture-Rooms, Meetings of Societies, Levees, Vestries, &c., wherever people can go without invitation.	Keep him at a distance, if you can ; if you cannot, be as savage to him as possible.
Daubeny (Salvator R.)	Artistic.	Art-Union Exhibitions, Auctions, Cranfield's, &c.	Whistle Lillibullero and take snuff.
Cocker (Decimus Zero)	Statistical—price of oats, tenant-right, &c.	Statistical Society, Record Offices, Chamber of Commerce, Custom-House, &c.	D—n his facts and c—d his figures.
Crofts (Don Pacifico)	Temperance and peace.	Eccles-street.	Pitch him into the Liffey, and give him his bellyful of his favourite element.
Skeleton (Joseph Thynne)	Famine and Cholera. Prospects of Ireland.	Kingstown Railway.	Throw him out, or jump out yourself.
Harrow (Triptolemus)	Agricultural—Green Crops, Guano, Thorough Draining, Smith of Deanstown, and Mr. Bullen, Spade Husbandry.	Sackville-street Agricultural Association.	When he comes to the spade husbandry, give him a <i>dig</i> .
Vigors (Hercules Armstrong)	Hypochondriac.	Medical Hall.	Congratulate him on his robust health and he will never speak to you more.
Seedy (Peto Le Poer)	Solicitor-General for all manner of Asylums, Hospitals, Institutions, and objects generally, not forgetting himself.	He appears to be ubiquitous.	Lend him a couple of guineas on his private account, on the Vicar of Wakefield's principle.

We have only one more suggestion on the present occasion, and it relates to the commercial part of the directory, in which we think we have a valuable improvement to propose. We should like to see a classification of the shops of Dublin, which would enable us to distinguish those illiberal and mercenary houses, which think more of the return of their capital than of the return of their customers, from the high-minded establishments, where the public accommodation is the first object, and their private profits a mere secondary consideration. It is obvious that nothing checks the operations of commerce, interferes with the easy, cordial, and frequent intercourse of buyer and seller, and degrades mercantile transactions into a mere sordid barter, so much as the obstacles which many tradespeople throw in the way of the most willing customers, in the form of bills, and the system of stickling for money-payments; and it is equally clear that those who conduct business on the opposite plan (that of encouraging, not repelling their customers) act on the best possible principle for filling their shops with purchasers; and must, in fact, soon monopolise all business done in their respective lines, particularly if they are careful to be always provided with the very best articles to be procured from the manufacturers. A great fuss is made about bills in Chancery, and no doubt it would be a great public service to abridge and curtail them; but for one person who is interested in the reform of bills of that kind, there are a thousand interested in reforming the equally prolix and disagreeable bills of merchants and tradesmen. After all, how few of us have anything to do with bills in Chancery; while who is there in the community who is not continually called upon to answer the bill of some wine-merchant, shoemaker, milliner,

or tailor? Why, there are very few of those people who do not file a bill against us at least once in the twelve-month; selecting, too, for that litigious and hostile proceeding the blessed season of Christmas, which might well suggest a more pacific and charitable line of conduct. But it is to be hoped, for the honour of human nature and the credit of commerce, that all shopkeepers are not equally sordid. We think the public ought to know what houses do business like Jews, and what like Christians; in what houses there is always going on a dark, malignant system of entering and recording the smallest purchase made by their oldest and best friends, for the purpose of eking out an atrocious yearly bill; and in what, on the contrary, commercial dealings are divested altogether, or as much as possible, of the innumerable littlenesses, bitternesses, and dirtinesses inseparable from the transfer of money from hand to hand. There ought, therefore, to be lists of shops and warehouses, arranged according to the facilities and encouragements afforded to their customers. The letter J to indicate the griping, mercenary and Jewish system, and C to mark the liberal, civilised, and Christian method of transacting business, would be the simplest and most appropriate way of effecting the object.

We have now done our duty, which is only to give hints, not to carry them into execution. We are not authors, makers, or publishers of directories, like Mr. Thom. It is for him to decide whether he will take our advice in 1851, or again attempt to palm upon the public, as a complete town-guide, a work so glaringly defective in the kind of information which men upon town stand most in need of, and without which a Dublin Directory is just about as useful to a Dublin woman as a Directory for Pekin or Constantinople.

ENGLISH NOTIONS OF IRISH IMPROVEMENT.

THE kingdom of Cockaigne is an important portion of the world, lying between Whitechapel on the east, and Charing Cross on the west, close by that richest of rivers, the Thames. The natives are, upon the whole, a meritorious people, though not without faults. They are nimble-witted, quick in action, smooth and voluble in speech, exceedingly conceited, full of enterprise, and incapable of permanent depression. Their natural turn for speculation and enterprise often involves them in temporary misfortune; but your cockney (who even in his most excited moments keeps accounts) settles his disordered affairs somehow or another, and begins again with apparently as much superficial vivacity and profound self-esteem as ever. Indeed, the story runs, that were a genuine cockney to be crushed by a cart on London Bridge, and then pitched over the parapet into the Thames, he would presently rise from the bottom, and be seen (perhaps with a pen behind his ear) swimming as briskly and boldly as a water-fowl among the steam-boats.

Of late years some of these people, though formerly given altogether to city pursuits, have sought to distinguish themselves in agriculture. They have both farmed, and written about farming. There is a Mr. Mechi, who attends to cutlery in Leadenhall-street, and to cultivation at Triptree Farm in Essex. Few farmers have made more splutter in the agricultural world of late years than this gentleman. He still sells cutlery in the city, and well it is for his exchequer that he does so; but his deeper thoughts are given to the operations of the plough and the writing of agricultural pamphlets. He is a devoted disciple of the new school, and ardently advocates the copious outlay of capital, even upon the most indifferent land, and in the face of foreign competition. He confesses, however, that, with all his skill, and all his ability to teach others, he has, as yet, made no money for himself by farming. From cutlery, and not from crops, his revenues are still derived.

Another city agriculturist is Mr. Hewitt Davis, who is a land-agent and auctioneer at 3, Frederick's Place, Old Jewry, and who has actually managed farms of large extent within twelve miles of Saint Paul's: for such things there are on the Surrey side of the river. He, too, is a man of the new school, and thinks that, with the capital and intelligence which are applied to affairs of trade, English agriculture may be profitably carried on even in the face of free trade, though he admits that "this sudden drop to free trade has deprived every farmer of a fifth of his capital, and must ruin a numerous class, who are unable to withstand so large and sudden a deprivation of their means to work their farms." One thing Mr. Davis does not explain, however, and that is, how he escaped making a great fortune by his large farms when prices were high, since he thinks that even at present prices, by attention to his admirable methods of cultivation, a fair profit may still be made.

In agricultural literature Mr. Hewitt Davis surpasses the gentleman in Leadenhall-street. He has protested, in sundry potent pamphlets, against the waste of corn from the practice of too thickly sowing, and has gravely assured the public that in this very way from seven to eight millions sterling per annum are not only wasted, but much worse than that, for the mischief done to the crops, by the superabundance of plants in the ground, is even a greater loss than the cost of the superfluous seed. He has also enlarged on the heresy of hedge-rows, and the hopelessness of successful farming in "timber-smothered" land. All this is for the benefit of the English; but Mr. Davis is not content with teaching the English: he has his scheme for Ireland, too; and it is on this account that we have done ourselves the honour to take his last two-shilling pamphlet into our serious consideration.

Mr. Hewitt Davis asks himself the important question, "What can be done to improve Ireland?" And though he admits that the question has been often

asked before, and appears to have "constantly baffled the consideration of the wisest heads," it does not appear to give him much trouble to find an answer. He confesses, indeed, to some diffidence in offering a new suggestion, and affirms that it is only "the strong need" for something being done that induces him to offer his plan to the public. It is clear enough that if the need for a plan of improvement be strong, the diffidence of the kind projector is not; but it is not at all certain that his suggestion is as "new" as he thinks it. We must, however, give this gentleman of the Old Jewry great credit for his benevolence. He says he has in view not only the improvement of the husbandry of Ireland, but the amendment of the morals, habits, and condition of its agricultural labourers. Think of this gentleman, in the very heart of the innocent city of London, and in that part of it called "Frederick's Place," sacred to Israelites without guile—think of his patriotic concern for the morals of Irish labourers in Ireland! But how is the reformation to be effected? First, after the manner of some eminent rhetoricians, he tells us how the thing desiderated is *not* to be done. He would not, he says, attempt it "by introducing Scotch and English farmers as examples to the natives." This, he assures us, has frequently been done, and has signally failed. The Irish, in his opinion, will not learn from *foreign* examples. Their prejudices, settled habits, and customs are obstacles that a stranger cannot overcome. But Mr. Hewitt Davis is not therefore daunted. Much, he thinks, might be done by making *British-taught* Irishmen the teachers and fellow-labourers of the Irish—"thus shewing them the improvement *they are capable of*"—and bringing home to them masters against whom they would have no Irish prejudices. He would make managers of *natives* "who, understanding their feelings and humours, would not be prevented, by running counter to them, from leading them into new ways." Mr. Davis believes that this, as all experience has shewn, is the only mode by which improvement may be grafted on a native stock. Having thus fixed his principles of improvement in his own mind, this agricultural Socrates of the Old Jewry, in the city of Lon-

don, proceeds to lay down his plan, in which bucolic and benevolent philosophy are equally conspicuous; to say nothing of the little episodic expedient of getting the services of strong Irish lads of sixteen and upwards, not only *gratis*, but accompanied with a small premium! Here is the plan of this "diffident" projector:—

"Most persons are acquainted with the parochial practice pursued in England, of apprenticing out to mechanical trades and services the pauper children, as they attain sufficient maturity. Of the advantages of this system the public are generally sensible. I allude not so much to the relief from their charge, that results from thus providing for them, but rather to the good that is done to society by the conversion into useful members that takes place, of those who otherwise would prove an increasing clog, and a fruitful source of mischief. Many important improvements have originated from this source, and high civic honours have been attained by means of the education thus given; and I would suggest that a similar practice, modified and extended to the sons of small farmers, might readily be adopted in Ireland, and with this advantage to the youths, that their masters being found them in England or Scotland, their education should be superior to that to be gained at home.

"By the assistance of Government, a general system of apprenticing to this country might be easily arranged. For the sake of having their services *gratis*, and a small premium, farming and other masters might readily be found to accept for three or four years lads of the age of sixteen and upwards. My idea is that youths so domesticated and trained would get accustomed to a higher order of comforts, and readily and permanently acquire knowledge and habits that they afterwards would take back to Ireland, returning *with the improved feelings that higher civilisation generates*, freed of their own prejudices, and without the impediment of that of the natives to work against them."

Gibbon, in his arbour at Lausanne, when he put the last finishing-touch to his "Decline and Fall," can scarcely have been more pleased with himself than this gentleman, in his back-office in the Old Jewry, after concluding the foregoing paragraph. He doubtless imagined the success of his plan; and in his mind's eye he observed these youths returning to Ireland "with the improved feelings that higher civilisation generates," and with that enlarged sense of generosity and joviality which

an apprenticed labourer in an English farm-house is so likely to acquire—returning to Ireland to impress upon the “natives” the superiority of English ways, and the advantage of imitating English habits. The Irish people, however, sometimes also indulge in meditation; and it may occur to them that the civilisation of the labourers in the English agricultural districts is not of a very high order. A book is extant, under the title of “A Report on the Employment of Women and Children in Agriculture in England;” and having perused that, we do not gather from it that agricultural apprentices were highly civilised, or likely so to be. Their thoughts, when they had any, seemed chiefly bent upon food. Their “higher civilisation” tended altogether to a good bellyful. *Ingenii largitor venter*, is a fancy of the satiric poet; but here the operation seems to be the other way. The following is a sample of the evidence from Devonshire:—

“I was apprenticed soon after I was nine years old. My master had a good deal of land; he had four or five apprentices besides me. I had a good place. I never was beaten or ill-used by my master; but I was badly used by the other apprentices. Apprentices always beat each other, go wherever you will. I had plenty to eat and drink. We all got dinner together. We had meat every day—generally boiled pork; sometimes we might have mutton. We had broth for breakfast sometimes; at other times fried bacon and potatoes. I always had a bellyful; *if short one day, I made up for it the next*. The boys and men (eight or nine of them) slept in one room. I went to school before I was apprenticed, but not afterwards. I went to a Sunday-school, but I had to give it up: I had to attend to cattle. I think my place was a very good one. I don’t think other places in general were so good. I have heard other apprentices speak differently of their places to what I do.”

We wish to do all justice to the farm-labourers of England. They are a patient, hard-working race, who eat their victuals quietly, and have a great reverence for the parish constable; but we never heard that they were remarkable either for intelligence or civilisation; and it really occurs to us, notwithstanding the gravity of Mr. Davis, that there is something highly ludicrous in the notion of teaching a “higher civilisation” to

Irish lads, by making them the associates of English farmers’ labourers. There is, indeed, something appropriate to the condition of agricultural Ireland under the blessings of Peelite legislation, in recommending for its benefit the same treatment which is applied to the children of English paupers; but this has a touch of satiric bitterness, scarcely to have been expected from the benevolent philosopher of the Old Jewry.

But if Mr. Hewitt Davis had given himself the trouble to study the history of Ireland, either in the earlier times of British connexion, or in more modern times, he would have found that his plan, however admirable, is by no means original. Centuries ago the sons of Irish chiefs were occasionally brought up and trained in England, in order that, at their maturity, they might transplant English tastes and habits to their own country. Some forty years ago, it occurred to one of the bright political geniuses of the time to send the Irish militia regiments to serve in England, while the English came to Ireland—the intention being, that the Irish should acquire English habits, while the English should set an example in this country for the common people to follow. The design was plausible—but who can control nature? No one. Irish habits with all their faults—and we do not seek to extenuate them—have a something in them which does not give way to, but rather absorbs the “higher civilisation” of the English into itself. For nearly seven hundred years it has been found that the English who settle here, gradually become “more Irish than the Irish themselves;” while it does not appear that the force either of example, or habit, or association, will give a permanent British character to the Irish. We notice this as a fact in natural history. Some may think it a great misfortune—others may judge very differently; but, whatever the true philosophy of the matter may be, it is but prudent to have regard to the fact.

Perhaps it is not impossible to account for it. Not many weeks ago we met near the Exchange of Liverpool, as one goeth towards the docks, a man in coarse but not ragged clothing, who looked as if he would not be offend-

ed if porter's service were offered him.

"Will you carry a carpet-bag for me, my good fellow, down to the Irish packet?"

"An' welcome, your honor."

"You can show me the way at the same time, for I don't know where to find her?"

"To be sure, sir; is it the Dublin packet or the Kingstown packet?"

"The one that carries the mail."

"That's the Kingstown, and a beautiful boat she is that you'll go in. Tomorrow mornin', at daylight, you'll be in the place I left five year ago, and never went back."

"Then you found it more agreeable to live here, I suppose?"

"No, sir, divil a bit; but this is a place, sir, where you can airn the penny, an' that's the reason I stay; but I never liked the place nor the people, an' never will."

"I should like to know what it is that you dislike in the people here?"

"Why, sir, there's no *heart* in them at all at all. It's all for the money. It's *that* they're thinkin' of, mornin', noon, an' night."

"I'm sorry for that: their religion ought to teach them better."

"Oh, is it religion, sir? Divil a much of that it is that troubles them."

By this time we had arrived at the vessel, and our colloquy ended. But here was a man who, after five years of that apprenticeship which Mr. Hewitt Davis desiderates, would not have thought himself more highly civilised by the acquisition of English habits, nor willingly have introduced them at home if he had the opportunity. We do not object to London writers, agricultural or political, for holding the opinion that there is "strong need" for something being done for the improvement of Ireland, and also of Irish habits in many respects; but if they suppose that there is such a fascination and attractiveness in English habits, and in the strictly commercial civilisation which now prevails, as to give rise to a passion of imitation in the breasts of all who behold them, we must say that they labour under a fond delusion, which (for the sake of truth) the sooner they get rid of the better. No doubt we have our "prejudices," and something more, which we should do well to correct and reform; but we

should *not* do well to become mere slaves of mercantile profit—to throw away all sentiment and feeling—to make our upper and middle classes worshippers of full purses, and our working classes find their heaven in fat pork. Bad as we may be, *that* is not the kind of reform and improvement which we require.

Mr. Hewitt Davis sees two obstacles, and only two, to his beautiful plan for the civilisation and enlightenment of the Irish people. The first is the expense; and the second is the possibility that many of the apprentices, enlightened and civilised by their association with English agricultural labourers, would not return to Ireland. These obstacles, however, are, according to his own elegant expression, to be "gotten over." As to the expense, he thinks that a premium of £25, and an outfit of £10, would be sufficient to secure masters for the apprentices, who, *in return for their labour*, would teach and maintain them for three or four years. Looking to the advantages that would alternately result to both countries from an outlay of £35,000 a-year (the London projector has not the slightest scintilla of doubt as to the efficacy of his plan), in thus annually providing one thousand disciples for Ireland's improvement, the expense does not appear to him a consideration to prevent "a design of so much promise" from being tried.

But, then, as to the apprentices not returning from the delights of English agricultural labour to civilise their own country—this Mr. Hewitt Davis would meet by proposing that persons thus qualified, and *duly recommended*, should be made preferentially eligible for certain government posts and official situations; and besides this, in his opinion, their value in Ireland as farmers, bailiffs, overseers, gardeners, and the like, would soon be felt, and would be certain of becoming so highly appreciated by private individuals, as to ensure them valuable engagements. This is very fine and highly plausible; but we never heard before that the apprentices of English farmers became so remarkably intelligent that they could act as bailiffs, overseers, gardeners, and the like. On the contrary, we have always heard from Lord John Russell, who leads the Whig party, down to Mr. Roebuck, who leads him-

self, that English farmers in general are the dullest of the dull, and the coarsest of the coarse; so that unless they can teach what they themselves do not know, it does not appear how the proposed "apprentices" are to become the uncommonly smart fellows that Mr. Hewitt Davis so sapiently anticipates. The Report we have already quoted from contains the evidence of a great many apprentices, and they make frequent mention of how much beef they got, and how much beating; but of knowledge, beyond ploughing or herding cattle, we hear nothing in this evidence.

Our enlightened citizen refers to the wisdom of the Pacha of Egypt, shewn in the *similar* steps he has taken to improve his dominions, whereby he "has *entailed* an advance of knowledge, and a triumph over *native barbarity and ignorance*, that in no other way could have been effected. But what has the Pacha done? According to Mr. Hewitt Davis, he has, "for some years past, been annually sending native youths to the best schools and colleges in Europe, in order to supply instructors for the renovation of his country." Now, what is there in this "similar" to sending apprentices who are to work for English farmers, in consideration of being maintained, and taught as much of farming as English farmers know? What similarity is there between the labourers' department of an English farm, and "the best schools and colleges in Europe?" This London citizen is certainly a rare fellow at a comparison. The representative of Echo, in Galway county, who responded "Pretty well, I thank you" to the shout "How d'you do, Paddy Blake?" had scarcely so fanciful a notion of similarity as Mr. Hewitt Davis. We are, however, much obliged to him for ranking our

"native barbarity and ignorance" with that of Egypt. If we cannot feel very profound respect for the pervading commercialism which broods over everything in England, we can indulge in the gravest reverence for the antiquities of Egypt. The ruins of Thebes seem to us more honourable than the novelties of Brummagem, and to have *had* Memphis, appears to us a greater glory than to *have* — Manchester!

In concluding his chapter upon what may be done for the improvement of Ireland, this civic philosopher is pleased to make, with reference to our country, the following observations:—

"The difficulty to improve a native population, by foreign examples brought home to them by strangers, I think is very evident from general history. Wherever colonies have been established, the original race appear to have either retreated, or remained for ages a distinct people, scarcely borrowing any improvement from *their more enlightened neighbours*; and further, the extinction of the colony has generally left the original race to quickly return to its *original barbarity*. How little have the natives of any country ever borrowed of the customs or habits brought home to them *by their conquerors*!"

What a dulcet voice this is, from Frederick's Place, Old Jewry, in the city of London! Whether Mr. Hewitt Davis has been a profound student of "general history," may, perhaps, be matter of doubt. There can, however, be no doubt at all that, if he had a just antipathy to what is in Greek called *απιστοκαλία*, that is, the conduct of one who is wanting in the knowledge of what is polite and becoming, he would have refrained from a paragraph which is either wholly irrelevant to the matter in hand, or a gratuitous insult.

MEMOIRS OF PRINCE RUPERT.*

ALTHOUGH the age of chivalry has long since passed away, and our natures have altered with the changing aspect of the times in which our lot is cast, it is still pleasant and instructive in these days of cotton lords and mushroom gentility—when gold appears the test of worth—to linger over the glories of old times, and to trace in the mouldering annals of the past the histories of men eminent alike under the mantle and the shield—to contemplate the knightly devotion which loyalty to a fallen cause elicited in high and noble natures—to see from the records of dim tradition the forms of long forgotten warriors pass in review before us—to hold converse with them, centuries after they have passed away—to trace the passions and generous emotions by which their trusty hearts were once so profoundly stirred; and in the glorious memories of the Past to gain a temporary oblivion from the toilsome cares of the bustling and mercenary Present.

There can be no question that the labours and lucubrations of recent essayists and historians, attracted by a period of our history—the thrilling interest of which has opened a field so fertile for their labours—have been mainly directed to the task of disinterring from oblivion those stern fanatics who deluged in seas of blood the fair and fertile fields of England, and of investing their character with all that is noble and attractive. In the attainment of that object, they one and all seem too much disposed to forget the darker shades of their nature; and while all the odium of these unhappy contests has been heaped with a lavish hand upon the unfortunate monarch, the crimes and cruelties which disgraced them have been kept in the background.

We are glad, therefore, this book has made its appearance. The glittering sophistries of Macaulay—the maudlin rhapsodies of Carlyle, and the painful laboriousness of Forster,

have alike failed to shake our sympathies with the ill-starred race of the Stuarts. We have no fancy for fierce and gloomy Puritans, who marched into battle snuffing a psalm tune, and murdered kings and archbishops in cold blood. They may have been made the instruments of effecting much of that constitutional freedom which we now enjoy; but they were vile instruments. We turn with disgust and abhorrence from the vulgar crew to the Cavaliers—those sturdy and true men whose loyalty braved the storm of many a battle-field.

Those gallant men have at least been rescued from the cloud of oblivion which seemed darkening down upon their memory. Prince Rupert, with his associates, we had been accustomed to regard rather as shadowy forms which flitted darkly across the page of history, than as real, earnest, practical men, of thews and sinews, and flesh and blood like our own. Here, however, after a lapse of two hundred years, the gallant leader starts from the canvas, clothed in all the hues of life and reality—we have him living and breathing before us in all the phases of his chequered career. We see the child dandled at his baptismal font in the mailed hands of the grim Transylvanian Count—the brave boy fighting with all the impetuous gallantry of his nature against the hereditary foe of his father's kingdom—now a prisoner in the grim old fortress of Lintz, watching time, and the dark river rolling by. We see him with his great dogge, Boye, once more on English soil. We have him charging home at Worcester, or undismayed amid the carnage at Marston Moor, vainly endeavouring, with desperate gallantry, to retrieve the fortunes of that awful day; then we see him an admiral upon the Spanish main, sailing under the standard of the old vikings; and at length, after a life of adventures, stranger than those of any hero of old renown, retiring to his house in Spring-

* “Memoirs of Prince Rupert and the Cavaliers; including their Private Correspondence.” Edited by Elliot Warburton, Esq. 3 vols. 8vo. London: Richard Bentley.

gardens, where death found him occupied in the peaceful pursuits of altered times. Each passage of his history, from the cradle to the grave, is laid before us. We linger over every incident which develops more strongly the chivalrous devotion of his ardent nature, and view him, at the last, as a knight, indeed, without fear and without reproach.

In casting a rapid, retrospective glance over the battles, sieges, and fortunes which the pages of Mr. Warburton's book unfold to our view, our minds are irresistibly led to the conclusion, that many of the disasters which befel the royal cause—that cause which, as the author forcibly puts it, was once the cause of half of England—may be, without doubt, traced to the want of discipline and organisation which unfortunately prevailed in the king's army. The battles which were gained seem to have been won more by good fortune, than by the systematic acting upon any well-conceived or well-arranged plan; while those that were lost appear to have been recklessly thrown away by an unhappy rashness, which would heed no warning, or profit by no example. We find, for instance, in almost every battle, that the charge of the cavalry was irresistible; it broke through and overwhelmed every impediment; But then it not unfrequently happened, that after the successful charge, the victors, turning round, saw the battle behind them either lost, or in irretrievable confusion. Carried away by their impetuosity, they have pursued the broken host; and in the meantime their friends, deprived of their assistance, have been overwhelmed in their turn. Such was the case at Marston Moor, at Hastings, and many another fight besides. But we anticipate: and before we go further in our observations upon the work before us, we must present to the notice of our readers the portrait of Prince Rupert which Mr. Warburton has drawn:—

“Prince Rupert was now nearly twenty three—the *beau idéal* of a gallant cavalier. His figure tall, vigorous, and symmetrical, would have been somewhat stately but for its graceful bearing and noble ease. A vehement, yet firm character, predominates in the countenance, combined into a certain gentleness, apparent only in the thoughtful, but not pen-

sive eyes. Large, dark, and well-formed eyebrows overarch a high-bred Roman nose; the upper lip is finely cut, but somewhat supercilious in expression; the lower part of the mouth and chin have a very different meaning, and impart a tone of iron resolution to the whole countenance; long, flowing hair (through which, doubtless, curled the romantic love lock) flowed over the wide-embroidered collar, or the scarlet cloak; he wore neither beard nor moustaches, then almost universal, and his cheek, though bronzed by exposure, was marked by a womanly dimple. On the whole, our cavalier must have presented an appearance as attractive in a lady's eye, and as unlovely in a Puritan's, as Vandyke ever immortalised. Such was the aspect of the young Palatine, who won for himself a name so renowned in the traditions of our civil wars, yet so uncertain in their history. He is now riding side-by-side with his royal kinsman to Nottingham, on the way to the opening scene of the great tragedy. A strong wind was sweeping over the wide valley of the Trent, then unenclosed by fences, and only marked at wide intervals by some low, strong farm-houses, with innumerable gables. In the distance, locally relieved against the stormy sky, rose the stern old Castle of Nottingham; a flag-staff, as yet innocent of the fatal standard, was visible on its highest tower. Long peace and security had invested the country round with a very different aspect from that which Rupert had lately seen in Germany—a prosperous peasantry were gathering in a plentiful harvest. There was no symptom anywhere of the approaching war, until the royal cavalcade passed by. The greater part of the Prince's cavalry were there, but they were scantily furnished with the basnet or steel cap, and the back and breast-plate that then formed the essential harness of a trooper; for arms they had nothing but their swords. The equipment of the king and the young general was almost as simple. The plumed hat of the time was only laid aside on the day of battle, and not always then by the reckless Rupert. A short cloak of the Prince's was of scarlet cloth, and large cavalry boots almost enveloped the remainder of the person. A slender train of heralds and pursuivants, and some gentlemen-at-arms, complete the cavalcade. Such was the royal progress to the head-quarters of the Cavaliers.”

Having thus presented this picture to the notice of our readers, we shall give a brief sketch of the history of the original, as set forth in the pages of our author. But ere we enter upon this task, it may be as well to indicate those sources of information from which Mr. Warburton has drawn the materials for his biography. These materials, for the most

part, consist of a collection of letters formerly in the possession of Colonel Bennet, the secretary of Prince Rupert, and since transmitted in unbroken descent to the present representative of the family, Mr. Bennet, of Pyt House, member of parliament for the southern division of Wiltshire, from whom we believe Mr. Bentley, the enterprising publisher, purchased them at a large price; thus affording to the public, as well as to the author, who has under taken to edit the correspondence, a collection of materials for this valuable history.

The Bennet collection, we are informed by Mr. Warburton, consist—First, of one thousand original letters from the leading Cavaliers, containing, among the number, many original letters from Charles the First and Second, the Dukes of York, Richmond, and Buckingham, Lords Worcester, Hertford, Newcastle, Clarendon, Goring, Digby, Langdale, Culpepper, Will Legge, and Asburton.

Secondly, an imperfect and fragmentary manuscript relating to the early life of the Prince.

Thirdly, a manuscript containing the Prince's adventures as admiral of the royal fleet, and his buccaneering exploits on the Spanish main.

Fourthly, Prince Rupert's diary, a vague chronological collection of anecdotes relating to the Prince. In addition to these sources of information, the editor has consulted the Lansdowne, Harleian, Bodleian, Ashmolean libraries, and the collection in the State Paper Office. This extensive collection has been culled out into three handsome volumes, through which the stream of narrative flows along its course, somewhat impeded by copious notes and references.

There can be no question that Mr. Warburton possesses certain qualities which eminently fit him to command success. He has a considerable command of language, and a happy knack at vivid and forcible description. He should not, however, allow his taste for the romantic to carry him away into extravagance. With one word of reprehension upon this head, we must return to the personal adventures of Prince Rupert.

When the Emperor Ferdinand of Gratz, in consequence of his piratical proceedings and his wanton cruelties,

had given mortal offence, among his other subjects, to the people of Bohemia, they asserted their independent rights, and having seized Ferdinand in his palace, and thrown the imperial commissioners out of the window, made him sign his abdication, and offered the crown to the drunken Duke of Saxony, who having refused the honour, it was offered to and accepted by Frederick Prince Palatine of the Rhine. He was son-in-law of the King of England, his wife being Princess Elizabeth, the sister of Charles the First: Prince Rupert, the subject of the present biography, was their son. No cloud of future sorrow darkened the opening days of the gentle reign of her who was called the Pearl of Britain. She had spent the earlier hours of her life happy and blessed among her subjects of the Palatinate at Heidelberg. Many a summer evening have we wandered along the terrace-garden of the ancient ruined castle which is still pointed out as that which claimed the peculiar care of this gentle lady, when these stately halls, so desolate now, were thronged with brilliant guests, and the flower of Europe's chivalry bowed beneath the gentle reign of her who was not unaptly called the Queen of Hearts.

The christening of the little prince must have been from all accounts a brilliant affair: princes and nobles assembled to witness the auspicious event, and the infant was nursed at the baptismal font by the mailed hands of grim warriors,—Bethlehem Gabor, an ingenious and daring savage, standing godfather by proxy in the person of Count Thurtzo—a species of martial dandling, observes Mr. Warburton, which suited well to the future fortunes of the child. The young kingdom of Bohemia did not long survive the perils by which infant states are assailed; its childhood was ricketty, and one by one the royal allies of its palmy days of peace fell away. Austria rose against the king—his territory was invaded, and her troops, flushed by victory, were already thundering at the gates of Prague, when, over the passes of the Wesenburg, amid the wintry snow, went forth the young Queen, with her ill-fated spouse, the monarch of an hour, and the child Rupert, who, in the hurry of departure, had been tumbled into the car.

riage-boot, where his lusty cries soon afforded to the royal fugitives a satisfactory proof that he was not only alive, but likely to do well.

The gloomy walls of the old castle of Custrin afforded a brief refuge to the deposed monarch, who finally took up his residence afterwards in a palace at the Hague, where he spent the remainder of his days, liberally maintained by these republican states. The education of the young prince was carefully carried on at the University of Leyden; his predisposition evidently inclining in favour of a military life, he rapidly acquired the accomplishments which in those days were considered necessary; and so rapid was his progress, that he had not more than completed his sixteenth year when we find him serving in the Life Guards of the Prince of Orange. It was about this period that his first visit was paid to England, where he was hospitably welcomed by that monarch whose ill-starred fortunes he was afterwards to share; he spent a year in England—a pleasant and a quiet year, saith his biographer—caressed and flattered, basking in both court and country's sunshine, and imbibing in return such a love for his mother country, that he thenceforth looked upon it as his own, with an undivided sense of patriotism. Favours were showered down upon him: Laud offered to make him a bishop, and the King lord lieutenant of Madagascar, both of which liberal offers the prince magnanimously declined; somebody else, we forget who, wanted to give him a wife and an heiress to boot, an offer which few young gentlemen similarly circumstanced would have refused. The soldier of fortune, however, rejected the silken bonds of matrimony, and the negotiations, which were off and on a considerable period, were at length terminated by Mademoiselle Rohan, the young lady in question, giving her fair hand to another. The Prince soon afterwards went over to assist the Prince of Orange, "then besieging the strong town of Breda." The siege was stoutly contested, the defenders of the town being many and valiant; but the place was at length carried after some desperate fighting, Rupert distinguished himself, in an attack upon a corn-mill, by that desperate gallantry for which he

afterwards became so remarkable. The Prince having returned to the Hague, threw himself with unabated ardour into his favourite military pursuits; he commanded a regiment of cavalry, and fought gallantly against the ancient foe of his father's kingdom at Limgo; borne away by his own impetuous daring, he found himself separated from his troops, and hemmed in by the enemy in overwhelming numbers. Thus forced to bay—

"And turned he as not deigning
These craven ranks to see."

No thought of retreat ever occurred to the Prince's mind; he struggled on through his enemies as fast as horse and sword could carve their way, when suddenly he found himself the object of attack to a score of cuirassiers; he turned for a moment to cheer on his men, and found himself alone; with a desperate effort he broke through his assailants, and soon after, to his surprise, found himself surrounded by the eager enemy. For a moment he was unable to account for the neglect, until he observed that the Austrians all wore a white ribband in their helmets as the sign; he had by chance adopted the same mark, to render himself conspicuous to his followers; and as he rode through the confused and still struggling bands, under this disguise, he observed one of the cornets whom Lord Craven had brought up struggling with a few gallant soldiers to defend the Elector's standard. In a moment Rupert was in the *melee*, fighting fiercely till his last comrade fell; then, once more bursting from his assailants, he rode at a high wall—his exhausted horse refused it, and sunk upon the ground; his pursuers rushed forward to seize him, but, striking down the foremost man, he refused all quarter, and fought desperately on, until, overwhelmed with numbers, and borne by sheer force to the ground, Colonel Lippe struck up the visor of his helmet, and, not knowing his face, demanded who he was. "A colonel," replied the Palatine. "Sacrement," cried the grey-haired veteran, "you are a young one." Just then General Hatzfield rode up; he immediately recognised his prisoner, addressed him with respect, and committed him in charge to Colonel Devereux.

The result of this action, as far as the Prince was concerned, was his transmission to the Castle of Lintz, where he was detained prisoner for nearly three years. The governor of the castle, Count Kuffstein, had the Emperor's order to secure, if possible, the services of so promising a soldier; so it occurred to him that the best way of effecting this object was to make a convert of the young heretic. The Prince, however, proved a more sturdy Protestant than was anticipated; and probably his education made him more than a match for the Count, in the rude theology of the day. There was, however, at work an influence which might have proved more subversive of Prince Rupert's orthodoxy than the theology of the Count. We shall permit the author to narrate this remarkable passage of his hero's history in his own words:—

"Among the few recreations permitted to the Prince was an occasional dinner with the governor, and free access to his gardens. It was destined that his imprisonment, as well as his chivalric career, should lack nothing of the requirements of romance. Strange as it may read in these matter-of-fact pages, Count Kuffstein had a daughter, an only, cherished child, who lived in his stern old castle, like the delicate Dryad of some gnarled tree. She was 'one of the brightest beauties of her age,' and rarely gifted, 'no lesse excelling in the charmes of her minde than of her faire bodye.' The imagination of the reader will easily supply what the faithful historian is not permitted to record. How the heroism, the misfortunes, and the noble person of her royal captive, touched her imagination: how the impetuous young Prince, whose thoughts had ever fed on tales of love and glory, passed his time in that grim castle hitherto without an object, save to watch time and the old Danube rolling by: how this fair girl dawned upon his gloomy life, charged by her father to cheer her royal prisoner, and, if it might be, to win his soul over to the ancient faith. Does the reader pity him—or even her? Though soon to be forsaken, she never was forgotten in all the wild vicissitudes of his dangerous and reckless career; and to woman's foolish heart even this is something. And for him—how often, when wearied of the doomed yet charmed life he bore, must his thoughts have flown back to that fair girl: back, from the hushed ambush, or raging battle-field, or stormy seas, to those quiet and innocent days, when he listened to her loving controversy, as they stood by the antique battlements, with the old Danube rolling by!

"We are not writing romance, but actual biography, gleaned painfully out from crabbed old manuscripts, through which her character still shines fair and purely. For those quaint old letters tell me that thenceforward 'hee never named her without admiration, and expressing a devotion to serve her with his life;' and it requires nothing more to tell me that her honour had been guarded by his own.

"Nevertheless, with war resounding all around him, with so many prizes to be fought for, and so much glory to be won, Mdle. de Kuffstein must have sometimes found it a hard task to cheer her captive in his cage. How his young spirit must have chafed as he saw glimpses of the war roll by and vanish far away. And to loose himself from this captivity, this living grave, he had but one word to utter; he had but to follow the example of the chivalrous Henry of Navarre, to profess himself a proselyte, and to be free. His royal uncle, his imperial enemy, his lady-love, his worldly interest, were all in favour of the change; his own conviction, his own brave and manly heart alone against it. Be this remembered when his many errors are recounted!

"Even his prison had its incidents, and his quiet life its vicissitudes: sometimes, as armies were passing by, some happier leader, hot from his war-horse, would pay the royal prisoner a hurried visit of curiosity or condolence, and cheerily must the clank of sword and spur have sounded to his ears."

Notwithstanding the charm lent to it by this tender episode, the Prince's life in the old castle seems to have passed gloomily enough; besides the friendship of the young lady, he made the acquaintance of a hare and a "beautiful white dogge." This was Boye, whose character the writer of a pamphlet found in the Bodleian Library, has thus quaintly given:—"I have kept," he says, "a very strict eye upon this dogge, whom I cannot conclude to be a downright divell, but some Lapland lady, once, by nature, a handsome white ladye, but now, by art, a handsome white dogge; his mother's name, we are further informed, was Puddle." This poor dog, the faithful companion of all the eventful passages of his master's career, was killed at the battle of Marston Moor. They had forgotten to take him off the field before the action commenced, and, strange to say, with him seemed to have departed the Prince's good fortune.

Frequent efforts had, in the meantime been made to procure the liberation of Prince Rupert, which, how-

ever, were for a long time in vain, as he indignantly refused to comply with the stipulation that he should never carry arms against Ferdinand. His release was at length effected through the mediation of Colonel Leslie, who had influence with the Emperor. Once at liberty, the Prince received numerous offers from continental monarchs anxious to secure his services. Rejecting them all, he returned to England just in time to witness the setting up of the royal standard, the king having intimated to him "that in the event of a war he would be very welcome to him." Thus fairly launched in his career, his history becomes for some time merged in that of the king, and of those events which were shaking England to its centre. Having paid a brief visit to Prague, the scene of his father's short-lived glory and lasting sorrow, he passed through Saxe, and joined the King at Leicester Abbey, where he received the important command of the royal cavalry, at that time amounting to the formidable array of eight hundred horse!

Considerations of time and space will not admit of our discussing, within these narrow limits, the manner in which Mr. Warburton has handled those great constitutional questions then at issue between the king and the parliament. He has gleaned, with great industry and labour, from the various writers, their opinions, and formed the whole into a compendium which occupies the principal portion of his first volume; which, familiar as it must be to every historical reader, we think he might have safely ventured to omit, without prejudice to the interest of his work. We must make room here for the author's description of the setting up of the royal standard, which, like most of his descriptions, is vivid and graphic:—

"The standard must be raised without further delay, and with the natural impulse of precipitating an inevitable catastrophe, the doomed king pressed forward resolutely, however sadly, to his fate. Well might he be 'very melancholy;' well might the shadow of his soul's misfortune be dark upon that brow—that lofty brow, so familiar to our memory. How many of us can recollect our childish sympathy, for the first time touched by the power of art, as we gazed upon the portrait

of that mournful face: the innocent boyish enthusiasm that kindled within us as we heard from loyal lips of the wrongs and sufferings for which so many of our fathers died. It was only in after years, when reluctantly forced to abandon the once literal creed of 'kings can do no wrong,' that we detected other characteristics besides those of nobleness and truth in the martyr-monarch of Vandyke and the Cavaliers. Yet even then, when better read in the dark facts and darker calumnies that history reveals, we trace in those sad features the characters of weakness rather than of wickedness; the unerring signs of a vacillating mind are visible; and that high-arched brow and uncertain lip, the delicate, soft hand and droops by his side, with all the helpless grace of a girl, the very attitude in which he stands, all bespeak a spirit ill-calculated to encounter the storms of a state. It is only after misfortune and disappointment had done their work that these characteristics become visible in the portraits of Charles. From the very first, even when he sat to Velasquez, during his romantic visit to romantic Spain, buoyed up by the lusty youth and a bridegroom's hope, even then his portrait wears a sad, doomed look, as if he felt already destined to expiate the crimes and follies of his tyrant ancestors."

We have neither time nor space to follow Prince Rupert through the infinite series of engagements in which, from this period, he bore a prominent part; if not the "director of the whole war," as he is made out by Mr. Warburton, there is abundant evidence to shew that most of the arrangements connected with its details were left to his management; and extracts from the correspondence of the various generals shew that a large discretion was entrusted to the nephew of the King, often, we fear, rather unwarily, for he was even more distinguished by the reckless bravery of a Sabreur, than by any of the more cautious qualities which would fit him for arranging the combinations, or directing the movements of armies. In whatever could be accomplished by chivalrous daring, and an enthusiastic devotion to the cause of the King, he was never found deficient; but we fear he was largely wanting in those other more important qualifications we have mentioned. There was also at work an influence which, by slow degrees, undermining his authority, at length totally destroyed it; and this was in the person of the Queen, who, for some unaccountable reason, was actuated by

the strangest jealousy of him. This fatal influence, long at work, did not seem to produce any results, so long as victory smiled upon the royal standard. The tide, however, once turned, it was soon felt; and perhaps the ill-feeling that existed was in no small degree aggravated by the jealousy of the English officers, who could not have seen, without a pang, honours showered down upon this foreign Prince which they had never been able to obtain. He had been created Duke of Cumberland, Earl of Holderness, President of Wales, distinctions which, however evanescent, could scarcely fail to excite towards him the ill-will of many of these soldiers of fortune by whom the King was surrounded. We must pause here for a moment to present to our readers the picture of the battle of Marston Moor, which is drawn with great brilliancy and effect.

It had often been asserted or intimated by many contemporary historians, Lord Clarendon among the number, that the fatal battle of Marston Moor was lost by the rashness of Prince Rupert; in fact, that he fought it without orders. A letter is extracted here from the King to Prince Rupert, which contains an abundant justification, if not a direct sanction, for his proceedings: a document to which the Prince attached so much importance, that, we are informed, he carried it about his person to his dying day. It contains marginal notes by Dr. Watts, his chaplain, and the transcriber of his diary; besides the King's express desire that the Prince should march, with all the force at his disposal, to the relief of York; but should York, by the time it reached him, have unfortunately been lost, he was to lose no time in proceeding to Worcester, with his whole strength. To York, accordingly, the Prince proceeded, having been joined by Goring's troops. Emerging from Gawtreay Forest, on the first of July, 1644, the Royalist army caught the first glimpse of the confederated army of Roundheads. The relief of York having been effected in a masterly manner, the rebels drew their men off through Marston, a village distant about seven miles; and Rupert entered York, where he was joined by the Duke of Newcastle. A council of war was held upon the night after his arrival; when, after

the discussion of various propositions, it was finally determined, on the authority of the King's urgent orders, to give the enemy battle. But we must now permit our author to speak for himself:—

"The day was drawing to a close when all these dispositions were completed. Lord Newcastle seems at first to have determined to absent himself altogether from the action; but his nobler nature prevailed, and at length he drove off to the battle-field 'in his coach-and-six.' Rupert, now informed of the scarcity in the enemy's camp, resolved to defer his attack until the morrow. His guns were only allowed to play occasionally on the enemy to keep them in check. But the same motive that induced the Prince to defer the battle impelled the enemy to bring it on; at least so Cromwell was resolved to do. For some hours the armies stood gazing on each other; nearly fifty thousand kindred men, instigated by the strongest passion of hostility that ever animated the hearts of fair and open combatants.

"The evening set in with ominous gloom: the Puritans, who had wrought themselves up to a belief that heaven was in strict league with their generals, were persuaded that the impending darkness was God's visible frown upon their enemies; they hailed the storm with grim joy; especially that dark and terrible mass of iron-clad men on the far left, who watched for Cromwell's battle-word. The storm grew darker, and the Roundhead annalist relates that:—

"'Just as both armies were joining battle, and beginning the first encounter or assault of each other, it pleased the Lord, as it was most credibly affirmed for a certain truth, that a sudden and mighty great storm of rain and hail, and terrible claps of thunder, were heard and seen from the clouds; as if heaven had resolved to second the assault with a fierce alarm from above.'

"A loud hymn of triumph and denunciation rose among the Roundheads' ranks, and Rupert ordered prayers to be read at the same time to each regiment along his line. This striking fact is thus affirmed by his bitter and scornful enemy:—

"'Rupert, that bloody plunderer, would forsooth, to seem religious, just like a jingling Machiavellian, have a sermon preached before him and his army. His chaplain took his text out of Joshua, xxii. 22. The words were these:—"The Lord God of gods, the Lord God of gods, he knoweth, and Israel shall know; if it be in rebellion, or if in transgression against the Lord, save us not this day."

"I know not how Goring and his brother-reprobates conducted themselves in this solemn prayer-time; but sure I am that Rupert was no hypocrite, and that the most reckless of his wild Cavaliers did not follow

him less cheerily because his battle-cry was prefaced by a prayer.

"Still dark and gloomier fell the evening, and closer and murkier was the air, as the thunder of the skies was more and more frequently echoed by the artillery where Cromwell was, upon the far left among the guns. At length the whole of the dark masses on either side seemed to catch fire from that flame, and bright and loud and far the artillery flashed and the musketry sparkled along those formidable ranks. Then Rupert darted away to the head of his Cavaliers, who had hitherto kept the enemy at a distance by musketry placed among their ranks. At the same moment, Byron, unable to restrain himself, led forth his cavalry from their strong position, and before he could get them into order for a charge, Cromwell and Crauford were upon them with the Ironsides and Manchester's cavalry: sweeping round the ditch, they cleared the range of the royal guns, and came upon the disordered Cavaliers upon fair ground, driving desperately into the midst of them: in a moment all was wild and terrible confusion there. But already Rupert and his fiery chivalry were among the covenanting Scots upon the left, bursting at once into the very heart of their fierce and solemn host, scattering them like spray before some storm-driven ship, and plunging still onward to the front of their reserve. One moment's pause,—one more wild shout and charge,—and his life-guard are amongst them now. No pause—no mercy—scarcely resistance is found among them there. The whole mass, pursuers and pursued, sweeps by to yonder hill,—the thundering hoofs, the ringing armour, the maddening shouts, the quick, sharp, frequent shot, are scarcely heard.

"Nor was Goring idle then; it was at times like this that this dauntless villain half redeemed his vices by his valour. The Scottish foot falter before his daring charge: his desperadoes are up to their very pikes—and within them now. The ground is carpeted with bloody tartans, as the Cavaliers press on through their tumultuous route, and hew down the fugitives by scores. They are gone, and with them their pursuers; and two-thirds of the field is won.

"But the battle rages still fiercely on the centre of the royal line, now assailed by the left wing of the enemy: there Briton meets Briton hand to hand and foot to foot: every pike is thrust home, and every musket levelled low; and the 'very air seems all on fire,' and the 'ear is deafened with the roaring of artillery,' and the shouts, and shrieks, and curses of conquering or dying men. Lesley now comes galloping up with his reserve of horse, and falls upon the masses already smitten by Cromwell's furious horse. The Irish horse are slain or prisoners to a man. Their foot have retired towards York, and are rallied there by General King, and the conquerors sweep on, like a foaming torrent,

to where Newcastle's brave yeomen still (and alone) stand firm; firmly as their own sea-girt rocks, those gallant Englishmen receive the shock. Again and again the fiery fanatics rush upon their planted pikes, and receive their steady fire. Many a brave Yorkshireman lies crushed and writhing before every charge, but still their narrowing ranks are firm and dauntless as before. And now their own guns are turned upon them by Cromwell's artillery-men, and between each charge of cavalry the iron storm makes fearful chasms in their column. But still they stood. Before the most mettled steed could reach their line, it was compact again: they fell, to a man, on the spot where the gallant Cavendish first planted them!

"And now the conquerors on either side have done their work, and have time to rally and breathe and look around them; each moving to regain his battle-ground. When lo! as if starting from the dead, each victor meets another, returning from the slaughter of his enemies to claim the victory. Then came the severest trial of the day. Each occupied the ground his enemy had covered when the fight began: and through the lurid and sulphurous shades of approaching night, was seen the gleaming armour of another hostile line. Then it was that Rupert's followers failed him: the high and sparkling mettle of his Cavaliers, consuming all before it in the first outbreak, fainted now before the sustained flame of fanaticism that burned in the Puritans' excited hearts. Still Rupert strove to rally his panting and exhausted troops; still his loud battle-cry 'For God and for the King!' rose above the din; but he no longer found an echo to that cry. The Puritans galloped up to his Cavaliers, and met with scarcely an antagonist; 'their enemies were scattered before them,' as they too truly said. Away over the broken ground and dismounted guns and shattered carriages, the Cavaliers are flying through the darkness, and leave the bloodily-contested field to the Puritans—and CROMWELL.

"The Prince, deserted by his regiment, still strove to rally a few deserted followers, but in vain; wherever a group was gathered, the Roundhead horse were upon them in irresistible force; and at length the Prince was left alone. Then, rousing his gallant horse for one last effort, he cleared a high fence into a bean-field; and, thus sheltered, made his way from that field so fatal to his fame. With what agony of heart must that proud young soldier have retreated before his despised and avenging foes, to meet the consequences of his defeat! Yet was he not wanting then to the sad, but noble, duty of a general in retreat. He rallied such men as he could find unparalysed by panic, and collected a few squadrons of dragoons. These he led forward at a gallop to where the heath was bounded by enclosures, and narrow lanes afforded the only approach to York. Here, dismounting his men, he lined the hedges,

and received the pursuers with so close a fire, that even Cromwell paused and called off his men. The Irish foot, placed in reserve to the left wing, had been rallied near York, by General King, and now formed a safeguard for the fugitives. Then silence—the silence of the dead, only broken by the groans of the dying—fell upon the battlefield, and all was over.”

After the fatal battle of Marston Moor, the royal cause seems never once to have paused in its career of ill-fortune. The intelligence of this event, fraught with ruin to him, reached the King upon the 12th of July, at Evesham, and it seems to have found his affairs in a condition but ill-calculated to enable him to make head against this fresh catastrophe. His army had grown not only undisciplined but quite demoralised; all efforts on the part of the generals to reduce it to any kind of order proved abortive, and each succeeding day brought the King intelligence of fresh disasters. Plymouth was beleagured, so was Taunton, but the only town retaken was Barnstaple. Towards the beginning of September the King directed his march to Oxford; he was joined by Prince Rupert and Lord Paulet, and shortly afterwards the battle of Newbury involved the royal cause in fresh disasters. We shall not stop to notice the short campaign in Cornwall, which, like every other proceeding at this time connected with the King, was attended with ill-fortune; but must hasten on to that last and most fatal of all these melancholy scenes, which sealed the doom of the royal cause upon the bloody field of Naseby.

Many conflicting opinions were abroad in the army previous to this engagement; in the council of war which preceded it, three courses were much insisted on. It was proposed to march to Worcester, and meet Sir Charles Gerrard's reserve of three thousand horse and foot—to pass to the North and relieve Carlisle, by forcing on an engagement with the Scots—or to return to Oxford and raise the siege. Prince Rupert was strenuously in favour of the northern expedition, but Ashburnham and Digby, his secret foes, prevailed in their councils, and the whole army, accordingly, on the 4th of June, marched from Leicester, and proceeded through Harborough and Daventry to Naseby.

Before we approach this, the last and fatal scene of all, we must express our acknowledgments to the author for the manner in which he has arranged and selected a correspondence, the voluminous nature of which must have rendered it a task of no ordinary embarrassment. The duty of selection alone must have been one of extreme difficulty; but we do not meet with many instances where any letters are introduced, that do not cast at least some light on the progress of the story; a few have occasionally struck us which might with safety have been omitted; but upon the whole, Mr. Warburton's selection and arrangement of the most important branch of his history reflect the highest credit upon his intelligence as well as his industry. The duty of interweaving personal adventures and biography among such an unwieldy mass must have been one requiring no common care. These letters are often fraught with most touching interest, when we reflect upon the scenes and circumstances under which many of them were written. There is one which occurs to us here, so graphic in its style, and so pithy in its form of expression, that we cannot withstand the temptation of extracting it. It is from Ashburnham to Prince Rupert, and reads as follows:—

“Sir—Since this enclosed was sealed, there is intelligence come that the strength that follows your Highness is nine hundred dragoons and one regiment of horse; which I hope *will all be doomed*. Pardon this further addition of trouble given you by your Highness's most humble servant,

“JOHN ASHBURNHAM.”

We doubt if the correspondence of Field Marshal the Duke of Wellington, justly celebrated as it is for its epigrammatic terseness, can produce a sample of anything more terse and emphatic. The courtier party had strongly insisted upon the importance of saving the Duke of York, and rescuing the court ladies from the hands of the insurgents—the warlike Prince was in favour of the northern movement, but Ashburnham, Digby, and the ladies, were too many for him. It is said that instead of his attention being occupied with the necessary preparations at this important crisis of his fortunes, the doomed King and all his principal officers were amusing

themselves with the pleasures of the chase. Naseby was an old town, standing in the centre of a rich champaign country, consisting of two-thirds pasture; the aspect of the country has, we believe, since that time, undergone but little alteration; the last house in which Charles slept, while a shadow of his regal authority yet remained to him, was at Sutenham, now Harborough Hall; where, upon the authority of Rastal, it is said that his old and faithful servant Strafford appeared in a dream to the King, conjuring him not to fight; and well would it have been for his cause had he obeyed the injunction; it had however been ordered otherwise—and the end was at hand. This battle-scene, the last which we shall have time or space to give, is grand in terrible beauty, and we think surpasses all the artists former pictures. We shall give it in full, and allow our readers to judge for themselves:—

“They took their ease, as was the custom of the Cavaliers in all times and circumstances, and sat down to supper at an old oak table, which may still be seen in the village, deeply indented, and stained from the carousals of ages. Suddenly the well-known bugle rang to horse, but too late; before they could snatch up armour or weapons, Ireton's troopers were upon them, and slew or took them all prisoners. One of the videttes, however, rode off over the hills, and found the King at the ‘Hall House,’ whence he rode into Harborough to Rupert's quarters, and ordered a council of war to be called. For once Rupert counselled retreat: Gerard's division was hourly expected at Leicester; there were reinforcements behind them at Melton and at Newark. Digby and Ashburnham as usual opposed the Prince; they declared that retiring before an enemy already discomfited at Oxford, would only provoke danger, and discountenance their own soldiers. The King had, unfortunately, just received a triumphant despatch from Montrose, another of those false beacons that led him to destruction. He decided for battle, and it only remained for Rupert to execute the order. It was now daylight; the scout-master was sent out to reconnoitre, and with the usual worthlessness of the King's servants, he returned with the assertion that there was no enemy in the neighbourhood. Rupert then mounted and rode out at the head of a few troopers and dragoons; he soon observed the enemy in some force upon the hill-side, northwestward of the town of Naseby. Fairfax had been joined by Cromwell the evening previously, and his arrival determined him to fight. Rupert at this time only knew the strength of the army with

which Fairfax had been marching, and was the more easily deceived. He thought that his enemy was retreating when in fact he was only changing his position for the sake of the wind. In these days it was considered as important to get to windward of an enemy as if fleets instead of armies were manœuvring. Seeing the Roundheads thus retiring, Rupert sent a message to the King to advance as speedily as possible. The troops, ever eager for action, pressed on to meet their doom, and by nine o'clock were formed into line within cannon-shot of the enemy. Fortunately I am here able to refer to the plan of battle, as drawn up by Prince Rupert's orders, and found amongst his papers. It differs considerably from Mr. Sprigge's curious plan, but agrees with it in placing Sir Marmaduke (now Lord) Langdale on the left wing, and Rupert, with Prince Maurice, on the right. By this time it was known that Cromwell was on the field, and Rupert sought to meet him where he had previously found him, on the enemy's left wing. But Cromwell had this time selected the right wing, and assigned to Ireton the command of the troops that were to oppose the Prince. Fairfax commanded his infantry, forming, as usual, his centre, and his artillery flanked his battalions on the right and left. The King's artillery consisted only of twelve small guns, none of which appear to have been even brought into position. The field of Naseby was then about one mile in breadth; two hedges, diverging eastward and westward, enclosed the scene of action. Two great undulating hills mark where the armies stood; the intermediate vale was the battle-ground, the valley of the shadow of death to thousands. It is still vividly green where some of the best blood of England enriched its dust. The Royalist battle-word was ‘God and Queen Mary!’ that of the Puritans, ‘God with us!’ The former were for the most part veterans; the latter, recruits of the new model, mingled with some regiments of stern experience. With one impulse both armies advanced; ‘the Royalists moving in a very stately and gallant style.’ Rupert and his brother, supported by Lord Northampton's gallant troops, charged upon the left wing of the enemy, and was, as ever, irresistible. Ireton, bleeding from two wounds, vainly strove to rally his cavalry, whilst old Skippon, also sorely wounded, as vainly endeavoured to keep his foot within their ranks. Rupert won *his* part of the battle, as at Edgehill and Marston, and with incorrigible impetuosity he pressed upon the fugitives until he swept them off the field; there, finding himself unsupported, and the battle still raging in the rear, he wheeled about, summoning, as he passed, Colonel Bartlett and the guard of the waggon-train to surrender; their answer was a heavy fire. Having no time to dispute the matter, the Prince passed on, and, crowning the hill, beheld an awfully

changed aspect of affairs. All was in confusion in the vale below: but the struggle for the bravest kingdom in Christendom was still fiercely contested: both Fairfax and Cromwell had their helmets knocked off, and rode bareheaded in the desperate melee. The right wing, commanded by Cromwell, and led by Colonel Whalley, had beaten in the Newark and Northern Horse, though they fought stoutly too, and still maintained a retreating fight among the gorse bushes which still cover the rabbit-warren that then checked the Roundheads' charge. At length the Northern Cavaliers gave way, and Cromwell, sending two officers in pursuit of them, turned with his deadly 'Ironsides,' upon the flank of the 'blue regiments.' These poor fellows, by their enemies' admission, fought heroically against fearful odds, and perished, or were made prisoners to a man. Their comrades in the centre had been more successful. As they advanced against the hill where the Roundhead centre stood to receive their attack, the whole of the enemy's artillery opened on them, but with little effect; they also encountered and disregarded a heavy fire of musketry, and gained the hill; then their musketeers clubbed their muskets, and the pikemen levelled low, and so they went in upon the Roundheads, and for a moment broke their line. Just then the cry of victory in their rear forced them to turn; and they retreated, fighting front, flank, and rear. They only regained their ground to die. Cromwell's Horse were there carrying all before them; and skirting the melee was seen the King, striving vainly to rally his broken squadrons. Such was the scene the ill-starred Rupert beheld when he thought the victory was all his own. In a moment he plunged into the thickest of the fight, cleaving his way furiously towards where the King was cheering on his dismayed troopers. 'One charge more, gentlemen!' cried the unhappy monarch, 'one charge more, and the day is ours!' Then, placing himself at the head of his most forward troopers, he prepared to charge. The Royal impulse communicated itself in a moment to thousands: once more they faced the enemy, and in another moment the King might have won a glorious victory, or more glorious death, when one of his courtiers, ever his curse, snatched at the King's bridle, and turned him from the path of honour to despair. Was there no hand to smite that traitor to the ground—not even the King's, that should have done it? The momentary glow in the King's breast was past; he suffered himself to be led away like a child; he turned his back upon his enemy, his kingdom, and his honour. Rupert just then came up, but it was too late; the battle-heart of his men was broken; the Horse were in disgraceful and tumultuous retreat. Vainly he strove to rally even his own devoted cavalry. They, too, were unmanned. All was over except the slaughter. The enemy poured in from every side, all was

abandoned to them: some regiments of infantry fought with desperate and hopeless valour to the last, but the Horse were already over the far hills, leaving their Foot, their artillery, and even their women behind them. The Puritans flew upon these helpless victims with all the fury of fanaticism; three hundred were slain, and 'most of the others' had their fair faces cut and slashed by the 'godly' in their hideous glee."

The result of this engagement was a total shipwreck of the royal cause; but the circumstance which led to the final separation of the Prince from the monarch whom he had served so faithfully and well, was the surrender of Bristol. The known gallantry and many faithful services of the Prince, might, and ought to have saved him from the influence of any misrepresentation, but it was not so; and in this instance, as in the case of Strafford, Charles threw over, without a scruple, the most honest, disinterested, and faithful of all his adherents. Upon the evidence of contemporary letters, and other documents relating to this period, it would have been quite impossible for the Prince to have kept Bristol, with any chance of success, in the presence of an army so formidable as that by which he was surrounded. He preferred, therefore, an honourable surrender, to having this beautiful city destroyed by fire, and bringing upon its inhabitants the awful calamities attendant upon a protracted siege, and the probable calamities of a storm and pillage. The reasons by which he was actuated, did not prove sufficient to remove from the King's mind the impression created by the Prince's enemies, that in this surrender he had been wanting in zeal and devotion to his royal master. These feelings, aggravated by the loss of Devizes, Winchester, Basingstoke, Berkeley Castle, and Chepstow, which all fell into the hands of the enemy about the same time, as well as of the whisperings of the jealous Digby, confirmed the King in his determination to dismiss Rupert, without affording him any opportunity of explanation; and, accordingly, there came with the Prince's passport the following letter from the King, which must have proved a heavy blow and great discouragement to one who had perilled, in many a deadly field, his life and fortunes for the cause of him who proved so thankless and ungrateful:—

"Nephew—Though the loss of Bristol be a great blow to me, yet your surrendering it as you did is of so much affliction to me, that it makes me not only forget the consideration of that place, but is likewise the greatest trial of my constancy that hath yet befallen me. For what is to be done after one that is so near me as you are, both in blood and friendship, submits himself to so mean an action? (I give it the easiest term) such. . . . I have so much to say that I shall say no more of it: only, lest rashness of judgment be laid to my charge, I must remember you of your letter of the twelfth of August, whereby you assured me that if no mutiny happened, you would keep Bristol for four months. Did you keep it four days? Was there anything like a mutiny? More questions might be asked, but now, I confess, to little purpose. My conclusion is, to desire you to seek your subsistence until it shall please God to determine my condition, somewhere beyond seas: to which end I send you herewith a pass; and I pray God to make you sensible of your present condition, and give you means to recover what you have lost; for I shall have no greater joy in a victory, than a just occasion without blushing to assure you of my being your loving uncle and most faithful friend, "C. R."

When the King's grief and rage for the loss of Bristol had subsided, there arose the memory of his youthful nephew's many services, and unexampled devotion to his cause; and it is impossible to conceive anything more touching than the tone of the correspondence upon this subject which follows. The finer feelings of the King's nature soon got the better of his hasty resentment. Overtures were made to the Prince to remain; but, after a brief interview with his uncle, when he obtained liberty to be tried by a court-martial, by which he was honourably acquitted, he finally left England, having contemptuously refused a passport offered by the parliament, upon the conditions that he should never draw his sword against them again.

The adventures of Prince Rupert after he left England are not exceeded in interest by any which he previously encountered; but we have not time or space to recount them, nor to advert to those circumstances which, now following one upon the other with rapidity, led the ill-starred monarch to his final doom. We have touched as briefly as possible upon the principal features of Prince Rupert's military career; we

behold him now manifesting the same talent, the same eager zeal, and the same impetuous bravery on the seas as he did on shore. We think this the most graphic and well-told portion of Mr. Warburton's book. With the former portions of the present history of the Prince, mixed up as it was with the events of that famous conflict familiar to us, all are even in some degree more or less acquainted. But at this point begins a series of adventures most extraordinary and varied, such as perhaps, taking them altogether, have never before been encountered by any one man. The fleets of the Commonwealth, well manned and equipped, then swept the seas; but, notwithstanding their overwhelming force, the Prince always contrived to elude their vigilance; and whenever he was in difficulty about money for support of the cause, he would, with the utmost dexterity, contrive to pick up a "Dutchman," or to seize upon some ship, which afforded him the means of extricating himself from his embarrassment.

The West Indies, the coast of Ireland, of Holland, Portugal, Barbary, and many other places too numerous to mention, witnessed the advent of his flag. To the squadron under his command, not only the Prince of Wales, then resident in France, but most of his adherents, looked to furnish them with the necessaries of life; and while the Duke of Ormond was writing to request Admiral Rupert's assistance in the conquest of Ireland, some starving courtier would be equally solicitous in his entreaties for bread. In the pecuniary difficulties of the Prince of Wales, which were not only pressing but incessant, whenever a cautious Dutch merchant was prevailed upon to "do a bill" for him, the worthy burgher required the endorsement or acceptance of Prince Rupert, who, in order to relieve himself from the responsibility, would take a cruise, catch "a Dutchman," sell him, and apply the proceeds. We should not be at all surprised if the ships thus levied upon occasionally happened to be the property of the merchant who cashed the bill—whose commercial habits must have been seriously incommoded by this novel mode of dealing. It appears, also, that whenever the crew of any of the ships under the Prince's command had been without pay so

long that they became mutinous in consequence, they were permitted to go forth and catch a ship, or "kill a Hessian," as our countrymen expressed it, for themselves.

These piratical pursuits were, of course, more than questionable in regard of honesty ; but we suppose the exigencies of the times demanded it. Be this as it may, the biographer of Prince Rupert does not attempt to offer any apology upon the subject ; but having stated the facts, upon the authority of divers contemporary historians, and extensive correspondence, leaves his readers to draw their own conclusions, which we fear will not be very satisfactory.

We have dwelt at such length upon the more grave historical portions connected with this history, that neither time nor space is left us to follow the Prince through his naval excursions. It is enough to add, that in this new course of life he was distinguished by his usual impetuous bravery, and by rather more than his usual good fortune ; for during the four years of his maritime career, surrounded as he was by the enemy's fleet, commanded by the gallant and experienced Blake, he never once, that we can recollect, was captured ; and he was always successful in achieving whatever temporary object he happened to have in view.

After the Restoration, Prince Rupert returned once more to England, upon the invitation of the new king, who was probably greatly rejoiced to have near him the person of an adherent so honest and true-hearted. A pension of fifteen hundred a-year was settled upon him for the remainder of his life ; and about this time, his biographer quaintly remarks, wishing to marry, and become respectable, and finding his means too narrow to accomplish a purpose so desirable, he applied to his brother, the Elector Palatine, to furnish him with the means of accomplishing his object, by the settlement of a small portion of his dominions upon him. This moderate request, the only one he ever made, was refused, which can scarcely be wondered at, when that miserly and caitiff Elector had left the Queen of Bohemia, his own mother, the queen of beauty and idol of chivalry, for long years subsisting on the charity of the Dutch States, and had

actually withheld from her payment of the smallest pittance of her own dower. Foiled in this attempt to become "respectable," Prince Rupert appears to have solaced himself with the fleeting joys afforded by lighter loves. A large mass of amatory correspondence, principally addressed to him by ladies of the court, remains still extant, "characterised," saith his biographer, "by the same monotony which has marked such correspondence in all times."

Be this as it may, the closing years of Prince Rupert's adventurous life appear to have been devoted by turns to love and philosophy. He left one child by Mrs. Hughes, Ruperta, to whom he bequeathed his fortune, and shutting himself up in one of the towers of Windsor Castle, where he might survey those hills and glades which once rang with his inspiring cheer in the day of battle, "surrounding himself with armour and strange implements, and old books, and maps, he laboured by turns at alchemy, at painting, or the invention of new implements of war. He discovered, we are informed, the art of mezzotint ; he invented that mixture called the Prince's metal ; he composed a gunpowder of ten times the ordinary strength, and a method of blowing up mines under water ; he effected improvements in the locks of fire arms, and invented that curious bubble of glass known by the name of Rupert's drop, which has so long been the puzzle of posterity and of philosophers. The remainder of his life does not afford many other incidents worthy of narration. Although the Prince did not make himself respectable by the acquisition of a wife, doubtless he became so as a privy councillor, and as a member of that learned and scientific body, the Royal Society, which has had among its members, in more peaceful and recent times, the name of another learned and accomplished Prince, who enjoys those matrimonial advantages for which Rupert sighed in vain. Nothing remains for us now to add, save that he died quietly in bed in his house at Spring Gardens, leaving, besides his daughter Ruperta, one other child, by the daughter of Lord Bellamont.

We cannot resist the temptation of giving one more extract, descriptive of the closing days of Prince Rupert,

which is in Mr. Warburton's happiest style:—

“Charles had some tastes in common, too, with the Palatine; he delighted in naval experiments, in all details of ship-building, and in the lower branches of mechanics. He was fascinated, too, with the brilliant wonders and many mysteries of the laboratory; the dreams of alchemy were not altogether exploded, and Charles and the fanciful Buckingham would watch for hours the various encouragement to that delusion that the chemist's skill evolves. Often would the indolent voluptuary and his silken favourite lounge into the workshop of the Prince, where, girt with an apron and begrimed with soot, the hero of a hundred fights was wielding his hammer, as if the anvil were a Roundhead, and there such jests as the giddy Buckingham might venture on, chimed in with the ring of the rude metals; or sometimes they might find the soldier-philosopher busied in the mysteries of the laboratory, trying the old experiments of the Hermetic philosophy, and exploring the magic secrets of Theophrastus and Synesius; not that Rupert himself was a believer in the philosopher's stone, but he could find interest in the beautiful phenomena, and truth in the fantastic deceptions that its examinations involved. How eagerly would the fantastic Buckingham watch the union of the red lion with the white virgin, abandoning all scepticism as he beheld lead, arsenic, and copper assuming almost every property of gold.

“Philosophy became the fashion, doubtless to Rupert's great annoyance—dandies and he had little in common. He established a seclusion for himself in the high tower in Windsor Castle, which he soon furnished after his own peculiar taste. In one set of apartments forges, laboratory instruments, retorts, and crucibles, with all sorts of metals, fluids, and crude ores, lay strewn around in the luxurious confusion of a bachelor's domain; in other rooms armour and arms of all sorts, from that which had blunted the Damascus blade of the holy wars, to those which had lately clashed at Marston Moor and Naseby. In another was his library, stored with strange books, a list of which may still be seen in the Harleian Miscellany.”

Upon the whole, Mr. Warburton has executed a task which, when we consider the many sources whence his materials have been collected, and the voluminous mass of correspondence which was to be sifted and examined,

we must admit to be one of no ordinary difficulty, with an intelligence and ability which is highly commendable. To some portions of his task he brings qualities which eminently entitle him to command success, gifted as he is, beyond all question, with a great command of language, and a power of graphic description, when he comes to pourtray the battle-field, the camp, or the bivouac; we are delighted by the force, the vivid and picturesque beauty of his representations, and we linger over the pictures created by genius and fancy with exquisite delight. It is in the analysis of historical events, and of conflicting contemporary accounts, that he strikes us as being defective. His story becomes too much involved by minute details, and the graceful and easy flow of his own narrative is too frequently overloaded by the citation of authorities which impede its progress. Whatever in this portion of his work could be accomplished by patient investigation and laborious research, he has done with care and diligence, and he is entitled to full credit for having collected and arranged in an available form a huge mass of materials bearing upon this most important epoch in the history of England—materials which, but for his labours, would speedily have mouldered into decay, or passed away into oblivion. He has also clothed in hues of life and reality a dim and shadowy vision of the past, which, now reduced to a tangible shape, commands our respect and affection. We do not think the annals of history present an instance of one beset with so many temptations, and struggling through so many difficulties, preserving to the last the character of a single-minded, faithful, and generous soldier. The lot of Prince Rupert was cast in troublous and extraordinary times, and he appears to have stood above the crowd by which he was surrounded—his high and noble character unstained and wholly free from the vices of his age, and untouched by any of those faults and meannesses which were apparent in many of the most remarkable of his contemporaries.

EXPEDITION AGAINST THE CHINESE PIRATES.

WE presented our readers, in a recent number,* with a detailed account of the piratical hordes infesting the Indian Archipelago, and the measures taken by Sir James Brooke for their suppression. We then clearly demonstrated that the buccaneering system was one inimical alike to the advancement of commerce and the civilisation of the peaceful inhabitants of those numerous isles; that it was not an occasional visitation, or a small party of marauders, who bore down upon the peaceful native trader, or sailed with threatening aspect in the offing, whenever European or other vessels made their appearance, but that it was the constant occupation of a large and organised body of men, inhabiting whole islands, possessing incalculable stores of wealth, with well-armed and powerful fleets, to emerge at certain periods of the year from their unknown haunts, undeterred by peril, inaccessible to fear, for the purpose of rifling the merchant vessel, murdering the crew, and enslaving the women. In the course of our narrative we found it necessary to vindicate Sir James Brooke from the unjust aspersions cast upon him for his late energetic conduct displayed towards the freebooters; and we trust we convinced all persons gifted with the power of judging fairly, that those apparently stern and relentless measures were actually required, and were far from originating either in cruel or sanguinary propensities.

The important expedition just concluded against the Chinese pirates has encountered a similar condemnation from the peace party here at home, who would rather behold the commerce with China abolished—every port closed against the trader—every Englishman sailing upon those waters murdered—than afford their sanction to any measure calculated to promote the civilisation and improvement of mankind. The same absurd series of denials is made respecting the existence of the Chinese pirate, and the inno-

cence of those tribes upon whom the name is bestowed, which we have heard to satiety concerning the buccaneers of the coasts of Borneo. But if there be no pirate fleet, what ships are those that, with flags flying, and manned by armed men, roam about without any obvious destination, over the Chinese waters? Who are they that board the native vessel, massacre the crew, and rifle the cargo? Who are they that intercept our own ships, that attempt to board square-rigged vessels, and are only deterred by the well-known cool determination with which the English avenge the interference of foreign nations with their progress on the high seas?

If we examine the real state of the case, we shall discover the Chinese pirates to be a race no less formidable, and infinitely more barbarous, than the marauding tribes of the Indian Archipelago; for these men are content to put an end to the life of their victim at once, while the Chinese buccaneers frequently prolong his sufferings by the most refined tortures, and often send him on his way cruelly mutilated and disfigured. Though possessed of incalculable resources, and of armaments, which cause them to look with contempt and defiance upon the imperial fleet of the Celestial Empire, the junks of the pirates, his guns, and his many-shaped weapons, are as nothing when exposed to the broadside of an English man-of-war. It is therefore to be hoped that a few more examples, such as have lately been set them, will have the effect of clearing the channels and islands along the Chinese coast of these daring depredators. There is, it must be confessed, in the life of the pirate much to awaken the enthusiasm of those who prefer the restless occupations of the sea, to the more settled employments afforded by agriculture and commerce. The acquisition of large stores of wealth is comparatively easy: there is much of excitement in the constant necessity for caution and watchfulness, in the

* January, 1850.

rapidity with which they are compelled to fulfil their designs, and the unbounded licence they enjoy, which is so readily mistaken for liberty. Their home is everywhere; they are bound to no settled habitation—the wide waste of waters is before them; and they may take up their abode on any beautiful island on which they may chance to light. Sometimes, indeed, they return every year to some spot where they have built houses, and formed gardens for themselves, which they call, for a time, their home; but in a few months all is again quitted for the life on the ocean.

Unmolested they have not been, for the Chinese Emperor, from time to time, has despatched an admiral or officer with a few vessels, to attack the pirate fleet; but, in most instances, he has been compelled to return without having achieved a victory, or even preventing the attack on a single village. The spirit of enterprise has been too strong in the marauders, and his forces too powerful to be suppressed by anything short of a determined war of extermination, which, if brief, must be decisive. For some time, indeed, it would be advisable to send steamers, at certain intervals, to explore the well-known piratical haunts, and to seek for those which have not yet been discovered, in order that that security in which the pirates have hitherto rejoiced may be disturbed. They would thus ultimately discover that their only chance of subsistence is to return to the more laudable method of acquiring wealth, by becoming traders in their turn, or cultivating land upon the coast.

All that we know of China proves the existence of the pirates to have been contemporaneous with each dynasty for many generations past. They have risen, by slow degrees, from an obscure band of fishermen taking their departure from some village on the coast, and lured by circumstances into the pursuit of plunder. It is impossible to state with certainty what particular motives at first induced these humble villagers to trust their frail bark to the ocean, and determined them to find sustenance upon the waves by other than honest means. Overthrown, probably, in one of those numerous and constantly recurring intestine disorders which diversify the annals of their country, they were compelled to

fly from their home, and resolved to revenge upon society in general the injury they had sustained from the few. The pursuit of plunder soon acquired a considerable fascination; the hardy fisherman might toil from day to day, exposed to the storms of heaven and inured to every peril, and, perhaps, after all, scarcely acquire more than sufficient to maintain himself and family; while the pirates, issuing from their close and shaded creeks, pressed on their course towards some peaceful village, determined on hazardous descent, while its inhabitants, unconscious of the approach of danger, were tasting the repose engendered by a day of honest toil and hardship, and were sure of acquiring a certain amount of wealth. The pirates' boats were moored: with something of timidity they approached the houses, into which they burst, and robbing and plundering all they could find, murdered a portion of the inhabitants, disabled by surprise from defending themselves; and firing the houses, paddled out to sea before they could be pursued. Each fresh success of this kind, each immunity from punishment, encouraged the pirate, and strengthened his power, until his wealth enabled him to form dockyards and build fleets, which soon constituted the terror of the whole coast. Lured on by the hope of plunder and gain, bands of land robbers besought permission to swell the ranks of the buccaneer, who thus enlisted under his banner the most lawless among the native population; and these it is who probably introduced many of the cruelties into the warfare from which the early depredations of the first pirates were free, but which were subsequently practised by the marauders, when they had gained strength and power upon the ocean. At first, content to cruise within a limited circle, they gradually enlarged their sphere of action, sailing up towards the sea of Japan, and down again to the furthest point of the straits of Malacca. No place was secure against them; whole swarms of vessels crowding to the annual fairs were attacked; and when a trading ship was discovered alone upon the sea, it was robbed and burnt, whilst the crew were murdered or taken as slaves. The sale of human beings, indeed, forms a grand means of acquiring wealth. For the women he can al-

ways find a market; and therefore the wives and daughters of the villagers escape death, unless the buccaneer happens to be overstocked with a cargo of slaves, in which case humanity never prompts them to spare a life.

Towards the latter end of the last century, so numerous and so formidable had these freebooters become, that the whole coast was a scene of terror. Persons quitting for a time their houses on the sea-shore to visit the towns, often returned to find them reduced to a heap of cinders, and a pile of ruins standing where a village had once stood. The fleets sent out by the government to oppose and destroy them were discomfited, and people lived on in perpetual dread of the descent of the pirates. Circumstances, too, arising out of the anarchy and confusion of some the provinces, conspired greatly to swell their ranks and increase their power.

Cochin China for some time had been a scene of revolution and civil discord, owing to the usurpation of power by an aspirant to the throne, who had no rightful claim to it. When, in progress of time, the son of the real monarch contrived to reinstate himself, the usurper was killed, and his son, King Shing, driven ignominiously from the province, compelled to seek refuge in flight. The most famous of the pirate chiefs chanced then to be sailing in those seas, and King Shing, by promise of future preferment, induced him to lend his assistance to drive the real monarch, Tuh-ying, from the kingdom. Ching-tsih, the pirate, was perfectly willing to accede to these terms; and, collecting a powerful fleet, made a rapid descent upon the bay of Annam, of which he took possession. An armed force, under King Shing, marched into the country, and once more secured it. But their unjust usurpation of power was not long retained. Exasperated at the treatment they received at the hands of Ching-tsih, and the state of bondage under which they groaned, the people for a time affected to be content, but were secretly engaged in preparing measures to expel their cruel conqueror. The consequence was, soon after, a severe battle, in which the pirate chief was killed; and the freebooters, driven from the land with considerable loss, were once more compelled to take to the sea.

Ching-yih, the younger brother of Ching-tsih, assumed the command of the pirate fleet, which had been greatly increased in strength and importance by the late conflicts, as all those who sided with the usurper now sought refuge on the ocean. They received at this time considerable opposition to the progress of their daring career from the government, who despatched a fleet under an admiral to attack them. Although he could not extirpate the robbers, however, he considerably limited the sphere of their depredations, and held them, as it were, in check. Abandoning, therefore, those places and villages guarded by the skill of the Chinese admiral, the pirates steered their course to more distant portions of the coast, and pillaged and destroyed town after town, until the death of the only officer who had been able at all to compete with them, once more left them in undisputed possession of the Chinese waters.

Time, instead of weakening their power, seemed to make it every year more formidable: six large squadrons now roamed in and out the channels of the seas, all distinguished by flags of various colours—the red, the yellow, the green, the blue, the black, and the white. Each of these was commanded by a chief of tried courage and ability. Ching-yih was admiral of the red flag; Woo-che-tsing of the yellow; Mei-yeu-king of the green; O-po-taé of the blue; Leang-paou of the black; and Shang-tsing of the white. These squadrons were again divided into smaller ones, under the command of a deputy. It may, perhaps, astonish some of our readers, not perfectly familiar with Chinese history, to find the strength of these freebooters so great. Such fleets have existed up to within a very short period, and it was against similar forces that our late expedition had to contend, though, perhaps, the strict discipline once enforced may have been considerably relaxed. The code of laws formerly established was so strict, that the violation of the minutest point was visited with the most summary chastisement. For the amusement of our readers, we present them with a few of the regulations, which are remarkable for their strictness:—

“First—If any man goes privately on shore, he shall be taken, and his ears perforated in the presence of the whole fleet; repeating the offence, he shall suffer death.

"Second—Not the least thing shall be taken privately from the stolen and plundered goods; all shall be registered, and the pirate receive for himself out of ten parts only two; eight parts belong to the store-house called the general fund; taking anything out of this general fund shall be death.

"Third—To use violence against any woman, or wed her without permission, shall be death."

When engaged in a piratical expedition, should any man quit the line of battle, he was deemed deserving of death; and to this strict discipline must be ascribed much of that success which the buccaneer enjoyed. The forces who opposed them on the government side were often mere novices, if not in service, at least in practice; and if they were villagers or country people, they were equally harmless and incapable of resistance, having very often no weapons of any kind to employ against their ruthless antagonists.

With such a force as we have hinted at, it may readily be supposed that the exploits of the pirate were of the most daring nature; and of these we will instance a few, in order that the partisans of peace and economy, who are endeavouring indirectly to undermine the power of the British in the East, may be satisfied that those whose cause they have espoused, and for whom they are endeavouring to create so much public sympathy, are no more worthy of condolence and support, than the freebooters of North Britain were of that of their contemporaneous countrymen. The cruelties they have practised towards helpless women and children, the atrocities they have everywhere committed, are sufficient of themselves to excite in all susceptible of the commonest sentiments of humanity a desire for vengeance.

It will be unnecessary to relate the various battles that took place between the Imperial Admiral and the admirals of the red, blue, green, and yellow flags. The struggles, it is true, cost numbers of lives; for as many as between one and two thousand have fallen in one engagement. We will merely instance a few of their exploits, to show how, unprovoked and unattacked, they have made the most harassing war against the inhabitants. The best feelings of our nature cause us to sympathise with those who, having perhaps built themselves houses on the shore, and formed a home, pursu-

ing honest occupations, surrounded by wife and children, are suddenly surprised in the midst of their industry, and deprived of all means of support, of every possession, of wife, and child, perhaps in the course of one hour. This is not a solitary instance; we repeat, it frequently happens, that where one day a populous village may have stood, the next it is levelled by fire to the ground. In some cases, it is true, the buccaneer presents to the villagers the option of paying a large amount of tribute or the destruction of their homes. But if they complied with this, in the first instance, it is only more than probable that after, by increasing the hours of toil and extra exertion, they had re-amassed a little store of wealth, the next season the pirate junks would again appear opposite the village, and repeat their demands, or utterly destroy the place. Sometimes, too, the sum demanded was far beyond the means of the inhabitants to supply; and as all expostulations in such cases were perfectly vain, the only resource was to come to an engagement, in which they were almost always certain of defeat.

On one occasion the villagers of Tsze-ne were surprised one morning by observing a fleet of ten or fourteen junks at anchor near the shore, and shortly after a deputation arrived, informing them that, unless they paid a certain sum indicated within a given period, they must consent to take the consequences entailed by their refusal. The proposition made, the pirates' emissary quietly retreated to his ship, leaving the villagers to ponder on his proposal. The greatest terror seized the inhabitants; they flocked together—they planned—they deliberated—they investigated the possibility or impossibility of complying with the pirates' demands. Some, trembling with anxiety for the fate of their wives and little ones, advised, at any risk, that the tribute should be paid; the young men urged the necessity of fighting the enemy:—

"'Nay,' said others, 'the pirates are very strong; it is better to submit ourselves now to give them the tribute, that we may get rid of them for a while; we may then, with leisure, think on means of averting any misfortunes that may befall us. Our villages are near the coast; we shall be surrounded, and compelled to do what they like; for no passage is open by which we may retire. How can

we, under such circumstances, be confident, and rely on our strength?"—*Hist. Pirates, translated from Chinese Original, by Fred. Neuman. London: Oriental Translation Fund.*

But at length, after much deliberation, it was agreed that a battle should be fought, if necessary. The pirates all this time made no hostile demonstration, but lay quietly at anchor, the blue flag flapping over the waves, waiting the result of their proposition.

The consciousness that he is to fight for home and possessions ever nerves the hand of a man, and inspires him with tenfold courage. The battle once resolved on, the inhabitants of Tsze-ne were only anxious for the time to arrive, so that next day they armed themselves and marched down to the sea coast, where they spread themselves in array before the enemy. No sooner was this unfriendly aspect perceived by the pirates, than they prepared for an attack. They fired, and received a fire in return; then made a rapid descent upon the town, which was protected by a broad and deep ditch. This opposed considerable difficulty in the way of the pirates at first; but at length the inhabitants fell back, the ditch was cleared, the village surrounded, the women and some of the men seized and carried off as slaves. Applying a burning torch to the cottages, the pirates took to their junks and put out to sea, flushed with their victory.

A curious anecdote is related connected with this conflict. One of the pirates seized upon two women, who were distinguished by their beauty from the rest, dragged them into the sea, and sought to swim with them towards the ship. A villager, however, leaped into the water, and, pursuing, killed the pirate, and escaped with the women up the neighbouring hills.

Every possible stratagem was put in practice by the buccaneers to enter the large villages, and ascertain their wealth and means of defence. Sometimes adopting the dress and manners of a gentleman from the interior, they would affect to take charge of the government guns; another would arrive in a government vessel, as if to assist and protect the village, when, at a given signal, they would suddenly fall upon the inhabitants, and plunder them before they had time to prepare for

defence. At last, so suspicious did the people become, that, from being neglectful, they fell into the opposite extreme of caution, so that on one occasion they fell upon an officer of the government, who came on shore to buy rice, and killed him, under the supposition that he was a pirate.

It sometimes, though rarely, happens, that the people are prepared for the descent of the buccaneers. A small trading vessel reported to the inhabitants of a village near Ting Kwang, that a pirate fleet was lying moored in a bay not far distant, evidently intent on a move forward. Under cover of night, the trader had escaped them, passed by, and seen the armed junks lying quietly at anchor. The villagers immediately set about preparing for the reception of their foes; formed strong fences and palisades, and placed large guns so as to protect the passage to the village. Armed with lances and targets, they concealed themselves in ambush, and left ten men only to receive the enemy. The ruse succeeded in enticing the pirates on shore, who, on perceiving the number of inhabitants to be so small, resolved to pursue them. Advancing, therefore, somewhat at random, they were completely enclosed in the ambuscade, when the guns opened a fire, which, unfortunately, did little or no execution. Proceeding further, and enticing more of their comrades on shore by signals, they were shot down one after another by a renewed and rapid discharge, until more than a hundred were killed, many taken prisoners, and several vessels secured.

Irritated by this defeat, the pirates advanced shortly afterwards upon the village of Chow-po-chin, where they amply revenged themselves for the death of their comrades. A wall stretched in front of the town, behind which the villagers were assembled, rapidly firing on the foes as they advanced. Some of the pirates, as soon as the guns opened fire, cast themselves on the ground, so that the shots passed harmlessly over them. Suddenly starting to their feet, they rushed upon the gunners before they had time to reload, and put them to death. The villagers now prepared for a close conflict with the pirates, one of whom, going forward and waving a flag triumphantly to and fro, was killed by

a stray shot. The rest, however, pressed on, and a desperate battle ensued, when the villagers were at last driven from their fortifications, and, being pursued far inland, were captured, to the number of five hundred. On their return, the buccaneers fired about twenty houses, with all they contained. They then advanced further up the coast, attacking almost every village which possessed any property of value, and being often met with desperate resistance, but, usually, returning victorious. Arriving at a village upon the coast, protected by a ditch, over which a bridge was thrown, the pirates fired about ten or twelve houses, carried off a quantity of clothes and other goods, with more than a thousand captives. Here the women sought to defend themselves against their assailants, but in vain. One in particular, the wife of a person of distinction in the village, was very beautiful, and being seized by a pirate by the hair of her head, resisted, showering upon him the most reproachful epithets. Enraged at her behaviour, he dragged her to the yard-arms, where he bound her. She, nothing daunted, continued her reproaches, when he again dragged her down so violently as to knock out two of her teeth, and cause the blood to flow in streams from her mouth. The pirate then once more attempted to bind her. She permitted him this time to approach quietly, and as soon as he was sufficiently near, seized hold of his clothes with her still bleeding mouth, and, dragging him with superhuman energy to the side of the vessel, cast herself with him into the sea, where they were both drowned.

The continued atrocities perpetrated by the pirates, and their rapidly-increasing daring, at length roused the imperial government to take more active measures against them. The buccaneers had indeed ventured so far as to advance in sight of a town, within range of the batteries, board a vessel, murder the sailors, and escape with their booty. Such acts as these it was impossible to permit. About eighty vessels were therefore mustered to sail against them, to Shaou-wan, upon which the pirates were preparing an attack. Intelligence of the movements of the Admiral being conveyed to them, they redoubled their

force, collecting their junks from all parts of the sea; they were ordered to secrete themselves until the proper moment in some of those creeks which are found all along the coast of China. The government fleet moved on, perfectly unconscious that the pirates were aware of their approach, and were surprised to discover, when they were near Shaou-wan, that vessel after vessel began crowding round them on all sides. It was now rapidly getting dark, and the engagement commenced. The inhabitants of the town ascended the green heights in the rear to watch the progress of the fight. The sight was most magnificent. The sea, as far as the eye could reach, was dotted with large junks, from which, every now and then, there burst a roar of cannon and a vivid flash that illumined the scene far and near. At intervals there rose on the air a piercing shriek from the dying which appalled the distant listener. All night the firing continued, and in the morning the waves were covered with the wrecks of vessels and bodies of the dead; and after another battle on the following night, the government fleet was thrown into confusion, and some of the ships blown up.

This success encouraged the pirates to still further exertion. They advanced to Heang-po, where they fought another battle, going up the river and blockading the harbour. The government assembled about a hundred vessels of various nations, and had many skirmishes with the pirates, without being able to subdue them. But at length determined upon blockading them at Ta-yu-shan, whither they had retreated, and to intercept all supplies which might be sent them of provisions and stores. They also prepared fire-ships, filled with gunpowder, nitre, and other combustibles. Twenty-five of these were launched in the direction of the pirate entrenchment, but were driven back by the wind, and set in a blaze by two men-of-war. The buccaneers had provided themselves with long pincers, with which they kept off the fire-ships, so that they did little or no harm. The next day a breeze sprung up which was extremely favourable to the pirates, who, the moment it grew dark, made sail, and bearing down strongly upon the blockade, fired it, and went off triumphantly

into the open seas, upsetting, in their progress, a considerable number of the government ships, which were not prepared for their descent. But as soon as they could get under weigh, they followed in chase, and met the pirates a few days after, near Sangaou. Here the enemy spread out all their vessels one by one, so that the line of their fleet reached the forces of the Chinese commander, whom they sought to surround. The admiral, fearing this, divided his forces, and made two separate attacks on the buccaneers, who lost three vessels by fire, but ultimately gained the day.

A schism now arose in the pirate fleet between the two chiefs who had so long held together in amity. Each desired to be master on the ocean; O-po-tae would not yield to Chaou-paou, nor would Chaou-paou yield to O-po-tae. They accordingly separated their ships into two divisions, and fought a battle, in which Chaou-paou was defeated. Many prisoners were taken on both sides, who were inhumanly put to death. O-po-tae though victorious in the first instance, felt that he stood little chance against Chaou-paou in the long run, for he was much beloved by his followers for his bravery and skill. After some time spent in deliberation, he resolved to tender his submission to the Celestial Empire, which was very thankfully received, and all his former offences freely pardoned. The greatest joy prevailed all through the country at the subjection of so large a portion of the pirate fleet. "People sold their arms, and bought oxen to plough their fields; they burned sacrifices, and had prayers on the tops of the hills."

Many entertained a hope that Chaou-paou, perceiving the distinctions gained by his comrade on shore, would be incited to follow his example. But he was not to be bought by the promise of being made a mandarin. He preferred his freedom on the ocean, with its excitement and ever-recurring change, to the monotony of a land-life; and therefore, assembling the remainder of his band, he sailed back into his old haunts, until fortune should enable him better to cope with the force he knew O-po-tae would urge the emperor to send against him. The power of the pirate was for a time diminished, and the inhabitants of the coast enjoyed a state of tem-

porary repose; but in a few years the buccaneers acquired again strength and importance, which they have maintained, with little interruption, up to the present time. Chaou-paou has long been gathered to his fathers, and the chiefs who have succeeded him, though perhaps less remarkable for their ability, were no less powerful.

The Chinese government, and it must be confessed our own authorities in China, have lately displayed much apathy respecting the buccaneers, suffering them to devastate the coast, and commit all kinds of crimes with impunity. The pirates were awed by no display of power, and imagined the security they had hitherto enjoyed would always be afforded them. The Chinese coast is of so great an extent, and the stream of vessels passing and re-passing swells so considerably with each year, that it becomes more and more necessary to secure their safety, by appointing proper guards along the coast at those places where it is known that the pirates assemble in the greatest number.

One act of audacity committed by the pirates was of such unparalleled effrontery as to arouse the strictest vigilance of the English authorities, and to furnish an excuse for visiting chastisement upon them for every late daring attempt. A number of Chinese boats had been boarded, the crews killed or mutilated; vessels belonging to various nations had been continually arrested in their progress and carried off, until ransomed by the owners; a lugger, belonging to a Chinese merchant, had been captured. But the crowning act of the pirate, which has incurred so deserved a chastisement, was the capture of an English cutter, on board which three Englishmen and an American were murdered. The *Inflexible* was ordered to proceed towards the Lemna Islands, a well-known nest of pirates, where they had formed a settlement, and were now awaiting the attack of the English steamer; which was no sooner perceived, than a fire was opened upon her by some of the larger junks assembled in the anchorage, which mounted at least twenty-six guns. A discharge from the *Inflexible*, however, soon startled them, and dissipated some of their courage, for sampans, crowded with men, were seen making off from the fleet, and concealing themselves in

small wooded creeks near at hand. An order to board being now given, Lieutenant Gordon, with several well-armed boats, went forward, and succeeded in reaching the enemies' decks, capturing at least forty-five prisoners. On searching the junks, much of the property belonging to a Spaniard, Lieutenant Orense, lately murdered by the pirates, was discovered, along with a considerable quantity of merchandise, evidently stolen from the shopkeepers of Hong-Kong. Large stores of oil, powder, and arms, were also found on board. The *Inflexible*, after destroying the junks, returned to Macao, where, among the prisoners taken, six of the men engaged in the late murders were identified, and being found guilty, were executed.

The next attempt made by the pirates was upon the Englishship *Dido*, on her passage from Hong-Kong to Singapore, which stopped at the island of Hainan for the purpose of procuring water. No sooner had she cast anchor, than a fleet, consisting of between fifty and sixty boats, suddenly assembled at a short distance, and manifested hostile intentions. But the captain of the *Dido*, affecting to view their movements with the utmost unconcern, concluded his business at Hainan, and, favoured by a breeze which opportunely sprung up, soon shot far a-head of the pirate junks—twenty-five of which came after in pursuit, but were soon compelled to fall back into the harbour of Hainan. This island has been by some supposed entirely to belong to the buccaneers; but that is a mistaken notion. It is true they possess whole islands along the coast, but Hainan, occupying a favourable position in the gulf of Tonquin, is only a place of habitual resort, to which they steer in anticipation of a plentiful yearly plunder, for most of the trading ships, in their passage to and from Hong Kong, from Singapore, and other emporiums of commerce, touch at this island.

The *Sylph* had quitted Singapore, and had not been heard of at her destination long after the proper time for her arrival, and was supposed to have fallen into the hands of one of the divisions of the pirate fleet, well known to be cruising about the seas. Fishing-boats engaged in their customary occupations, had obtained glimpses of a large body of

junks crossing the ocean, and bound for some distant spot, while burning villages on the coast betrayed where the pirates had made their last visitation. The *Medea*, under the command of Captain Lockyer, was despatched in search of the missing vessel; and, though unsuccessful in the main object of his mission, had several sharp encounters with the pirates, and destroyed many of their boats. He also gave intelligence at the proper quarters of a powerful fleet still cruising about the Eastern Seas. All along the coast there are innumerable safe retreats for the piratical hordes, sheltered creeks, bays, and natural harbours, open to receive their junks, which, under cover of narrow promontories, lie sometimes moored at the feet of precipitous rocks, and ready to start forth upon their prey, whenever their scouts convey intelligence of a merchant vessel. Sailing past the picturesque shores of China one is struck with the remarkable beauty of the landscapes opening to the view. Sometimes a ridge of hills clothed to the summit with verdure, shelters a village embosomed in trees at its feet; sometimes a long line of precipitous rocks present their bare front to the ocean; sometimes, again, a barren sandy plain stretches apparently interminably away. Little isles, covered with rich vegetation, group themselves here and there, and from their channels the buccaneering junks oft emerge upon the waters in surprising numbers.

To eject the pirate fleet from their haunts, a vessel was at length fitted out under the command of Captain Hay. His force consisted of only the *Columbine*, with seventy men on board. On his way, however, he encountered the little steamer *Canton*, which was returning after an ineffectual search for the missing vessel; had it not been for this assistance, it is more than probable that the pirates would have overpowered Captain Hay. As it was, however, towed up by the *Canton*, the *Columbine* disturbed fourteen large junks from the retreat they occupied, and drove them, with much sharp fighting, into blockade in Hong-Hae bay, where a part of the fleet was blown up. A brave young officer, Mr. Goddard, who was the first to board the enemy's ship, was lost in this encounter. The remainder of the pirate armament had steered rapidly away, in

the direction of Bias Bay, whither they were quickly pursued by Captain Hay, who, reinforced by the *Fury*, discomfited the buccaneers, firing their ships, and driving their crews back to land. We have not space to dwell upon this brilliant expedition in the present paper; as though the division under the command of the famous Chiu-apo was destroyed, his still more powerful companion, Shap-ng-tsai, yet existed, and was known to be cruising in other portions of the China Seas.

No sooner had Captain Hay returned victorious from this contest than, accompanied by the *Phlegethon*, *Fury*, and *Columbine*, he was despatched in search of Shap-ng-tsai's fleet, which had moved down towards the south. For some time they heard nothing to decide them for what particular point to steer; but on reaching St. John's Island, they learned from the fishing-boats, that nearly three weeks had elapsed since a fleet of many vessels had been seen with flying banners sailing past. Soon a trading junk, stripped of all it had contained, was encountered, with the crew on board, who informed the expedition that the pirates had rifled their ships, along with many others, and then proceeded to a place called Hoi Chow. Shap-ng-tsai had visited one place four times during the year, and carried off considerable booty, with a large number of slaves. At every place touched at by the expedition the greatest excitement prevailed. The English were moving rapidly upon the track of the pirate, who, wherever he steered, marked his course by blood and rapine. Not a town or village of any importance had escaped him; and wherever the *Phlegethon*, with her companions, anchored, for the purpose of obtaining intelligence, they heard nothing but the bitterest reproaches against the desperate marauder who had spread so much desolation amongst them. All expressed themselves delighted at the pursuit now made, and they gazed with something of joy upon the little armament then scudding the waves, and fervently hoped it was destined to destroy the power of him who had so long held them in terror. The English were everywhere well received; and so great was the gratitude of the inhabitants at the prospect of deliverance from their enemy, that they

would have feasted the ships' crews for days, and detained them by every possible means amongst them. Captain Hay, while expressing thanks for their welcome, represented that it was far better to allow him to proceed first to the chastisement of the foe, and that on his return he would endeavour to partake of their hospitality. At Pack-hoy the blackened ruins of several houses, the depopulation of others, and the unhappy condition of the remaining inhabitants, without the evidence of words, proved that the pirate had been there. A great many women had been carried off, and were supposed to be still with the fleet, which, sixty strong, roamed on further down the coast. Every indication of the marauder's depredations only increased the anxiety of the English to inflict their meditated chastisement upon him, and the hearts of all on board kindled with enthusiasm at each fresh intelligence.

The expedition had now been absent ten days, and had never once caught a glimpse of the pirate fleet, when one day, towards evening, as they were engaged in searching the harbour of Goo-to-shan, they observed a suspicious-looking junk at anchor under a headland. The moment the English ships appeared she hoisted sail, and with much precipitation fled over some shallow flats, where it was impossible for the *Columbine* to follow her. The *Phlegethon*, however, proceeded in immediate chase, and quickly coming up with her, had a brief engagement, in which the junk was destroyed, many of her crew killed, and the remainder compelled to seek refuge on land. No doubt existed in the minds of any but that this was a scout placed in this position by Shap-ng-tsai, for the purpose of conveying to him the intelligence of any pursuit that might be made. At Hoo-nong it was discovered that the long-expected fleet was at anchor, in a harbour only a few miles a-head, preparing for an attack upon the town of Fa-lung.

The next morning, just as the expedition was making for the place indicated, the men on the look-out said that some large junks were in the act of quitting the harbour. When, however, the vessels of war were perceived making rapidly towards them, they stood in again. A short time more elapsed, and then the officers and crews of the

Phlegethon, Fury, and Columbine had the inexpressible delight of beholding the celebrated fleet, stretching in long array before them. A very dangerous bar obstructed the progress of the war-ships, and caused some considerable delay; but at length, by the assistance of a villager, they were safely conducted across. The pirates, meanwhile, were preparing a defence. They felt that every available means was necessary against the force with which they had to contend; they had heard of the total destruction of Chui-apo's fleet, and entertained little or no hope of repelling the English, against whom, however, they resolved to battle manfully. Selecting six of their larger vessels, they ranged them across the entrance of the harbour, placed the rest behind, so as to be capable of doing as much execution as possible. Shap-ng-tsai, the pirate, gave directions everywhere himself, and was now on board one vessel, now another, animating the courage of his men by recalling to their recollections the late destruction committed upon Chui-apo's fleet. A fierce yell of defiance issued from the crews of the junks, as they began to pour a broadside upon the war ships before they were within range of their fire. The Phlegethon and Fury, with well-directed aim, showered in among them an abundance of shell and rockets, which did considerable damage; the Columbine, coming up, assisted by pouring in her shots. At length, a shell from the Phlegethon fell directly on Shap-ng-tsai's own vessel, which, in a few moments, blew up into the air with all her crew on board, though it is supposed the leader escaped into some of the other junks. The greatest consternation now prevailed amongst the pirates. For a short time they ceased their fire—struck at the terrific explosion. When the atmosphere was cleared of smoke, not a vestige of the ship remained, except a few fragments floating upon the waves. The vessels near at hand caught fire, and a fresh shower of shell and rocket from our ships completed the work of destruction. Before it was quite dark, at least twenty-seven ships were blazing in the harbour, illumining the landscape, as far as the eye could reach, with a lurid glare. The waves appeared tinged with red for a considerable distance by the reflection cast

from the burning junks, and every object on land was distinctly revealed. The distant hills formed a fine background for the picture, while, in front, the blazing ships drifted hither and thither across the stream, after their cables were burnt through; their guns exploding every now and then as they became heated. The remainder of the fleet now made a hasty retreat further down the coast, pursued by the Phlegethon and Fury, the Columbine remaining behind to destroy the first block of junks, until towed up by the Phlegethon, who returned for her, and they passed together through the burning fleet until they arrived where the Fury had anchored for the night. From the decks they could behold the blazing junks, which were still burning when the day dawned. The retreating portion of the pirate fleet was yet in sight, having evidently been compelled to put into a creek, with the localities of which they were quite as ignorant as the English. The ships of war, however, made a swift pursuit, and, before evening, twenty-four more of the hostile junks were destroyed, and six only of the vast fleet, which it had taken them many months to prepare, were left upon the waves. The chief himself escaped, along with about three hundred of his brave and devoted followers, and steered away to construct another armament with which to revenge himself upon the English for the signal discomfiture he had received.

The expedition having accomplished the object of its mission, prepared to return home, leaving on the waters, where a formidable fleet had once sailed, the terror of a people, numberless wrecks, drifting hither and thither, the sport of the winds and the waves. So great a victory had never been achieved against the pirates in the Chinese seas; and wherever the expedition touched on their return home, they were met with salutes, the beating of gongs, and flying banners, by which the inhabitants of the coast sought to testify their joy at the subversion of their enemies.

It is more than probable that, though annihilated in the present instance, we shall still have occasion to make another display of our power against those tyrants of the ocean, unless a continued vigilance be kept up, and proper guards stationed along the coast of China.

A TASTE OF FRENCH POLITICS.

"LETTER FROM AN IRISHMAN IN PARIS, TO HIS COUNTRYMAN AT BALLAGHADEREEN."

Paris, Place Madeline, March —, 1850.

"Here's fine revolution, an we had the trick to see it."—HAMLET.

MY DEAR MIKE,—I find there is no stop to my thoughts, and—if it must come out—to my *wisdom*, till I sit down to indict them—and then I become as dry as the old cow with the one horn you remember so well as Biddy's dowry; or as the repeal purse to our friend John; or as the oratory of the aforesaid very successful tribune; or—oh! bother the *ors*—as I am myself of good, telling, similes. I am like nothing in this world so much as our Bob—poor boy—when he used to take the tumbler of punch, overflowing as it stood, and invert it so scientifically that, by some law of adhesion neither I nor you can explain, he had the "flowing bowl" upside down, with its mouth open, and not a drop of the *creature* falling out of it. Now, that is my case entirely; I am brimming full about "Paris and the Parisians," as the book-writers call them, and now that I am down on my—*chair*, I suppose, I must call this spring-bottomed ottoman of my Parisian landlord—the deuce a one of my brilliant ideas will come out of me.

I console myself, however, by believing that the case, bad as it is, has happened to the other—the regular and recorded—scribblers on Paris, my predecessors, and is a malady of the place; for they have surely had as good notions as myself—mind, I do not say better—and what else but the difficulty I now feel, of doing their poor brains justice—of putting one's discoveries before the public as freshly and as elegantly as they came tripping before the fancy—can explain such books as they have written, professedly in Paris, on Paris; books dull in their gaiety, and oppressive as either. Ah! Mike, if you knew as much of literary travellers and their tricks as I have found out since coming here, you would never take their word when they leave you a chance—as they rarely do—of taking

anything else; nor would you trust any judgment but your own, *or mine*, in forming an independent opinion of the great nation which *Louis Napoleon*, through six millions of votes, and I—thanks to the height of my *grenier*—have at this moment at our feet. The petty larceny scoundrels use and abuse France with much the same gratitude that some Government men I know have served out poor Ireland. They have had their crack, and taken their "whack" out of her, and there the "golden link" that attached them to the country endeth! They "idle"—they "ramble"—they "tour"—they "journey," sentimentally or scientifically—they "travel"—they "ride"—they "walk"—they "pencil by the way"—they "chalk by the by-way"—a suspicious number of *aliases* for the same thing; and what is the upshot of it all, but that they drag "at each remove a lengthened chain." Poor Goldsmith was worth them all centripeted! And in all their roamings, roam away from nothing so far as truth.

Happy Mike! Brilliant exception to every-day humanity! You will see France with my eyes—hear France with my ears—and reason on France from my recordings—that is to say, if I can once get your informant agoing.

And just to get under weigh, suppose I give you a word or two on the Paris elections, about which everybody is talking and, where God has made it possible, *thinking*. After all that the *Times* and its satellites—these well-informed public instructors—have day by day put forth, as the state of parties in France, I dare say you are mightily surprised beyond there, that three "Reds," of unmitigated revolutionary ferocity—Socialists of doctrinal heterodoxy the most undoubted—should succeed, in the city of shops and shopkeepers, of art and artists (amid a diffused mediocrity of wages, profits, and incomes, that should make peace everybody's interest), in displacing, by

so large a majority as seven thousand, three candidates, who, with the highest individual recommendations, personified, as they claimed, the cause of Moderation and Order.

Yet, Mike, if you think on it for a moment, there is nothing so easy to explain—nothing so natural to have expected—and nothing, let me add *en passant*, more proper to have done.

The truth is, the party of Order and Moderation, like some idiot messengers, have forgotten their business on the way, and its members, forming a large but heterogeneous majority of the Legislative Assembly, have for months never agreed on any one measure, that had not for its distinction, the irregular, the illiberal, and the immoderate. What adds to the singularity is, that the gentlemen thus acting are, individually, good samples of the superior range of French respectability—are each more or less anxious for the well-being of the state, which they fancy, in good conscience, that they are saving, and that with them, as leaders, are the most distinguished writers and *hommes d'état* of France, and perhaps of Europe!

How explain this infelicitous and perilous anomaly?—for there is such a complication of other anomalies under it, that I almost despair of the disentanglement, even to your acuteness.

A great part of the mystery lies in the conflict of feeling, opinion, and interest, of the gentlemen who are amicably giving the hand to one another in public, as a united party, and who, with the other hand, would just as amicably give each other poison if they could.

The doctors unite to consult, and consult but to disagree. How else could it be? Some of the learned gentlemen are the "*Perruqued* traitors of Coblenz;" others the "Brigands of the Loire;" others the "*Corrumpus*" of the "Orleanist Usurpation;" and the great remedial desideratum of one is an emperor, if he take even the shape and colour of Souloque; of another, some young man, unfortunate in his mother, and whom his friends call Henry V.; of a third, one of the three or four gentlemen popularly known as Louis XVII.; of the remaining, the Count de Paris, or the Prince de Joinville, or any other offshoot of Orleanism.

But to reach the crisis by which one

or other of these results is to be attained, a number of intermediate phenomena are to be superinduced in the poor patient; and in this stage of the matter some curious diagnoses and remedies come in to solicit our attention.

On the Republican side, *Lamartine* says that everything will be cured by waiting, for he has the utmost faith in the constitution which has the honour of owning *his* paternity. This is clearly what is known to French medicine as the expectant system, and is incontestably according to all the laws of nature.

Victor Hugo says the great matter is "to look to the future," assured that the present is all right enough since it *is*, and the past since it is not, and prescribes as an adjuvant the daily reading of his halfpenny journal, *The Evenement*, in which they will find a just apprisement of him and the country.

Emile de Girardin has seen three or four dynasties disposed of, and I do not know how many hundred ministries, all from the absurd oversight of not taking his counsels and his premier-ship. *Verb. sap.!*

On the other hand, Thiers, the diminutive and erratic Coryphæus of the great party of Order, is convinced that the Voltairean principle, on which he so long and successfully practised, is at the bottom of the great social malady, and now advocates religion even if Jesuitic, and monarchy even if despotic!

Montalembert thinks he has put his finger on the mischief, when he has discovered those "*affreux petits rheteurs*;" the primary instructors to be immersed in Sybaritism, on their salaries of eight pounds a-year respectively. Ambitious themselves of better places, they teach their pupils nothing but to be ambitious too: Greek and Latin thus get so rare, that even the representatives know nothing about them; and with this lack of science, and superabundance of high living, how can the state be well? His remedy, therefore, is, to have no instruction except in the "*Lives of the Saints*," particularly in his own "*Life of St. Elizabeth of Hungary*," and no liberty except the one he has taken himself of apostatising from liberty.

Carlier, the Prefect of Police, is

sure that the malady is a fungoid one, of a class unmistakably vegetable, and believes that everything will be right when there shall be no more trees to liberty, or crowns of flowers to its martyrs.

The Minister of War, General D'Hautpoul, who, having for thirty-five years changed his politics with every new ministry, is an authority on the evils of mobility, affirms that nothing is needed but an efficient dose of monarchical *stability*; for "has France," he triumphantly asks, "required more than four monarchies to go through half a century of government?"—an average of nearly fifteen years a dynasty!

Le Napoleon newspaper thinks that a great step has been made towards recovery, by the moral effect of the Czar's address to Louis Napoleon, "Mon grand et tres cher ami," and is certain all will be accomplished the day the Czar, adding to the *moral* the physical effect he is so well able to produce, shall *prove* that there is some reciprocity in the *grandeur* of the friendship.

Mons. de la Rochejaculin has no faith in the infinitesimal doses of the homœopathic system, but admits that so much may be said for the principle, "similia similibus curantur," that nothing is more desirable for the cause of Order than a total upset!

Odillon Barrot consoles himself under his political annihilation with the assurance that everything was as well as could be expected, until the fatal morning that he was dismissed on the pretence that there was more *flatus* than "action" involved in his system of treatment.

As for Louis Philippe and his school, basing their theories on the ingratitude no less than the strength shown in kicking the old occupant out of the Tuilleries without a moment's warning, they consider the case one of mania, and vehemently advise the strait-jacket and copious bleeding, tried with success in every case—but one!

With those diverse notions of the malady and the remedy, you will see, my dear Mike, that the patient has more chance of perishing of the abundance than of the want of doctors. I am not sure, indeed, if two-thirds of the disease are not the doctors themselves; and have no doubt whatever

that from the *excitement*, the *malaise*, the *alarm*, and the *nausea* they are everlastingly producing, by their terrifying diagnoses and still more terrifying expedients, that the patient would be a thousand degrees stronger, healthier, calmer, if they were all at the bottom of the Red Sea.

France has no need so great, as to be saved from her saviours.

The truth is, my dear Mike, and let me say this, *entre nous*, the statesmen of France, and the bureaucratic class, of which they form the head, are, of [all Europeans, the men worst placed by circumstances and individual (I will not say *national*) character, to exercise the supreme power placed in their hands by democratic machinery. Living all their days, and with some *eclât*, on a showy capital of silly collegiate erudition and historic precedent, by which they would fain judge the men and things in actual life before them—made up, more than most of us, of instincts for reason, and flimsy caprices for *passions*—conviction is, with them, a matter of school-boy feeling, and school-boy feeling an all-sufficient matter of fitful and violent action. I do not say that they are inferior, naturally, to other men, more than the Chinese they so much resemble, but, like the Chinese, they have been made, from their earliest youth, the *things*, the *victims* of that government system, or rather succession of government systems which, under Napoleon, the Bourbons and Louis Philippe, have radiated from here, like the plan of telegraphs, to every town and hamlet through the country. Indoctrinated in all fashions, and in all places, with high-sounding nonsense about "la gloire," "l'ordre," "le gouvernement," "la France," "la grande nation," "l'honneur du drapeau," "le dignité du pays," a feverish emulation for a mock heroic greatness was engendered in them from their first school, a daily excitement of the humbler intellectual powers fanned, stimulated, and, mark the word, *prematurely exhausted*; and now we have them as we have them—with the *means* of knowledge and wisdom, rather than the *things* themselves—trained rather than educated—systematised rather than experienced. Etiquette—rule—system, their uniform inviolable test of the just and the ex-

pedient, and whether talking, writing, reflecting, and, above all, *acting*, only able *jurare in verba magistri*, with more or less of fanatical zeal, and more or less of rhetorical cleverness!

Add to this, that the better classes have been born, nurtured, and confirmed in a hate or fear of democracy like that of the respectable Mussulman for the *Giaour*. That the clergy and women are as one to preach fear of peoples and trust in princes. That they make it a point of, more or less, honour, and often of very much feeling, to adhere to one or other of the three dynasties; and that to most of them, accustomed, in their turns, to half a century of state corruption, the question of government patronage, in a country where one man in nine is a government *employé*, is as much a question of income as a farm, a house, or an investment in the funds.

Made masters of the situation in May, 1849, as much to their surprise, I believe, as to their delight, they have since displayed a fidelity to their two principles of "Order and Moderation," in the inverse proportion of their *professions* and their *interests*. Out of power they lauded these qualities as the becoming insignia of the vanquisher, in power they treat them as the peculiar duties of the vanquished! Disunited among themselves, on the partition of spoil as on the partition of the future, they never fail to shew a common front against the common enemy, nor ever hesitate to throw law, liberty, or the constitution overboard, should it impair the efficiency of their defence. With their infamous public morality—of all perils the greatest to France—to crush, to destroy an enemy, justifies any irregularity. And what respect, Mike, can they feel for constitutions, who have themselves survived scores of them, and who, in their inmost being, habitually regard *power* as the only vital and dominant principle, because it has been the only one that has endured throughout?

I admit that "The Mountain" are violent, wild, outrageous; that, with many of the substantial defects of their opponents, they have even less prudence and discretion in giving them the gloss of decency. But, as Marshal Bugeaud told the Assembly a few days

before his death, a larger liberty ought to be extended to a minority than can be decently exercised by the majority; and the Lucifer-like fall, that looked for some time irretrievable, as it was certainly unexpected, ought to be some excuse for the exasperation and violence of men less accustomed to public business than even their opponents.

The wise doctrine of mutual concession, however, and the *politic* practice of forbearance—things invaluable to a successful party, as they are essential to all prosperous democracies—have never been understood in France, and in France never will be. The French politician true, in the first place, like most of us, to his passions and vanities, is true in the second to his party, and true, last of all, and only by accident, to justice. He follows his flag, wherever that may go, with as much ardour as if he were leader, and as much subserviency as if he were a slave. Governed by his innate military spirit, he sees in politics but a war, and in himself but a soldier, and is ever on the alert for a daring dash in act or speech that may get himself talked about. Take up *any* day's *Moniteur* for the last twelve months, and you will find the proof and illustration of my position in some government policy under discussion, and in at least twenty individual *escapades*, *the best of them always from the President!*

Why, everybody asked in England, did the French Assembly suppress the sister republic of Rome, and with it French influence in Italy, not less in despite of their constitution than of wise national policy? It was a check to the democrats!

Why keep Paris, as they are now keeping six southern departments, under a needless and irritating state of siege? It was an insult to the democrats!

And thus it is always. Is the minister questioned on some foreign blunder, some internal violence, some government falsehood, the majority rise as one man—forbid a reply—vote the order of the day.

The government provokingly cuts down the silly but harmless trees of liberty, recognised as part of the public monuments of the country. The order of the day!

The police withdraw from the tombs

of those that fell in 1830 and 1848 the flowers placed at their feet by the zeal of affection or admiration. The order of the day!

Conduct journalists, handcuffed and on foot, through France to their distant prison, for no other sin than a political heresy; hold others for weeks in secret custody, without even the ceremony of a preliminary investigation; deprive porters, without any kind of inquiry but by mere police will, of their badge and livelihood, on no other grounds than their being Socialists. All these, and a thousand excesses akin to them, are cheered—welcomed by the majority. Each act of rigour, as it is called, is an honour, a triumph for the happy minister; and before a complaint can be formularised, or a question asked, five hundred tumultuous cries dispose of the whole matter.

All this is fortunately aside, very far aside, from the relative worth of the principles of either party; but it is not so from their success. There are many men who will hold blessed those that suffer persecution for what they fancy to be conscience, and who abhor the principles no less than the persons that violate justice, no matter for what purpose. Hence the love of repression, the veto on discussion, the general want of fair play and arbitrary assertion of power, has *diminished*, not increased, the strength of the majority, and, forcing into the extreme of Radicalism many thinking and influential persons, whose sympathies had hitherto gone in another direction, explains the startling fact—most puzzling for the believers in the authority of the *Times*—that, despite a clerical and official interest equal to 50,000 votes, and a government purgation of the electoral list to the extent of 20,000 more, La Flotte, the June insurgent, has been preferred by a considerable majority to General La Hitte, the Minister of Foreign Affairs!

That we are now at a critical moment—the most critical we have yet reached—is, perhaps, beyond a question. The passion for law and order that has seized the populace prove it no less than the vain twistings or vainer violence that mark the action both of the legislative and executive powers of the state. It is, too, the crisis not of an hour that has approached, but of a century. The

schemes attributed to Louis Napoleon are as nothing compared to the ripening of the great product that has so long been growing in the domain of time. The momentous solution, yet shrouded from our view, is one which, if it involve life or death to France, will not less certainly affect even England largely for evil, or infinitely for good; for, whatever be its other results, it assuredly brings into play a new history, perhaps a new geography, for Europe.

Nor are the agencies at work in the political earthquake out of keeping with the probable consequences. The political activity of France at this moment is the most singular, as it is, perhaps, the greatest, phenomenon in social records. Men and things alike converge in unprecedented power to evolve the eventful. Rome, under her Cæsars, demoralised and incredulous, was not more on the inevitable brink of great national change. But here it is the system that has died out, rather than the men. While things are crumbling around, I think I see the elevation of Frenchmen. Impotency, or at best a spasmodic vitality, marking every institution appertaining to the past—the heart of the nation is still sound, still powerful, and if in violent and conflicting, still not in unhealthy action. Differing in their identified nationality from the early Greeks, in their industry and intellectual culture from the Roman populace, and in their audacity and love of liberty from the Greeks of the lower empire, the French seem fitted to undergo social revolutions without the wreck of empire that so often marks such epochs. Just as they emerged from the Bourgeoisie revolution of 1789, a compact and stronger nation, or just as we, after the long throes and heavings that followed our Reformation, found ourselves in tripled strength, the probable dissolution of French society by no means implies, still less necessitates, the dissolution of France. However dark the portents, we are right in never despairing of the state even most contaminated by misgovernment, where the citizens have, so far survived the demoralisation of their rule, that having the good fortune to make changes, they have yet not lost the courage or will wherewith to vindicate them.

If it be this contrast between French-

men and France—this marked difference between the mental and material, the *posse* and the *esse* of this country—which, in the varied phases of its development, gives, perhaps, a predominating, because an encouraging, interest to the spectacle before us, it is correct to add that, as if Fate would concentrate in one tremendous drama every element of great public action, she seems careful to bring into prominent play almost every other agency, foreign or domestic—national hates, historic complications, novel dynasties, opposing industries, conflicting castes, creeds, principles, and sympathies!

I know of nothing more interesting, though little heeded, than this spectacle now under my eyes, of a people in the expectation of a crisis more or less nigh. Akin to the desolate look in the motionless atmosphere, or the ominous swell in the smoothed ocean that precedes a hurricane, there is a lull in public emotion that serves as the avant-courier of revolution. The mighty shadow of the future steals like a cloud over society, and, day by day more, sits over it like a pall. An uneasy sense of the unknown and the indefinite spreads from man—doubts swell to apprehensions, fears into an all-pervading certitude—and scarce has the gloomy thing become the universal belief before it is “nigh—even at their doors!”

The presentiment often assumes a public voice worth remarking. It is a daily argument, inspiring the confidence of a faith in the Socialist journals; and the Conservatives, using it as an all-powerful persuasive to party unity, sacrifice to it dynastic or caste interests, paramount under other circumstances. “It is clear,” says the

Revue des Deux Mondes, “that within two years the question for discussion will not be between a republic and a monarchy, but between the Reign of Terror and the Russians!” “Sixty-six out of the eighty-six departments are in the hands of the Socialists,” says the *Dix Decembre*. The acute and enterprising editor of the *Presse* expresses similar opinions, in equally precise language, and threatens political opponents with the need of his intercession before an outraged people, again in the enjoyment of power. Even the pulpit echoes the sentiment, and the celebrated preacher, La Cordaire, has more than once urged the bourgeoisie to moderation and virtue, by denunciations of the terrors so soon to mark the extinction of their power.

What, then, awaits us? With *immorality* saturating society to its depths—religion but a vain sound, heard apart in an alien tongue, a worship of death-beds and the dead, a garment put off in childhood to be resumed on childhood’s second coming—and the cleverness of your wise men but a thing of system, as the “*order*” of your rich men but a thing of interest—where are your barriers, France, against that terrific rising of the deep waters, now surging into clear and measurable view? Alas! between the new power and the inauguration of its fearful reign of experiment, I see no barriers, save some fragile instruments of an idle violence, serving no purpose, but to remain as the monumental excipients of a perhaps not idle vengeance!

But I grow grave, like events. Good night, my dear Mike, and believe me ever yours,

CORNELIUS M’SQUIREEN.

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CHAPTER V.

THE MAY-DAY FESTIVAL IN IRELAND.

"Ye lads and lasses all, to-day,
To Finglas let us haste away;
With hearts so light and dresses gay,
To dance around the May-pole."

—OLD SONG.

REMEMBRANCES OF OLD MAY-DAY; A DREAM OF THE PAST—THE FLORALIA, AND LA BEAL-TAINE—THE ANCIENT IRISH YEAR—BAEL-WORSHIP—ANCIENT IRISH AUTHORITIES THEREON—BONFIRES—THE MAY-DAY FIRE IN DUBLIN; A SCENE IN THE COOMBE—BONFIRE CEREMONIAL—MAY-EVE FESTIVITIES—THE SNAIL CHARM AND THE YARROW—THE WELL CEREMONIES UPON MAY-MORNING—CATTLE CHARMS—NETTLING—THE HARE WITCH—CHURNING—THE BUTTER WITCHCRAFT—MAY DEW—THE MAY-BUSH AND MAY-POLE—FINGLAS SPORTS AND DUBLIN REVELS—MAY-BOYS AND MORRIS-DANCERS—MAY RHYMES—SAURA-LINN—SONNOUGHING SUNDAY—MAY-DAY LEGENDS.

WINTER and spring are over; the harshest winds of March,—the sirocco of the British Isles,—have passed to other climes, and fitful April, now warm and witching, anon rough and gusty, or mild and melting, bright and gloomy, as alternate clouds and sunshine struggle for the mastery—like the face of angry, but forgiving woman, with pouting lip but dimpled cheek, ever smiling through her tears—charming April, the sweet, blue-eyed harbinger of summer, has breathed upon us once again—changing the russet mantle of seed-time into the verdant garment of May. First budding in mottled green among our sheltered hedges and cultured gardens, then spreading with almost visible pace from shrub to tree, and tree again to lawn; while as the leaves expand, and young shoots twine as if to screen and shelter from the vulgar gaze the loves of feathered warblers, the birds are mating in every bush, and welcoming the hour with joyous notes of passion or of praise. Even the rooks, that balance on the tops of the still grey and unleaved ash, have assumed a

softened, cawing note, and the sharp call of the chaffinch assumes a melody in our ears, because we hail it as the season's chime. The timid, retiring primrose peeps up from among the rib-grass and violets, and raises to the light its modest, sulphur-coloured face; the graceful cowslip, with the crimson star brightening in its calix, now droops its modest head in the upland, daisy-spangled meadows; and the saucy yellow buttercup and golden May-flower flaunts it in the deep pastures beside the streamlet's brink, inviting to their honey-cups the bee that now, warmed by the genial season, has shuffled off its lethargy, and is booming over glade and valley. The thorns are putting forth their white clusters, or are already bursting into flower and fragrance, as the sloe, the pear, and the apple are nodding beneath the shower, and strewing the ground with their silvery petals.

Do not our spirits attune with the seasons—springing and expanding with the early summer, but folding up within us as the bleak November blast, cold and cheerless, bursts upon us?

* Continued from Vol. XXXV., No. CCV., for January, 1850.

Does not the heart gush, the eye brighten, the step become elastic, as we inspire the exhilarating spring breeze in our early country excursions; and again become languid as we seek the summer shade, or bask in the calm repose of autumn? Yes, all nature, marsh and meadow, hill and hollow, land, and sea, and sky, forest monarchs and small nodding blue-bell'd flowrets, beasts, and feathered fowls, and winged insects, the tiny myriads of creation—all hail the Sabbath of the year, and sing the matin of the dawn of summer. Let us then, also, hail the season, and for a while throw off the cares of life, as we do the dust of the city, and away to the greenwood shade—there to enjoy the bounteous blessings which nature pours around us; and at the same time revive the recollections of past days and ceremonies, such as our ancestors, simple-hearted, good-natured, superstitious folks, observed.

"Yes! the summer is returning,
Warmer, brighter beams are burning;
Golden mornings, purple evenings,
Come to glad the world once more.
Nature, from her long sojourning
In the winter-house of mourning,
With the light of hope outpeeping,
From those eyes that late were weeping,
Cometh dancing o'er the waters,
To our distant shore." *

Now then, fair and gentle, rude and rustic readers—country swains and city dames—boys of the Liberty, from Blackpits to Mullinahack, from the banks of the Dodder to the heights of Ballynascoreney—girls of Finglas and bucks of Fingal, how have you spent your May Eve?—how did you welcome May Morning, and how do you purpose to celebrate the birth-day of summer? Have you danced to the elfin pipers that played under the thorns of the Phoenix last night? Did you leap through the bonfires that blazed upon Tallaght and Harold's-cross Green? Were you out yester-eve to welcome the "Young May Moon?" or up before sunrise to gather the maiden dew from the sparkling gossa-

mer, to keep the freckles off your pretty faces?—or have you been

"seeking
A spell in the young year's flowers.
The magical May-dew is weeping
It's charms o'er the summer bow'rs."

Have you found the name of your true love smeared by the snail you set between the plates last evening? and have you chosen a Queen of the May, whose path you'll strew with pasture flowers, as you lead her round the garlanded pole of the Tolka? Are your doors and windows decorated with primroses and cowslips, and May-flowers gathered by the meadows and green inches of your lovely Anna Liffey? Butchers of Patrick's Market and Bull-alley, and boys of the Coombe and the Poddle, are you ready, as of yore, to "cut de bosh, spite of de Divil and de Polis?" Up, weavers of Newmarket and Meath-street, and join with the Ormond boys; will you suffer the white-coated boddaghs of Meath to carry off the prizes at Finglas, and steal the May-dew from the rosy-lipped girls of Glasnevin?

Alas! what are we dreaming about—things that were, not are—memories of other, of better and happier times—of ancient customs sneered away by modern utilitarianism—of ceremonies almost forgotten, and healthful rustic sports and pastimes, now prohibited by law, put down by force—starved out of our light-hearted people, or carried beyond the blue waves of the broad Atlantic? Politics have of late years occupied the place of pantomimes—our Finglas sports were interdicted by a special act of the Privy Council—fairy lore has given place to a newspaper religion—the new Police banished the bonfires; and where is the piper or fiddler would enliven the gardens of the "Grinding Young"† after hearing a Temperance band, all dressed like Jack Puddings and Drum Majors, coming down the road from Kimmage or Dolphin's Barn?

All gone, dead and gone, save a few dirty urchins in the suburbs, who,

* MacCarthy's "Bridal of the Year."

† *Grinding Young*. One of the last old Dublin signs, and one of the best executed, too—formerly swinging from a pole, but now nailed to the wall of an almost deserted "public" at Harold's-cross Bridge. In its old *tea-garden* may still be seen several decayed swing-swings and merry-go-rounds, now too crazy to make the annual excursion to "the Brook"—Donnybrook Fair.

with the twigs of a second-hand broom, decked with stinking daffy-downillies, annoy the passengers by asking "a ha'penny to honour the May."

Burgesses and 'prentice boys of Atha-Clea—kings of Dalkey and Mud Island—sweeps of Kevin's Port and the Cabbage Garden,* and coal-porters of Ringsend and Wood-quay, you have either voluntarily surrendered, or been deprived of your ancient sports and pastimes, your festal days and civic shows. But, "every dog will have his day;" little thought the fat corporators that the hours of the *Fringes*† were numbered, and that it would require an I O U from the Lord Mayor to bring out the glass coach on a Candlemas Day. Well, have you not had your revenge? The times of Viceregal pageants have passed by; processions, barring a stray funeral up Granby-row, are at an end; Ulster King-at-Arms has become as fabulous a personage as Fin-Ma-Coul, and his tabard and sword have gone with those of the Athlone Herald, to be hung up among the dresses and ornaments of the ancient Irish at the Royal Irish Academy. Guard mountings are mere matters of history; Levees and Drawing-rooms have become stories wherewith to amuse our children, and the shamrock-dressed lady has danced her last in St. Patrick's Hall, and kissed the knocker of Dublin Castle as she called a sixpenny covered car on the wake of our Patron Saint, last eighteenth of March.

Well, happy were the days in Merry England, when blithe King Hal, with Katherine, his Queen, went out a-Maying, and the people walked "into the sweete meadowes and greene woodes, there to rejoyce their spiritres with the beauty and savour of sweete flowers, and with the harmony of birds"—when royal pageants, with Maid Marians and Morris-dancers, Robin Hoods and Friar Tucks, were considered more wholesome for the people than alehouse polemics; and rustic sports and village pastimes cheered and solaced the poor man's holiday, and all who met

"To do observance for a morn of May."

We sat down, however, to describe Irish, not English sports and ceremonies, and therefore must to our subject at once; for materials abound on every hand upon the May-day customs of the English, and few poets of note are there in that happy land who have not sung the praises of this blithesome, merry season, when

"Land and sea
Give themselves up to jollity;
And with a heart of May
Doth every beast keep holiday."

Except in some cursory allusion, or incidental notice, May-day in Ireland has not been described by any of the writers with whose works we are familiar. In laying down for ourselves the plan of these popular superstitions of the Irish peasantry, and the humble classes who are still simple-hearted enough to adhere to the old customs of their forefathers, we originally intended to devote a few chapters to the several festivals, as St. John's Eve, Lady-day, Garland Sunday, St. Martin's Day, Holly-eve, Christmas, Twelfth Night, Candlemas, &c.; and this seems the fitting time to commence the series with the May festival, May-eve, and May-day, as formerly kept by the Irish, or still, in part, observed by the present generation. But as cows, milk, and butter are supposed to be affected by fairy influences and witchcraft, &c., at that time more particularly than at any other period of the year, we shall now detail so much of the cattle charms from our notes and manuscripts as have immediate reference to the season of the May festival; and reserve for a future period the tales and legends still living in the mouths of the people, and which, better than any description of ours, serve to illustrate the popular opinions as to the causes which produce the various mischances daily occurring to horned cattle, and their produce.

In treating the subject of a festival where a multiplicity and a great variety and diversity of topics must necessarily be introduced, it is not possible to weave it, as in our previous chapters,

* *Cabbage Garden.* The Capuchin's garden—an old burial ground opposite the Meath Hospital.

† *Fringes.* Alluding to the old Corporation custom of Riding the Franchises.

into the form of a tale or legend, expressive of the opinions, as well as descriptive of the phraseology and national character, of the people or the scenery of the country.

Many of our May-day customs, sports, and games, are of English origin, and were, no doubt, introduced by the Anglo-Saxons. These pastimes are not, however, confined to the British Isles; many of them are common to all Europe, and several of them have descended to us from the Roman Floralia, or feast of Flora, the goddess of fruits and flowers, which was celebrated of old with great festivity, and sometimes with excessive licentiousness, during the few last days of April and few first of May, when the sun entered the summer solstice. From such customs came down to us the maypoles, and garlands, and floral decorations, the last traditional institution of the summer's welcome; while from our Scandinavian and Celtic great ancestors, we may fairly trace the bonfires—the lucky, or propitiatory, fires which were formerly, and are still in some places, lighted on La-Beal-teine; the Beltin of Scotland, the day of the Beal fire, the Gaelic name by which the period is still called.

The English ceremonial of May-day has been fully and graphically described by Brande, and by Sir Henry Ellis, in his modern edition of the work of that author—in Hone's "Every-day Book"—in Strutt's "Sports and Pastimes of the People," and in several minor works and periodicals. But in describing the Irish observances of this institution, we shall only make use of these and other authorities where they serve to illustrate, by their more ample details, our now almost forgotten Irish customs. After what was said in our previous chapters, it is scarcely necessary to inform the reader that a superstitious creed, and certain mystic rites derived from the remotest times, attach to almost every nation in a certain state of society, and are not peculiar to either race or creed; that some of these are of almost universal acceptance; that others belong to

peculiar localities, and that their geographical distribution is a source of interesting investigation both to the historian and to the ethnologist. In many countries these rites and practices are still prevalent; in others more advanced in civilisation, or the society of which has suffered some sudden and violent disruption, they are merely preserved in the ancient ballad, the bardic legend, or the traditional romance; or dimly appear referred to in the sayings and proverbs of the old people, or have been preserved like lingering shadows amongst the amusements and customs of modern times. In describing any peculiar rite or custom, we shall give it in as full and ample a manner as we have ever heard or known it to be observed or enacted. But as many of these usages are now obsolete, others only partially preserved—some being very local, one custom being confined to the north, another being peculiar to the west, and several only seen in the south, or in the adjacent parts of Leinster—our country readers are not to suppose that, because only a mere vestige of the rite or type of the ceremonial exists in their neighbourhood, we have in any way enlarged these descriptions by fancy or conjecture.

These papers are not intended for antiquarian purposes. We have neither the leisure nor the research necessary to render them learned in an archaeological point of view, but it is our earnest desire, as far as our knowledge enables us, not to propagate, even in a popular legend, the usual historic fallacies, and conjectural etymologies, &c., which obtained credence with Irish readers some years ago; and it is our wish, as far as possible, to correct those opinions which the credulity or ignorance of our forefathers disseminated.

It is more than probable that the ancient pagan Irish worshipped the sun, but whether under the name of *Beal*, or with what symbolic idols, is as yet undetermined; and we know that the first great divisions of the year* was into summer

* See "O'Donovan's Introduction to the *Leabhar na g-Ceart*, or Book of Rights," published by the Irish Celtic Society, "On the Division of the Year among the Ancient Irish," p. xlviii. Other divisions into quarters, or *ratha*, as *Samh-ratha*, *Foghnhar-ratha*, *Geimh-ratha*, and *Iar-ratha*, or *Earrach*, corresponding to our summer, autumn, winter, and spring (see Dr. O'Connor's "Rerum Hib. Scrip. Epistola Nuncupatoria," lxxi.) were also made, but these do not concern our present purpose.

and the ceremonies observed in Scotland, up to a very recent date indeed, and winter, *Samradh* and *Geimhredh*; the former beginning in May, or *Bealtine*; and the latter in November, or *Samhshuim*, Summer-end. Now most credible authorities are agreed that the first great Druid feast, or fire-offering of Beal, *Bel* or *Baal*, was originally kept on the 1st of May, though afterwards altered, it is said, by the early Christian missionaries* to midsummer, when it celebrates the eve of St. John the Baptist's day (the 24th of June), under which head we purpose describing this very ancient pagan custom, with all the Irish rites attending it more particularly. But we have still stronger proof than either that derived from learned writings, or the very name itself, in the fact that bonfires are still lighted in some places in Ireland on the last evening in April, and in others on the 1st of May. We have seen them but a very few years ago in the County of Wicklow, and in the neighbourhood of Dublin, and several used to be lighted in the back streets and lanes, particularly in the Liberties of this city, until the establishment of the present admirable police force. Vallancey—whose opinions, though deserving of little weight, when questions of history or the discussion of theories relative to antiquities and etymologies are concerned, is fully worthy of credence when mere matters of fact, or circumstances passing beneath his own knowledge, are under review—says, speaking of the Scottish Beltin:—"The Irish still preserve this custom, for the fire is to this day lighted in the milking yards; the men, women, and children, for the same reason, pass through, or leap over, the sacred fires, and the cattle are driven through the flames of the burning straw on the 1st of May."† A correspondent to "*Hone's Everyday Book*" (vol. ii., p. 595) thus describes the Dublin bonfire so late as 1825. A portion of the collection made by the May-boys was "expended in

the purchase of a heap of turf sufficient for a large fire, and if the funds would allow, an old tar-barrel. Formerly it was not considered complete without having a horse's skull and other bones to burn in the fire. The dépôts for these bones were the tanners' yards, in a part of the suburbs called Kilmainham,‡ and on May morning groups of boys dragged loads of bones to their several destinations." This practice has given rise to the threat still made use of, "I will drag you like a horse's head to a bonfire." The great Dublin bonfire, which used in former times to blaze in the open space leading from St. Patrick's Cathedral to the Coombe, upon May-eve, is still within the recollection of the old inhabitants. And up to this very time the May-bush in the neighbourhood of Swords and other places is, at dusk, decorated with a number of lighted candles, like the *Heilege-nocht-Baum*, the good, or holy, or lucky tree of Christmas in Germany. May bonfires are not common in Connaught or Ulster, but they still maintain in Cork, and in parts of Limerick and Kerry. Now, it is remarkable that while the May bonfires are always lighted upon the evening of the 30th of April or 1st of May, the midsummer-fire is, in many places, repeated twelve days after the 21st of June, that period marking the difference between the old and new style, a fact which goes a good way to prove that the institution of the midsummer-fire is of comparatively modern date. The 29th of June—St. Peter and St. Paul's day—has also of late years been in some places honoured with a bonfire; so that soon the people will have altogether forgotten the original institution of the bonfire, and, perhaps, have given it up altogether. Some old persons, still alive, tell us of the cattle having been driven through the half-extinguished bonfire, as a preservative against witchcraft, and people used to leap through it, and carry off a coal from it, as at the fire of St. John's-eve;

* We do not know when this actually occurred, or through whose instrumentality. The country people attribute it to St. Patrick, but we know not from what source. Can any of our readers enlighten us upon this point? Do the Bollandists allude to it?

† See Vallancey's "*Enquiry into the First Inhabitants of Ireland*," vol. ii. of the "*Collectanea de Rebus Hibernicis*," p. 64.

‡ There are but few tan-yards in this or any other part of Dublin now, and the value of bones is too well known at present to permit of their ever being used for mere matter of amusement.

of which accounts have been preserved by Campbell* and others, afford us ample food for speculation and conjecture (even had we no Irish authorities to consult) as to the pagan rites originally enacted at this festival, which it would appear, in times of remote antiquity, evidently partook of the nature of a sacrifice, or propitiatory offering to the sun.

The Gaelic appellation *Bealtaine*, the *Beal-fire*, has given rise to many conjectures, and would, at first sight, appear to be strongly corroborative of the Syrian or Phœnician origin of the Irish, from the circumstance of the name of the chief deity of the two nations being the same, and from the fact of fire being considered propitiatory in both countries. It remains, however, to be proved, that the Irish had a god called Baal or Beal, unless it can be shewn that they worshipped the sun under that title or name. It is asserted, that if the Pagan Irish worshipped Baal, there would be more places called so in ancient topographical descriptions, or preserved in modern names; but it is not so. Thus, to our inquiry on this head, Mr. O'Donovan writes: — "There

are no places called *Baal*, in Ireland. I met some places called *Bealtaine*, from May-fires having been lighted there. The *Balls* in Achill Island, in the county of Mayo, are portions of land allotted to individuals; as Conor Patten's *Ball*, Denis Toland's *Ball*, &c. In this sense, the word *ball* denotes a *spot* (of land). *Ball*, the village in Mayo, is from *BALLA*, a *wall*. The *Ballys* are from *baille*, *Villa*, *παλις* *vile*; and the *Bellas*, from *Bel-atha*, i. e., Mouth of a ford, *os vadi*." But it may be said, on the other hand, that there are not places called after any other Irish Pagan deities either.

The references to the Belteine period are scarce in the Irish annals. In "The Restrictions and Prerogatives of the Kings of Eire," given in the recently published "Book of Rights," to the learned introduction to which we referred, in a previous note (p. 540.) all the authorities are cited. In the text of that work we read that the monarch was not "to go in a ship upon the water the Monday after Bealltaine (May-day)." Again, in the poetic description, we find, among the restrictions of the Ultonian

* See "Journey to Edinburgh." Consult, also, Dalzell's "Darker Superstitions of Scotland," pp. 167 and 177. George Cruikshank has given a graphic illustration of the May-dew dancers at Arthur's Seat, Edinburgh, in "Hone's Every-day Book," vol. ii., p. 610.

Mr. W. Grant Stewart, in his "Popular Superstitions and Festive Amusements of the Highlands of Scotland" (1823), has given an account of several curious rites performed even in modern days in that country. "At Belton-eve," he says, "messengers are despatched to the woods for cargoes of the blessed rowan-tree, the virtues of which are well known. Being formed into the shape of a cross, by means of a red thread, the virtues of which, too, are very eminent, those crosses are, with all due solemnity, inserted in the different door-lintels in the town, and protect those premises from the contrivings of the most diabolical witch in the universe. Care should also be taken to insert one of them in the midden, which has at all times been a favourite site of *rendezvous* with the black sisterhood. This cheaply purchased precaution once observed, the people of those countries will now go to bed as unconcernedly, and sleep as soundly, as on any other night.

"While those necessary precautions are in preparation, the matron or housekeeper is employed in a not less interesting avocation to the juvenile generation, i. e., baking the Belton bannocks. Next morning the children are presented each with a bannock, with as much joy as an heir to an estate his title-deeds; and having their pockets well lined with cheese and eggs, to render the entertainment still more sumptuous, they hasten to the place of assignation, to meet the little band assembled on the brow of some sloping hill, to reel their bannocks, and learn their future fate. With hearty greetings they meet, and with their knives make the signs of life and death on their bannocks. These signs are a cross, or the sign of life, on the one side; and a cypher, or the sign of death, on the other. This being done, the bannocks are all arranged in a line, and on their edges let down the hill. This process is repeated three times, and if the cross most frequently present itself, the owner will live to celebrate another Belton day; but if the cypher is oftener uppermost, he is doomed to die, of course. This sure prophecy of short life, however, seldom spoils the appetites of the unfortunate short-livers, who will handle their knives with as little signs of death as their more fortunate companions. Assembling around a rousing fire of collected heath and brushwood, the ill-fated bannocks are soon demolished, amidst the cheering and jollity of the youthful association."

monarch, that he was not "to bathe on May-day eastwards in the bright and beautiful Loch Feabhail;" probably from some such superstitious fear, like that which the present inhabitants of England as well as Ireland have, with respect to going near water on Whit Monday.

In an ancient Irish manuscript, in Trinity College Library, we find this reference to the Summer Advent-fire.

"*Beltine*, i. e., *Biltine*, i. e., lucky-fire (bon-fire), i. e., two fires which used to be made by the lawgivers or Druids, with great incantations, and they used to drive the cattle between them (to guard), against the diseases of each year. Or *Bel-dine*; *Bel* was the name of an idol god. It was on it (i. e., that day) that the firstlings of every kind of cattle used to be exhibited as in the possession of *Bel*; *vilde Beldine*."*

In "*Cormac's Glossary*," we read the following explanation of *Bealtaine*, as well as the form of purification of the cattle, which was observed at this great Pagan ceremonial:—

"*Bealtaine*, i. e., *Bill-tene*, i. e., *tene-bil*, i. e., goodly fire (bon, or bonus fire), i. e., two lucky fires the Druids used to make with great incantations over them, and they used to drive the cattle between them (to preserve them) against the diseases of each year."

In another part of the "*Glossary*," however, *Cormac* explains *Bel* as an *idol* or *false god*.

Keating, in the reign of *Tuathal Teachtmhar*, has the following notice of the fire lighted at *Uisneach*, close to *Ballymore*, in *Westmeath*:—

"He (*Tuathal*) erected the second palace in that part of *Meath* which was taken from *Connaught*, viz., at *Uisneach*, where was held a general meeting of the men of *Erin*, called the meeting of *Uisneach*. This fair, or assembly, was held on the first day of the month of *May*; and they were wont to exchange and barter their cattle, jewels, and other property there. They were also accustomed to make offerings to the chief god which they worshipped, named *Bel*; and it was a custom with them to make *two fires* in honour of this *Bel* in every cantred of *Ireland*, and to drive a couple of every kind of cattle in the cantred between the two

fires, as a preservative to protect them against every disease during that year. And it was from this fire, made in honour of *Bel*, that the noble festival of *Philip* and *James* (i. e., the 1st of *May*) is called *Beil-teine*, i. e., the fire of *Bel*."

"I never could discover," writes *Mr. O'Donovan*, in answer to a query of ours on the subject, "where *Keating* found authority for lighting this fire at *Uisneach*; and I have been long of opinion, that this fire was lighted at *Tlachtgha*, a hill near *Athboy*, in *East Meath*, where the same King *Tuathal* is said to have erected another palace. I ground this opinion, upon a passage in a MS., in the library of *Trinity College, Dublin*, which runs thus:—

"The fair of *Tlachtgha* (which belongs to that part of *Meath* taken from the province of *Munster*) was celebrated by the youths of *Munster*; and a fire was lighted thereat, from which all the fires, lighted in *Erin*, were kindled, which were purchased from them (the youths of *Munster*); and a *screpall* of gold was paid them out of every territory in *Erin* for the fire, and a sack of wheat, and a hog from every chief hearth in *Erin*, were given to the *Comharba* of *Meath*, i. e., *O'Kindellan*, for this fire."—H. 3, 17, p. 732.

Bon, not bone-fires (βεῖνη ροινημέ), are evidently synonymous, if not identical with *Beal*-fires; but if *Bel*, *Belus*, or *Beal* was really a god worshipped here, there is no reason why the name of the festival and the rite should not have been derived from his name; but except in *Keating*, and the hint in *Cormac Mac Cullinan's dictionary*, there are, we understand, no other Irish authorities for it. It is remarkable that, on the first appearance of cholera here, in 1832, a sacred purifying fire went the round of the island, under the name of the *Blessed Turf*. It was carried from house to house with such rapidity, that it travelled the whole island in a single night. A remnant of the people still believe in the efficacy of fire as a preservative against pestilence.

In early scripture history, we read that the people not only passed their cattle, but their children, through the idolatrous fires of *Baal* and *Moloch*. In that most charming work, "*Martin's Description of the Western Islands of Scotland*," (1703) and which is, per-

* See *Dr. Petrie's* learned "*Essay on Tara*," p. 84, and *Professor O'Donovan's* "*Introduction to the Book of Rights*," p. 43.

haps, the best account extant of the superstitions, manners, customs, and popular opinions of the Celtic people, we have the following account of *La Bealtaine* in the Hebrides: "Another god of the Britains was Belus, or Belinus, which seems to have been the Assyrian god Bel or Belus; and, probably, from this pagan deity comes the Scots' term of Beltin, the first day of May, having its first rise from the custom practised by the Druids, in the isles, of extinguishing all the fires in the parish until the tithes were paid; and upon payment of them, the fires were kindled in each family, and never till then. In those days malefactors were burnt between two fires; hence, when they would express a man to be in a great strait, they say, 'He is between two fires of Bell.'" And again, in another place, he says, "The inhabitants here did also make use of a fire called Tin-Egin (i.e.), a forced fire, or fire of necessity, which they used as an antidote against the plague or murrain in cattle; and it was performed thus—all the fires in the parish were extinguished, and then eighty-one married men being thought the necessary number for effecting this design, took two great planks of wood, and nine of 'em were employed by turns, who, by their repeated efforts, rubbed one of the planks against the other until the heat thereof produced fire; and from this forced fire each family is supplied with new fire, which is no sooner kindled, than a potful of water is quickly set on it, and afterwards sprinkled upon the people infected with the plague, or upon the cattle that have the murrain, and this they all say they find successful by experience. It was practised in the main land opposite to the South of Skie, within these thirty years."

There is but one other inquiry connected with *Bealtaine*, which here claims our notice. The ingenious and learned Dr. O'Connor, of Ballinagar, supposed that the fire which was lighted on Tara Hill, by the Druids of King Laeghaire, upon the night of St. Patrick's encampment at Slane, was the *Bealtaine* or Fire-Feast of *Samhrath*; but if the earliest and most authentic biographers of Patrick are to be cre-

dited, that night was Easter-eve, or Holy Saturday, the 21st March, A. D. 433, and not May Day; and the Stowe librarian has not, it appears, sustained his position by arguments sufficient to convince our modern investigators, Dr. Petrie and Professor O'Donovan, the latter of whom writes: "The probability then is, that the fire lighted at Teamhair on Easter-eve, A. D. 433, was not the *Bealtaine*, but some other fire; and it is stated in the second life of St. Patrick, published by Colgan, that it was the Feis Teamhrach, or Feast of Teamhrach, that Laeghaire and his Satraps were celebrating on the occasion; while the author of the life of St. Patrick, in the 'Book of Lismore,' asserts that Laeghaire was then celebrating the festival of his own nativity, which appears to have been the truth; and if so, it was not the regular septennial Feis which met after Samhain, but one convened to celebrate the king's birthday. From these notices, it is quite clear that O'Connor's inference, that the *Bealtaine* was lighted on the 21st of March, by the pagan Irish, is not sustained. In the accounts given of the *Bealtaine* in 'Cormack's Glossary,' and in H. 3, 18, p. 596, as quoted in 'Petrie's Antiquities of Tara Hill,' no time is specified for the lighting of it, nor could we be able from them, or from any other written evidence yet discovered, to decide in what season it was lighted, were it not that the first of May is still universally called in Irish *La Bealtaine*. But Dr. O'Connor argues that this name was applied in pagan times to the 21st of March, and that it was transferred to the first of May by the early Christians, to agree with a Christian festival. This, however, is contrary to the tradition which still prevails in many parts of Ireland, namely, that the fires lighted in pagan times, on the first of May, were transferred by St. Patrick to the 24th of June, in honour of St. John the Baptist, on the eve of whose festival they still light bonfires in every county in Ireland."*

Many ancient ceremonies, as well as bonfires, attached to Midsummer-eve in England, up to a comparatively recent period, but with the exception of the

* O'Donovan's "Introduction to the Leal harna g-Ceart," p. 50. See also Petrie's "Essay upon Tara" in the Transactions of the Royal Irish Academy, p. 84.

rites performed in connexion with the fire itself, we know of no Irish usages peculiar to the Christian festival of St. John's-eve; while numberless were the ancient customs observed either on the vigil of the summer quarter, or on May-day, in Ireland, vestiges of which still linger among the people—facts strongly corroborative of the supposition that the midsummer is but the ingrafting of an ancient *pagan* rite upon a comparatively modern *Christian* festival. Let those who daily boast of adult conversions from one creed to another look well to the fact, that notwithstanding all the efforts of a most powerful Church, and all the influence of the Irish clergy, of every denomination, the May-day bonfire, the pagan fire which Cormac Cullinan told us was lighted in honour of the god Bel, still exists in many parts of the country, and still lingers in the remembrance of all our old people, now after fourteen hundred years of so-called conversion to Christianity.

We might reserve the details of the Midsummer-fire until we come to describe that festival more particularly; but any account of the ceremonial attending the fire lighted upon St. John's-eve is much more applicable to the May-fire; and much of the ceremonial of the former is still retained wherever the *Bealtaine* is even partially observed. The preparations for the May-day sports and ceremonial in Dublin, commenced about the middle of April, and even earlier, and a rivalry, which often led to the most fearful riots, was incited, particularly between the "Liberty boys" upon the south, and the "Ormond boys" upon the north, side of the river; and even among themselves, as to which street or district would exhibit the best dressed and handsomest May-bush, or could boast the largest and hottest bonfire. Upon one of the popular outbreaks resulting from the abduction of a May-bush, was written the song, in old Dublin slang, of—

"De nitesfore de fust of Maygay,"

so spiritedly described in that graphic record of the past, "Sketches of Ire-

land Sixty Years Ago." For weeks before, a parcel of idle scamps, male and female, devoted themselves to the task of "collecting for the May;" and parties, decorated with ribbons, and carrying green boughs, and sometimes escorted by itinerant musicians, went from house to house soliciting contributions of ribbons, handkerchiefs, and pieces of gaudy silk—materials then manufactured, and consequently more common in the Liberty than now—to adorn the May-bush. Turf, coals, old bones, particularly *slugs* of cows' horns at the tan-yards, and horses' heads at the knackers, logs of wood, &c., were also collected, to which some of the merchants generally added a few pitch and tar-barrels. And money was solicited to "moisten the clay" of the revellers; for, whether from liking, or from fear, or considering it unlucky, few ventured to refuse to contribute "someting toste de May-bush." The ignitable materials were formed in depots, in back-yards, and the cellars of old houses, long before the approaching festival; and several *sorties* were made by opposing factions to gain possession of these hordes, and lives have been lost in the skirmishes which ensued. In Dublin, the bonfires were always lighted upon the evening of May-day, and in the vicinity of the May-bush. The great fire was, as we already mentioned, at the lower end of the Coombe; but there were also fires in the centre and at the top of that classic locality. The weavers had their fire in Weaver's-square; the hatters and pipemakers in the upper end of James's-street; and the neighbourhood of St. John's Well, near Kilmainham, beside Bully's Acre, generally exhibited a towering blaze. Upon the north side of the city, the best fire blazed in Smithfield. With the exception of one ancient rite—that of throwing into it the May-bush, there were but few Pagan ceremonies observed at the metropolitan fires. A vast crowd collected, whiskey was distributed *galore*, both to those who had and had not gathered the morning's dew. The entire population of the district collected round the bush and

* Can any of our readers supply us with a parody on this, beginning—"The night before Billy's birth-day," which was sung in College-green, the very morning after King William's statue was blackened, on the 30th of June, about thirty-five years ago?

the fire; the elder portion, men and women, bringing with them chairs or stools, to sit out the wake of the winter and spring, according to the olden usage. The best singers in the crowd lited up "The night before Larry was stretched," or "Hie for de sweet Libertie;" but the then popular air of "The bating of Lord Altham's Bull," and "De May-bush;" and another local song of triumphful commemoration of a victory over the Ormond-market men, a verse of which we remember—

"Begone, ye cowardly scoundrels,
Do you remember de day,
Dat yes came down to Newmarket,
And stole de sweet May-bush away?"

were the "most popular and deservedly admired," from their allusions to the season and the locality. Fiddlers and pipers plied their fingers and elbows: and dancing, shouting, revelry, and debauchery of every description succeeded, till, at an advanced hour of the night, the scene partook more of the nature of the ancient Saturnalia, than anything we can at present liken it to, except that which a London mob exhibits the night preceding an execution in the Old Bailey or at Horsemonger-lane Gaol.

In country parts, however, besides the ordinary expressions of delight, generated by the amusement of the bonfire, the ancient Druidical custom of leaping through the flames, was practised at May as well as upon Midsummer-eve, as at the Roman Palilia.

"Moxque per arduas stipulæ crepantis æcervos,
Tiajicias celeri strenua membra pede."

With some, particularly the younger portion, this was a mere diversion, to which they attached no particular meaning. Yet others performed it with a deeper intention, and evidently as a religious rite. Thus,

many of the old people might be seen *circumambulating* the fire, and repeating to themselves certain prayers. If a man was about to perform a long journey, he leaped backwards and forwards three times through the fire, to give him success in his undertaking. If about to wed he did it to purify himself for the marriage state. If going to undertake some hazardous enterprise, he passed through the fire to render himself invulnerable. And as the fire sunk low the girls tript across it to procure a good husband, and women great with child might be seen stepping through it to ensure a happy delivery, and children were also carried across the smouldering fire, as of old among the Canaanites. When the fire has nearly expired, and the dancing, singing, and carousing are over, each individual present provides himself with a *braune*, or ember of the fire, to carry home with him, which, if it becomes extinguished before it reaches his house, it is an omen of impending misfortune. The new fire is kindled with this spark. They also threw some of these lighted coals, or ashes, into the corn-fields, or among the potato crops, or the flax, to preserve them from witchcraft, and to make sure of a good return. Portions of the extinguished fire are generally retained in each family, and often sewed into the dress of an individual about to cross the sea.* As at the midsummer festival so at the May fires, the boys of an adjoining bonfire will make a sudden descent, and endeavour to carry off some of the fuel from a neighbouring bonfire, and serious consequences have often resulted therefrom, particularly in the streets of Dublin. When all was over it was no uncommon practice, in Connaught at least, at the midsummer fire, to drive

* The virtues of fire as a purifier of the atmosphere, and a preventive to the spread of contagious diseases, is a very popular and widely-spread belief among the Irish peasantry; and the "blessed turf," to which we already alluded, and which, by some wise heads, was supposed to be of a political nature, was sent through the country on the first approach of cholera in 1831. [In addition to the references and quotations given in the foregoing notices of *Bealltaine*, the following works may be consulted:—Wood's "Inquiry concerning the Primitive Inhabitants of Ireland," p. 170; "The Penny Magazine;" "Notices of May-day and Midsummer;" "The Philosophical Survey of the South of Ireland," p. 233; Crantz's "History of Greenland," Vol. II; "The Mount of Dromore," in Stolt's "Songs of Dearded;" Moore's "History of Ireland" (Cab. Cyclo.), Vol. I, pp. 22, 24, 205, 216; "Transactions of Royal Irish Academy," Vol. I, Antiq. pp. 4 and 7; Vol. II, p. 78, giving an account of the "Hobby Horse," now obsolete; Vol. XX; Petrie's "Round Towers;" Croker's "Researches in the South of Ireland;" Train's "Historical and Statistical Account of the Isle of Man;" Sir Wm. Betham's "Gael and Cimbri," p. 222; Vallancey's "Collectanea," Vol. II, p. 286; Duffy's

the cattle through the *greeshagh*, or warm ashes, as a form of purification and a preservative against witchcraft, fairies, murrain, blackleg, loss of milk, and other misfortunes or diseases. Even the ashes which remain bear a charm or virtue. They were sprinkled about like the red and yellow powders at the Hindu festival of *Hoolie*, and in former times some used to be collected and mixed with water. This liquor, after some days, when the ashes had precipitated, was poured off and used as a wash for sores of different de-

scriptions. To this day the annual or half-yearly rent paid by the farmers in the south of Ireland in May, is called *Cíos na Bealtaine*, or the rent of Baal's fire.

Do not the following lines from Barnabe Googe's translation of Neogeorgus' quaint old poem,* descriptive of the midsummer-eve festival, appear to describe some of our May-day rites, particularly that of looking through the flower-decorated bush into the bonfire:—

“When bonfires great with loftie flame in every towne doe burne,
And young men round about with maides doe daunce in every streete,
With garlands wrought of mother-wort, or else with virvaine sweete,
And many other flowres faire, with violets in their handes;
Whereas they all doe fondly thinke that whosoever standes
And throw the flowres, beholdes the flame, his eyes shall feel no paine;
When thus till night they daunced have, they through the fire amaine
With stormy wordes doe runne, and all their hearbes they cast therein,
And then with words devout and prayers they solemnly begin,
Desiring God that all their ills may there consumed bee,
Whereby they thinke through all that yeare from agues to be free.”

We have never heard of any floral accompaniments to the St. John's-eve fire in Ireland.

Cattle are carefully watched about May time, but particularly upon May-eve, and May-day. In the South and West they are invariably housed or confined in an enclosed paddock, and carefully watched during the night, particularly milch cows, calves, and heifers; for, if any one was to milk three titfals in the name of the devil, or even go through the form of milking the spancel, there would be but a Flemish account of the butter for the next twelvemonth.

The *Neeh-na Bealltaine*, or May-eve, has been from time immemorial a season of rejoicing and festivity, although we are not aware of any games or pastimes peculiar to it; but the advent of the first day of summer is always hailed with delight by the peasantry, who meet in the evening upon

village-greens, or at cross-roads, and such other assembling places of the people. The May-bush, though seldom decorated, was always erected then; and, if the weather was fine, dancing and music gladdened the hearts of the old crones and shanaghies that gathered round the neighbouring doors, or leaned against the adjoining ditches, and compared the present with the former times, when they, too, could *put it to* “Morgan Ratler” or “Planxty Conor,” or listen to the Irish song of “Summer is coming.” If there is any one scene in the Irish peasant's life which approaches the description of the dance given in Goldsmith's “Deserted Village,” it is that observed upon May-eve. At this time, also, small-plays and various rural games are resorted to, as “dance in the ring,” and “threading my grandmother's needle;” in which latter the boys and girls join hands and dance a sort of serpentine

* “Irish Catholic Magazine,” Vol. I., p. 12, &c.; in the “Dublin University Magazine,” for Oct. 1849, see “Song of the Ramoan Peasantry on May-eve;” Betham's “Etruria Celtica;” Pennant's “Tour in Scotland, 1769,” p. 110; “The Newry Magazine;” O'Halloran's “History of Ireland;” “Rees' Cyclopædia,” Art. *Beltine*; Borlase, p. 134; Higgins's “Celtic Druids,” p. 150; “Archæologia,” Vol. VII., p. 102, &c. 181; Toland's “Druids;” Campbell's “Ireland.” See also the German works of Grimm. The discussion of the opinions of these various authors, or even an enumeration of the subjects relating to May-day customs contained in their works, would occupy more space than we could here devote to this matter.]

* Translated in 1750, and dedicated to Queen Elizabeth. See Brand's “Popular Antiquities,” and Strutt's “Sports and Pastimes.”

figure up and down the roads, some times for a mile in extent*—the men, generally carrying green boughs, or sprigs of sloe and whitethorn, then in blossom, and the girls decked with *posies*, wreaths of *noneus* (daisies), and garlands of May-flowers and but-tercups.

As the evening advances, and the assembly breaks up into small parties, lovers seeking the greenwood shade, and crones retiring to the hob, a few solitary individuals may be seen walking out in the gloaming, courting the moonlight by the ancient rath, or wandering into the fairy-peopled valley, in hopes of hearing the mystic pipers of the *sheogues*, that on that night, more than any other, are said to be on the alert, and to favour mortals with their melodies. Great is the agility and grace believed to be conferred on those who are fortunate enough to trip it to the music of the fairy pipes; so great that it has become a proverb in Connaught, upon seeing a good dancer, to say, "Troth, *ma bouchel*, you listened to the piper on May-eve."

The hearth is always carefully swept on May-eve, and then lightly sprinkled over with some of the turf-ashes; if, in the morning, the print of a foot is seen in it pointing towards the door, it is fully expected some one will die before that day twelvemonth.

The snail charm, described by Gay in the "Shepherd's Week," though probably of English extraction, is even yet very general in Ireland, but chiefly performed by the girls. The little animal pressed into the service on this occasion is not the box-snail (or *shellemidah*), but what is commonly called the *Drutheen* or slug, and should be discovered accidentally, not sought for; when found, it is either placed between two pewter plates, or upon a table previously sprinkled with ashes or flour, and covered with a *mias*, or wooden bowl; and in the morning the anxious maid seeks to discover in the slimy track left by the snail's nocturnal peregrina-

tions, the initial of her secret lover's name:

"Slow crawl'd the snail, and if I right can spell'
In the soft ashes marked a curious L:
Oh, may the wondrous omen lucky prove!
For L is found in Lubberkin and Love."

In the North, particularly in Rahery Island, several May-day superstitions, resembling those usually performed at Hollandtide, still remain. If a young woman wishes to know who is to be her future spouse, she goes, late on May-eve, to a black sally-tree, and plucks therefrom nine sprigs, the last of which she throws over her right shoulder, and puts the remaining eight into the foot of her right stocking. She then, on her knees, reads the third verse of the 17th chapter of Job; and on going to bed she places the stocking, with its contents, under her head. These rites duly performed, and her faith being strong, she will, in a dream during the night, be treated to a sight of her future husband.

Another mode of obtaining the same knowledge consists in going, after sunset on May eve, to a bank on which the yarrow (*ahirhallun*) is growing plentifully, and gathering therefrom nine sprigs of the plant, while she repeats the following words:

"Good morrow, good morrow, fair yarrow!
And thrice good morrow to thee;
Come tell me before to-morrow
Who my true love shall be."

The yarrow is brought home, put into the right-foot stocking, placed under the pillow, and the mystic dream is confidently expected. But if the girl opens her lips to speak after she has pulled the yarrow, the charm is broken.

In another mode of consulting the oracle of love, often resorted to in the south, the maiden seeks a neighbouring well, and dropping a noggin into it, while she repeats the name of the object of her affection, leaves it there for the night, but returns to the spot by daybreak next morning. Should the vessel be found floating on the surface, she may fairly hope for the con-

* For a particular account of this dance, see the third chapter of "Jenny Ramsay," lately published by Mr. Francis Davis, in the "Belfast Man's Journal" for January 26th, 1850. To the talented and enthusiastic author and editor of that work, we are much indebted for valuable information upon the northern superstitions. We have seen this dance performed on the Araopagus of Athens by the Greeks upon Easter Sunday. Dancing in a circle and performing other similar evolutions, like the *Le Bal* of the people of Brittany, though resorted to merely as an amusement now, is evidently the relic of the ancient mystic dance of Druidism.

summation of her heart's ambition ; but if it has sunk she despairs of such happiness, *for that offer, anyhow.*

Wells, whether blessed by saint, and consecrated by pilgrim's "rounds," or merely furnishing the healthful spring, are objects of especial care and attention at Maytime; and, in former years, were frequently watched all night, particularly in pastoral districts, to ensure them against being "skimmed" with a wooden dish, or *cuppaun*, by some butter-abducting hag, as the sun rose on May morning. This was called "taking the flower of the well;" and the words, "Come butter, come," were then repeated.

Farmers drive their flocks by day-break to the wells, that they may drink there before those of their neighbours, and the greatest rivalry prevails amongst the servant-girls and milk-maids, as to who should first draw water from the spring-well upon May-morning.

When potatoes were plenty, and before Free Trade had smashed the cattle-feeding small farmer, it was customary for every member of the family to go out to these well-gatherings for syllabubs early in the morning, each with a small vessel in his hand, containing a drop of whiskey, on which the cow was milked; but cattle and farmer, whiskey and noggin, servants and all—are gone.

"My grandfather," writes one of our correspondents, "once came upon an old woman mixing a small piece of what appeared to be *butter*, on a May morning, and muttering strange words over it. She was sticking it against the door of a cow-house; and when she found that he perceived her, she suddenly fled, leaving the piece of butter behind, stuck like *putty* to the jamb of the door. He took it home, and found it to be, not *butter*, but a mixture of flour and other things, which he believed was intended by her as a charm. He also caught an old woman, on a May morning, at a spring well, cutting the tops of water-cresses with a pair of scissors, muttering strange words, and the names of certain persons who had cows; and also the words, *ᵐᵒ ᵐᵒᵐ-ᵐᵒ ᵐᵒ ᵐᵒᵐ-ᵐᵒ*,—i. e., *half thine is mine*. She repeated these words as often as she cut a sprig of water-cresses with the scissors, which sprig personated the individual whom she intended to rob of his milk and butter. After listening to her for some time, he rushed from his place of concealment, and, making towards the well, cried out,

ᵐᵒ ᵐᵒᵐ-ᵐᵒ ᵐᵒ ᵐᵒᵐ-ᵐᵒ ; but the affrighted *cailleach* fled, leaving behind a lump of butter, a *buarach*, or cow spanceal, and other things which I now forget."

On no account would either fire or water—but, above all things, a coal of fire, even the kindling for a pipe—be given, for love or money, out of a house during the entire of the day. The piece of lighted turf used to kindle another fire is styled the *seed* of the fire; and this people endeavoured to procure from the bonfire of the previous night, and to keep it alive in the ashes to light the fire on May-morning; but a large fire should not be "made down" early on May-morning, as it is believed that witches and fairies have great horror over the first smoke.

Milch cows, heifers, and calves, are the objects of peculiar care at May-time, from the very popular and widely-spread belief in their being, more than at any other time, susceptible of evil influences, and when not housed early upon May-eve, are driven into an enclosed paddock, the four corners of which, as well as the cattle themselves, used to be sprinkled with holy water, and in some places, every angle of the land and every four-footed beast belonging to the farm was subject to the like purifying process, particularly with the water blessed upon Rogation Sunday. The more superstitious among the people, and those who adhered to the remnants of the Pagan customs of their Celtic ancestors, put a *soogam* of straw round the neck of each cow upon May-eve, in order to preserve it from ill-luck or the *good people*; and should the cattle be kept in a confined yard or field, every precaution was taken to prevent their breaking the bounds of their enclosure during the night. We have known each head of cattle to be slightly singed with lighted straw upon May-lêve, or to have a lighted coal passed round their bodies, as is customary after calving; and it was not unusual, some fifteen or twenty years ago, to bleed a whole herd of cattle upon a May-morning, and then to dry and burn the blood. We have more than once, when a boy, seen the entire of the great Fort of Rathcroghan, then the centre of one of the most extensive and fertile grazing districts of Connaught, literally reddened with the blood thus drawn upon a May-morning. Bleeding the cattle at this period of the year was evidently done with a sanitary in-

tention, as some of the older medical works recommended in the human subject; but chosing that particular day, and subsequently burning the blood, were evidently the vestiges of some Heathen rite.* But many of these ceremonies, having been either laughed at or positively interdicted by the modern and more educated Roman Catholic clergy, are fast falling into disuse. Not only is it considered unlucky to permit fire to be removed from the house, until after the meridian at least, but many people would not give away, even in charity, a drop of milk, or bread, or butter, on May-day, or to lend churn, churndash, or any of the apparatus or furniture of a churning. "They take any one for a witch," we read in Camden, "that comes to fetch fire on May-day, and therefore refuse to give any, unless the party asking it be sick; and then it is with an imprecation, believing that all their butter will be stolen the following summer by this woman. On May-day, likewise, if they can find a hare among their herd, they endeavour to kill her, out of a notion that it is some old witch that has a design upon their butter."† This legend about the hare is still universally believed throughout Ireland, and must be based on some ancient general superstition. The tale goes, that witches have then the power of transforming themselves into hares, with the intention of more secretly and securely milking or sucking the cows; which, if they can effect, they become possessed of the power of having in their own churn, during the next twelve months, the butter of all the cows so circumstanced. You will still be told, with various readings, in almost every county in Ireland, with all the accurate recital of the names of persons and localities, how such an hare was once hunted, and so closely pressed by the dogs, that she was wounded in the thigh, but eventually escaped by leaping into the window of a small cabin "hard by the bog;" and how, that upon the hunter coming up and entering the hovel, lo! no hare was to be seen, but an old hag smoking her *dudeen* sat by the fire, or was rolled up in the bed-

clothes, who, when examined, exhibited a recent wound, still bleeding, in identically the same part on which it had been inflicted on the hare. This legend is declared circumstantially in Anthony Bruodines's old work, "*Eecodonia Minoriticæ Scholæ Salamonis*," Prægæ, 8vo, 1663. Has not the adage, "I'll make a hare of you," arisen from the belief of hares being occasionally bewitched? The *Graunogue*, or hedgehog, is worried by idle, mischievous boys, chiefly on account of the belief that it milks the cows.

Every one who can, wishes to churn before sunrise upon May morning, and those who possess the means commence their lacteal operations at an early hour; but as this is a ceremony always attended with a certain degree of risk, whether owing to the evil influences of fairyism, or witchcraft, or, as some of our modern philosophers would have us to believe, arising from certain defects in the manipulation of this chemical process, or some deleterious qualities in the fodder or pasture of the cow, it here matters little. The fact is believed, and the precautions are taken accordingly. The cabin door is always closed, and should any person enter inadvertently, whether a stranger, or one of the family, they are at once invited to "take the dash," only for a few minutes. To refuse, would be considered, in one of the upper ranks, not only unpolite, but unlucky, and in one of the poor people, the height of witchcraft. Curious and many are the means taken by the peasants' and farmers' wives to ensure success, and to gather a plentiful *mischarm* of butter, when the milk cracks and the boiling water is added; such as putting a coal of fire and some salt under the churn, inserting a piece of charmed writing between the hoops, nailing an old ass's shoe to the bottom of the churndash, &c.—superstitious rites which appertain more particularly to milk and butter cures and charms, to be detailed hereafter. But the great means of averting the threatened danger resides in the employment of the mountain-ash, or rowan-tree, the *crankeeran*, for which purpose a branch or sapling

* In some districts, and particularly during hard times, some of the blood thus drawn used to be mixed with meal, boiled into a posset, and eaten by the herds and the poor people.

† See also Laurence Echart's "Exact Description of Ireland." London: 1691.

of that sacred tree is procured at May-eve, and bound round the churn before the churning is commenced; and every vessel containing milk or butter, or in any way connected with the dairy, is encircled also with carefully peeled gads or switches of the same material. This rite is still practised, even by the educated.

Some of the people, if asked for a reason for not permitting fire to leave the house on May-day, tell you that it is to prevent the fairies taking possession; and assign as a reason for not giving away milk, that if it was used to boil herbs, or for any charm-working purpose, particularly against the *gen-try*, the cow would assuredly be taken as a substitute for the person relieved by the charm.

Do not all these observances with respect to cows, and all those precautions relating to butter and milk, go some way to establish the fact of the primitive Irish being a pastoral and cattle-feeding-people?

If a person has been unwell, particularly of any chronic disease, for any length of time, "the man of the house," upon May-eve, breaks the spindle of a woollen wheel over the head of the invalid, and death or recovery is confidently anticipated therefrom within three days.

In Cork there is a custom, both on May-eve and May-day, amongst the children, especially the girls, of *running a muck* with bunches of nettles, stinging every one they meet. Fortunately this is a very local amusement.

The May-dew, as every one knows, possesses peculiar virtues. If an old woman has been gathering it in a sheet, or with a sieve, or with her hands, upon a May morning, nothing will persuade the people that she is not performing a charm by which she can steal the butter of all the cows that graze upon that pasture. There is only one other more efficacious mode of butter stealing (always excepting the dead man's hand, which we shall describe another time), and that is to follow the milch-cow, as she walks either field or *boreen*, and pick up the tracks made in the soft earth by the four feet of the animal, or the bit of *clauber* that sticks between the clefts of the foot. Should a set of these be thus acquired, the farmer may expect but a poor return of butter for

the next twelve months; but if procured by the owner of the beast, she is henceforth invulnerable.

The girls rise early on the first of May, and kneeling down over the glittering gossamer,

"Brush the light dew-drops from the spangled lawn,"

and bathe their necks and faces therewith to keep off the freckles and beautify their skin, like Mr. Pepys's his wife, who went to Woolwich, in olden time, for "a little ayre, and to gather May-dew." It is not alone for its cosmetic power, however, that the Irish girl employs it, as Sam. Lover has touchingly described in his "Song of the May-dew," but as a bond of peculiar power among lovers.

Cutting the May-bush, upon May-eve, is one of the longest-established ceremonies connected with this festival. A full-grown thorn was, in former times, generally selected; often months before the day, and no matter where it might grow, it was considered the property of the May, and to be procured at all risks, even of limb or life. Much as the people venerated, at all other times and seasons, their indigenous thorns, especially when growing in some of the ancient raths, they paid no respect to the sanctity of their character or position if marked for the May-bush. In fact, in some places, the ancient thorn of what is called a fairy rath was considered more applicable than any other. Upon May-eve a crowd of persons, often numbering several hundreds, resorted to the spot previously arranged with saws, hatchets, ropes, cars, horses, and all the necessary tackle for cutting and carrying home the May-bush, and were generally escorted by fifers and fiddlers. Serious rencontres very often ensued upon these occasions, particularly in the neighbourhood of Dublin, where the authorities frequently interfered to prevent some lawn or demesne being despoiled of its wide-spreading thorn. The trophy was, however, generally carried off in triumph, amidst the shouts and rejoicings of the people, and erected in its allotted station, and upon its branches were fixed a number of small candles, which at nightfall were lighted, and afforded a brilliant illumination for the dancers, who tripped it round this emblem of the

vernal light. In some parts, particularly in Monaghan, the May-bush used to be erected several days before the festival, and was illuminated every night; and in addition, pyramids of "penny dipts," fixed in lumps of yellow clay, used to be erected in the neighbourhood of the bush, which always stood upon some green or common, or at the cross-roads, or in the market-place of the town or village. Early upon May morning the bush was decorated with flowers, ribbons, and pieces of silk of the most gaudy colours, and at the conclusion of the festivities the bush was consigned to the flames of the expiring bonfire. Efforts were often made, particularly in the city of Dublin, to steal away the May-bush, to avert which a guard of stout fellows was set to keep watch and ward nightly, from its erection until after the festival. The abduction of the Smithfield May-bush gave rise to the old slang song, to which we have already alluded at page 545. When Bill Durham, with the fishwomen of Pill-lane, sallied forth to recover the palladium of Ormondstown:—

"From de lane came each lass in her holiday gown,
Riggidi ri dum dee;
Do de haddock was up, and de lot was knocked down,
Dey doused all dere sieves till dey riz de half crown,
Ri riggidi ri dum dee."

Besides the grand May-bush of the locality, each house, especially in the rural districts, had its little bush, generally a branch of thorn, decorated with flowers, and most usually placed on the dunghill, so high that any passing witch could not easily leap over it. "April showers bring May flowers" is an old saying; and their welcome has grown into the sweet proverb of "you're as welcome as the flowers in May."

The custom which has remained longest and most perfect amongst us is the floral decoration of the doors and windows, chiefly with May flowers, then in full blow in the deep meadows and moist places. This gay plant, the marsh-marigold (*Catha palustris*) called in Irish the shrub of Beltine, *Bearnan Bealtaine*, or the *Lusubrich Bealtaine*, always forms the chief ornament of the garlands and other floral decorations, and is generally strewn plentifully before the doors and on the threshold; but when such can be pro-

cured, wild flowers, white or yellow (butter or milk colour), and those that grow in meadows and pastures, are ever preferred to garden flowers, to place in the cottage windows, scatter round the doors, or adorn the May-bush and May-pole.

The May-pole never appears to have been in general use in Ireland, and is evidently of English introduction. In Connaught it is unknown—and even those places where it obtained most repute in other parts of the country were generally English settlements. The only authorised pole now standing which we know of is at Hollywood, near Belfast, where it is used to bear the orange-and-blue flags and streamers on the twelfth of July, equally with the flower-decked hoops and green garlands of the first of May. There formerly existed one at Mountmellick, which was applied to a similar purpose; but that which stood upon the mall at Downpatrick, some thirty years ago, was one of the most celebrated in Ireland. Among the rites and ceremonies which attached to this latter was one somewhat similar to the privilege assumed, if not granted, under the Christmas mistletoe in England. Whenever a lady appeared in the vicinity of the May-pole, or went to visit the revels upon Downpatrick mall on May-day, she was liable to be asked by any of the tradesmen present to take a turn round the pole, and, at the end of the dance, if her partner was so inclined, they concluded with a kiss. The omission of the latter part of the ceremony was often purchased with a bribe.

The two Dublin May-poles were erected outside the city. One of these stood in the centre of Harold's-cross Green, and existed within the memory of some of the present generation. After its decay, an old withered poplar supplied its place for many years; and so recently as the year 1836, the publicans of the village erected a May-pole, decorated it, and gave a number of prizes, in order to collect an assemblage of the people, by restoring the ancient festivities. The chief May-pole of Dublin, however, was erected at the pretty suburban village of Finglas, to the north of the city, near the Glasnevin Botanic Gardens, where it stood until within the last few years. It was a very tall, smooth pole, like the mast of a vessel, and upon

every Easter Monday was painted white and encircled with a red and blue spiral stripe like a barber's pole. In latter years, at least, it was not decorated with floral hoops and garlands like the usual English May-pole, but was well soaped from top to bottom in order to render it the more difficult to climb; and to its top were attached the different prizes in succession, consisting generally of a pair of leather breeches, a hat, or an old pinchbeck watch. Whoever climbed the pole, and touched the prize, became its possessor. "All Dublin" turned out to Finglas upon May-day to witness the sports and revels of the people, and the streets of the little village, and the adjoining roads, were thronged with carriages, hackney-cars, jingles, and noddies, filled with the better classes of citizens. There were also a gaudily-dressed king and a queen of the May, chosen from among the villagers, but they were the least attractive portion of the assembly. The revels consisted of climbing the pole; running after a pig with a shaved and well-soaped tail, which was let loose in the middle of the throng; grinning through horse-collars for tobacco; leaping and running in sacks; foot races for men and women; dancing reels, jigs, and hornpipes; ass-races, in which each person rode or drove his neighbour's beast, the last being declared the winner; blindfolded men trying to catch a bell-ringer; and also wrestling, hopping, and leaping. An adjoining field was selected for the celebration of the majority of these sports. Stewards were appointed to keep the course, and see fair play; and twenty or thirty pounds' worth of prizes, consisting of shawls, hats, frieze-coats, handkerchiefs, and women's gowns and bonnets, were often distributed among the winners. Tents were erected, and bands of music paraded through the assembly; and even shows and booths were to be seen scattered throughout the village. In the evening the crowds collected round the May-pole, where the boys and girls danced in a ring until a late hour, before the king and queen, who, attended by a man dressed as a highlander, sat on

a raised platform. Some thirty years ago, the Finglas sports were rendered particularly attractive by the exertions of three celebrated characters—the notorious seditious libeller, Watty Cox; Bryan Maguire, the celebrated duellist; and Michael Farrell, the well-known police-officer, who all lived in that neighbourhood. The May sports, however, had been gradually declining till about the year 1826, when a number of the traders and citizens of Dublin, chiefly those who had country houses in the vicinity of the village, formed themselves into a social society, at first called the "Tolka Club;" but afterwards they assumed to themselves the title of "The Corporation of Finglas," and elected a lord mayor, recorder, member of Parliament, sheriff, aldermen, and other officers, as well as chaplain, with the title of Bishop of Fingal.* These jolly companions dined at one another's houses weekly during the summer months, and generally "made a night of it." The chief object of the institution, however, was to keep alive the May-day sports, and the "*humours*" of Finglas. More than one application was made to the government to interdict the Finglas amusements, by some of the gentry residing in the neighbourhood; and the subject was even considered grave enough to be referred to the Privy Council; but what official interference was unable to put down—first, the cholera panic, in 1833, and then teetotalism, completely abolished. "The Tolka Club" was broken up, Finglas became deserted, cold water damped the ardour of revellers; the king and queen of the May were threatened with the watch-house; the festivities ceased when the prizes were omitted, and the May-pole was neglected, when it, like Brian O'Lynn, "had no breeches to wear."

The May-boys and morrice-dancers went their rounds, particularly in Connaught and Munster, even so late as within the last twenty years. They consisted of a dozen or two of the "cleanest and most likely" boys in the vicinity, who took off their coats and decorated themselves with garlands,

* One of the last remaining members of the "Tolka Club" is Mr. Ross Cox, the South American traveller, to whom we are indebted for a most interesting account of this Society. The bishop was a worthy and facetious Roman Catholic clergyman, still living.

ribbons, and silk handkerchiefs of the brightest colours, generally furnished them by their sweethearts, who vied with each other in dressing their lovers to the greatest advantage. One of the most effeminate of the number was dressed in female attire as queen of the May (in the country parts we never heard of a girl having acted the part); a king or captain was appointed, as also a spokesman, who repeated the rhymes; a treasurer carried the money-box, and a fool or devil (like that of the wren-boys and mummers at Christmas), a sort of lord of misrule, cleared the way, frightened the children, bespattered the crowd, uttered the broad rustic jokes, and capered for the general amusement. This personage wore a description of loose garment covered with many-coloured shreds and patches of cloth and rags tacked to it; a large, brimless hat, with the front of it formed into a hideous mask, came down over his head; a row of projecting pieces of stick made to resemble teeth surrounded the mouth; a piece of goat-skin formed the beard, and the eye-holes were surrounded by a circle of red cloth. To the back of it was fastened a dried hare's-skin. In his hand he carried a long wattle, to which an inflated bladder was attached by a string, and a very formidable weapon it was, particularly against the women and children. In the south, we understand, the May-boys used to sport a female fool—a sort of Audrey for their Touchstone. Thus attired, and accompanied by fiddlers, fifers, and tambourine players, and escorted by a great concourse of idlers, the May-boys used to perambulate the country for a week together at May-time, visiting the different gentlemen's seats, where they danced, repeated their rhymes, and were generally entertained with true Irish hospitality. They

always got a bottle of whiskey and some money, with which they made merry at their resting-place in the evening. Some parties carried a May-bush before them, and sometimes they managed to seat the piper on the bush, when they commenced their rhymes. In the County of Clare, about fifty years ago, the May-boys used to mount their captain or king of the May on horseback, who carried in his hand a long pole decked with ribbons and flowers, and bearing a garland at the top.

The May-day rhymes of the Irish peasantry are almost forgotten, and, in a few years hence, it is more than probable that a single verse of them will not live in the recollection of the people. They were often repeated in Irish, but the following scraps of a long, rude doggerel, which we possess, was the most general English version employed in Connaught, particularly in the counties of Roscommon and Galway*—

"This morning as the sun did rise,
We dressed the pole you to surprise;
With our fiddle and our pipes so gay,
To bring you good cheer on the first of May."

Several of the verses are but a paraphrase of the mummers and wren-boy rhymes. After describing "the treat" they expected, and hinting that—

"If it is but of the small,
It won't agree with the boys at all,"

They add—

"'Tis then we'll dance and drink away,
And our pole and May-bush thus display,
Until his fine lady to us will say,
Boys, 'tis time for you to go away;
Then we'll take off our hats and give three cheers,
Praying she may live these fifty years,
And off we'll go without delay,
Playing the tune called 'The First of May.'"

The old sweet air of "The Summer is Coming," to which Moore has written the song of "Rich and rare were the gems she wore," is what was generally repeated, but we can only procure a single verse of it:—

Saímhac, raímhac, bainne na hsaímhac
Tuzamhac féin an raímhac linn,
An raímhac buíde 'ran noímhac gléizeal
I r tuzamhac féin an raímhac linn.

Summer! summer! the milk of the heifers,
Ourselves brought the summer with us;
The yellow summer, and the white daisy,
And ourselves brought the summer with us.

* We are indebted for this rhyme, and much interesting information relating to our sports, pastimes, and superstitions, to a very intelligent countryman of ours, Mr. Thomas Lally, now a journeyman tradesman in London.

We remember a half-witted, purblind creature, known by the sobriquet of *Saura Llynn*, walking through the town of Castlereagh upon May morning, playing on an old, rude bagpipe, with May-flowers round his hat, and chanting this song, the burden of which was—

"*Saura! Saura! bonne na Gauna,
Hugamur fain an Saura linn.*"

The summer was coming. As soon as this half fool appeared, it was the general signal for all the idle boys and all the Maybushers, to flock round him like swallows after a hawk, so that by the time he had reached the centre of the village, he presented in his train a motley crowd. When last we heard of this poor fellow, who generally came to us from the west, the only portion of his pipes which remained was the chanter, with his mouth applied to which, he used to blow a terrific squeal, then flourish it above his head, leap forwards in maniacal fury, and shout a few disjointed verses of the well-known song.

We find but slight traces of pantomime or theatrical representation among our May sports. In the south, the Mayers of former times had the hobbyhorse as part of the May-boys' procession; and from Monaghan we have a graphic account of a somewhat similar proceeding. There, the girls dressed up a churn-dash as a "May-babby," like the *Brideoge* at Candlemas—and the men, a pitchfork, with a mask, horse's tail, a turnip-head, and ragged old cloths as a "May-boy;" but these customs have, we believe, long since become quite obsolete—as well as the following, described by Vallancey

in his "Inquiry into the First Inhabitants of Ireland:"—"In some parts, as the counties of Waterford and Kilkenny, the brides married since the last May-day are compelled to furnish the young people with a ball covered with gold lace, and another with silver lace, finely adorned with tassels; the price of these sometimes amounts to two guineas." These balls were, he says, "suspended in a hoop ornamented with flowers."

In the county of Meath, and throughout Fingal, it is customary for several boys and girls to go forth in gangs to seek for service on May morning, and particularly on the Sunday following, called there *Sonnoughing Sunday*, each one carrying some emblem of their peculiar calling; the girls always holding in their hands peeled switches or white wands; the men having something indicative of their employment—a carter a whip—a ploughboy a goad—a thresher a flail, or *boulteen*—and a herd a wattle, with a knob on the end of it; or a hazel or round-tree rod, its end burned in the May bonfire, as a lucky staff wherewith to drive the cattle. Certain legends relating to May-day attach to particular localities, as that of O'Donoghoe at Killarney, described by Crofton Croker; and of the "Motty's Stone," which comes down from the Connery mountain every May morning to bathe in the Meeting of the Waters.

Should any of our readers observe other rites or customs, or be acquainted with any circumstances or superstitions in addition to those which we have hastily thrown together in the foregoing details, we entreat their corrections and amendments.

MAY-DAY MELODIES.

BY JONATHAN FREKE SLINGSBY.

"More matter for a May morning."—TWELFTH NIGHT.

Carrigbawn, April 28th, 1850.
Midnight.

You ask me, my dear Anthony, for a few melodies for the May number of *Maga*. A wish of yours is like an invitation from Royalty—a request in words, a command in reality. So, then, I have prepared myself for the task, as best I may—a glass of good old port, after a light dinner, to screw my courage to the sticking-point: and here I am, in my little sanctum—now reverting, in memory, to pleasant days gone by, and pleasant friends gone with them, alas! for ever; now sipping my *café nero*, with "the least sketch in life"—to use our vernacular—of brandy in it.

Were you ever in the country in May, Anthony? I do not mean such suburban specimens of rurality as Kingstown, or Killiney, or Enniskerry—lovely in their way, no doubt, but yet all having the smack of the city—reminding one of those modish demoiselles and courtly gentlemen of ancient times, who pranked themselves out in satin petticoats, silk stockings, and silver-buckled shoes—in broad-cloth inexpressibles, tied with silk ribbons, and superfine hats garlanded with flowers; and while the fair ones led their lambs with silken strings, and the youths, with jewelled fingers, piped their amorous ditties, they thought—heaven help their hearts!—that they were the veritable impersonation of rustic life. No—the country I speak of is no rusticated belle, but the sweet sylvan nymph, such as nature formed her—the glow of health and beauty on her face, her shape unrestrained, her form unwarped, her motion free and graceful, her bosom deckt with bright flowers, her lap filled with fruits, the kine and the sheep on every side—a thousand delicious sounds, the hum of the bees, the song of birds, the chime of waters—a thousand sweet odours of flower, and tree, and herb floating above and around her. May, in the country, is, of all months, the most delightful. It has the charm of youth and promise about it. Man has, erewhile, committed to the earth the seed in hope, and nature is now working with her mysterious agency, till the tender blade of the wheat and oat covers with green the glebe that so lately looked bleak and brown; the grass in the meadows is growing longer; the groves are thickening in their shades as the trees swell with sap, and bud and burst into leaf and flower; the hedges are hoary with the fragrant blossoms of the thorn—

while—

"The cowslip and the crowfoot are over all the hill;"

"Underfoot the violet,
Crocus, and hyacinth, with rich inlay,
Border the ground, more coloured than with stone
Of costliest emblem."

And then comes the lark, and the mavis, and the cuckoo, with his plaintive note in the still evening. And all animal life feels within its veins the movement of these mysterious influences, which renew the hidden sources of existence. What wonder, then, that May was alike the theme of poets and the festive month of the peasant. "*Mais nous avons change tout cela,*" dear Anthony. Nobody writes eclogues now, they all went out with Sir Percie Shafton and his school; the last May-day song is Alfred Tennyson's beautiful "May Queen." No one now goes a-Maying, in Ireland, at least; the famine and free trade, the poor-laws and the potato-rot have banished light feet and merry hearts from the village greensward. Our May-poles have vanished, and the only representative of them is now to be found in the puny branch which ragged urchins carry about in town, in obstreperous and impudent attempts to extort from timid old ladies "a penny for the May-bush."

There is a phrase amongst our Irish peasantry that has always struck me as full of poetry. Indeed, all the proverbs and sayings of the Irish are remarkably so; and it would be a task worthy of some of her sons to collect and illustrate them.

When the parent hails the return of an absent child, or the rustic gallant the approach of his sweetheart, it is ten to one that the joy of either will find expression in the phrase—"You're as welcome as the flowers in May." And now, Anthony, I'll give you a song to illustrate that sentiment; would that it were

"Touched by some hand less unworthy than mine"—

Anster, Ferguson, or MacCarthy, or others that I could name; but you must hear John Deane sing it, and you will forget all my shortcomings.

WELCOME AS FLOWERS IN MAY.

I.

At day's declining, a maid sat twining
A garland shining with wild-flowers gay;
But her heart it was sore, and the tears swelled o'er
Her eye, at the door, on that eve in May.

II.

"And take," she cried, to her young heart's pride,
"From your plighted bride, on this holy day,
A true-love token of fond vows spoken
That may not be broken—these flowers of May.

III.

"In life and in death, if you hold to your faith,
Keep ever this wreath, 'twill be sweet in decay;
Come poor or with wealth, come in sickness or health,
To my heart you'll be welcome as flow'rs in May.

IV.

"Yet oh, if ever, when wide seas sever
Our hearts, you waver in faith to me,
A true Irish maid will never upbraid
Affection betrayed—from that hour you're free!

V.

"I set small store upon golden ore,
I'll not love you the more for your wealth from the sea;
The hand that will toil at our own loved soil,
Free from crime or from spoil, is the hand for me!"

VI.

The blessing half spoke, her fast tears choke,
And strong sobs broke the young man's pray'r;
One blending of hearts, and the youth departs—
The maid weeps alone in the silent air.

VII.

Full many a score that lone maid counted o'er
Of day-dawns and night-falls—a year to the day—
When, sadly, once more, at the seat by the door,
Stood the youth as before, on that eve in May.

VIII.

For the love of that maid, wherever he strayed,
 Kept his soul from stain, and his hand from guilt ;
 Like an angel from God, till his feet retrod
 The cherished sod where his first-love dwelt.

IX.

" I bring you no store of the bright gold ore,
 But, poor as before, I return to decay ;
 For my bride I've no wealth but broken health,
 Hopes withered and dead as these flowers of May."

X.

The maiden has prest her true love to her breast,
 Her joyful haste no doubts delay ;
 In his arms she sighs " 'Tis *yourself* I prize,
 To my heart you are *welcome as flowers in May!*"

Talking of the poetry of Irish proverbs, you will sometimes find the Irish peasants singularly poetical in their impromptus. Every one who has lived much amongst them will remember a hundred instances of this kind. One, in particular, came within my own knowledge, which I look upon as touchingly beautiful. On a summer's evening, at one of those rustic dances whose sprightliness and humour no one can conceive who has not seen them, an enamoured young couple kept footing it when all those around them had stopt—for it is the pride of rustic beauties to dance down, if possible, their swains. And so it happened here—for the poor lad had innumerable enemies to contend with: Kitty's glances went clean through him like lightning—when her hand touched his, he trembled from head to foot—her form, as it floated about, made his eyes swim, and the twinkling of her feet made his head dizzy. So at last his heart was fairly danced out of his body, and he sued for mercy, whispering to his fair vanquisher, "Dance lightly, my love, for my heart it lies under your feet."

Here is a song all about it for you—you may sing it to the sweet old air of "Hush the Cat":—

DANCE LIGHT, FOR MY HEART IT LIES UNDER YOUR FEET, LOVE.

I.

" Ah, sweet Kitty Neil, rise up from that wheel—
 Your neat little foot will be weary from spinning ;
 Come trip down with me to the sycamore-tree—
 Half the parish is there, and the dance is beginning.
 The sun is gone down, but the full harvest-moon
 Shines sweetly and cool on the dew-whitened valley ;
 While all the air rings with the soft, loving things
 Each little bird sings in the green shaded alley."

II.

With a blush and a smile, Kitty rose up the while,
 Her eye in the glass, as she bound her hair, glancing ;
 'Tis hard to refuse when a young lover sues—
 So she couldn't but choose to—go off to the dancing.
 And now on the green, the glad groups are seen—
 Each gay-hearted lad with the lass of his choosing ;
 And Pat, without fail, leads out sweet Kitty Neil—
 Somehow, when he asked, she ne'er thought of refusing.

III.

Now Felix Magee puts his pipes to his knee,
 And, with flourish so free, sets each couple in motion ;
 With a cheer and a bound, the lads patter the ground—
 The maids move around just like swans on the ocean.
 Cheeks bright as the rose—feet light as the doe's,
 Now coyly retiring, now boldly advancing—
 Search the world all round, from the sky to the ground,
 NO SUCH SIGHT CAN BE FOUND AS AN IRISH LASS DANCING !

IV.

Sweet Kate! who could view your bright eyes of deep blue,
 Beaming humbly through their dark lashes so mildly,
 Your fair-turned arm, heaving breast, rounded form,
 Nor feel his heart warm, and his pulses throb wildly.
 Poor Pat feels his heart, as he gazes, depart,
 Subdued by the smart of such painful yet sweet love ;
 The sight leaves his eye, as he cries with a sigh,
"Dance light, for my heart it lies under your feet, love !"

I know nothing more delicious in early May than to listen to the birds. In the morning the skylark, pouring out its full heart in endless trills of melody—

"Higher still, and higher,
 From the earth thou springest,
 Like a cloud of fire
 The blue deep thou wingest ;
 And, singing still dost soar, and soaring, ever singest."

Read Shelley's "Divine Ode to the Skylark," dear Anthony ; then rise betimes in the morning, and go straight a-head some twenty miles by railway into the country, lie down on your back on the sward, and listen for an hour or so to the skylark, and then die if you will. But, perhaps, after all it may be better to live a little longer ; for, trust me, the world has many lovely things worth living for that worldlings know nothing of. When once you have learned to love the song of wild birds somewhat better than the tutored whistle of the poor prisoned canary, you will have all your ears attent for the blackbird in the evergreens and underwood, and the thrush in the copse, and the sweet call of the male cuckoo from the grove where he sits concealed in the cool, still twilight—

"Thrice welcome, darling of the Spring,
 Even yet thou art to me,
 No bird but an invisible thing,
 A voice, a mystery !"

The lads and lasses are each equally on the watch to be the first to hear the voice of the herald of spring. And the swain who, walking with his sweetheart, notices it before her (as somehow she is often unaccountably slow of hearing on such occasions), is sure to exact a forfeit from her lips for the dulness of her ears. Bunting has preserved for us, in his invaluable volume of "Ancient Music of Ireland," a beautiful melody, the author or date of which is not known, but whose merit is beyond all praise. It is tender, sprightly, and graceful, and you absolutely hear the cuckoo's voice in the refrain. Here are a few verses to illustrate it :—

THE FIRST CUCKOO IN SPRING.

Air—"The Bonny Cuckoo."

I.

One sweet eve in spring, as the daylight died,
 Mave sat in her bow'r by her father's side ;
 (*Cuckoo ! cuckoo !*) so soft and so clear,
 Sang the bonny cuckoo from a thicket near :
 (*Cuckoo ! cuckoo !*) "Do listen, my dear,
 'Tis the first cuckoo's note I have heard this year."

II.

The maiden smiled archly, then sighed—" 'Tis long,
 I've waited and watched for that sweet bird's song ;"
 (*Cuckoo ! cuckoo !*) "Ere winter he'll roam
 With some beloved mate to his distant home."
 (*Cuckoo ! cuckoo !*) "Ah, would I might my roam
 With that bonny cuckoo to his distant home."

III.

The old man he frowned at the maid, and said,
 "What puts such wild thoughts in your foolish head ?"
 (*Cuckoo ! cuckoo !*) "No maid should desire
 To roam from her own native land and sire."
 (*Cuckoo ! cuckoo !*) "I don't love a note
 That comes from that foreign bird's weary throat."

IV.

"The blackbird and thristle, I love their song,
 They cheer us through summer and autumn long ;
 (*Cuckoo ! cuckoo !*) "And then they ne'er roam,
 But they mate and they live all the year at home :"
 (*Cuckoo ! cuckoo !*) " 'Tis still the same note
 That comes from that foreign bird's weary throat."

V.

The old man he sleeps in the drowsy air,
 While soft from his side steals his daughter fair :
 (*Cuckoo ! cuckoo !*) "There's a bird in the grove
 That sings a sweet song all young maidens love.
 (*Cuckoo ! cuckoo !*) Says the bird from the grove,
 "I'm weary cuckooing this hour, my love."

VI.

The old man he dreams that the cuckoo sings
 Close up to his ear very wondrous things :
 (*Cuckoo ! cuckoo !*) "I love your dear Mave,
 And won her young heart just without your leave."
 (*Cuckoo ! cuckoo !*) "She is willing to roam
 From her own beloved nest to my distant home."

VII.

Half in fear, half in anger, her sire awakes,
 As her lips on his brow a soft farewell takes.
 (*Cuckoo ! cuckoo !*) "The old man is alone,
 For vision, and cuckoo, and child are gone :"
 (*Cuckoo ! cuckoo !*) "A sweet voice whispers near,
 We'll be back with the cuckoo in spring next year."

So much, dear Anthony, for Ireland and the Irish—I will now "finish you off" with a bit of genuine sing-song sentiment of the Haynes Bayley school, redolent with all the graces of Cockneydom. Any young lady will drawl it for you to any air that has turned up in the paltry style called the English ballad, any time these ten years past ; but if she can draw from it one particle of fresh healthy sentiment, then she is the very girl to extract sunbeams out of cucumbers, that's all :—

"'TIS SWEET TO THINK OF THEE."

A SONG OF SENTIMENTALITY.

Air—" *Anything between a hurricane and a zephyr.*"

I.

When the blush of eve is fleeting
 With the fading light—
 When the bright-eyed stars are meeting
 In the deep still night—
 When the night-flow'rs ope their eyes
 To the gloaming summer skies,
 And the fragrant dews arise,
 'Tis sweet to think of thee.

II.

When the gush of waters flowing
 Softest music makes—
 When the viewless night-wind blowing
 Airy echoes wakes—
 When the pale and tender sheen
 Of the moon is faintly seen,
 On the blue waves shimmering,
 'Tis sweet to think of thee.

III.

Not when busy hearts are toiling
 Through day's restless hours—
 Not when earth's vain strife and coiling
 Mar the spirits powers—
 Holy calm must fill my breast,
 Every passion charmed to rest,
 When my soul holds converse blest,
 And sweetly thinks of thee.

And so farewell, dear Anthony.

Ever thine, in rhyme and reason,

JONATHAN FREKE SLINGSBY.

P.S.—Will you inform the "composers," in town and country, not to meddle with my melodies. Like Toby Glascock's undertaker, who was to find "bodies" for his own funerals, I write the music to my own verses—so let us have "none of their airs,"—or i' faith I shall "lay them by the heels, for their presumption, and ferk them with a primineery, into the bargain," as Mistress Justice Gobble says. I will come down upon them with chancery and an injunction in no time.

J. F. S.

To Anthony Poplar, Esq.

MAURICE TIERNAY, THE SOLDIER OF FORTUNE.

CHAPTER II.

THE RESTAURANT "AU SCLELERAT."

As I gained the street, at a distance from the "Place," I was able to increase my speed; and I did so with an eagerness as if the world depended on my haste. At any other time I would have bethought me of my disobedience to the Père's commands, and looked forward to meeting him with shame and sorrow, but now I felt a kind of importance in the charge entrusted to me. I regarded my mission as something superior to any petty consideration of self, while the very proximity in which I had stood to peril and death made me seem a hero in my own eyes.

At last I reached the street where we lived, and, almost breathless with exertion, gained the door. What was my amazement, however, to find it guarded by a sentry, a large, solemn-looking fellow, with a tattered cocked hat on his head, and a pair of worn striped trousers on his legs, who cried out, as I appeared, "*Halte là!*" in a voice that at once arrested my steps.

"Where to, youngster?" said he, in a somewhat melted tone, seeing the shock his first words had caused me.

"I am going home, sir," said I, submissively; "I live at the third story, in the apartment of the Père Michel."

"The Père Michel will live there no longer, my boy; his apartment is now in the Temple," said he, slowly.

"In the Temple!" said I, whose memory at once recalled my father's fate; and then, unable to controul my feelings, I sat down upon the steps and burst into tears.

"There, there, child, you must not cry thus," said he; "these are not days when one should weep over misfortunes; they come too fast and too thick on all of us for that. The Père was your tutor, I suppose?"

I nodded.

"And your father—where is he?"

"Dead."

He made a sign to imitate the guillotine, and I assented by another nod.

"Was he a Royalist, boy?"

"He was an officer in the *gardes du corps*," said I, proudly. The soldier shook his head mournfully, but with what meaning I know not.

"And your mother, boy?"

"I do not know where she is," said I, again relapsing into tears at the thought of my utter desolation. The old soldier leaned upon his musket in profound thought, and for some time did not utter a word. At last he said,

"There is nothing but the Hotel de Ville for you, my child. They say that the Republic adopts all the orphans of France. What she does with them I cannot tell."

"But I can, though," replied I, fiercely; "the Noyades or the Seine are a quick and sure provision; I saw eighty drowned one morning below the Pont Neuf myself."

"That tongue of your's will bring you into trouble, youngster," said he, reprovingly; "mind that you say not such things as these."

"What worse fortune can betide me than to see my father die at the guillotine, and my last, my only friend, carried away to prison."

"You have no care for your own neck, then?"

"Why should I—what value has life for me?"

"Then it will be spared to you," said he, sententiously; "mark my words, lad. You need never fear death till you begin to love life. Get up, my poor boy; you must not be found there when the relief comes, and that will be soon. This is all that I have," said he, placing three sous in my palm, "which will buy a loaf; to-morrow there may be better luck in store for you."

I shook the rough hand he offered with cordial gratitude, and resolved to bear myself as like a man as I could. I drew myself up, touched my cap in soldier-like fashion, and cried out, adieu; and then, descending into the street, hurried away to hide the tears that were almost suffocating me.

Hour after hour I walked the

streets; the mere act of motion seemed to divert my grief, and it was only when foot-sore and weary, that I could march no longer, and my sorrows came back in full force, and overwhelmed me in their flow. It was less pride or shame than a sense of my utter helplessness, that prevented me addressing any one of the hundreds who passed me. I bethought me of my inability to do anything for my own support, and it was this consciousness that served to weigh me down more than all else; and yet I felt with what devotion I could serve him who would but treat me with the kindness he might bestow upon his dog; I fancied with what zeal I could descend to very slavery for one word of affection. The streets were crowded with people, groups were gathered here and there, either listening to some mob orator of the day, or hearing the newspapers read aloud. I tried, by forcing my way into the crowd, to feel myself “one of them,” and to think that I had my share of interest in what was going forward, but in vain. Of the topics discussed I knew nothing, and of the bystanders none even noticed me. High-swelling phrases met the ear at every moment, that sounded strangely enough to me. They spoke of Fraternity—of that brotherhood which linked man to man in close affection; of Equality—that made all sharers in this world's goods; of Liberty—that gave freedom to every noble aspiration and generous thought; and for an instant, carried away by the glorious illusion, I even forgot my solitary condition, and felt proud of my heritage as a youth of France. I looked around me, however, and what faces met my gaze! The same fearful countenances I had seen around the scaffold—the wretches, blood-stained, and influenced by passion—their bloated cheeks and strained eye-balls glowing with intemperance—their oaths, their gestures—their very voices having something terrible in them. The mockery soon disgusted me, and I moved away, again to wander about without object or direction through the weary streets. It was past midnight when I found myself, without knowing where I was, in a large open space, in the midst of which a solitary lamp was burning. I approached it and, to my horror, saw that it was the guillotine, over which in mournful cadence a lantern swung, creaking its chain as the night-wind

stirred it. The dim outline of the fearful scaffold—the fitful light that fell upon the platform, and the silence—all conspired to strike terror into my heart; all I had so lately witnessed seemed to rise up again before me, and the victims seemed to stand up again, pale, and livid, and shuddering, as last I saw them.

I knelt down and tried to pray, but terror was too powerful to suffer my thoughts to take this direction, and, half fainting with fear and exhaustion, I lay down upon the ground and slept—slept beneath the platform of the guillotine. Not a dream crossed my slumber, nor did I awake till dawn of day, when the low rumbling of the peasants' carts aroused me, as they were proceeding to the market. I know not why or whence, but I arose from the damp earth, and looked about me with a more daring and courageous spirit than I had hitherto felt. It was May—the first bright rays of sunshine were slanting along the “Place,” and the fresh, brisk air felt invigorating and cheering. Whither to? asked I of myself, and my eyes turned from the dense streets and thoroughfares of the great city to the far-off hills beyond the barrier, and for a moment I hesitated which road to take. I almost seemed to feel as if the decision involved my whole future fortune—whether I should live and die in the humble condition of a peasant, or play for a great stake in life. Yes, said I, after a short hesitation, I will remain here—in the terrible conflict going forward, many must be new adventurers, and never was any one more greedy to learn the trade than myself. I will throw sorrow behind me. Yesterday's tears are the last I shall shed. Now for a bold heart and a ready will, and here goes for the world! With these stout words I placed my cap jauntily on one side of my head, and with a fearless air marched off for the very centre of the city.

For some hours I amused myself gazing at the splendid shops, or staring in at the richly-decorated cafés, where the young celebrities of the day were assembled at breakfast, in all the extravagance of the new-fangled costume. Then I followed the Guard to the parade at the “Carousel,” and listened to the band; quitting which I wandered along the quays, watching the boats, as they dragged the river, in search of

murdered bodies or suicides. Thence I returned to the Palais Royal and listened to the news of the day, as read out by some elected enlightener of his countrymen.

By what chance I know not, but at last my rambling steps brought me opposite to the great solemn-looking towers of the "Temple." The gloomy prison, within whose walls hundreds were then awaiting the fate which already their friends had suffered—little groups, gathered here and there in the open Place, were communicating to the prisoners by signs and gestures, and from many a small-grated window, at an immense height, handkerchiefs were seen to wave in recognition of those below. These signals seemed to excite neither watchfulness nor prevention—indeed, they needed none; and perhaps the very suspense they excited was a torture that pleased the inhuman gaolers. Whatever the reason, the custom was tolerated, and was apparently enjoyed at that moment by several of the turnkeys, who sat at the windows, much amused at the efforts made to communicate. Interested by the sight, I sat down upon a stone bench to watch the scene, and fancied that I could read something of the rank and condition of those, who signalled from below, their messages of hope or fear. At last a deep bell within the prison tolled the hour of noon; and now every window was suddenly deserted. It was the hour for the muster of the prisoners, which always took place before the dinner at one o'clock. The curious groups soon after broke up. A few lingered around the gate, with, perhaps, some hope of admission to visit their friends; but the greater number departed.

My hunger was now such, that I could no longer deny myself the long-promised meal, and I looked about me for a shop where I might buy a loaf of bread. In my search, I suddenly found myself opposite an immense shop, where viands of every tempting description were ranged with all that artistic skill so purely Parisian, making up a picture whose composition Snyders would not have despised. Over the door was a painting of a miserable wretch, with hands bound behind him, and his hair cut close in the well-known crop for the scaffold; and underneath was written, "Au Scélérat;" while on a larger board,

in gilt letters, ran the inscription:—

"Boivin Père et fils, Traiteurs pour M. les Condamnés."

I could scarcely credit my eyes, as I read and re-read this infamous announcement; but there it stood, and in the crowd that poured incessantly to and from the door, I saw the success that attended the traffic. A ragged knot were gathered around the window, eagerly gazing at something, which, by their exclamations, seemed to claim all their admiration. I pressed forward to see what it was, and beheld a miniature guillotine, which, turned by a wheel, was employed to chop the meat for sausages. This it was that formed the great object of attraction, even to those to whom the prototype had grown flat and uninteresting.

Disgusted as I was by this shocking sight, I stood watching all that went forward within with a strange interest. It was a scene of incessant bustle and movement; for now, as one o'clock drew nigh, various dinners were getting ready for the prisoners; while parties of their friends were assembling inside. Of these latter there seemed persons of every rank and condition: some, dressed in all the brilliancy of the *mode*; others, whose garments bespoke direst poverty. There were women, too, whose costume emulated the classic drapery of the ancients, and who displayed, in their looped togas, no niggard share of their forms; while others, in shabby mourning, sat in obscure corners, not noticing the scene before them, nor noticed themselves. A strange equipage, with two horses extravagantly bedizened with rosettes and bouquets, stood at the door; and as I looked, a pale, haggard-looking man, whose foppery in dress contrasted oddly with his care-worn expression, hurried from the shop, and sprung into the carriage. In doing so, a pocket-book fell from his pocket. I took it up; but as I did so, the carriage was already away, and far beyond my power to overtake it.

Without stopping to examine my prize, or hesitating for a second, I entered the *restaurant*, and asked for M. Boivin.

"Give your orders to me, boy," said

a man busily at work behind the counter.

“My business is with himself,” said I, stoutly.

“Then you’ll have to wait with some patience,” said he, sneeringly.

“I can do so,” was my answer, and I sat down in the shop.

I might have been half-an-hour thus seated, when an enormously fat man, with a huge “*bonnet rouge*” on his head, entered from an inner room, and, passing close to where I was, caught sight of me.

“Who are you, sirrah—what brings you here?”

“I want to speak with M. Boivin.”

“Then speak,” said he, placing his hand upon his immense chest.

“It must be alone,” said I.

“How so, alone, sirrah?” said he, growing suddenly pale; “I have no secrets—I know of nothing that may not be told before all the world.”

Though he said this in a kind of appeal to all around, the dubious looks and glances interchanged seemed make him far from comfortable.

“So you refuse me, then,” said I, taking up my cap, and preparing to depart.

“Come hither,” said he, leading the way into the room from which he had emerged. It was a very small chamber; the most conspicuous ornaments of which were busts and pictures of the various celebrities of the revolution. Some of these latter were framed ostentatiously, and one, occupying the post of honour above the chimney, at once attracted me, for in a glance I saw that it was a portrait of him who owned the pocket-book, and bore beneath it the name “Robespierre.”

“Now, sir, for your communication,” said Boivin; “and take care that it is of sufficient importance to warrant the interview you have asked for.”

“I have no fears on that score,” said I, calmly, still scanning the features of the portrait, and satisfying myself of their identity.

“Look at me, sir, and not at that picture,” said Boivin.

“And yet it is of M. Robespierre I have to speak,” said I, coolly.

“How so—of M. Robespierre, boy? What is the meaning of this? If it be a snare—if this be a trick, you never leave this spot living,” cried he, as he placed a massive hand on each of my shoulders, and shook me violently.

“I am not so easily to be terrified, Citoyen,” said I; “nor have I any secret cause for fear—whatever you may have. My business is of another kind. This morning, in passing out to his carriage, he dropped his pocket-book, which I picked up. Its contents may well be of a kind that should not be read by other eyes than his own. My request is, then, that you will seal it up before me, and then send some one along with me, while I restore it to its owner.”

“Is this a snare—what secret mischief have we here?” said Boivin, half aloud, as he wiped the cold drops of perspiration from his forehead.

“Any mishap that follows will depend upon your refusal to do what I ask.”

“How so—I never refused it; you dare not tell M. Robespierre that I refused, sirrah?”

“I will tell him nothing that is untrue,” said I, calmly; for already a sense of power had gifted me with composure. “If M. Robespierre——.”

“Who speaks of me here?” cried that identical personage, as he dashed hurriedly into the room, and then, not waiting for the reply, went on—“You must send out your scouts on every side—I lost my pocket-book as I left this a while ago.”

“It is here, sir,” said I, presenting it at once.

“How—where was it found—in whose keeping has it been, boy?”

“In mine only; I took it from the ground the same moment that you dropped it, and then came here to place it in M. Boivin’s hands.”

“Who has taken care of it since that time?” continued Robespierre, with a slow and sneering accentuation on every word.

“The pocket-book has never left my possession since it quitted yours,” was my reply.

“Just so,” broke in Boivin, now slowly recovering from his terror. “Of its contents I know nothing; nor have I sought to know anything.”

Robespierre looked at me, as if to corroborate this statement, and I nodded my head in acquiescence.

“Who is your father, boy?”

“I have none—he was guillotined.”

“His name?”

“Tiernay.”

“Ah, I remember; he was called L’Irlandais.”

“The same.”

"A famous Royalist was that same Tiernay, and, doubtless, contrived to leave a heritage of his opinions to his son."

"He left me nothing—I have neither house, nor home, nor even bread to eat."

"But you have a head to plan, and a heart to feel, youngster; and it is better that fellows like you should not want a dinner. Boivin, look to it that he is taken care of. In a few days I will relieve you of the charge. You will remain here, boy; there are worse resting-places, I promise you. There are men who call themselves teachers of the people, who would ask no better life than free quarters on Boivin. And so saying, he hurriedly withdrew, leaving me face to face with my host."

"So then, youngster," said Boivin, as he scratched his ear thoughtfully, "I have gained a pensioner! *Parbleu!* if life were not an uncertain thing in these times, there's no saying how long we might not be blessed with your amiable company."

"You shall not be burthened heavily, *Citoyen*," said I; "Let me have my dinner—I have not eaten since yesterday morning, and I will go my ways peacefully."

"Which means straight to Robespierre's dwelling, to tell him that I have turned you out of doors—eh, sirrah?"

"You mistake me much," said I; "this would be sorry gratitude for eaten bread; I meant what I said—that I will not be an unwelcome guest, even though the alternative be, as it is, something very nigh starvation."

Boivin did not seem clearly to comprehend the meaning of what I said; or perhaps my whole conduct and bearing puzzled him, for he made no reply for several seconds. At last, with a kind of sigh, he said—

"Well well, it cannot be helped; it must be even as he wished, though the odds are, he'll never think more about him. Come, lad, you shall have your dinner."

I followed him through a narrow, unlighted passage, which opened into a room, where, at a long table, were seated a number of men and boys at dinner. Some were dressed as cooks—others wore a kind of grey blouse, with a badge upon the arm bearing the name "Boivin" in large

letters, and were, as I afterwards learned, the messengers employed to carry refreshments into the prison, and who, by virtue of this sign, were freely admitted within the gates.

Taking my place at the board, I proceeded to eat with a voracity that only a long fast could have excused; and thus took but little heed of my companions, whose solecisms in table etiquette might otherwise have amused me.

"Art a *marmiton*, thou?" asked an elderly man in a cook's cap, as he stared fixedly at me for some seconds.

"No," said I, helping myself, and eating away as before.

"Thou canst never be a commissionaire, friend, with an appetite like that," cried another; "I wouldn't trust thee to carry a casserole to the fire."

"Nor shall I be," said I, coolly.

"What trade, then, has the good-fortune to possess your shining abilities?"

"A trade that thrives well just now, friend—pass me the flask."

"Indeed, and what may it be?"

"Can you not guess, *Citoyen*," said I, "if I tell you that it was never more in vogue; and, if there be some who will not follow it, they'll wear their heads just as safely by holding their peace."

"*Parbleu!* thou hast puzzled me," said the chief cook; "and if thou be'st not a coffin-maker——" A roar of merriment cut short his speech, in which I myself could not but join heartily.

"That is, I know," said I, "a thriving business; but mine is even better; and, not to mystify you longer, I'll just tell you what I am—which is, simply, a friend of the *Citoyen* Robespierre."

The blow told with full force; and I saw, in the terrified looks that were interchanged around the table, that my sojourn amongst them, whether destined to be of short or long duration, would not be disturbed by further liberties. It was truly a reign of terror that same period! The great agent of everything was the vague and shadowy dread of some terrible vengeance, against which precautions were all in vain. Men met each other with secret misgivings, and parted with the same dreadful distrust. The ties of kindred were all broken; bro-

therly affection died out. Existence was become like the struggle for life upon some shipwrecked raft, where each sought safety by his neighbour's doom! At such a time—with such terrible teachings—children became men in all the sterner features of character: cruelty is a lesson so easily learned.

As for myself, energetic and ambitious by nature, the ascendancy my first assumption of power suggested was too grateful a passion to be relinquished. The name—whose spell was like a talisman, because now the secret engine by which I determined to work out my fortune—Robespierre had become to my imagination like the slave of Aladdin's lamp; and to conjure him up was to be all-powerful. Even to Boivin himself this influence extended; and it was easy to perceive that he regarded the whole narrative of the pocket-book as a mere fable, invented to obtain a position as a spy over his household.

I was not unwilling to encourage the belief—it added to my importance, by increasing the fear I inspired; and thus I walked indolently about, giving myself those airs of “mouchard” that I deemed most fitting, and taking a mischievous delight in the terror I was inspiring.

The indolence of my life, however, soon wearied me, and I began to long for some occupation, or some pursuit. Teeming with excitement as the world was—every day, every hour, brimful of events—it was impossible to sit calmly on the beach, and watch the great, foaming current of human passions, without longing to be in the stream. Had I been a man at that time, I should have become a furious orator of the Mountain—an impassioned leader of the people. The impulse to stand foremost—to take a bold and prominent position—would have carried me to any lengths. I had caught up enough of the horrid fanaticism of the time, to think that there was something grand and heroic in contempt for human suffering; that a man rose proudly above all the weakness of his nature, when, in the pursuit of some great object, he stifled within his breast every throb of affection—every sentiment of kindness and mercy. Such were the teachings rife at the time—such the first lessons that boyhood learned; and oh! what a ter-

rible hour had that been for humanity if the generation then born had grown up to manhood, unchastened and unconverted!

But to return to my daily life. As I perceived that a week had now elapsed, and the Citizen Robespierre had not revisited the “restaurant,” nor taken any interest in my fate or fortunes, I began to fear lest Boivin should master his terror regarding me, and take heart to put me out of doors—an event which, in my present incertitude, would have been sorely inconvenient. I resolved, therefore, to practice a petty deception on my host, to sustain the influence of terror over him. This was, to absent myself every day at a certain hour, under the pretence of visiting my patron—letting fall, from time to time, certain indications to show in what part of the city I had been, and occasionally, as if in an unguarded moment, condescending to relate some piece of popular gossip. None ventured to inquire the source of my information—not one dared to impugn its veracity. Whatever their misgivings in secret, to myself they displayed the most credulous faith. Nor was their trust so much misplaced, for I had, in reality, become a perfect chronicle of all that went forward in Paris—never missing a debate in the Convention, where my retentive memory could carry away almost verbally all that I heard—ever present at every public fête or procession, whether the occasions were some insulting desecration of their former faith, or some tasteless mockery of heathen ceremonial.

My powers of mimicry, too, enabled me to imitate all the famous characters of the period; and in my assumed inviolability, I used to exhibit the uncouth gestures and spluttering utterance of Marat—the wild and terrible ravings of Danton—and even the reedy treble of my own patron, Robespierre, as he screamed denunciations against the enemies of the people. It is true these exhibitions of mine were only given in secret to certain parties, who, by a kind of instinct, I felt could be trusted.

Such was my life, as one day, returning from the Convention, I beheld a man affixing to a wall a great placard, to which the passing crowd seemed to pay deep attention. It was a decree of the Committee of Public Safety,

containing the names of above seven hundred royalists, who were condemned to death, and who were to be executed in three "tournées," on three successive days.

For some time back the mob had not been gratified with a spectacle of this nature. In the ribald language of the day, the "holy guillotine had grown thirsty from long drought;" and they read the announcement with greedy eyes, commenting as they went upon those whose names were familiar to them. There were many of noble birth among the proscribed, but by far the greater number were priests, the whole sum of whose offending seemed written in the simple and touching words, "*ancien Curé*," of such a parish! It was strange to mark the bitterness of invective with which the people loaded these poor and innocent men, as though they were the source of all their misfortunes. The lazy indolence with which they reproached them, seemed ten times more offensive in their eyes than the lives of ease and affluence led by the nobility. The fact was, they could not forgive men of their own rank and condition what they pardoned in the well-born and the noble! an inconsistency that has characterised democracy in other situations beside this.

As I ran my eyes down the list of those confined in the Temple, I came to a name which smote my heart with a pang of ingratitude as well as sorrow—the "Père Michel Delannois,

soi disant curé de St. Blois"—my poor friend and protector was there among the doomed! If, up to that moment, I had made no effort to see him, I must own the reason lay in my own selfish feeling of shame—the dread that he should mark the change that had taken place in me—a change that I felt extended to all about me, and showed itself in my manner as it influenced my every action. It was not alone that I lost the obedient air and quiet submissiveness of the child, but I had assumed the very extravagance of that democratic insolence which was the mode among the leading characters of the time.

How should I present myself before him, the very impersonation of all the vices against which he used to warn me—how exhibit the utter failure of all his teachings and his hopes? What would this be but to embitter his reflections needlessly. Such were the specious reasons with which I fed my self-love, and satisfied my conscience; but now, as I read his name in that terrible catalogue, their plausibility served me no longer, and at last I forgot myself to remember only him.

"I will see him at once," thought I, "whatever it may cost me—I will stay beside him for his last few hours of life; and when he carries with him from this world many an evil memory of shame and treachery, ingratitude from me shall not increase the burthen." And with this resolve I turned my steps homeward.

CHAPTER III.

THE "TEMPLE."

At the time of which I write, there was but one motive principle throughout France—"TERROR." By the agency of terror and the threat of denunciation was everything carried on, not only in the public departments of the state, but in all the common occurrences of every-day life. Fathers used it towards their children—children towards their parents; mothers coerced their daughters—daughters, in turn, braved the authority of their mothers. The tribunal of public opinion, open to all, scattered its decrees with a reckless cruelty—denying to-day what it had decreed but yesterday, and at last obliterating

every trace of "right" or "principle," in a people who now only lived for the passing hour, and who had no faith in the future, even of this world.

Among the very children at play, this horrible doctrine had gained a footing: the tyrant urchin, whose ingenuity enabled him to terrorise, became the master of his playfellows. I was not slow in acquiring the popular education of the period, and soon learned that fear was a "Bank" on which one might draw at will. Already the domineering habit had given to my air and manner all the insolence of seeming power; and, while a mere boy in years, I was a man in all the easy

assumption of a certain importance.

It was with a bold and resolute air I entered the restaurant, and calling Boivin aside, said—

"I have business in the Temple this morning, Boivin; see to it that I shall not be denied admittance."

"I am not governor of the gaol," grunted Boivin, sulkily, "nor have I the privilege to pass any one."

"But your boys have the entrée; the 'rats' (so were they called) are free to pass in and out."

"Ay, and I'm responsible for the young rascals, too, and for anything that may be laid to their charge."

"And you shall extend this same protection to me, Master Boivin, for one day, at least—nay, my good friend, there's no use in sulking about it. A certain friend of ours, whose name I need not speak aloud, is little in the habit of being denied anything: are you prepared for the consequence of disobeying his orders?"

"Let me see that they are his orders," said he, sturdily—"who tells me that such is his will?"

"I do," was my brief reply, as, with a look of consummate effrontery, I drew myself up, and stared him insolently in the face.

"Suppose, then, that I have my doubts on the matter—suppose ——"

"I will suppose all you wish, Boivin," said I, interrupting, "and even something more; for I will suppose myself returning to the quarter whence I have just come, and within one hour—ay, within one hour, Boivin—bringing back with me a written order, not to pass me into the Temple, but to receive the charge of the Citizen Jean Baptiste Boivin, and be accountable for the same to the Committee of Public Safety."

He trembled from head to foot as I said these words, and in his shaking cheeks, and fallen jaw, I saw that my spell was working.

"And now, I ask for the last time, do you consent or not?"

"How is it to be done?" cried he, in a voice of downright wretchedness. "You are not 'inscribed' at the secretaries' office as one of the 'rats'."

"I should hope not," said I, cutting him short; "but I may take the place of one for an hour or so. Tristan is about my own size; his blouse and badge will just suit me."

"Ay, leave me to a fine of a thousand francs if you should be found out," muttered Boivin, "not to speak of a worse mayhap."

"Exactly so—far worse in case of your refusing; but there sounds the bell for mustering the prisoners—it is now too late."

"Not so—not so," cried Boivin, eagerly, as he saw me prepared to leave the house. "You shall go in Tristan's place. Send him here, that he may tell you everything about the 'service,' and give you his blouse and badge."

I was not slow in availing myself of the permission; nor was Tristan sorry to find a substitute. He was a dull, depressed-looking boy, not over communicative as to his functions, merely telling me that I was to follow the others—that I came fourth in the line—to answer when my name was called "Tristan," and to put the money I received in my leathern pocket, without uttering a word, lest the gaolers should notice it.

To accoutre myself in the white cotton night-cap and the blouse of the craft, was the work of a few seconds; and then, with a great knife in my girdle, and a capacious pocket slung at my side, I looked every inch a "*Marmiton*."

In the kitchen, the bustle had already begun; and half a dozen cooks, with as many under-cooks, were dealing out "portions" with all the speed of a well-practised performance. Nothing short of great habit could have prevented the confusion degenerating into downright anarchy. The "service" was, indeed, effected with a wonderful rapidity; and certain phrases, uttered with speed, showed how it progressed. "*Maigre des Curés*,"—"finished." "Bouillon for the 'expectants,'"—"ready here." "Canards aux olives des condamnés,"—"all served." "Red partridges for the reprieved at the upper table,"—"despatched." Such were the quick demands, and no less quick replies, that rung out, amidst the crash of plates, knives, and glasses, and the incessant movement of feet, until, at last, we were all marshalled in a long line, and, preceded by a drum, set out for the prison.

As we drew near, the heavy gates opened to receive, and closed behind us with a loud bang, that I could not help feeling must have smote

heavily on many a heart that had passed there. We were now in a large court-yard, where several doors led off, each guarded by a sentinel, whose ragged clothes and rusty accoutrements proclaimed a true soldier of the Republic. One of the large hurdles used for carrying the prisoners to the "Place" stood in one corner, and two or three workmen were busied in repairing it for the coming occasion.

So much I had time to observe, as we passed along; and now we entered a dimly-lighted corridor of great extent; passing down which, we emerged into a second "Cour," traversed by a species of canal or river, over which a bridge led. In the middle of this was a strongly-barred iron gate, guarded by two sentries. As we arrived here, our names were called aloud by a species of turnkey; and at the call "Tristan," I advanced, and, removing the covers from the different dishes, submitted them for inspection to an old, savage-looking fellow, who, with a long steel fork, prodded the pieces of meat, as though anything could have been concealed within them. Meanwhile, another fellow examined my cotton cap and pocket, and passed his hands along my arms and body. The whole did not last more than a few minutes; and the word "forward" was given to pass on. The gloom of the place—the silence, only broken by the heavy bang of an iron-barred door, or the clank of chains—the sad thoughts of the many who trod these corridors on their way to death—depressed me greatly, and equally unprepared me for what was to come; for as we drew near the great hall, the busy hum of voices, the sound of laughter, and the noises of a large assembly in full converse, suddenly burst upon the ear; and as the wide doors were thrown open, I beheld above a hundred people, who, either gathered in single groups, or walking up and down in parties, seemed all in the fullest enjoyment of social intercourse.

A great table, with here and there a large flagon of water, or a huge loaf of the coarse bread used by the peasantry, ran from end to end of the chamber. A few had already taken their places at this; but some were satisfied with laying a cap or a kerchief on the bench opposite their accustomed seat; while others again had retired

into windows and corners, as if to escape the general gaze, and partake of their humble meal in solitude.

Whatever restrictions prison discipline might have exercised elsewhere, here the widest liberty seemed to prevail. The talk was loud, and even boisterous; the manner to the turnkeys exhibited nothing of fear: the whole assemblage presented rather the aspect of a gathering of riotous republicans, than of a band of prisoners under sentence. And yet such were the greater number; and the terrible slip of paper attached to the back of each, with a date, told the day on which he was to die.

As I lingered to gaze on this strange gathering, I was admonished to move on, and now perceived that my companion had advanced to the end of the hall, by which a small flight of stone steps led out upon a terrace—at the end of which we entered another, and not less spacious chamber, equally crowded and noisy. Here the company were of both sexes, and of every grade and condition of rank—from the highest noble of the once court, to the humblest peasant of La Vendée. If the sounds of mirth and levity were less frequent, the buzz of conversation was, to the full, as loud as in the lower hall, where, from difference of condition in life, the scenes passing presented stranger and more curious contrasts. In one corner a group of peasants were gathered around a white-haired priest, who, in a low but earnest voice, was uttering his last exhortation to them; in another, some young and fashionably-dressed men were exhibiting to a party of ladies the very airs and graces by which they would have adorned a saloon; here, was a party at picquet—there, a little group, arranging, for the last time, their household cares, and settling, with a few small coins, the account of mutual expenditure. Of the ladies, several were engaged at needle-work—some little preparation for the morrow—the last demand that ever vanity was to make of them!

Although there was matter of curiosity in all around me, my eyes sought for but one object, the Curé of St. Blois. Twice or thrice, from the similarity of dress, I was deceived, and at last, when I really did behold him, as he sat alone in a window, reading, I could scarcely satisfy myself of the

reality. He was vividly pale; his eyes deep sunk, and surrounded with two dark circles, while along his worn cheek the tears had marked two channels of purple colour. What need of the guillotine there—the lamp of life was in its last flicker without it.

Our names were called, and the meats placed upon the table. Just as the head turnkey was about to give the order to be seated, a loud commotion, and a terrible uproar in the court beneath, drew every one to the window. It was a hurdle which, emerging from an archway, broke down from overcrowding; and now the confusion of prisoners, gaolers, and sentries, with plunging horses and screaming sufferers, made a scene of the wildest uproar. Chained two by two, the prisoners were almost helpless, and in their efforts to escape injury made the most terrific struggles. Such were the instincts of life in those on the very road to death!

Resolving to profit by the moment of confusion, I hastened to the window, where alone, unmoved by the general commotion, sat the Père Michel. He lifted his glassy eyes as I came near, and in a low, mild voice, said—

“Thanks, my good boy, but I have no money to pay thee; nor does it matter much now—it is but another day.”

I could have cried as I heard these sad words; but mastering emotions which would have lost time so precious, I drew close, and whispered,

“Père Michel, it is I, your own Maurice.”

He started, and a deep flush suffused his cheek; and then stretching out his hand, he pushed back my cap, and parted the hair of my forehead, as if doubting the reality of what he saw; when with a weak voice he said—

“No, no, thou art not my own Maurice. His eyes shone not with that worldly lustre—thine do; his brow was calm, and fair as children’s should be—thine is marked with manhood’s craft and subtlety; and yet thou art like him.”

A low sob broke from me as I listened to his words, and the tears gushed forth, and rolled in torrents down my cheeks.

“Yes,” cried he, clasping me in his arms, “thou art my own dear boy. I know thee now; but how art thou

here, and thus?” and he touched my “blouse” as he spoke.

“I came to see and to save you, Père,” said I. “Nay do not try to discourage me, but rather give me all your aid. I saw *her*—I was with her in her last moments at the guillotine; she gave me a message for you, but this you shall never hear till we are without these walls.”

“It cannot be, it cannot be,” said he, sorrowfully.

“It can, and shall be,” said I, resolutely. “I have merely assumed this dress for the occasion; I have friends, powerful and willing to protect me. Let us change robes—give me that ‘soutane,’ and put on the blouse. When you leave this, hasten to the old garden of the chapel, and wait for my coming—I will join you there before night.”

“It cannot be,” replied he again.

“Again I say, it shall, and must be. Nay, if you still refuse, there shall be two victims, for I will tear off the dress here where I stand, and openly declare myself the son of the Royalist Tiernay.”

Already the commotion in the court beneath was beginning to subside, and even now the turnkeys’ voices were heard in the refectory, recalling the prisoners to table, another moment and it would have been too late—it was, then, less by persuasion than by actual force I compelled him to yield, and pulling off his black serge gown, drew over his shoulders my yellow blouse, and placed upon his head the white cap of the “Marmiton.” The look of shame and sorrow of the poor Curé would have betrayed him at once, if any had given themselves the trouble to look at him.

“And thou, my poor child,” said he, as he saw me array myself in his priestly dress, “what is to be thy fate?”

“All will depend upon you, Père Michel,” said I, holding him by the arm, and trying to fix his wandering attention. “Once out of the prison, write to Boivin, the *restaurateur* of the ‘*Scélérat*,’ and tell him that an escaped convict has scruples for the danger into which he has brought a poor boy, one of his ‘Marmitons,’ and whom by a noxious drug he has lulled into insensibility, while having exchanged clothes, he has managed his escape. Boivin will comprehend the danger he himself runs by

leaving me here. All will go well—and now there's not a moment to lose. Take up your basket, and follow the others."

"But the falsehood of all this," cried the Père.

"But, your life and mine, too, lost, if you refuse," said I, pushing him away.

"Oh, Maurice, how changed have you become," cried he, sorrowfully.

"You will see a greater change in me yet, as I lie in the sawdust beneath the scaffold," said I, hastily. "Go, go."

There was, indeed, no more time to lose. The muster of the prisoners was forming at one end of the chamber, while the "Marmitons" were gathering up their plates and dishes, previous to departure, at the other; and it was only by the decisive step of laying myself down within the recesses of the window, in the attitude of one overcome by sleep, that I could force him to obey my direction. I could feel his presence as he bent over me, and muttered something that must have been a prayer. I could know, without seeing, that he still lingered near me, but as I never stirred, he seemed to feel that my resolve was not to be shaken, and at last he moved slowly away.

At first the noise and clamor sounded like the crash of some desperate conflict, but by degrees this subsided, and I could hear the names called aloud and the responses of the prisoners, as they were "told off" in parties from the different parts of the prison. Tender leave-takings and affectionate farewells from many who never expected to meet again accompanied these, and the low sobs of anguish were mingled with the terrible chaos of voices; and at last I heard the name of "Michel Delannois." I felt as if my death-summons was in the words "Michel Delannois."

"That crazy priest can neither hear nor see, I believe," said the gaoler, savagely. "Will no one answer for him?"

"He is asleep yonder in the window," replied a voice from the crowd.

"Let him sleep, then," said the turnkey; "when awake he gives us no peace with his prayers and exhortations."

"He has eaten nothing for three days," observed another; "he is, perhaps, overcome by weakness more than by sleep."

"Be it so! if he only lie quiet, I care not," rejoined the gaoler, and proceeded to the next name on the list.

The monotonous roll-call, the heat, the attitude in which I was lying, all conspired to make me drowsy; even the very press of sensations that crowded to my brain lent their aid, and at last I slept as soundly as ever I had done in my bed at night. I was dreaming of the dark alleys in the wood of Belleville, where so often I had strolled of an evening with Père Michel; I was fancying that we were gathering the fresh violets beneath the old trees, when a rude hand shook my shoulder, and I awoke. One of the turnkeys and Boivin stood over me, and I saw at once that my plan had worked well.

"Is this the fellow?" said the turnkey, pushing me rudely with his foot.

"Yes," replied Boivin, white with fear; "this is the boy; his name is Tristan." The latter words were accompanied with a look of great significance towards me.

"What care we how he is called; let us hear in what manner he came here."

"I can tell you little," said I, staring and looking wildly around; "I must have been asleep, and dreaming, too."

"The letter," whispered Boivin to the turnkey—"the letter says that he was made to inhale some poisonous drug, and that while insensible——"

"Bah," said the other, derisively, "this will not gain credit here; there has been complicity in the affair, Master Boivin. The *Commissaire* is not the man to believe a trumped-up tale of the sort; besides, you are well aware that you are responsible for these 'rats' of yours. It is a private arrangement between you and the commissaire, and it is not very probable that he'll get himself into a scrape for you."

"Then what are we to do?" cried Boivin, passionately, as he wrung his hands in despair.

"I know what I should, in a like case," was the dry reply.

"And that is?——"

"Laisser aller!" was the curt rejoinder. "The young rogue has passed for a Curé for the last afternoon; I'd even let him keep up the disguise a little longer, and it will be all the same by this time to-morrow."

"You'd send me to the guillotine for another?" said I, boldly; "thanks for the good intention, my friend; but Boivin knows better than to follow your counsel. Hear me one moment," said I, addressing the latter, and drawing him to one side—"if you don't liberate me within a quarter of an hour, I'll denounce you and yours to the Commissary. I know well enough what goes on at the Scélérat,—you understand me well. If a priest has really made his escape from the prison, you are not clean-handed enough to meet the accusation; see to it then, Boivin, that I may be free at once."

"Imp of Satan," exclaimed Boivin, grinding his teeth, "I have never enjoyed ease or quietness since the first hour I saw you."

"It may cost a couple of thousand francs, Boivin," said I, calmly; "but what then? Better that than take your seat along with us to-morrow in the 'Charrette rouge.'"

"Maybe he's right, after all," muttered the turnkey in a half whisper; "speak to the commissary."

"Yes," said I, affecting an air of great innocence and simplicity—"tell him that a poor orphan boy, without friends or home, claims his pity."

"*Scélérat infame!*" cried Boivin, as he shook his fist at me, and then followed the turnkey to the commissary's apartment.

In less time than I could have believed possible, Boivin returned with one of the upper gaolers, and told me in a few dry words that I was free. "But, mark me," added he, "you never shall plant foot within my doors again."

"Agreed," said I, gaily; "the world has other dupes as easy to play

upon, and I was getting well nigh weary of you."

"Listen to the scoundrel!" muttered Boivin; "what will he say next?"

"Simply this," rejoined I—"that as these are not becoming garments for me to wear—for I'm neither 'Père' nor 'Frère'—I must have others, ere I quit this."

If the insolence of my demand occasioned some surprise at first, a little cool persistence on my part showed that compliance would be the better policy; and, after conferring together for a few minutes, during which I heard the sound of money, the turnkey retired, and came back speedily with a jacket and cap belonging to one of the drummers of the "Republican Guard"—a gaudy, tasteless affair enough, but, as a disguise, nothing could have been more perfect.

"Have you not a drum to give him?" said Boivin, with a most malignant sneer at my equipment.

"He'll make a noise in the world without that!" muttered the gaoler, half soliloquising; and the words fell upon my heart with a strange significance.

"Your blessing, Boivin," said I, "and we part."

"*Te te —*"

"No, no; don't curse the boy," interposed the gaoler good humouredly.

"Then, move off, youngster; I've lost too much time with you already."

The next moment I was in the "Place"—a light misty rain was falling, and the night was dark and starless; the "*Scélérat*" was brilliant with lamps and candles, and crowds were passing in and out, but it was no longer a home for me—so I passed on, and continued my way towards the Boulevard.

SIR JAMES BROOKE—THE RAJAH OF SARAWAK.

THE strong interest created by recent events in the Indian Archipelago in general, and Borneo in particular, is by no means difficult of comprehension. The wealthy regions of insular Asia have been suddenly called into notice. A rapid glance at their resources, and at their importance as commercial marts, will be sufficient to account for the attention now so universally directed towards them. That island, especially, which has been the theatre of Sir James Brooke's career, is, from its remarkable position in the East, its size, its fertility, and value as a field for colonisation, full of interest, which strengthens as we linger longer on its beauty and its riches. In a political, as well as in a commercial point of view, the possession of Labuan, and the free intercourse we enjoy with Sarawak, are of immeasurable importance, since, while extending widely the circle of British influence, they open an extensive channel for the admission of our manufactures among a people who, in return, afford to us commodities, some of which are peculiar to these regions, and among which many are to be found in equal abundance, in few, if any other portions of the globe.

Whatever may henceforth be the destiny of the Archipelago—whatever positions it may hereafter occupy, and to whatever eminence its inhabitants may rise—the name of Sir James Brooke must be indissolubly connected with it, as the first to sow among rude and barbarous tribes the germs of civilisation, which may continue in flourishing increase until millions fall within the circle of its shadow. Even if we are content to view the subject of our memoir merely as the author of future blessings to mankind, we must consent to allow him credit for his efforts—whether the manner of their employment be or be not reconcileable to our views or prejudices. In whatever light, however, we contemplate his motives or his actions, it cannot be denied that in the public mind of Europe an universal interest has been awakened in all that concerns him, and

the region which has been the scene of his achievements.

A fair and liberal retrospective view of his career is at the present moment unusually desirable, as so many different impressions appear to prevail on the question. It will be our endeavour, by a candid, uncoloured narrative of his life, to afford our readers a clear idea of his character as a public man. The position which Sir James Brooke now occupies is one of a peculiar nature; and the circumstances which have led to it are such as to require much investigation. It has been asserted that he has been impelled by private motives, by the love of gain, by the fascinating ambition of power; that he has been instigated to all he has accomplished by sordid views of self-aggrandisement—and further, that his claims to the Rajahate of Sarawak are founded on transactions of a very equivocal character. All these points we shall have occasion to discuss, and we shall endeavour clearly and impartially to set the conduct of Sir James Brooke in its proper light. It may be well to premise that, since his appearance before the public eye, there has not appeared a note or document of any authority in England, France, Holland, or the East, which has not engaged our attention—so fully has it been our conviction that the subject is one calling for deep study as well as reflection.

Sir James Brooke was born on the 29th of April, 1803, at Coombe Grove, not far from Bath, a seat of moderate dimensions and fair appearance, where he passed the early years of his life. He is the lineal representative of Sir Robert Vyner, Baronet, and Lord Mayor of London in the reign of Charles II. Sir Robert had only one child, a son, Sir Robert Vyner, who died childless, and his estates passed to his heir-at-law, Edith, his father's eldest sister, whose lineal descendant Sir James Brooke is. Peculiar care was lavished upon his education, as very early in life he gave promise of those abilities, and that aptitude for the acquisition of

knowledge, subsequently far more strongly developed. His mother was a very superior woman, whose mind had been regulated by an education more polished and extended than at that time, perhaps, was generally the case. She undertook to direct into the right channels the studies of her son, and to nourish those qualities, which her partial eye soon believed him to possess.

There is nothing extraordinary to be related of his early career. When we peruse the memoirs of remarkable men we generally look for anecdotes, and curious sayings, which in infancy are supposed to indicate the future development of the individual's qualities. The reason for this may be, that vain and injudicious friends have been labouring to distort the simplest observations and most ordinary occurrences into singular events, merely because they emanated from a person destined afterwards to play a prominent part before the world.

The young Mr. Brooke lived in retirement, and pursued his studies, until he arrived at that age when gentlemen usually become the guides of their own career. A cadetship was procured for him, and he proceeded to India, to commence the rough pursuits of a soldier—a profession in which he seems to have distinguished himself by his love of adventure and fearlessness in action. These facts we notice as characteristic of the man, and affording a guide to his future fortunes in the Indian Archipelago.

The Burmese war was at that period troubling the frontiers of our Indian Empire; and Mr. Brooke, proceeding with a division of troops to Assam, was engaged in the capture of a native fortification. In this battle he received a shot through the lungs—a formidable wound, at first considered mortal, which compelled him to return to England for a time, in order to recruit his strength. The leisure afforded him by this necessary retirement, he devoted to perfecting himself in those acquirements which he had only, in early youth, mastered in an inferior manner. When sufficiently recovered, he made a tour through France, Switzerland, and Italy, adding to his classical knowledge, and becoming acquainted with the delightful literature and poetry of the south.

From all we learn of Rajah Brooke, we perceive that the spirit of adventure and the love of travel possessed him from his youth—and these inclinations he was enabled to gratify at once with more pleasure and more profit to himself, from education and his acquaintance with history which invested the countries he visited with an attractive interest only flowing from similar sources. An untaught, unimaginative person may wander through regions the most varied and beautiful without feeling in any way the charms of the scenes through which he passes, while, on the contrary, the intellectual and reflecting can visit no spot hallowed by the memories of history, without becoming better and wiser from the circumstance. Such researches seem to link us with the past, and, forgetting all else but the exercise of virtue or greatness that have made the place famous, we feel, at least for the moment, inspired by the object of our admiration.

So, at least, it appears to have been with Sir James Brooke—if the tone of his mind may be presumed as reflected in the leaves of his private journals, which have been only partially published. Every fresh position in which he found himself seems to have warmed his sympathies and strengthened the powers of his mind.

The leave of absence, accorded on account of his wound, had now expired, and, with health renewed and mind enriched, he once more quitted England. But in a storm which arose almost immediately upon quitting the shore, he was wrecked upon the Isle of Wight, compelled to retrace his way, and forced to make fresh preparations for departure. A very short period saw him again in a vessel—the *Castle Huntley*—bound for India, relieving the tedium of the voyage by literary exercises in the shape of a light and elegant weekly periodical, to which all on board contributed in verse. It was called the *Nautilus*, and written in an album, of which Mr. Brooke was editor, and wrote under the portentous signature of "*Cholera Morbus*"—an appellation which, on examination of the periodical, we find appended to very light and merry stanzas. The position of the numerous individuals on board the *Castle Huntley* was necessarily so various that every incident and scene naturally suggested

different emotions in the hearts of each, and to these they gave vent as well as their capacities allowed them. Many of the pieces, by different writers, are remarkable for merit.

On reaching India, in 1830, Mr. Brooke discovered that, owing to the delay occasioned by his shipwreck, his leave of absence had expired, and that by the rules of the service he had forfeited his commission. Without an elaborate and tedious explanation, and a wearisome correspondence with the home authorities, it would be impossible to reinstate himself in his former position. He chose, therefore, the alternative of resigning the service, and abandoning all desire of distinguishing himself in a military capacity, made the Castle Huntly's company his companions in her further progress to China.

It is impossible to determine, with any accuracy, what were the motives which, in the first instance, prompted Mr. Brooke to visit the Indian Archipelago. Each man has, however, his thoughts, and may, if he pleases, make a monopoly of them. Most probable, however, it is, that while on his voyage, working plans for the future, a dim prospect of accomplishing something in those regions shadowed itself before his mind. The islands were now revealed to his view in all their beauty and mystery. A glimpse of Borneo, with its unequalled verdure and its magnificent undulating hills, probably excited his curiosity to know more of its condition and resources. Had the vessel been his own, it is more than conjectural that he would at once have steered his course through all of the numerous channels he perceived opening up between islands, all remarkable for their beauty, and their wild, neglected aspect. The region was full of interest, and a strong desire arose in his mind to explore it. The project he has since carried into effect was then partially formed, though without any definite shape whatever, since he could not know that fortune would throw before him opportunities so unusual and so great.

Sailing up towards the Chinese seas, he found the ocean over which his eye had hitherto wandered freely, dotted with innumerable islands, rising one behind the other, fringed with verdure to the water's edge, and separated by channels intricate, and per-

haps dangerous; through which the keel of the European merchant had, up to that time, probably never found a way; green coasts, and many peaked mountains, aspiring above the clouds, made their appearance in succession, while the intensely blue water occasionally flowed between islands so close in brotherhood, that the eye appeared to range only up the reach of some magnificent river, swelling beyond into lakes, and again contracting still further, as the group thickened on the gaze. The panorama was continually changing, but all seemed beautiful, and derived an additional charm from the fact, that the interior provinces of many islands were wholly unknown and neglected.

Mr. Brooke passed on to China, convinced that the eastern islands afforded a wide field for research, and, after a short stay at Canton, returned to England, in order to make preparations for the project he so ardently desired to fulfil. At first he sought to carry out his views in conjunction with another gentleman, and actually entered into partnership; but circumstances, which we need not dwell upon, caused him to abandon this idea, and pursue his object unshackled by the co-operation of the individual in question.

At length, by the death of his father, Mr. Brooke became successor to a considerable fortune, which enabled him more freely to develop his plans. His first care was, to purchase a yacht from the royal squadron—enjoying the same privileges, as to flags and colours, as a man-of-war. The *Royalist* was a fast sailor, in every respect capacitated for her voyage. To test her sea qualities, and make experiments on the hardihood of his men, Mr. Brooke commenced a trip through the waters of the Mediterranean, and visited many of those shores that are populous with historical associations. He coasted Spain, passed Malta and Crete, between the lovely islands of the blue *Ægean* sea—the oases of the ocean—and reached the mouth of the Dardanelles, with the purpose of visiting Constantinople. But the plague shut this capital against him, and he leisurely made his voyage homeward.

The time was now arrived for him to carry into action his long contemplated scheme. A three years' cruise

had tested the power of the yacht and the qualities of her crew, who were wholly devoted to Mr. Brooke, and ardent for the voyage. The object of the enterprise, as indicated in Mr. Brooke's journals, was to extirpate a formidable system of piracy from distant and neglected regions; to free the trade of the Indian seas from this dangerous scourge; and to induce lawless, wild, and heathen tribes, to submit themselves to the influence of civilisation. Such, at least, are the views he expressed; and though there may be found those who will deny their sincerity, we consider it illiberal to assert what we cannot prove—that the Rajah's feelings were other-wise than indicated in his writings.

Whatever may have been his views, however sanguine may have been his hopes, the project before him was one rife with anxiety. Obstacles he was sure to encounter—total disappointment might overthrow all his projects. He did not stand in the position of one chartered by government to carry out certain designs. In that case his duty would be, to act up to definite instructions; but, as it was, he was unarmed by authority to battle with conflicting circumstances, without any settled aim in view, or any defined mission to accomplish. Very few, before he quitted England, were acquainted with the work he had laid out before him, for he spoke of it only to those upon whose sympathy he could rely.

On the 27th October, 1838, the *Royalist* quitted England, and reached Singapore after a protracted but prosperous voyage. Thence, after refreshment of the crew, and refit of the yacht, they sailed for Sarawak. That state was now under the rule of a humane and generous chief, Muda Hassim, uncle to the Sultan of Borneo. He was more amiable than most other native princes of Borneo; but weak, irresolute, crafty and ignorant as he was, compelled our countryman to the course he afterwards adopted. Notorious for his good disposition towards the English, he was selected as the object of a first visit by Mr. Brooke, who took a cargo of presents likely to be received with pleasure by such a half-civilised, untought sovereign of a barbarous territory—such as gaudy silks, scarlet cloth, stamped velvet,

gunpowder, and an ample store of confectionary, preserved ginger, jams, dates, and syrups. He also furnished himself, as a precaution, with letters from the government at Singapore, advising the Rajah to welcome and protect the English yacht and her crew, who, it was stated, came with wise and beneficent views, for the purpose of suppressing piracy, and encourage peaceful industry among the native population.

In the midst of a storm of thunder, lightning, and rain, the *Royalist* anchored at night off the mysterious coast of Borneo, whose outline had not yet been distinctly revealed to the view of Mr. Brooke. Morning opened a superb prospect. The shores were high and well wooded. Beyond, the sea-beach rolled away undulations of green and jungly land, dotted with a few villages. Beyond this, low ridges swelled one after another, increasing in height; and still further, a vast many-peaked mountain, dimly revealed in the distance, projected its huge summit through the blue mists above. These features are characteristic of the scenery in the Archipelago. Steering through the waters, then unknown and dangerous, that invest the shores of Borneo, the *Royalist* wound slowly amid many reefs and shoals, while every hour new landscapes opened. Few traces of life were visible, except that, here and there, the prints of human feet, piles of ashes, and fragments of boats, and the dark remnants of a village, indicated that the vast and silent coast was wholly desolate. Marks of wild beasts' tracks appeared, but no animals were visible upon the skirts of the dark forest of tall straight trees that occasionally encroached even upon the beach. Mr. Brooke landed, and felt he was where few, if any, Europeans had been before—in the midst of nature, silent and wild, with no mark of that transforming agent, art, upon any of its features.

In his progress to Sarawak, he passed several fine rivers bordered with noble timber, and at length reached the stream he was in search of, overhung by the highest peaks of the Santubong mountain, clothed with rich vegetation, fringed with the casuarinas, and debouching over a beach of fine white sand; on the left bank a

jungle of pale-green mangrove, spread over the low ground to an indefinite distance.

The Royalist's gig was now sent to warn Muda Hassim of his visitors, and to test his friendly disposition. Mr. Brooke followed with the yacht, and met the little boat on her return with a chief of rank, who brought a welcome from the Rajah, and was saluted with five guns. No time was lost in sailing up to Sarawak (or Muching); a salute was fired, and a party landed among the groups of astonished natives, lost in awe of the white men thus fearlessly venturing among them. The first audience was satisfactory. Mr. Brooke found his host to be an intelligent man, very friendly to the English, and well disposed towards an amicable intercourse. Probably some idea of the assistance he might derive from his visitor crossed the chieftain's mind; at any rate he granted him free access to all parts of his country, appointed him a guide, and told him of a rebellion then rising against the Sultan's authority, which he was anxious to maintain. Mr. Brooke then entered on his first excursion, and was led up many streams, winding through lands of singular beauty, until they emerged on the noble river of Sanraharan. Sensations of an exciting character must have filled the hearts of all on board, as they found themselves in circumstances so foreign to the usual routine of their lives—their position was one of much novelty and some danger. The consciousness of being the first explorers of this region—the deep solitude reigning around—the lightness of the atmosphere—the verdant banks of the river—the immense jungles, and the still vaster forests, with the vales, told of wealth and plenty undeveloped. All these excited their minds, and impressed them with a sense of the beauty and value of the island.

The pangerang who conducted them, now thought it prudent to return, as the whole country was in a ferment of rebellion, and Mr. Brooke, after other interviews with the Rajah, and a promise to return, sailed back to Singapore, where he equipped the Royalist for a voyage to the curious and little-explored island of Celebes—the only land in the world where the singular spectacle of a barbarian republic

is to be witnessed. Into the details of this journey we cannot enter, and must dismiss them with the remark, that every step led to some landscape of varied beauty, while every research showed the undeveloped wealth of the region. Mr. Brooke then returned to Sarawak, and found Muda Hassim in deep distress, quailing before the fierce rebellion of the whole province. Tribe after tribe was arming, and gathering in quick descents from the interior; savage bands were perpetually roving in search of heads and plunder. The Rajah felt himself unequal to quell an insurrection which, if permitted to rage unchecked, might spread through the kingdom, and reduce it to an anarchy even worse than its habitual state. His forces were weak, and he knew of no alternative but to ask the English for assistance. The opportune return of Mr. Brooke was hailed with delight, as a providential deliverance from peril; and it is here that all who argue so fearlessly on the subject should pause to consider the circumstances of the case. From that day events progressed towards Mr. Brooke's occupation of Sarawak. It has been asserted that he unjustly seized the government—that he wrested it from the weakness of a miserable barbarian chief—that he bartered some Manchester goods for the rajahate of Sarawak. As we, therefore, have reached debated ground, a clear and temperate view of it is of great moment, nor needs it a protracted examination.

A deep scrutiny into the truth will resolve the whole into this simple fact—that the territory was offered as a temptation to assistance; that it was, on a miniature scale, the cession of a province by one power to another, just as whole islands and kingdoms have passed from one government to another, in exchange for services. Muda Hassim was in a position whence he felt that his unaided efforts could not extricate him. He applied to the English for aid, and promised Mr. Brooke, that if he would lend his assistance for the suppression of the rebellion, he would make over to him the rajahate of Sarawak, as he expected a call to Borneo as the Sultan's ameer, or first minister. This offer was pressed with constant solicitation, in spite of repeated objections, and at length our countryman promised his

aid. The belligerents had gathered under their respective leaders, and now lay within thirty miles of each other, the rebels holding the upper part of the river, and closing the interior against all attempts. The Sultan of Borneo had sent orders to act vigorously against the insurgents, and Mr. Brooke, with his little band of companions, after stipulating for mercy to the captured rebels, placed himself in command of the expedition. Order and decision now entered into the spirit of the war, the system of attack was changed, success was pushed with more energy, and the native troops, lazy and cowardly as they were, were stimulated and encouraged by example.

Mr. Brooke carried out his design with much success, though harassed by the intrigues and malice of the minister Makota, a secret but deadly enemy to English influence. Jealous of our countryman's position in the province, he sought by all means to disconcert his projects, and the course of our narrative will show that his enmity took subsequently a more decided and dangerous course. Yet in spite of his hostility, of the indolence and cowardice of the natives, and his ignorance of the country, Mr. Brooke at length succeeding in bringing the Rajah's army to an attack on the rebel forces. A few volleys from the European guns, and a general rush over the rice-fields, with some scattered and confused skirmishing, won the day, and the insurgents were induced to surrender. Protected by the English from treachery and pillage, they were brought before Muda Hassim, who, pressed by the entreaties, and frightened by the threats, of Mr. Brooke, who declared he would abandon the country altogether if their lives were taken, at length consented to pardon their rebellious acts. The Rajah was, for a Bornean, faithful and humane, though inclined to promise far more than he intended to perform. Probably, when the danger was over, he reflected on the fine country he had engaged to abandon, on its resources, and the dignity of its possessions, but still was profuse in fair promises. He proposed that Mr. Brooke should visit Singapore for a cargo of valuable goods, for which he offered in exchange a quantity of antimony ore,

to be brought from the interior before his return. He also promised to build a habitation for the future Rajah, who then proceeded to the English settlement, and spent what was, for a private individual in his station, a large fortune in equipping and lading two ships with merchandise, to be distributed among the chiefs in exchange for antimony ore. He had now impoverished himself, which nothing but the prospect paraded before him by Muda Hassim would have induced him to do. Here was an opportunity, not sought but offered, of establishing British influence, and with it civilisation, and Christianity, on the coasts of Borneo. The result has shown of what great service to the province those events have been.

Mr. Brooke again anchored off Sarawak, with his two richly-laden vessels. No sooner was the English flag perceived than it was welcomed with royal salutes, and the Rajah hastened down amid crowds of people to receive our countryman, with every demonstration of joy at his return. But, to Mr. Brooke's infinite surprise, no house was ready for his reception, no antimony ore had been collected—not one of the Rajah's promises had been performed. Our countryman told the chieftain that he considered the convention ruptured, that he should leave the coast and return no more—to which the reply was, a torrent of entreaties, protestations, vows, and pledges of future honour. Induced by his petitions—more than once enforced with tears—the Englishman consented to remain, and when a house was prepared for him, distributed the rich cargoes of his ships without further reserve. He had now staked his fortune on the Rajah's faith, and that faith was again neglected. Notwithstanding his engagement to prevent piracy, Muda Hassim allowed a buccaneering expedition to start up the river, under cover of a design to make war on a hostile tribe. By rigorous interposition, its progress was arrested ere it had commenced its work of destroying villages, taking heads, and plundering the peaceful natives. But the attempt to induce the Rajah to intercede with the Sultan of Borneo for the liberation of some English prisoners in his capital, was unsuccessful, and Mr. Brooke, harassed by expect-

tations continually disappointed, fearing the loss of his whole fortune, and the ridicule with which the national name would be covered, should he yield at the last, resolved to make one steady effort to bring Muda Hassim to reason.

He sought an interview with the Rajah. He represented the treachery of which he was the object. Why had promises been made without the purpose of fulfilment? Why had the price been taken, and the value yet withheld? Why had an Englishman been thus tempted to the verge of ruin by offers, urged with weeping solicitation, only to be abandoned at extremities? Intrigues, he knew, were at work to involve him in quarrels with the Dutch, whose jealousy was already aroused by his success. Therefore, on a review of the circumstances of his position, and the events that had led to it, Mr. Brooke was convinced that the time for trifling was passed, and therefore, under the guns of the Royalist, he landed one day, sought another audience, complained to the Rajah of the gross injustice perpetrated on him, unfolded the villanous schemes of Makota, and declared his determination to force the fulfilment of an agreement not sought by himself, and the fulfilment of which could be of no detriment to Muda Hassim, called as he was to the post of first minister at the Sultan's capital of Brune.

The Rajah was petrified with astonishment. He felt the force of all that was urged, and soon perceived that the only means that remained to him was, to perform his long, unfulfilled, and repeatedly-renewed promise. The document declaring James Brooke Rajah and Governor of Sarawak was drawn up, sealed, and signed, on the 24th of September, 1841, and promulgated amid the roar of cannon, and a universal display of gay flags and streamers from the shore and the boats on the river. The whole populace welcomed the authority of a man they already loved, who promised to ransom them from their long bondage of ignorance and misery, and to protect them in the peaceful pursuits that now began to be their ambition.

From this moment the position of Mr. Brooke was one of great importance and no little danger. He had undertaken a task from which

there was now no retreat—the regeneration of a wild and savage province. He had to root out the love of sanguinary amusements, and to invest with a charm the pursuits of industry, to controul the desires of an ambitious set of men, reckless and daring, into the profitable but laborious engagements of commerce. There were, besides, vast hordes now flourishing in security on many of the islands in the Archipelago, whose constant pursuit was piracy, and whose prey was trade. To foster the good, and encourage the evil, by a simultaneous double-acted policy, was a task which it did not enter within Mr. Brooke's philosophy to attempt; and by a process of reasoning, not intelligible to some individuals, he arrived at the conclusion, that to stimulate commerce, and give the free rein to piracy, were courses wholly incompatible.

He immediately compiled a code of laws—declared trade to be free—all roads to be open—all property inviolable—instituted a current coinage, and explained his plan of revenue. The antimony ore he reserved to himself, but compelled none to work the mines against their will. At once entering on a regular course of life, he freely admitted the people into his presence at all hours of the day. Rising early, it was his practice to quit his private residence for the public walk on the opposite bank of the river, where he held his durbar, receiving all who chose to make complaints, or offer suggestions. Here he remained till mid-day, when he returned to his bungalow, and passed several hours in his library, enjoying the company of his old friends of classic Greece and Rome, and retired early to rest. The people soon became deeply attached to their new ruler, who at once showed he could be merciful where mercy would not outrage justice, while he rigorously suppressed bear-hunting and marauding expeditions, which gradually became extinct in the province.

He undertook many expeditions against the fierce and formidable pirates of those coasts, and succeeded admirably in establishing order and security within the limits of Sarawak. But a host of adverse agencies remained to be quelled in Brune. The Sultan Omar Ali was deeply implicated in the piratical cruises of his

nominal subjects, and, consequently, hated the English, breathing repeated vows of vengeance upon Muda Hassim, who now proceeded to his capital as ameer. Mr. Brooke hoped that his influence might counteract that of the insidious counsels of the Sultan, and overawe the hostile chiefs. He proceeded to Brune himself, with the object of reconciling the nephew to his uncle, and was received with apparent cordiality by Omar Ali, who promised to treat the Rajah and his relatives with all due kindness; delivered up, without ransom, thirty-six lascars belonging to the wrecked Sultana, liberated others who had been sold into slavery, and declared himself perfectly favourable to the occupation of Sarawak by our English governor, cheerfully signing a ratification of the treaty. When this mission was thus happily accomplished, Mr. Brooke returned to Sarawak, where the people welcomed him with exaggerated tokens of pleasure.

The condition of the province which fell under his authority may be suggested, rather than described, by a few words. It was a wilderness of forest and jungle, valley, hill, and river. Small portions of the land were cultivated to support a scanty and miserable population, that dwelt in rude villages, perched on precipitous heights, and weakly guarded by pallisades. No man felt safe in his life or his property. Head-hunting and robbery were daily practices.

During Mr. Brooke's administration the whole of this system has been reversed. The population has vastly increased; not more than one murder is committed in two years; outrage of every kind is rare, and converts to Christianity are multiplying; the lands are being brought under cultivation, and the whole province is assuming the aspect of prosperity and peace.

It was some time before he could altogether quell the intestine wars of the district, and still longer before he could effectually check the eruptions of the piratical tribes in the vicinity. At length, however, armed with the recognition of the British government, and the aid of Captain Keppel in the *Dido*, he undertook those numerous expeditions with the details of which the public is already familiar. We

cannot pause to narrate them. They were eminently successful. Many of the most formidable freebooting haunts were destroyed, and countless large and well-armed war prahus were destroyed or captured. British vessels of war, and traders from Singapore and China, now visited Sarawak more frequently, and Sir Edward Belcher sailed with a small squadron up the Brune river, where, in spite of the anarchy that reigned, the people testified much desire to trade with the English. Many of the chiefs were hostile, from their predilection to piracy, but Budrudeen, the brother of Muda Hassim, was a man of uncommon intelligence and ability. His manners were polished, and the tones of his voice were sweet in the extreme. He was now friendly towards the English, and this increased the hatred of many of his brother chiefs. A deep plot was thickening for the expulsion of Rajah Brooke from Sarawak. In the capital, the Sultan, imbecile as he was, was yet craftily preparing his schemes. Like many other persons wholly unintellectual, he was cunning in the extreme, and while he soothed the fears of Muda Hassim, was insidiously plotting his overthrow. The chief had, at least, served him faithfully, and in promising the cession of Sarawak had consulted his master's interests, and those of the country. A conviction, too, of the advantages to be derived from a commercial intercourse with the English, had entered his mind; but his uncle was animated by far other feelings. He regarded the advent of the English, and the threatening progress of civilisation, as obstacles to his career. He encouraged and profited by piracy and the slave-trade; he fostered the practice of head taking, and other hideous pursuits of savage ambition, as they were all serviceable to his ends. His friendship, therefore, was not to be relied upon, and his enmity might prove formidable, if not carefully watched and guarded against.

While Mr. Brooke remained in Brune, the water-built city, Muda Hassim and his family were treated with kindness, and even with distinction. Elevated to posts of honour, their apparently-increasing favour caused our countryman to believe that their stay in the capital would be at-

tended with no danger to themselves, and with considerable benefit to this country. He therefore relaxed his vigilance, and discontinued his frequent visits to Brune, resting satisfied with occasional reports on the progress of affairs. At length Omar Ali, construing this demeanour into apathy, considered that the time was ripe for the execution of his cruel and treacherous project. Muda Hassim, he saw, was the steadfast friend of the English; and when he found him inaccessible to corruption, he resolved to remove him from the theatre of Bornean politics. Piracy, his darling protégé, dear to him because so profitable, was gradually growing into disrepute; and the only method that seemed to offer for checking this evil feeling was, to massacre Muda Hassim, with the whole of his family. The four brothers occupied houses scattered over the city, and, wholly unsuspecting of harm, they lived in confident security. In the dead of night, their dwellings, and those of every other chief known to favour the English, were surrounded by an armed force. A desperate massacre commenced. Budrudeen fought with his assailants until severely wounded, when he retired to a distant part of the building, dispatched a faithful servant with an account of his fate, and a dying declaration of attachment—collected his women, and blew himself up. Muda Hassim also retreated to an inner apartment, and sent to beg a promise of mercy, which his uncle peremptorily refused, and the unhappy chief, with his wives and sons, fired a cask of gunpowder, and was lost in the explosion.

No sooner was this murder perpetrated, than the Sultan, aware of the vengeance that would follow, actively prepared his city for defence, raised batteries, mounted guns, and took precautions to secure his flight, should the fortune of war drive him from his capital. Of Mr. Brooke's feelings on the receipt of this intelligence we say nothing. He probably could not describe, and we shall not attempt to imagine them. But the first thought was that of retaliation. Yet what could he do? He had no vessel, no armed force, no means of attacking a criminal ensconced behind the batteries of a fortified city; and, for a

while, he was compelled to writhe under the infliction of a wrong, without the prospect of a remedy.

At length, however, the government which had recognised, consented to aid him. Sir Thomas Cochrane's squadron approached Brune to assist the Rajah Brooke in an action which public opinion at home, in the Archipelago, and on the Indian Continent universally proclaimed worthy of encouragement. Six ships and steamers of war, with the Royalist yacht—the first herald of English civilisation in those waters—anchored off the Brune river. Never had such an armament floated there before. An attempt was made to decoy and murder Mr. Brooke; the English flag was fired upon; the city was attacked, the Sultan driven from his palace, and chased into the interior; and the people of the country, so far from execrating and dreading the power that had hunted the royal pirate from his den, flocked into the town immediately after its bombardment, and remained without fear under the cover of the English-guns.

From Brune the squadron made a sudden and startling progress along the coasts, appearing here like a meteor, and there vanishing, but everywhere warning the buccaneers from their pursuits. But all these details we must omit, content with marking the salient points of Rajah Brooke's career, varied and extraordinary as it has been. The Sultan returned to Brune under promise of pardon, and, in token of his repentance, ceded by treaty the small but admirably-situated island of Labuan, of which Mr. Brooke was nominated governor.

The Rajah now felt that, in order to consolidate his power, and establish his relation with the native chiefs, it would be necessary to visit England. It is probable, and natural, that he was desirous of seeing the old and familiar faces, which no time nor distance can make us forget. His mother, of whom we have spoken, anxiously anticipated his arrival, but died before it took place.

With the events that occurred in England in connection with the Rajah's visit, all the world is familiar. He lodged at Mivart's Hotel. There the greatest men in the kingdom clustered round him; all circles opened to him,

and the tumultuous admiration of the public testified to the honourable nature of his reputation. It was a triumph to him—it was a credit to the English public. Not one individual of any note has uttered a derogatory expression concerning him; and though some may conscientiously differ from him in views of policy, none but the malicious or ignorant give an ear to the bleatings of the few who have ventured, from their natural obscurity, to denounce his actions, but shrunk back, shrivelled and withered, before the contempt of an enlightened public. The Rajah was made governor of Labuan and consul to Borneo, while he was expected to act as commissioner to the independent chiefs of the Archipelago. He left England again, and at Singapore an honour overtook him which he well deserved. As Sir James Brooke, he entered on his duties as the delegate of the British government. In Sarawak and in Labuan, he has assembled round him an infant colony of several Englishmen, with Dyaks, Malays, and Chinese, gradually multiplying and becoming more industrious, as increased protection and encouragement is afforded them.

Since that period, he has accomplished several important objects. The treaty with Brunei has been ratified; a convention has been entered into with the Sultan of the Sooloo empire; large sources of trade have been opened, and several checks given to the piracy which has hitherto been the curse of commerce, and the obstacle to civilisation in the regions of the further East. The recent severe conflict with the Sarebas and Sakarran buccaneers, has attracted unusual attention to the subject; and some writ-

ers at first attempted to place the conduct of Sir James Brooke in an invidious light. But the fullest and clearest evidence has proved that the fleet attacked was arrested in the actual course of a freebooting cruise, during which many murders had been committed, and many captures made. The very chiefs in command of the expedition had frequently begged our countryman to wink at their delinquencies in consideration of a share of their profits. This fact reached us first through a private source, and is not generally known in England. From the same source we learn that small wooden forts are in course of erection at the mouths of the several piratical rivers, which will be an effectual check upon the marauding races, and that the Sarebas and Sakarrans, acknowledging their guilt, have sent envoys, entreating for pardon, and promising to equip no similar fleets for freebooting purposes.

Thus are all the assertions of their "simple innocence" overthrown by their own confession. Casting, therefore, a deliberate view over Sir James Brooke's career, we do not think him deserving of the profuse acrimony that has been lavished upon him. Nor do we think our readers will be of a different opinion with ourselves. The charges against him have not been proved, and the English public will require stronger testimony before it consents to recall its own judgment, and pronounce as unworthy of its admiration a man whom it has invested with a triple honour, and chartered to support throughout the Indian Archipelago the honour of the national name.

COLLEGE LIFE.*

CAPITAL railway reading, both, the little books "before us," as reviewers phrase it; pleasant, light reading, as appetising before dinner as oysters, as digestive after it as Stilton. Little books are, in Latin, "*libelli*," from which comes our English word "*libel*," so that it would seem to be natural in little books to be libellous; but nobody will quarrel with any little book in the world for being so sportively and innocently libellous as the pair of *brochures* before us. By the bye, has it ever occurred to anybody that *brochure* may possibly come from *broche*, a spit, the *brochure* being a sort of publication so convenient for *roasting* either a private or a public body. Professors of gastronomy say that we cannot *boil* in the British islands; well, if we cannot *boil* we can *roast*; and here are two excellent *rotis* served up together, one by an Irish cook, the other by an English, so that the reader can feast upon a roasted Dublin-University man, a slice of roast Cantab, or, if he pleases, may have a slice of both. Neither roast requires mustard or horse-radish; both are quite pungent enough of themselves; and what our critical cotemporary, the "New Zealand Missionary Eater," characteristically observes respecting the "Idler in College" (we quote from the cover) that it "is a mouthful of fun," may be extended with perfect truth to its companion in green and gold, which serves up and shows up the Cantabs. The "Cannibal Isles Gazette" for April has not yet reached us, or we should probably be able to corroborate out of its columns the just encomium of the "Missionary Eater." These are indeed the very books for cannibals, for they are not written to be tasted, but devoured; indeed their very size makes it difficult to do anything short of eating them up, if we eat them at

all. It is one of the triumphs of cookery to make meats eat *short*, and that perfection has been attained by the rival *coquinarii* to the Universities in the Cam and Liffey. They are at once Attic in wit and Laconic in dimensions. There is nothing Bœotian in them, but the learned Thebans at whom they raise a good-natured laugh.

Let us help you to a slice of the "Idler" to begin with. As idleness is "the mother of mischief," we can easily account for the *méchanceté* of such a passage as the following, which is levelled at some of the time-honored abuses of Trinity College, and takes daring liberties with some of the living *caryatides* which support that temple of learning:—

"The first thing that strikes the most careless observer on entering College is, that it is one of the dirtiest places he ever saw in his life; first, if it is a wet day, he finds himself slipping on the wood pavement; and next, he dislocates his feet on the rough stones; and then in Botany Bay-square, by way of variety, he goes up to his ankles in mud. But supposing that these difficulties have been passed, or that the day is propitious, we will view the internal *economy* of College.

"The prospect, which is rather dreary, is set off by old female skips,† who always stand in the most conspicuous places with their slop-buckets in their hands; and if a person happen to be showing the College to ladies, two or three of these unclean domestics will sit down on the dining-hall steps, and while indulging in gossip with the man who sells blacking and matches (and who has the privilege of sitting there by way of ornament), will watch the company pass. It is a fact very little known, that most of these are advocates of a new system called 'the cold dirt cure.' Such antipathists to water are they, that it is supposed that they have not, for the last fifty years, touched it either externally or internally. The chief benefits of the system are, that they seem never to die, and that it is con-

* "The Idler in College." Dublin: M'Glashan. 1850. "Sketches of Cantabs." London: Earle. 1850.

† College servants. Supposed to be derived from the verb, to skip or jump, because from their extreme age it is quite out of the question.

ductive to the growth of beard and moustache.

"On the left hand is the chapel, and on Sunday evenings, in winter, the visitor is often alarmed by seeing a ghostly crew, in soiled white surplices, issuing from its portals, and flitting across the courts like dirty spectres.

"Students are expected to appear here on Sundays in white surplices, an expectation which, however, is seldom complied with; and the experienced eye can easily trace the various dates of washing, from the one fresh from the laundress, to the week, fortnight, and month old one, which is only kept in countenance by the unwashed faces and uncombed hair of some students. This, however, is not the fault of the fellows; for we have heard remarkably good sermons delivered, in which a particular stress was laid on the angels being arrayed in shining white robes, by which a severe cut was intended at the remarkably unshining white ones of the auditors.

"After the psalms, a scholar goes round with his cap to collect the names of those who are present. Most students, at their first chapel, fancy this a sort of poor-box, and that they are expected to redeem their papers afterwards, as people redeem the watches and trinkets they have left as tributes to the eloquence of some popular preacher; and we once saw a student, labouring under this idea, put a penny into the cap, which was returned to him by the scholar with an appearance of extreme disgust.

"The fellows sit under the gallery, and those of them who have not taken orders wear plain white surplices; and two of them, who are remarkable for their corpulence, have been aptly compared (if their heads were off) to two remarkably fine goose eggs.

"The fellow-commoners sit next the fellows, by which means they hear able criticisms on the sermon, delivered in an audible voice, with conjectures as to the probable antiquity and date of it.

"The difficulty of making men attend chapel is remedied by fines; and the board have the satisfaction, that if they cannot make men religious, at least they make them *pay* well for their irreligion. Never were there a more conscientious body of men than they are in this respect, and Dr. Luby especially, by his impartial conduct, has earned a high reputation, and is considered by all a remarkably *fine fellow*."

On the subject of white linen, we would venture to suggest an explanation which has occurred to us of the prevailing antipathy to it, in other colleges as well as that of Dublin: we are disposed to trace it to the piety much more than to the personal tastes of academic bodies. If clean linen be

a luxury, it follows, by all the rules of logic, that soiled linen must be a bodily mortification, and to abstain from it an act of self-denial. Now, it is very true that such mortifications savour much more of the religion that existed in these countries before the Reformation, than that which was introduced into them at that remarkable period; but it is also to be remembered that, if the old mediæval notions of sanctity lingered anywhere, and held their ground against purer and more Scriptural principles, it was in the cathedral and collegiate institutions, all framed more or less on the monastic model, which harboured such errors in its cells—just as crevices in walls and dark holes in houses harbour tribes of unpopular insects. Amongst the errors which thus crept into some of our colleges, and kept their footing in others, was that of mortifying the body for the soul's welfare, and one species of mortification was that of which we see the evident remnant in the phenomena so vividly described by the "Idler." His "dirty white spectres" (an admirable picture it is), are the lineal descendants of the slovenly, self-torturing monks who, before Luther was born, flitted across the same spot, then occupied by the monastic establishment which disappeared in the days of the Tudors, to make way for a Protestant University. Just as ghosts (the hardest to be ejected of all tenants) will haunt a house, no matter by whom inhabited, so do certain inveterate usages and habits seem to cleave to a particular soil, or place, through every change of institution and government. The unclean surplice would appear, therefore, to be properly a religious, or rather a superstitious observance; and, viewing it in this light, we must in candour (paradoxical as it may seem) admit it to be a conclusive proof of the prevailing love of cleanliness in the seats of learning—for to wear soiled linen would evidently be no mortification of the flesh, if there was not a decided preference for a delight in clean linen. However this may be, let us trust that the discussion now raised upon the subject will not be suffered to drop until the heads of the University establish a laundry. If there is anything against it in the charter, an amendment could easily be procured by

application to the Queen in Council.

We hope the following picture of College commons is a little over-coloured:—

"The dinner, or, as it is called, commons (probably from being of a common description), is at five o'clock; and the great object seems to be, to give it the appearance of a pic-nic, as there is a pleasing confusion, and everything is kept as cold as possible. After the soup is removed, fish, flesh, fowl, and vegetables are all uncovered together, so that if the weather be cold the banquetter is disagreeably reminded of the frost, by having to break through a greasy ice before he can get at the gravy. With the exception of being cold and ill-cooked, it is not bad on the whole, with perhaps a slight degree of sameness, especially in the second course, which we remember for months presenting the unvaried routine of apple-pie, rice, and an indescribable pudding, seemingly composed of brown sugar and sawdust.

"The dishes are not carved in the usual manner by one person, but are shoved about the table, every one helping himself, and not more than half the gravy generally finding its way on the cloth. This plan has been found to save time and trouble, by making the dinner a species of race, of which the prizes are—the wings of the fowl and brown pieces of the veal, while the slow eater gets for his tardiness nothing but the legs of the chickens, and unshapely and hacked masses of meat.

"The dress of the students is in perfect keeping with the dinner, and presents a pleasing variety of coloured waistcoats and trousers; while some gentlemen of cold constitutions patronise the rough great coat, generally denominated 'the wrap rascal,' and warm linsey-woolsey comforters. But as all the fellows wear dirty bands, the effect on the whole is pleasing."

"Hoc Ithacus velit," this must be "cakes and ale" to the students of another college, not twenty miles from town, which we have, perhaps, been too much in the habit of snubbing for its supposed enormous inferiority in all the social graces and requirements.

The quotidian pic-nic at Maynooth can hardly be a rougher sort of thing than the Protestant pic-nic described by the "Idler," with its "greasy ice," "indescribable pudding," and company festively-attired in great coats, comforters, and "dirty bands." We are inclined to believe that the "Idler's" college dinner is *overdone*; but, at the same time, we have no doubt that there is great room for improvement in the

way the convivialities of Dublin College are managed; and, as our critic himself admits that, even in his own time, things have changed for the better, we may fairly hope that all traces of barbarism and monarchism will disappear at no distant period; that literature will become polite, and philosophy brush herself up, and science accustom herself to soap and water.

The "Idler," we fancy, must have taken his very notions of a pic-nic from a party of collegians on a rural expedition. Civilised people do not dine even in groves, or under hay-cocks, in the negligent costume of University banquets; nor is a dinner spread on the rocks or the turf, necessarily a scramble for cold chickens. In fact such a scene of "confusion" would be the reverse of "pleasant" in the most enchanting scenery in the world.

There is one convivial usage in Dublin College upon which the "Idler" has not touched, but upon which some remarks would not have been ill-bestowed. The usage we mean is not so much a coarse, as a *hard* one; we own that we greatly desire to see the *forms* of the academic refectory *reformed*, and the reform to be wished is their transformation into the ordinary chair of the modern dining-room, the advantages of which cannot be unknown to the heads of the University, though it is not so much to the heads, as elsewhere, they most persuasively recommend themselves. If the *seats* of learning ought to be seats of ease and pleasure, we know not how the arrangement now existing is to be defended, unless as a part of the system of bodily mortification, like the soiled bands and surplices; but, even on that monastic principle, we do not see why rigours of the kind should be resorted to on festive occasions and in festive scenes. There is a place as well as a time for everything. Nobody would have a right to complain of any conventional severities which the fellows and fellow-commoners might choose to inflict on themselves in private; not even were they, on retiring from commons, to give themselves "the discipline" in their chambers, or cells; but all such austerities ought to be practised in secret, not in a public hall, and of all halls, least of all in a dining-hall. For ourselves we highly disapprove of

monastic doings of all descriptions, and we should object to self-flagellation were it practised in the Dublin University, just as we do now to a mortification the same in kind, though not in degree. We do not know whether there are any hair-shirts to be found amongst the fellows and professors of Trinity; but if there are, they could not do better than send them to a cabinet-maker, and order them to be turned into covers for a set of comfortable, spacious, well-cushioned dining-room chairs.

Books like these before us are not very convenient to quote from. Their odour evaporates in extracts. You must either give the whole of a sketch, or a chapter, which is too much; or only a passage here and there, which is too little. The "Sketches of Cantabs" differs in plan from the "Idler in College;" the former is more in the style of the French "physiognomies;" a series of abstract portraits, illustrative of the principal species of collegiate characters or idiosyncrasies. These portraits are very amusingly and cleverly executed; we have only space for a single specimen, and we take the "Reading Cantab," almost at random:—

"Though I have known some individuals who have grown positively fat upon Pindar, and come up hale and hearty after a week in the country with Lucretius, still I think I am right in setting down the reading man as pale and thin. Study, though it may make a full man, is certainly a non-conductor of health and corpulence.

"The reading man rises at six in the morning. His sleep has been feverish and distempered. The inhabitant of the next room has heard frightful and Aristophanic sounds coming through the partition in the dead of night. He has been involved in a terrible dance with all sorts of mathematical figures, and received a personal insult from a triangle. Examiners in caps and gowns have been sitting upon his chest, and he wakes with a start from a personal contest with an ancient Athenian.

"The first act of the reading man, after saying his prayers, will be to take down the book on which he is engaged, Aristophanes for example. He nods over the first page, and looking up at the window sees icicles hanging to it. At length he is roused by a joke which he makes out by the help of his lexicon, and rubs his hands, and feels half inclined to think it amusing. Engaged in this occupation, he hears the ringing of the chapel bell, and huddling on his surplice,

walks across the court at the rate of five miles an hour. When he rises from his knees he is ashamed to find that he has been repeating the same line from the *Ranæ* over and over again, and catches himself in the middle of the Litany dreaming of Porson.

"Coming out of the ante-chapel he falls in with another reading friend, whom he taps on the shoulder, asking him how he gets on with his conics. Finally, he invites him to breakfast, where jam is produced to an unlimited extent. (For I lay it down as a general rule that all hard-reading men are fond of jam. I once knew a very excellent Greek scholar and Aristotelian who perished miserably in his second year, a victim to that concoction).

"At breakfast their conversation is of scholarships, and triposes, and medals. Whenever any dispute arises, as to whether Jones, for instance, was fourth wrangler and fifth classic, or fifth wrangler and fourth classic, the Cambridge Calendar is fetched down from the shelf and referred to. They relate funny anecdotes to each other, which consist, for the most part, of wrong answers in the little-go, and instances of false quantities made by eminent scholars.

"At nine, the reading man starts off to a mathematical lecture, and at ten goes to hear Tomkins lecture on Plato. He is a firm believer in Tomkins, and relates anecdotes of his having corresponded with Hermann and Dissen at the age of ten.

"He conscientiously believes that Tomkins is known all over England, and that he causes a great sensation in walking down Regent-street or the Strand.

"At eleven he rushes off to Mr. Coacher, his private tutor, and from twelve to two is hard at work upon his Greek ode, which must obtain (if the examiners are only impartial) the Brown medal.

"But perhaps the reading man is seen to the greatest advantage at two o'clock in the forenoon, when he sets off for Grantchester with a friend, in a pair of Berlin wool gloves, and the tails of his coat flapping in the air. He is not particular about scenery, and in case it should come on to rain finds out some cloister or covered yard, and paces up and down in it. His theme of conversation is the usual one, and he returns to hall with the first faint streaks or early dawn of an appetite. In case he be a Johnian, it is not improbable that he will take his 'constitutional' in a cap and gown. (I once met two young gentlemen of that college eating bread and cheese in an inn at Newmarket, after their walk. In the course of a familiar conversation they informed me that they had not got hats, and should not purchase them till the beginning of the Long Vacation. It was then January). After dinner, at which he eats but little for fear of becoming sleepy, and incapacitated for work in the evening, he goes off to the friend with

whom he has been walking, to indulge in a biscuit and a glass of wine, where he meets one or two quiet men, some one of whom possibly begins talking about 'Pendennis,' at which he exclaims 'Ah! a novel, isn't it?' with supreme contempt. Warming with his second glass of port (I have no objection to call it port, it being sold as such), he will give you an account of how he once shirked a lecture, and incensed the Junior Dean by only going to seven chapels. On these occasions it would almost seem as if he gloried in the reputation for 'fastness' which the recital obtains for him among his companions, just as I have known middle-aged men, who were amongst the soberest and steadiest of their day, to exclaim 'By gad, sir, I was a devil of a young rake during my college career.' But this feeling does not last long with our reading man. As the clock strikes six, he hurries off once more to his room, after carefully selecting his own cap and gown from the heap. (Nothing puts a reading man so much out, as getting any one else's gown by mistake). From six to ten he locks himself in, poring over his books, triumphant in the solution of ingenious problems, compared with which the Sphinx's was only a little deduction after all; or seeking, in a fine poetic phrenzy, for a word of two shorts and one long, to come into his line. Imagination unfolds her myriad pleasures to his rapt gaze. Now, he is wandering with Plato through the groves of Academe (taking care, however, not to tread on the grass-plats), now diving his hand into a bag, and calculating the chances of bringing up a red, or blue, or green ball.

"At ten he partakes of tea, when that infernal jam is brought into requisition, and perhaps an egg, if it be a festive occasion.

"After his three years, he comes out as a high classic, or a wrangler; takes pupils, obtains a fellowship, and dies ultimately at an advanced age in the possession of a college

living, virtuous, ignorant, happy, and beloved.

"Such is the life of the thorough-paced READING MAN, and who shall say that it is after all a miserable one? You and I, my dear friend, while laughing at his peculiarities, would be glad enough to accomplish one half of what he has done. The fruits of antiquity are sour in our estimation only because we have been unable to reach them.

"But before we take leave of the reading man, there are one or two more characteristic traits which we shall do well to notice. He seldom reads an English work, and of the history of his native country is strangely, almost supernaturally, ignorant. Passing occurrences do not affect him. He doesn't care how many men are slaughtered on the banks of the Jhelum. *His* heart is at Marathon, his sympathies with the gallant Hannibal at Cannæ. The fields with which he is best acquainted are not battle-fields, but rectangular ones with mathematical properties, through which he fights his way to a solution over the carcases of *x*'s and *y*'s. Beautiful landscapes fail to delight him. He looks upon hills, valleys, and rivers, as interesting or otherwise, according to their capabilities of furnishing a sum. Of course I must be understood to speak of mathematical reading men.

"And, *apropos* to this, I can tell the beloved purchaser an anecdote, for the truth of which I will vouch. The Rev. Mr. G., Senior Wrangler of his year, and Fellow of St. John's College, went some time ago with a reading party into Wales. On his return a friend asking him if he had visited Snowdon. 'Snowdon!' he replied, 'what is that?' 'Why the great mountain; don't you know?' 'Oh! ah! yes to be sure, so it is,' said he. 'Why no; the fact is we had a little hill behind the house where we were lodging, *quite high enough for all practical purposes.*'"

SCHOLASTICS OF KERRY.

IN THE GOOD *OULD* TIME—LONG BEFORE MEN'S MINDS WERE TROUBLED WITH
NATIONAL SCHOOLS—LET ALONE TORMENTED WITH *NEW COLLEGES*,
 AND OTHER MODERN INVINTIONS (BAD CESS TO THEM).

BY MR. P. M'TEAGUE.

SCENE.—*A long low cabin, not in the best repair—having three holes in the roof, and two window-frames without glass—about twenty boys are to be seen, four only with shoes on their feet, and six with remnants of huts, which, on entering, have been respectfully doffed to*

MR. THADDEUS O'SULLIVAN,

Many years in charge of the MULLAHISH SCHOOL, in the County of Kerry, and greatly respected (as well he might be), being a perfect master of the arts and sciences, taught with never-failing success, on the exact model of Trinity College, Dublin.

"Terms:—Two-pence weekly money; one sod of turf a-day in summer, two in winter, each scholar, and a potato now and again."

"Hurra, for the Mullahish Academy!"

And now for a new pupil (enter Terry Doolan, amidst a general shout). Mr. O'Sullivan rises from his desk, and pulls off his spectacles. "An' is that yourself, Master Terence Doolan, dear, come at last!" (whisht, boys, with your larning). Come in, Doolan! come in, my fine fellow, and let me have a look at you—outside anyhow—we'll see what's inside of you in no time (I mane inside your *head*, not outside, so you needn't be scratching it). Boys! yer making too much noise for the INDUCHSION! The induchSION of Terence Doolan will take me a good half-hour, so them that likes may take a scamper to the bog." *Omnes*—"Hurra for the induchSION!" "Mind, boys, half-an-hour, or ye'll feel the *shtrap*; and don't bring any *scraws*, but each one of you an elegant black sod." *Exeunt* boys, shouting—"Hurra for the induchSION!"

"Now Terry, my man, approach a little nearer, and don't be the laste bit frightened—for this is a day of *grace* wid ye, and ye'll get no *beating*"—(Terry brightens up a little). "Now look at this book: it's called 'The Reading Made Easy,' and contains the foundation and rudiments of all the knowledge and larning in the wide world! Here now, take a houl't of it in your lift hand, so, and shut the right hand all but your forefinger, and that's what you'll *point* with—(ye have it illegant), and we'll begin the raal English grammar; and I'll tache you the letters first an' foremost, and then the Orthographys and Etymologys, and the Syntax itself, ending in Prosody; which includes, av coorse, all the divarsities of the Rhetorical figures, including pronouns and pronounsations, and verbs, and participles; and concludes with ancient and modern poethry, together with history and logie. But there's only one way of beginning, and that's with the letters, which you will see there drawn up now before you, as bould and regular as soldiers, only they won't fire at you, as the raal soldiers might do if they tuk it into their heads (so don't go too near *thin*), but such soldiers as these you may shoot at, and the longer the better. These are the little fellows,

a b c d e f g h i j k l m n o p q r s t u v w x y z.

And some of them troublesome enough, I tell you. We'll pass them by to-day, and take the big ones, one after the other, which is the way to conquer them. And now, Terry, my man, don't be cocking your eye up at the rafters, but just

over the black of the nail of your forefinger. There, ye have it! And what d'ye think it is?" (Terry looks doubtful.) "Well, I'll tell you—

A That's a big A, the king of the alphabet, the leader of the host, and general of all the letters—signs an, see how he stretches out his two legs, as much as to say, "Thrip up my heels if you can." Say A! (Terry: Ah!) Good boy! that's the very ways of it; you'll be a great scholar! Keep your finger on him, and remember that A stands for Attintion, that you must always pay to me; and Arithmetie, that you'll soon come to, with Algebra, and fractions of all sorts, that'll never come amiss to you after a while; and Admiration, that your mother will be in when she sees what larning you've got. Wait till you get into hist'ry, and then you'll see what a renowned warrior Alexander the Great was, though nothing to some of our ould Irish heroes. Many's the good thing this letter has done; when you go home, look at the gable end of your father's house, and you'll see it's copied from the letter A. Say A again! (Terry: Ah!) Better and better!

B Here's a fine, fat, bould-looking, bouncing B. Say Bee! (Bay!) No, not Bay; try again. (Terry: Bee!) Capital! That'll do. Mind, it's not a flying bee, nor a humming-bee, nor a bumble-bee, that sports yellow satin breeches, and wears the point of a needle in its tail. It's a better B than all the B's in your father's garden, and you may touch this B over and over again, and he'll never sting you as the other B's do; but I'll be after stinging you, maybe, to-morrow, if you don't remember him again; and I'd wish you to observe that he stands for the Baker, and Barber, and for Ballyheige, and Ballyclare, and Ballycleave, all noted towns for fairs in our country, and maybe you'll be fighting at them yet, as your father and grandfather have done before you—(Terry grins)—and don't forget that B stands for Beef, and Bacon, and Butter (if we could only get at them), and for Blarney, our renowned castle besieged by that thief o' the night, Cromwell, who thought to stop our mouths with his gunpowther and cannon-balls, but was very much mistaken. I think you'll know him well now, so move your finger down to

C Call out Cee! (Terry: Cay!) No, that's the ocean yer thinking of; thry again. (Terry: Cee!) Good boy, I knew you'd have it, and you'll know him again, by rayson of his likeness to half a-moon, only turned the other way; and he's used in spelling Cop-pers, which I expect you'll be bringing me every Saturday for the time to come; and then you'll see what a man of learning I'll make you; and the more coppers and sods of turf, the more larning. The C was a capital letter among the ould Romans, and stood for Cæsar, a great warrior; he was first cousin to Pompey, king of the world, that slew the Egyptians, and did his best to stop the coorse of the river Nile. He was very near coming to Ireland, but when he heard tell of our great ancesthors, the Fomorians and Firbolgs, he thought he'd be safer at home. You must also remember that C stands both for Cow and Calf—and sometimes you know you can bring me a little sup of milk when it's plenty wid ye, being mighty fond of it—and now, down with your finger, and call out

D Dee. (Dee!) Good again; there he is, Terry—a splendid fellow! Look at him well, now, for fear you'd forget him, which you never can, when you know he's been call'd a D ever since the time of the Deluge, when it was so dark that Noah was obliged to keep candles burning day and night; and thin the snuffers wor invinted, made exactly like a D, barring the handles, which proves the truth of hist'ry; and D stands for Demonstration, that you'll hear of by and by, when we come to Trigonometry; and Ducks; and Drums, that none of us like to hear; and Dogs, that we're fond of, and they of us, the cratur's; and among the heathens there was a wonderful man called Demosthenes, that spoke Irish like a native-born Milesian, and gave instructions to King Partholan and the Nemedians. No wonder, therefore, at Irish eloquence down to the present day. And, by the same token, what should D stand for but *Doolan*, honey? Pass on, now, smart and clever, to

E *Eay*—give it the *tone*, my darling. (Terry, *Eeay!*) Wonderful correct. Here's a fine brave letter, that none of the English could ever pronounce with correctness, which shews what little business they have in this country, but will be mincing it up into *ee*, and spoiling its nat'hral beauty. Bad manners to thim Saxons! Only listen to the fellows bawling out, "If ye *please*, do such a thing," while all the world knows, and every scholar in it, it's *plaise* it should be; and I only wish they'd plaise to pack up their duds and laive the country, for I don't think they'll ever succeed in plaising us (Terry grins again). Remember now E stands for Equality, that the French have been getting lately; and Eggs, that's great fav'rites wid me, and the boy that brings them; and *Electricity*, that we'll be coming to one day; and *Erin*, the beautiful Queen of the Islands, long before England was heerd or thought of!

F On wid you now, till we see what'll come next. Here, Terry, look at this, and say *Eff.* (Terry, *Eff.*) That's right, and don't forget the name now, for I can tell you a great deal about this letter; and, I'm sorry to say, little or no good, being the greatest Fright in the alphabet; and it was all owing to him, and the likes of him, the first gallows was put up! That was the time when they hung two men at once't, the biggest villain at the top, and thin called 'em *Felons*. Mind, Terry, and never get that neck of yours into the halter; but if ever you get into any such trouble, think of the warning I gave you at your *INDUCTION*. (Terry looks grave, and says "Yes, sir.") Faix, then, it's the raal pleasure to tache you, my dear, and so I'll just tell you, that this letter stands for some good things too—such as Fish, Fowl, and Flesh, designed for the Food of man (when he can get them, but that's the pinch); and also Fields, that's getting too high-rinted entirely—and Football, that you're all so fond of. Take the ball on the hop, Terry! and don't be making a ball of yerself, for rowling stones gather no moss. Down we come next to G.

G Call out Gee, just as you would to yer father's ould blind mare. (Terry, *Gee.*) Very good, only ye'll not stir this letter, shout ever so loud. It's aisy

to observe how like he is to the C, that was like the half moon, only he looks as if he had had a tumble, or accident of some kind, that gave him a sort of a *club foot*. We can't alter him now, at any rate, but must go on calling him G to the end of time; and a great man he is, at the head of Geography, and Gallygaskins, and Groceries, that we can't get hould of, and Gunpowther (bad luck to it); and observe, Terry, and take care of the Gunpowther, and the men that carrys it behind their backs in thim leather pouches, for many's the fine dacent boy that's paid dear enough for coming too close to *thim*, and there's many more Gim-cracks and things I'll tache you about the G, if you don't stay away from me. Next comes

H Say *Each*e (Terry, *Each!*) I declare ye have it nat'ral. Don't you think now such an H as this would make an excellent gate, if he had two more cross-bars?—ay, and stop a gap better than the dacent car yer father does be putting in it. But we mustn't meddle with him or alter him, for fear he wouldn't be known again, for he's a good warrant with the Hunters and Hounds, and the Huntsmen would be like nothing at all without him. He stands also for Hawks, and Hares, and Hay, and Harvest; likewise in ancient Hist'ry for Homer, a great ballad writer, and Hercules, a fine strong man that you'll be reading about in the classics (that I'll tache you equal to Dublin University). But what was Hercules himself, I'd be glad to know, to Conn of the Hundred Battles? or Partholan, or the Gadeliains, or Brian Borhoime, that druv the Danes into the say at Clontarf? Talk of Hercules, indeed, in ould Ireland! Why, man alive, we're swarming wid 'em, and Homers too.

I Now we're come to a queer-looking chap, Terry; ye need hardly call his name out, because it's pronounced the same as the *Eye* in your *head*, though quite a different thing intirely, being a lean-looking, half-fed fellow, and your own eye twinkling all the time, and as round as a marble (and I hope you'll make good use of it). He stands upright, and that's something, but I'm sorry to say he stands at the head of the Idlers, which I hope you'll never do, but stick to your master, that's taking such pains wid you, and will take more, if you take care of

him, in regard to the weekly money, and other little trifles that he tells you of; and run over your lessons every night before you go to bed, instead of hunting the cats. You must never forget that he's at the head of ould Ireland, and the Irish themselves, the first of the human race. Point down now to

J The next letter, you see, is a second cousin, or, maybe, own brother of I, and is called *Jey* by the English people, but *Jagh* by every true-born, well-educated Irishman. Give it the true tone now. (Terry, *Jagh*!) That's the cut!—you'll know him again by the turn he takes like a fish-hook, and the bob he has at the end of it, that might be a black grub. (Terry grins). I thought he'd put you in mind of the river, and a fresh *throu*t, that I'm very partial to—he stands for Jack and Johnny, and the hot and cold months of July and January; but he stands for a great deal more than that, for he's the first to spell Jupiter, the greatest heathen we ever heard of, and not the worse for being an Irishman; signs an, he made the first *Bull*, and then turned himself into one! Sure there's no people that has the raal ancesthors but ourselves!

K Well, we have the letter K now—"Kay"—Terry, "Kay!" Bravo! But ye'll mind it's not the Key of the door, for I'm thinking it'll never be found again; but the letter K, that's a great improvement on the I, having an arm and a leg allowed him, or an arm to his leg, which is the same thing; and don't you see how he cocks them out, as much as to say "Who cares?" Now cock out yer own elbow so, and then your leg, and you're a K yourself in no time, and that's the way to remember; and that K stands for Kerry, the sweetest country in the whole of the wide world, that has Killarney in it, and Knowledge such is not to be found elsewhere, and that you'll be getting more and more of every day you come to me, and a Knowing boy, too, you'll be after a while. K stands also for King. Never forget the raal ould Kings of Ireland, that wor as plinty as blackberries wid us. What matters the new kings to us at all at all? And now you'll see how nath'ral that K leads to this L.

L Remember, now, Ell. Terry, "Ell!" That's the way of it. Bedad it's yerself that's making the progress. As the ould proverb says, "Give an inch, take an L," which means that L stands for Lessons; and the more Lessons the more learning, as Lessons must nath'rally Lead to all soorts of accomplishments, including Latin and Logarithms, which I'll tache you, for I see you're likely to be a Leader. And I think you'll not forget the L by rayson of the Long Leg he has stretched out, with a queer little small toe of his own sprouting up at the end av it. I don't think he'd have much chance wid you, Terry, at your next game of foot-ball? (Terry grins once more.) I believe we may go on now to the next Letter,

M Which is called *Em*—say it—"Em." Good again! and a real clever-looking letter it is—equally balanced, with fine up-strokes, and splendid down strokes. He's at the head of the Milesians, that gave a race of Kings to Ireland never match'd before or since. He's the beginning of the sweet town of Mallow, that had twenty-five castles, and not one of them left in repair. And Maypole, that the boys and girls did be dancing round, covered with flowers, in the good ould times; and Merry-Making, they wor so fond of, *till the troubles*. And it stands for Multiplication, that you'll be in in no time (mind Terry, and tell your father to buy a raal good slate and pencils); and after that, it's only a hop, skip, and jump we'll make to fractions of all soorts. So now we'll go on to N.

N A mighty nate letter—not quite so well filled out as the M, but every bit as useful; for how could we spell Nebicudnezar without him? or Neptune, king of the *say*—or Nero, that fiddled himself to death in Rome, or died there of the Scotch fiddle, which is all the same—or Nabocklish in our ould, blessed mother tongue—or Noddy, which I hope you'll never be—or Numeration, that I expect you'll have at yer fingers' ends? and by and by I'll be taching you all about it being a Latin Numeral, which stands for nine hundred or nine thousand, according to the bit of a dash over it. All in good time—and a very short time, too! Down wid your nail now, and look at the next letter, that's called

Oh! Did you ever see the full moon rounder than that? or an apple? Only the Kerry pippins are round enough every way, till ye begin to bite them; and this poor fellow is as flat as a pancake. Look at it, Terry, and just think what sort of a noise you'd make, if I tuk a fancy to give your *ear* a little bit of a pinch, *so*. (Terry gets frightened and roars out *Oh!*) There, didn't I tell you so, my dear boy? And you'll never forget it, now it's wanst been pinch'd into you! O, that's a great letter entirely. What would I be without it? or any of the ould O'Sullivans? or even the new branches?—(but I'm of the raal stock)—or the O'Connells, or O'Tooles, or O'Callaghans, or O'Byrnes, or O'Grady's, or O'Donnells, or O'Shaughnessys, or O'Flahertys, or O'Briens, and whole regiments and armies of O's that sprung out of our ancient nobility? Sure they might as well lose their eyes or their ears (that some of them did lose and could never get back again), or their very noses off their faces, as lose their O's. Then think of the round of a cart-wheel, and of that big blackguard, Oliver Cromwell, with his Omedawns and Orthographies, and cannon balls, and the pinch of the ear (Terry feels his ear) and I'll go bail you'll never forget the O. But it's time we're losing.

P Now smart with your nail to the P—and call out bould after me, Pee! (Terry: *Pay!*) No, not Pay—that stands for Payse; but Pee, which stands for Pepper, and Pencil, and Perjury, and Perplexity; that I hope you'll have nothing to say to. And a mighty nate figure he cuts, all but in Parspiration (which I see you're getting into, an no wonder). There he stands as straight as a souldier (have a care of them souldiers, Terry), and with a knowing loop of his arm. Don't forget that P stands for Pence every Saturday morning, and the more pence the more learning, as every one knows. What would Pompey himself have been, if he hadn't had the ready penny in his pocket? Or Cornelius Nepos, or the ould O'Mores or O'Nials, that didn't mind what they sported in them good ould times? So only bring me the pennies regular, and you may now chance to be as big a man as any of them—why not? Sure 'twas only flesh and blood

and hair and bones they wor!—and haven't you got them all yourself, Terry? Away you go now to—

Q Which is the Queerest letter we have to dale with out and out. Say Kue! (Terry cries *Koo!*) No, that's not it—try again *Kue* Terry, *Kwehoo!*). Oeh, murder, don't be bate towards the last, Terry! Slip yer tongue down a little lower, as if you were going to put a bit of butter in your mouth, and say *Kue!* (Terry tries the new plan, “*Keyu!*”) Well, that's better—it's a fair offer, anyhow. You see that fellow was born like an O, but for the small curled tail he brought into the world wid him—like a little pig's tail, or the tail of a cat sitting forenenst the fire, or either of the two, if we didn't know to the *contrary*. There he is, anyhow, and we could not cut a bit of his tail off without spoiling him entirely; and he now stands for Questions, and Quantities, and Qualities—which puts me in mind that it's turf of the black Quality is what I like best, and in regard to the Quantity, I only object when it's small, but never when it comes in in plenty. We may lave him now, and go to

R Call out *Arr!* (Terry, *Ah!*) No, that's *A*. Give a good rowl o'yer tongue, and blow yer breath over it so—*rr rh*—just like *Hfirish* in pig hunting. (Terry brightens up, and gives the raal *arr*.) Ah, I knewn what you'd do when I tould you about the pigs! Now, that's a sober, steady-looking letter enough, if it wasn't for the flourish of a tail he has—as much as to say, “I don't care a Rap for anybody!” signs on, he's at the head of all the Rogues and Rapsallions, and Rapparees, and Robbers, and Rufians, and Rawbones, that's infesting the country—bad luck to them that broke the lock of my door! And he's at the head of some other ugly words, such as Rints, and Rack-Rints, and Raggedness, and Rags themselves, that's the only raal plentiful things in this beautiful country. But agin all *that*, we must give him credit for his good points, that tell us what a leader he is in the Rudiments that you're now in, and that'll carry us on to the immortal city of Rome, and to the Latin tongue, only it's spoiled there a good deal by their modern gibberish, that no scholar cares about, but sticks to the ould tongue.

S Here now—Is'n't this a lovely letter, Terry? Did you ever see a Swan in full sail? That's him to the life, if there was only a sup of water under him. You must call out Ess, (Terry: Ess!) Ye have it nate. See how Stately he is! a mighty elegant, stout, clever-looking letter, and one of the best in the whole alphabet, being the father, and grandfather, and great grandfather of all the Saints in the blessed calendar—that would be no Saints at all, but for his introduction. So you must rivrence the S beyant all the other letters; and remimber, that he stands for Sunday, and Soap, wanst a week before going to overtake the Mass; and Salt with the potatoes that day anyhow; and Saxons (bad scran to them)—that driv us into holes and corners (myself of the raal old stock that says *that*); and School, where yer getting into great learning already, and will soon come to the History of Scipio, king of the ould Romans, and Solomon, that built the biggest chapel in the world; and Sampson, that pulled it down again over his own shoulders. And now, Terry dear, don't forget S stands for Straw; and remind yer father of the holes there in the roof, that he promised to mend up for me agin winter—and that it's for an O'SULLIVAN!

T Down you pop now to T, a raal nate letter, balanced as true as a rope-dancer at the fair. Ball out Tee! (Terry: *Tay!*) No, that's *Tay* what the quality do be drinking with crame and lumps of sugar in it. Try again, Tee! (Terry: "Tee!") That's right, my dear—and you'll know him again when you'll see Mick Halloran coming up from the river, with the two piggins of water hanging across the lift over his shoulders. You must know he stands for *Tutor*—and I being your Tutor, he stands for me—and likewise for Turf—and Twopence (the regulations of this flourishing Academy)—and Tiber, the great river that runs through Rome—and Throy, a big city in the Aste, that was taken by the Phenishons just before they came to settle in ould Ireland. It also stands for Tara, in the county Meath, the capital of the counthry in ancient times, and twice the size of Dublin—that's only a new city, and them that lives in it none of the raal Irish at all, but mostly new comers, an' very troublesome people and hard

to plase. My hand t'ye, I wouldn't give a stone out of ould Thrinity for all the burnt bricks and smoky chimbls in Dublin, that were never heard tell of in the ould times! Move along now, and fix yer two eyes on that—

U Say Yew—Terry: *You!* Good again; I declare its surprising me ye are now. Remember that letter is like your mother's iron pot, only there is nothing in it, and something like yourself, for isn't *U* you? So you cant forget him, for he stands for the University, being the head member of that learned body—which you are not yet, but may be, who knows? and for which no man in this world can prepare you equal to myself, as you'll see by the end of your first quarter. And it stands for Unmannerly, that I hope you never will be, and Unsatisfactory, when you forget your master in regard to the small matters he expects you'll bring him. Observe, my dear boy, he's one of the vowels that I'll soon be telling you about. Go down now to

V As nate a cut letter as ever you saw, only a little pinched at the bottom, as that fool's-cap you see there is, only that's pinched at the top, which is all the differs—and as its only for dunces it is, I hope you'll never have to wear it, for my sake. Say *Vee*, (Terry: *Vay!*) No, no, *Vee*—(Terry; *Vee!*) Very good—that'll do. You must know he's called a consonant, but they made a mistake that gave him that name, for its Vowel he ought to be, by rayson a Vowel would be nothing at all without him. He's a real good ould catholic letter, for he stands for Vows, and Votees, and Vestments; likewise for Valentine, a great-letter writer, an' throuble to the postmistress an' her daughters, that do be squinting into them Valentines to see what spoor is going an among the neighbours. And, by the same token, that is the letter that belongs to Venus, the queen of beauty, and to Virgil, a great farmer and grazier near Rome, where his bastes fetch'd high prices, and he was also a bit of a poet, and a steady thriving man. Push your nail down, now, Terry, and call out

W Double Yew. (Terry: Double Yew!) That's right and clever anyhow, bedad! It's progress yer making. See, my dear, the rayson he's called double yew is, because it takes two of his neighbours to make him up to what he is, only they

should have called him double V, but they were not so particular thim times as we are now, and so we can't help ourselves for the times gone by. He stands for Wise, that I mane you to be; and Witty, as I think ye are; and Wig, such as I have on my head, and it's nearly worn out it is, and I want a new one badly enough; and Whiskey, that brings many a dacent man into *trouble*, and makes us see *double*; and Water, that ought always to be mixt with it, especially for faymales; and World, that's too hot for some people, and too could for others; and Writing, that you'll be in soon, if yer father don't forget the slate; and Wrestling, you're so fond of. (Terry grins.)

X Go on to X, and let us consider a bit, how you'll remimber him again. First, say Ex! (Terry, Ex!) A great offer! Well, you see, to begin with, it's a *crass* it is, and must be held in riverince; and then it stands for number ten, in ould Roman, and comes in between a great many words as you'll see in the spelling-book before long—such as Exertion, which I hope you'll make, and Exile, that I expect you'll have no consarns with; or ever be Excommunicated by your clergy, but prove yourself an Extraordinary genius, such as to cause great Exultation among all your friends. When you get into hish'ry with me, you'll hear about Xerxes—the man that was so fond of this very letter, nothing would contint him but having two of these X's stuck in his name; and that didn't help him, for he went to the bad in no time, and killed himself trying to learn Greek, as many a one has done, being a desp'rate language to learn, for you can't open a leaf of it, but all the words look like a hape of maggots crawling about (as Father O'Lavery used to say—Rest his sowl!)

Y Faix, thin, we're nigh hand the end now, (Terry grins), and the half-hour out by the shadow there on the wall, and no signs of the boys. Hand me that shtrap, Terry! (Terry looks frightened.) Oh it's not for *you* I mane it, but to have it ready for the idlers. Say Wy! (Terry: *Why*!) no, not Why, but Wy—Wy—that's perfect, anyhow. You see Y is a made up thing altogether, sometimes it's a consonant, and sometimes it's a vowel, just as it takes things into its head or tail, myself doesn't know which. They might have tried hard enough, no

doubt they did, but they couldn't invent a proper Y, so that they put a soort of a leg to V as a make-shift. He's a sleepy letter, for he's at the head of the Yawners—(Terry yawns). Didn't I tell you so? And the linen-drappers never miss having him in their Yards, an inch or two does be wore off here and there, and so it's not always the best measure these ould yards give. And it stands for Young, and Youth, and Yourself, all which you are, beyant a doubt.

Z Come, cheer up now, (Terry grins once more), for here we are at the end of our journey! Look at this queer chap now, till you'll know him again, and call out *Zed*! (Terry, *Zed*!) Better and better—a great finish entirely. This Z is certainly by no manes a regular beauty, nor can I say much in his praise in regard of being a good leader. For what in the world can he lead to, or where'll he lead any one to, if he must be used in Zigzag, and Zany, and such like words? As a follower, indeed, he used to be laid hould of, only the beautiful S is beating him out, and I'm thinking we'll soon do without him altogether, which won't be a bad riddance, according to my notion.

“Now, Terence Doolan, my man, stand out afore me. (Terry makes a brisk move.) Obsarve, now, you've finished with your Induchsion, and got through it with flying colours; and you may tell your father and mother from me, that you'll be a great scholar, if you come regular. Don't forget the little matters I tould you to bring me from time to time; but if you do, or play truant, or disoblige me in regard of the pennies, or the turf, or the bit of thatch, or thim other thrifles, it's not at the head of the school you'll be, or fit to enter Trinity College, Dublin. Make yer bow, sir!”

Here the master's voice is overpowered by the shouts and yells of twenty young scamps, as active and roistering as so many monkeys, each bringing two or three sods of turf from the bog. Mr. O'Sullivan lays aside his terrible strap, smooths his awful brow, and, with a face clothed in smiles, addresses his delighted pupils:—

“I purtest ye're the finest set of boys my two eyes ever looked at! Welcome, my dears!—welcome, young gentlemen, and wid *cead mille faultha*! Throw

down yer sods behind the boords in the corner, and come to yer lessons. And I've the pleasure to tell yees that Master Terence Doolan's *Induction* has been highly honourable to him and his parceptions. There, Terry! you've got your carrakter from me, an'

I hope you'll keep it. Here, take yer book, and go and sit yerself down under the elder-tree, and study the letters all over again, attentively; only don't be dabbling wid yer feet in the ditch.

"Now, first-class readers come up!"

MR. P. M'TEAGUE'S CONFESSION, AND CONCLUSIONS ON THE FOREGOING.

Fifty-four years and six months have gone clane over my head, since I had the honour and happiness (both considered very great, indeed, at the time) of being first placed under the tuition of Mr. Thaddeus O'Sullivan.

No one, after having read the foregoing, needs to be told what an accomplished teacher and practised adept he must have been; particularly at the induction ceremony, such as I have endeavoured to relate; varied, 'tis true, for he had great powers of speech and a most wonderful diversity of topics, literally crowded together, or crammed (some might say, jumbled) in such a way, that it was currently said in the neighbourhood, and believed, too, that "his wigs wore out twice as quick as the priest's, by rayson of the press of knowledge he had in his head." Be that as it may, Mr. O'Sullivan contrived not only to lead a tolerably comfortable life, but to leave ten bright golden guineas behind him, which were found in an old inkstand, most carefully papered up, and enclosed in an elegant sod of the real black turf, dextrously scooped out for the sacred deposit, and thus labelled:—"For immadiate use after my dease. Ten new baloon guineas enclosed, for the dacent interment of AN O'SULLIVAN. Pray for me."

And maybe he hadn't the raal berrin', and three nights wake, and plenty of fine malt whiskey, and elegant lump sugar, that was twenty-pence a pound them times, and tay that cost ten shillings a pound, and bushels of potatoes, and plenty of butter and salt, and loaves of white bread, and raal mould candles—not a dip to be seen; and the cronawning, and keening, and screeching we had after him, that might be heerd seven good miles, and more, all round Mullahish; and all the ould pupils and scholars that could be got to the fore; only that we had been having a little bit of a disturbance in the country about five years before that time (that was in 1798), that some people would be calling a "rebellion," and some of our boys not being so particular in taking the master's good advice, had crowded too near the souldiers, and many of them contrived badly enough, some being introduced to the letter F, and others sent forward to Cork, and so on to foreign parts. Among these, I'm sorry to say, was my friend at that time, Terence Doolan, who had grown up a fine, strong, active fellow; only his head was so full of Cæsars, and Pompeys, and Sampson, and Hercules, and the Phœnicians, and Fomorians, and Fírbolgs, and the rest of the ould heroes, that he never could take well to the farm; but would be marching and countermarching, and racketting, and tearing about the country with his young commeroques, and teaching every one how to drive the Saxons clane out of Ireland. Doolan wrote a good hand he got from the master, and knewn his figures purty well, but didn't like addition or multiplication half so well as abstraction and division, that he pursued a trifle too far at times, and could draw elegant coffins, with other accomplishments, that ended in his being ordered off on a voyage of discovery; and whether true or not, we heerd tell of a strange disaster that happened to the ship that tuk out our boys, that was driven clean into the Cannibal Islands, where some of them that wor fat enough didn't live long, I'll engage ye. But whether Terry Doolan's bones wor picked clean the first go off, or he sent up into the country to be tatto'd, and thin married to one of the king's black daughters, we never could find out.

After all said and done, however, and upon due reflection, now that my own vagaries are over (which I need not relate yet awhile), and I an ould, sober, grey-headed man, I have come to the notion, that the less we keep talking of our ancestors the better, being dead and gone, and can do nothing to help

us, we bawling and shouting ever so loud for them to come; and supposing they *could* hear us, and *were* willing and able to come back to us, I greatly doubt whether we should find a good farmer or dacent breeches-maker among them. No, the best thing we can do now is to try whether we cant help ourselves; and I'm thinking that a good bit of land at its value, well dug with the spade—a good, clean, tidy, active wife to mind the cows and the children, and that'll not pluck the geese too often, but use her needle instead—a good bed to lie down in—good bread, and meal, and potatoes (that are coming back to us, they say)—good, wholesome water to drink, and a cup of tea at 3s. 6d. a pound, with a little sugar at 4½d., and a bit of fat bacon, inside of a well-boiled, drum-head cabbage, now and again. Mind, I tell you, these are not things to be despised, and can still be got in Ireland by them that looks after them, and not afraid of work. And in regard to them that's gone and going to America (God speed them, I say), they'll all find the difference between Irish work and American work, and a few of them may be coming back again to us some fine day, when they hear that industry is making Ireland the country she ought to be, and that we have found out, by dear-bought experience, how much more profitable it is to be tilling the land, and minding our own business, than digging into one another's carcasses, getting drunk, fretting about other people's affairs, and humbugging the neighbours. And in regard to them National Schools and New Colleges, that maybe I might have been a little too hard upon at first starting; my advice to my countrymen is, to give things that have been fixed on a fair trial, and see *what sort of people they make*, and act accordingly.

But I don't mean to include the workhouses or the gaols in this advice, for my opinion is, that the sooner they that are *in* them, can get *out* of them again, the better.

P. McTEAGUE.

SONNETS FOR THE SEASON.

BY IOTA.

FROM the days of Dante to our own times, religion has afforded to the poets of Italy the most abundant themes and given rise to some of the finest efforts of their genius. Their mode of dealing with the sublime mysteries and wonderful events of Christianity is strikingly diverse alike from the simple and unimpassioned narrative of the Evangelist and the reverential and subdued tone in which English divines and poets approach these subjects. This contrast becomes, of course, more marked and wider, as the contemplation is occupied with subjects that address the affections rather than the intellect. Thus, in dwelling on the passion or the death of our blessed Redeemer, the Italian gives full vent to all the enthusiasm of his nature—to all the passionate sensibilities which he would display if he were a spectator of the awful scenes which he portrays. “The temperament of that nation,” observes Mr. Starkey, “as contrasted with ours, manifests itself in an intense *personal* sympathy with Christ,

as a man, which we can hardly understand, and excites them, when they write or paint, to the display of all the most extravagant passions that can agitate the human breast.” This sympathy with the Saviour produces a corresponding personal antipathy to all who were the cause (so to speak) of his suffering and death. The sonnets which I have selected from many to be found of the same description, forcibly exhibit these Italian characteristics, some idea of which I have endeavoured to convey by translation to those who are not acquainted with the language of the originals.

It would be difficult to find anything of the same length more sublime, and at the same time more terrific, than the sonnet of “Gianni:” there is nothing in the range of poetry bolder in conception, or more intense in its concentration, than the last line—

“Gli resi il bacio che avea dato a Christo.”

—Good Friday.

SU LA MORTE DEL REDENTORE.

DI ONOFRIO MINZONI.

Quando Gesù nell' ultimo lamento
 Schiuse le tombe, e le montagne scosse,
 Adamo sbigottito e sonnolento
 Alzò la testa, e sovra i piè rizzosse:
 Le torbide pupille intorno mosse
 Pieno di meraviglia e di spavento,
 E palpitando addimandò chi fosse
 Lui che pendeva insanguinato e spento.
 Come lo seppe, alla rugosa fronte,
 Al crin canuto, ed alle guancie smorte
 Colla pentita man fe' danni ed onte.
 Sì volse lagrimando alla consorte,
 E gridò sì, che rimbombonne il monte:
 Io per te diedi al mio Signor la morte.

UPON THE DEATH OF THE REDEEMER.

When, in that last, loud wail, the Son of God
 Rent open graves and shook the mountain's steep—
 Adam, affrighted from his world-long sleep,
 Raised up his head; then stark and upright stood:
 With fear and wonder filled, he moved around
 His troubled eyes—then asked, with throbbing heart,
 Who was that awful One who hung apart,
 Gore-stained and lifeless, on the curst tree bound.

Soon as he learned, his penitent hand defiled
 His shrivelled brow and bloodless cheeks, and tore
 The hoary locks that streamed his shoulders o'er.
 Turning to Eve, in lamentation wild,
 He cried, 'till Calvary echoed to the cry—
 "WOMAN! FOR THEE I'VE GIVEN MY LORD TO DIE!"

SOPRA LA DISPERAZIONE DI GIUDA.

DI VINCENZO MONTI.

Gittò l' infame prezzo, e disperato
 L' albergo ascese il venditor di Cristo;
 Strinse il laccio, e col corpo abbandonato
 Dall' irto ramo penzolar fu visto.
 Cigolava lo spirito serrato
 Entro la strozza in suon rabbioso e tristo;
 E Gesù bestemmia, e il suo peccato
 Ch' empiea l' inferno di cotanto acquisto.
 Sboccò dal varco alfin con un ruggito.
 Allor Giustizia l' afferò, e sul monte
 Nel sangue di Gesù tingendo il dito,
 Scrisse con quello al maledetto in fronte
 Sentenza d' immortal pianto infinito,
 E lo lanciò sdegnosa ad Acheronte.

SEGUE LO STESSO PENSIERO.

Lanciò quell' alma all' infernal riviera,
 E si fe' gran tremuoto in quel momento;
 Balzava il monte, ed ondeggiava al vento
 La salma in alto strangolata e nera.
 Gli Angeli del Calvario in su la sera
 Partendo a volo taciturno e lento
 La videro da lungi; e per spavento
 Si fer dell' ali al volto una visiera.
 I Demoni frattanto all' aer tetro
 Calar l' appeso; e le infocate spalle
 All' esecrando incarco eran feretro.
 Così, ululando e bestemmiaando, il calle
 Preser di stige, e al vagabondo spetro
 Resero il corpo nella morta valle.

TWO SONNETS ON JUDAS.

I.

Down on the Temple-floor the traitor flung
 The infamous bribe for which he sold the Lord
 Then in despair rushed forth, and with a cord,
 From out the tree, his reprobate body hung.
 Pent in his throat, the struggling spirit poured
 A mingled sound of rage and wildest grief,
 And Christ it cursed, and its own sin in chief,
 Which glutted hell with triumphs so abhorred.
 Forth with a howl at last the spirit fled.
 Then Justice bore it to the holy mount,
 And dipping there her finger in the fount
 Of Christ's all-sacred blood, the sentence dread
 Wrote on its brow of everlasting woe,
 Then, loathing, plunged it into hell below.

II.

Down into hell that wretched soul she flung,
 When lo ! a mighty earthquake shook the ground ;
 The mountain reeled. The wind swept fierce around
 The black and strangled body where it hung.
 From Calvary at eve, the angels wending,
 On slow, hushed wing, their holy vigil o'er,
 Saw it afar, and swift their white wings, blending
 With trembling fear, their pure eyes spread before.
 Meanwhile fiends pluck the corse down in the gloom,
 And on their burning shoulders, as a bier,
 Convey the burthen to its nameless doom.
 Cursing and howling, downward thus they steer
 Their hell-ward course, and in its depths restore
 The wandering soul to its damned corse once more.

SOPRA GIUDA.

DI FRANCESCO GIANNI.

Allor che Giuda di furor satollo
 Piombò dal ramo, rapido si mosse
 L' instigator suo demone, e scontrollo
 Battendo l' ali come fiamma rosse ;
 Pel nodo che al fellon rattorse il collo
 Giù nel bollor delle roventi fosse
 Appena con le scabre ugne rotollo
 Ch' arser le carni e sibilaron l' osse ;
 E in mezzo al vampo della gran bufera
 Con diro ghigno Satana fu visto
 Spiannar le rughe della fronte altera :
 Poi fra le braccia si recò quel tristo,
 E con la bocca fumigante e nera
 Gli rese il bacio che avea dato a Christo.

SONNET UPON JUDAS.

Spent with the struggles of his mad despair,
 Judas hung gasping from the fatal tree ;
 Then swift the tempter-fiend sprang on him there,
 Flapping his flame-red wings exultingly.
 With gripping claws he clutched the noose that bound
 The traitor's throat, and hurled him down below,
 Where hell's hot depths, incessant bubbling, glow
 His burning flesh and crackling bones around :
 There, mid the gloomy shades, asunder riven
 By storm and lurid flame, was SATAN seen ;
 Relaxing his stern brow, with hideous grin.
 Within his dusky arms the wretch he caught,
 And with smutched lips, fuliginous and hot,
Repaid the kiss which he to Christ had given.

THE TWO RAVENS.

CHAPTER VI.

Four days after M. De Gréoulx's departure, the young girl and the Ravens sat sadly round the table, wishing to pass away the weary evening playing their wonted game; but Berthe shuffled the cards in an abstracted manner, and neither sister spoke of beginning. Presently a loud tapping at the door made them start.

"That's like the chevalier's knock," exclaimed Berthe.

"It is he!" muttered Emilie, growing pale.

In truth he had just arrived from Gréoulx. Suzanne hurried to open the door, and scarcely had he entered the house, than she exclaimed with joy, not unmingled with fear—

"Gracious heaven! are you come back? What does this sudden return mean?"

Without waiting for, or indulging in, greetings or salutations, he answered the question—

"It means that the Baron has expelled me from the chateau—disinherited me!" And he added with a satisfaction contrasting strangely with his words—"Now, I have neither family nor fortune; nothing! In fact I am free."

"Gracious goodness! what has taken place?"

Gaspard responded not, but stood gazing at Emilie, who, mute and trembling with joy, dared not raise her eyes.

"But tell us what has taken place," repeated Suzanne, impatiently; "you look triumphant, like Saint Mitre, when he walked through the town of Aix, with his head in his hand; I don't see that there is any cause for joy. Do take a seat, and let us hear all about it."

"When I reached the chateau," said Gaspard, "my grandfather was in the gallery next to his own apartment; it was there he received me."

"The picture gallery?" asked Berthe.

"Precisely. The Baron was lounging in his huge black-leather fauteuil, in the very posture in which he receives his vassals and tenants. Father

Sylvestre, his chaplain, stood close by him. I advanced, my heart rather disturbed, and remained before my irritated guardian, awaiting that he would hold out his hand to me. However my expectation was not gratified. '*Monsieur*,' said he, knitting his thick silvery brows, 'it was time you should make your submission.' 'I obey your orders,' I replied; 'and I beg to assure you I feel deeply the condensation you have shewed to me concerning that marriage.' 'Of course, I had to give it up,' he interrupted, with bitter irony; 'how could it take place? the heiress has been cut off by a malignant fever.'"

"Oh!" triumphantly exclaimed Suzanne, who could not help indulging in her peculiar reflections, "God has crushed the Baron's will; it is well poor Mademoiselle De la Verriere has been called to heaven."

"Were she still alive," continued Gaspard, "I should find myself neither more nor less happy, for I was fully determined not to marry her."

"Having announced to me this news, the Baron dismissed me from his presence. Meanwhile, I saw clearly, from his manner, that something remained to be told. In fact, the next day, after mass, I was sent for; the reverend chaplain was still present."

"Gaspard," said my grandfather, in a rather amiable tone, 'I have decided that you shall take a wife before this year is over, and again, this time, I have chosen a helpmate for you. You shall wed Madame de Chateaufort; her late husband left her an immense fortune; it is a most desirable alliance. You may thank, for the success of the negotiations, Father Sylvestre, who made the demand, and pledged both my word and yours.'—I remained dismayed and stupefied."

"Is the widow such a disagreeable person?" hinted Berthe.

"On the contrary, she is a handsome *brune*, of a lively and pleasing disposition, but the name she bears is any thing but aristocratic, albeit, her late

husband bought one of those offices called *savonnettes à vilain*.* However, the best gentilshomme in the country have come forward; she might, if she chose, be married to a Simiane or a Fontevez."

"Why should you not marry her?" Suzanne interrupted, with astonishment.

"Because I have not the least liking for her."

"This strikes me as perfectly unreasonable," retorted Suzanne, shaking her head with disapprobation; "but let us see; what objections did you state to the Baron?"

"Merely that I did not wish to marry yet. I besought him to allow me a year or two more of liberty. Then —. But there is no need to tell you what passed; you know the Baron's character. He gave me his malediction, and expelled me from his chateau. I retired immediately, took the coach back to Marseilles, and came at once to your house."

"*Mon Dieu!*" exclaimed the Ravens, "are you to lose the handsome inheritance and the old title of your family? No, this cannot be."

"But, *it will be*, in all probability," quietly said the Chevalier.

"There is no chance that the beautiful Madame de Chateaufredon will oblige you by dying also—is there?" ventured Berthe.

"Heaven forbid that she should!" he returned.

"Methinks you would act rightly," observed Suzanne, "this time, in obeying your guardian. Now, to tell you the truth, I don't see anything very rational in your refusal; you don't love the charming widow; granted. Well, marry her first and love will come afterwards."

"Never!" retorted Gaspard, turning his looks towards Emilie. "Moreover, I have another reason, not a personal one though, to refuse the hand of the widow. Paul de Gillaret, an intimate friend of mine, is an ardent admirer of Madame de Chateaufredon; Perhaps she loves him. So you see that I could not become his rival after having received his confidence. This, of course, I could not tell the Baron."

"Certainly not," said the dame; "however, it behoves a true gentil-

homme not to betray a friend, even at the loss of the title and fortune of the Gréoulx baronage; yet —."

"Believe me, I regret nothing!" interrupted Gaspard, with boisterous joy; "I feel myself so full of hope and courage. Oh! liberty, independence, are fine and grand things! How sweet it is to live thus, the mind easy, and the heart master of itself! Doubly sweet it seems to me, when I think of the dull youth I spent in the midst of luxury and riches! What is it to me to work? To be poor? I feel I shall be happy. And shall I confess the pangs of my latter years? I was like a captive sighing after liberty; nor could I help thinking that the death of my relative would make me free; certain it is that I would not have wept over him; still my conscience often smote me. But, thank heaven, *now* I can pray that he may live a long and happy life!"

He is seventy-five," observed Berthe, "and the late Baron, his father, after whom he takes in many ways, lived until ninety-eight years of age. He also was a terrible man, who caused the death of three wives through sorrow and ill-treatment."

"Did you know him, too?" asked M. de Gréoulx, with surprise.

"We did," returned Suzanne, curtly, not wishing to say more on this subject.

The Chevalier was rather perplexed to know how the dames had become acquainted with his family; however, as they always avoided satisfying him on this point, he left it to time or their own leisure to unravel this mystery. Moreover, another and dearer thought engrossed his mind.

"I look cheerfully upon things now," he resumed; "I have conquered, perhaps, twenty years' independence and happiness! My good ladies, some day I shall tell you the secret of my heart; for the present I must, without tarrying any longer, consider what I had best undertake to make out an honorable livelihood. I think I will enlist in the king's army!"

These words caused an alteration in Emilie's countenance, for she lost not a word of this conversation, spite the attention she appeared to bestow on

* Offices which at that time were purchased to ennoble the holder.

some embroidery work. The Ravens exclaimed with one voice—

“Don’t dream of it, *Monsieur le Chevalier*; there is not a worse trade than war.”

“Yet I must do something; I could not support myself long with the hundred *louis* I may procure by the sale of some jewels, now perfectly superfluous to me. Even without a *carosse* or *laquais*, I should soon see the end of this sum.”

“Don’t let this torment you,” rejoined Berthe; “and don’t you by any means go and sell your jewels to some Jew, who would not give you half their value. Remain quietly at your hostelry.”

“But,” he retorted, “I cannot possibly lead any longer the life of a nobleman. Nor will I wait till I am compelled to accept your generous offer. I have the greatest aversion for debts.”

“Don’t I tell you not to mind it,” repeated the Raven; “some day or other we will talk again about your affairs, and, with the help of God, they may prosper better than you imagine; don’t you think so, sister?”

“I quite agree with you,” responded the other Raven.

M. de Gréoulx heartily thanked the good dames for their devoted interest. He could not help smiling at their assurance. They, poor old women, who foretold that he would arrive at fortune! However, he felt not the less grateful for the self-denial they showed in putting all their resources at his disposal.

Meanwhile Emilie remained silent; but at this moment she would have been glad to kiss the dames’ furrowed hands, which the first day she would not have touched without repulsion.

When the Chevalier was gone, Berthe secured all the doors. The young girl withdrew to the far end of the room; she knelt down and prayed beside the small couch that had been prepared for her, close to the Ravens’ large bed; Suzanne and Berthe remained seated at the chimney, which through economy was left fireless, spite the still cold evenings.

“Suzanne,” said Berthe, “don’t you think we could manage so that Gaspard might still live as handsomely as if the Baron had not forsaken him?”

“We might, to be sure,” replied Su-

zanne, “the same idea struck me this evening; we’ll call upon M. Vincent, and afterwards ——”

“Hush!” interrupted the other, pointing to Emilie’s bed; maybe *she* is not asleep: she might overhear us.”

M. de Gréoulx returned to the wretched house every following day, and things went on the same as before his departure, with this difference, that the game lasted sometimes untill ten o’clock, and Gaspard would be so absent that he lost many *liards*, to the great glee of the Ravens, who treasured them in their huge old purse.

It so happened, one morning, that the dames left home at an early hour, to visit that M. Vincent so often spoken of; when they returned to dinner at noon, they found no fire lighted, no table laid, and Emily all in tears.

“Gracious heaven! what is the matter,” cried Berthe, “my child! why do you cry thus—what is it?”

“*He* is lost, and *I*, too. I will tell you everything. Berthe, Suzanne, will you ever forgive me?” cried Emilie, through her sobbings, and throwing herself violently at their knees; “oh, I am so wretchedly unhappy!”

“For heaven’s sake, will you speak, child!” said both sisters; “we forgive you everything: but speak, what have you done?”

“Alas! nothing, nothing wrong, and yet ——. But I am not personally concerned in this, it is *he*, M. Gaspard de Gréoulx. He is in prison; confined in the Chateau d’If, by order of the king—a *lettre de cachet*!”

“It was the Baron obtained it!” exclaimed the Ravens, passionately. “Oh, dear, oh, dear, what a misfortune!”

There was a pause; the dames were stricken with consternation. Emilie, kneeling before them, pressed their hands with mute sobs.

“Be calm, my child, be calm,” said Berthe, making her rise. “Come, tell us how you heard this dreadful news?”

“I heard it by a person, who came, sent by the Baron.”

“By the Baron!—wherefore?” interrupted the Ravens, greatly astounded; what is wanted from us?”

“It was to me he wanted to speak.”

“To you!” they exclaimed, still

more astonished; "and who was this person?"

"A lackey; he has executed his master's orders—he was right—it was his duty to do so." She passed her handkerchief over her eyes, and continued in a quick tone of voice—

"That man came here, and sat there. Having cast around him an insolent look—"Where are your aunts—your cousins," he said, 'the women with whom you live?' And as I answered, that you were out, he added: 'I am sorry for it, for I have to speak to you, and would have liked them to be present. Since about two months, the Chevalier de Grévoulx comes to this house every day—you can't deny it, I watched and saw him. The Baron, his grandfather, annoyed at these visits, has procured a *lettre de cachet*, in consequence of which the chevalier was arrested this morning! As to you, my darling, the Baron, in whose service I have the honour to be, has sent me to make known to you his intentions —."

A loud tapping at the door caused Emilie to stop short, through fright.

"It is that horrible man again," she cried, recovering herself; no doubt he will repeat in your presence his abominable threats!"

Trembling, she ran and hid herself behind the green curtains of the bed, whilst Berthe quietly opened the door. Meanwhile, Suzanne, who hardly understood all this, said, to reassure Emilie—

"Don't be alarmed, my child. We'll see who dares to threaten you."

The individual who then entered was a tall, knavish-looking fellow, in livery, wearing that silly and insolent air common to the lackeys of a grand house.

"Come, let us see, old women, whether we can't come to an understanding," he said, with affected *bonhomie*, and seating himself unceremoniously opposite to the Ravens; "this morning that little girl yonder almost turned me out, though I don't think I said anything to —."

"Speak at once! who are you, and what do you want?" interrupted Suzanne, in her own peculiar cracked voice.

"Why, it's not for myself I came, it's by order of M. le Baron de Grévoulx. He sent me here to inquire about the kind of life that his grandson leads. I

made a faithful report of all I saw. Of course, my master has guessed immediately the cause of the chevalier's revolt; he bade me call and give you notice of what he means to do. I have been for five years in the Baron's service —."

"Come to the message," again interrupted Suzanne; "we don't want to hear about your character. The message! What does your master require?"

"He desires this young damsel to leave this country, and never attempt to see M. Gaspard, or else he will have her confined in the house *des filles du Bon Pasteur*. Monseigneur knows that she will want money to travel, and commissioned me to give her fifty crowns; here they are. Now you see there is no occasion for complaining so much."

Emilie came nearer, her eye inflamed, her brow deeply colored; she wept not at this moment, but whispered to her friends:—

"Will you suffer this?" —

"Is this all you had to say?" asked Berthe, severely.

"No; I have now another proposal to make, but it's on my own account," he replied, with a patronizing air; "this affair could end otherwise; I have thought of it: your little darling tickles my fancy greatly. *Corbleu!* I am a downright good fellow, and what's more, I have some spare money. Well now, what does the baron want? To cure the chevalier of his foolish freak. Egad! he will be quite satisfied if I marry M. Gaspard's lady-love."

The last words were scarcely uttered, when the Ravens gave vent to their indignation. Suzanne stood up in an attitude of wounded pride, her sharp features assuming an expression of indescribable haughtiness and command.

"Out of this house, you vile wretch!" she cried, pointing to the door; "How dare you insult Mademoiselle de Lescale! I forbid you to put your foot here again! out of this, I say —"

The lackey made no reply, but obeyed this imperious order; that name of de Lescale, the outburst of the old woman's justifiable indignation, and above all, the consciousness of his own insolence, abashed and confused him; he retired without uttering a word, but making the most deferential salutation.

Emilie sat herself down, concealing her face in her hands.

"So this is what you were weeping for, poor dear," said Suzanne, compassionately; "but I can't comprehend what made you ask for our pardon."

The young girl responded, in a voice full of emotion—

"I asked your pardon, because, amidst the words just uttered by that man, there lay something true: I love the chevalier, and the chevalier loves me"

"Can it be possible!" exclaimed the dames, in the greatest astonishment.

"Yes, my kind friends, we love each other," she resumed, with more composure; "we loved each other unwittingly, unawares, and not thinking of what might follow. Now, I see—I understand—this affection must be broken—I will enter a convent; I have no dowry, but can be received as a lay sister. Oh, dear Berthe, dear Suzanne, I shall never forget your kindness; I will pray for you every day—for you alone have been good to me. M. de Gréoulx will obey his guardian; it must be so, else he should remain in prison. Let *him* be happy—as to *me*, I will fly from this country. What will become of me in this world, where people despise and insult me?" Her sobs drowned her voice; after a pause she pursued—"To-morrow you must take me back to the 'Visitation,' and inform the baron that I never again will see M. Gaspard: that I am dead to the world—that Emilie de Lescale is a nun!"

Her despair, her elevation of heart, her generous resolution, deeply moved the dames. Emilie and Gaspard were now the objects of all their hopes and affections; so they indulged, the first time for many years, in that unequivocal expression of deep sorrow, the more touching when springing from long-tried and hardened natures. They wept—the poor, forlorn, loveless, joyless, good souls!

"Emilie," suddenly exclaimed Suzanne, in a tone of determination, "leave it all to us; you have been insulted—you shall obtain reparation. The chevalier is a prisoner—he shall soon be set at liberty! To-morrow Berthe and I will start off to Gréoulx."

A remarkable feature in the life of the two Ravens was that constant uniformity of will; it seemed as though a desire, a thought, no sooner arose within one sister's bosom, than the other instantly experienced a similar thought or desire, so closely linked were these deserted, disconsolate sisters. In their hours of intimate chat, when they forgot themselves, seated as of wont in their roomy chamber, they seldom regretted their younger years, spent in industrious habits, oftentimes assisting the poor, limited as were their means, and piously ministering the last cares due to the perishable frame of man.

Again did the lovely orphan remain alone; but this time she, so to speak, blessed the cause of her loneliness. Was it not to promote her happiness, and, above all, that of her beloved chevalier, whom obstacles daily rendered more dear to her heart? She accompanied the Ravens to the coach that was to convey them to Gréoulx. She followed them with her looks as far as her sight could extend, exchanged signals with them, and when the heavy vehicle was lost in the distance, she bent her steps homeward. She sat herself in the huge arm-chair, and having settled the old table before the window, she spent the morning reading that sublime book, wherein the voice of God speaks at every page. Indeed, a Bible, and "The Imitation of Christ" (that source of blissful consolation), were the only books that composed the dames' library.

Here we must leave Emilie absorbed in pious meditation, whilst we accompany the good-natured sisters in their momentous mission.

CHAPTER VII.

THE Chateau de Gréoulx, a very old building, situated in the midst of the mountains of Upper Provence, had been built by the Knights Templars in the beginning of the thirteenth century. After the extinction of this order, and the confiscation of their

property, the demesne fell into the possession of the family of which Gaspard de Gréoulx was the last descendant.

The *Château* bore that outward aspect peculiar to all fortresses of the middle ages. Its ramparts, com-

manding the wretched houses of the suburb, were flanked by embattled towers, and in the centre of these irregular constructions arose the donjon-keep, wherein the archives and treasures of the owner were secured. But the Seigneurs de Gréoulx had arranged the interior of this antique residence in a more modern style of luxury. The *ensemble* preserved still the religious character of primitive buildings; the cloisters still existed, surrounded by an extensive lawn, whereon formerly strolled the Knights Templars. And above the sombre arcades opened large windows with sculptured cornices, behind which hung heavy curtains of rich silk. The first story, entirely built anew under Louis XIV., was furnished and decorated with all the splendour of that epoch, and in this no alteration had been effected since the last fifty years.

On their arrival at Gréoulx, the Ravens stopped at the only inn in the village. Having changed their travelling-dresses for gowns of light serge, and put on their high and full coifs of snow-white cambric, carefully plaited, they slowly took their way to the castle.

As they ascended the steep acclivity, hemmed in on each side by old stunted elms, they recognised, with no slight emotion, every site, and every winding, every tree, and every stone.

"Do you see yonder the tall walnut-tree that was struck by lightning on Assumption Day, during vespers?" asked Berthe; "it is still verdant and covered with leaves. Here is the Madonna in its stone niche, closed by wire-work, where we used to suspend bunches of white roses."

"Behold, Berthe, the small garden between the towers! How luxurious is the vine covering the walls! What profusion of roses, what myriads of flowers; just like in our days!"

"Yonder, see the woods, the meadows, they are so beautifully green; everything around us is still young and beautiful!"

They exchanged a look, and said together, with a deep sigh—

"Nature has not changed, but we!"

At the entrance to the castle there lived a game-keeper, wearing the livery of the baron—it was Berthe who spoke to him. He did not condescend to quit his seat, and attend to these women who

came on foot, but, crossing his arms, said, gruffly—

"I suppose you come for a collection? Every day the baron is pestered in the same way, and on holydays it's a regular procession! I don't think you'll be allowed to see *monseigneur*. Go by the large staircase; you'll find servants in the hall; they'll tell you all about it."

"He thinks we come to beg," murmured Suzanne, with a half smile.

"The large stairs are at the far end of the cloister," added the game-keeper.

"Thank you. We know it," drily responded Susanne. "Come, dear."

Fortunately they arrived after dinner-time, at the hour Baron de Gréoulx gave audiences. A valet, having taken the orders of the baron, ushered them into the audience-chamber. The terrible old man was seated in his superb *fauteuil* of ebony, on which his coat-of-arms was handsomely carved. He was dressed after the fashion of the preceding century: he wore a velvet jacket trimmed with gold lace, and a silk doublet richly embroidered, from whose centre issued a frill of wide and costly lace. An immense wig, with its graduated and symmetrical curls, framed a face whose broad features recalled those of Louis XIV. in his old age; it was that same jet-black eye, crowned by a wide brow; the same compressed lips and like attitude of the head; but his countenance wanted that noble expression and stern kindness so characteristic in the features of the departed monarch. His bearing had a sombre haughtiness, and his gesture a sort of passionate *brusquerie*; at the first look one could detect a man to whose will every one should bend.

The Ravens, having cast a hurried glance round the hall, made a curtsy.

"Who are you, and what do you want?" asked the baron, with his wonted air of arrogance. Moreover, he saw at once, how frightfully old and ugly were the visitors.

"My name is Suzanne!"

"Mine is—Berthe," replied the dames simply.

The baron started slightly; but recovering himself as though from a causeless fright, he said, tartly—

"Well, what have you to say?"

"It's a long story, which, for the honor of the name you bear, must be told to you alone, *Monsieur le Baron*,"

replied Suzanne; "order the doors to be closed, and forbid any one to listen, or interrupt us."

He regarded them without uttering a word, and remained motionless, as if stricken by some ghastly apparition. Suzanne took the hand-bell from the table and rang—a valet presented himself.

"Allow no one near," cried the baron, "and stay you in the first antechamber."

The valet having withdrawn, the dames took seats.

"Monsieur," said Suzanne (who, as the elder, and possessing a greater facility of speech, always took matters in hand), "fifty years ago two young girls left by force this chateau, in which they were born. The death of the Baron, your father, having made you the head of the family, you wished to be the only heir of the fortune and demesnes; to accomplish such wishes it became indispensable that your sisters should enter a convent. Young though they were, and brought up as they had been in ideas of fear and blind submission, they dared to resist; you had them cloistered at the Convent of the Benedictines of Aix, but they refused to take the veil. Then you had recourse to violence, and by your orders they were conducted to another nunnery, the Carmelites of Arles; there, occurred things which, had they been divulged, would have caused the prioress to appear before the Ecclesiastical Commission, and you, Baron, before the *Lieutenant-Criminel*. The young girls passed their twelve months of novitiate in a walled cell, being allowed barely enough bread and water to prevent their dying of hunger. Having been threatened to be left in this prison all their lifetime, they feigned to submit; they were released from confinement and treated more leniently, their vocation being deemed sincere. You, *monsieur*, spread the report that they were on the point of pronouncing their vows. But one fine day they were vainly sought for in their cells; they had made their escape, and never since were they heard of."

During this narrative the Baron had grown pale as death.

"They are dead!" he murmured, with a hollow voice; "they died years ago!"

"They are alive!" retorted Suzanne, "they are both alive!"

"I don't believe you," he interrupted, passionately; "after more than half a century, whence could they come from? And what proofs are there of their existence? Those poor creatures are dead, I repeat."

"Brother!" cried Suzanne, staring in his face, with an expression of proud irony, "do you then deny us?"

And as the Baron turned away his eyes, with a gesture of confusion and rage, she added—

"Indeed, we are no longer the handsome Ladies of Gréoulx; work and sorrow have long since furrowed our faces. You, also, brother, have waxed old in prosperity and idleness, yet we both recognised you."

"Silence!—if you care for your souls! silence!" interrupted the heartless Baron, hardly able to suppress the outburst of his passion.

"I have not yet finished our story," coldly resumed Suzanne, who again took her seat; "still must you hear it all. Having fled from the Carmelites we knew not what to do. We might have dragged you before the Court of Parliament and obtained justice; but we thought of the disgrace our family would incur, and resolved to live and suffer in silence. Whilst you, perhaps, expected we would have drowned ourselves in the Rhone, we were walking across the fields, dressed as country girls, and possessing as our only fortune, a crown of three *livres*.* Having been brought up like ladies (to do nothing), we could not find within ourselves the means of exercising some profession. But to whomsoever is willing to work bread never fails. We took the road to Marseilles—that large town where we knew not a soul, and in which people are easily lost in the crowd. From the moment of our arrival, my sister thought of our trying to become nurse-tenders. To follow this avocation no apprenticeship is necessary; it suffices to possess health, courage, and patience, and to have discretion and honesty, to succeed. We did succeed. For the last fifty years we have been well known in Marseilles, but no one ever suspected to what family we belong—our reputation is well established; and so well known our probity, that there is not

* A *livre* corresponded nearly to a shilling, being composed of twenty-four *sous*.

a house of which the owners would not readily trust us the keys. At present, being no longer robust enough to care the sick, we merely attend the dead. The good people of Marseilles have given us the *sobriquet* of the ‘Ravens,’ and the little children are afraid of us; however, this does not prevent us from continuing our occupation, and advancing our salvation through good works. Thus it was that we became acquainted with our grand-nephew, Gaspard de Gréoulx; he fell ill from sorrow, and was thought dead, when we were fortunate enough to recall him to life.”

“Does Gaspard know who you are?” interrupted the baron, with terror.

“He has not the least suspicion in the world about it. He believes, as every one does, that we are of low extraction—perhaps, the daughters of one of your footmen; for he is aware that we formerly had some acquaintance with you. *He* know who you are! No, no; neither Gaspard nor any living soul. Who could imagine that the ‘Ravens’ are of the noble house of Gréoulx, and that *you*, baron, are their brother?”

“You have disgraced your name!” he exclaimed, violently. “I deny you: but what the d—l came you here for? Do you want me to acknowledge you as my sisters?”

“We could exact it,” retorted Suzanne, without losing her *sang-froid*.

Meanwhile, Berthe listened attentively, and, by assenting nods, responded to the glance of her sister, who frequently turned towards her to call forth some sign of approbation.

“We could also,” continued the tongue-gifted dame, “claim our legitimate share of fortune, and the interest for fifty years, which would amount, at least, to thrice the principal; but we are willing to renounce everything, under this condition—that Gaspard shall be set at liberty, and left to choose his own wife!”

“Psha! You are mad!” interrupted he, with an explosion of passion. “You are mad, and the chevalier, too; for he has fallen in love with a certain damsel—a girl who has neither name nor fortune.”

“You are mistaken, sir; her birth is equal to yours,” boldly ventured Berthe. “Her name is Emilie de Lescale—she is an orphan; but we adopted her.”

“You, *filles du diable!*” exclaimed the astonished Baron; then it was to you I sent *La Fleur?*”

“Yes! brother, to our house; a footman came, who threatened Mademoiselle de Lescale, and said you would have her shut up in the house of the *filles-repenties*. The wretch forgot himself so far as to insult the young lady, by offering to marry her. As sure as I live, baron, she shall obtain reparation. I promised it, and she *must* have it.”

Some moments of silence succeeded this animated colloquy. The baron had risen from his seat, in an attitude calculated to intimidate females less determined than his sisters; passion had made the blood rush to his face; he strode to and fro the hall, like a man out of his senses. Meanwhile, the dames, stern and impassible, followed him with a calm gaze.

“*Mon frère,*” abruptly said Suzanne, with placid firmness, “decide—decide instantly—yield or refuse; whichever you please—but speak at once; we neither can nor will wait!”

“Indeed!” he interrupted, with dark irony. “You come here, thinking to hold a pistol at my throat! You dictate conditions!—utter threats! Tush, woman, you are dreaming! I am not afraid! I defy you!”

Yet he trembled in his secret soul. He found, in his sisters, that same determined, unflinching spirit, characteristic of his family. It became obvious to him that he was struggling against iron wills, akin to his own. He looked downwards, when Suzanne, advancing close to him, with cool resolution, said, slowly and distinctly—

“Then you refuse? You deny justice to us and Gaspard, as well as satisfaction to Mademoiselle de Lescale? Be it so. We take upon ourselves to have justice rendered to every one of us. But beware, brother! You will surely repent it in this world, and perhaps in the next! Men will despise you; and God may visit this injustice upon you. It will be your own doing. You shall be summoned before judges, to acknowledge your sisters, the ‘Ravens,’ as the Marseillais call them. We will bring before the court undeniable proofs of our identity. You compel us to go thus far—thus far will we go. We leave the chateau to-day, to return soon, not humble and scorned, but

under our real name—as becomes *Mesdemoiselles de Gréoulx*. Farewell!”

He sprang violently to the door, and beckoned his sisters to resume their seats.

“Listen to me,” he said, trying to regain coolness and composure, and curb his pride to the exigencies of this terrible juncture. “Listen—I will not be the one to dishonor our house by such a scandal;—nor can I grant your demand. It is impossible for me to do so. Neither you nor Gaspard are conscious of the true state of things.”

They regarded him with surprise and distrust; he stood, his head drooping on his breast—speechless, and visibly depressed. He seemed tortured by the irretrievable necessity of coming to a full disclosure.

“Speak!” ejaculated Suzanne, impatiently. “Speak, Baron, or we withdraw instantly.

Then it was, that, for the first time, the Baron de Gréoulx humbled his pride, and sacrificed his own will. At length he said, in a bitter tone of voice—

“You wish that young girl, Made-moiselle de Lescale, to become a great lady, do you not? You wish her also to be rich? Learn, then, the whole truth, and know that I am a ruined man! That unless Gaspard re-establish his fortune by a rich alliance, the Baronage of Gréoulx will be forthwith sold by my creditors!”

“We will buy the demesne from them,” quietly replied Suzanne.

“You!” cried the baron, who thought they were raving. “How the deuce could you have earned a sufficient sum of money? Is it by tending the sick, and burying the dead?”

He interrupted himself with an outburst of convulsive laughter, and shrugged his shoulders in pity.

“This part of our lives still remains to be told,” quietly retorted Suzanne, not in the least disconcerted. About thirty years ago, we had to nursetend a merchant who had attempted poisoning himself; the unfortunate man, though at the point of death, refused every assistance. As we represented that he ran the risk of losing both his body and soul, he confessed that he wished to die, not being able to bear the disgrace of having his bills dishonored. The amount required was only ten thousand livres: by collect-

ing all our savings, we made up and lent him this sum. This brought him good luck; he speedily recovered; we left our money in his hands, and took an interest in his business. At the present day, not only is the firm Vincent and Co. one of the wealthiest in Marseilles, but we possess nearly four hundred thousand crowns: this shall be Emilie’s portion, if she marry our grand-nephew. Would not this be sufficient to prevent the baronage from being sold?”

“Certainly, it would be sufficient,” replied the baron, almost choked with emotion and amazement; he thought he would go mad with joy.

“We have to thank the Almighty, who has so willed all this,” ejaculated Suzanne. “Previous to our acquaintance with Gaspard, we intended bequeathing our fortune to charitable institutions; we never purposed to enjoy it, for it little agrees with the station we have lived in so long; it will cheer us to think hereafter that this money has served to preserve the honour of our family. Yet, *Monsieur le Baron*, we have still a request to make—Let the dear young people be kept ignorant of past and present affairs. You will give by contract the demesne of Gréoulx to Gaspard, as a marriage-settlement.

The baron started.

“Would you prefer him to redeem it?” returned Suzanne; “is it not better to spare yourself this affront. You will call together your creditors, we will pay them; and no one can ever suspect that you dissipated the fortune of your father!”

The baron felt confused and silenced. One could divine in him the sufferings of a haughty mind, compelled to choose between two humiliations; yet he could not long hesitate.

“I give full consent,” he said, at last, “but will not interfere in anything. Let the marriage take place at once. Gaspard may bring his wife to the chateau; she will be welcome as the lady and mistress. I am old, and will devote my latter days to work out my salvation.”

Berthe heaved a sigh, tantamount to “*The saints be praised!*”

Both sisters rose from their chairs.

“Farewell, brother,” said Berthe, holding out her hand to him; “we shall not meet again; we return to our lit-

the home in the *Rue St. Laurent*. Though Emilie be not aware how near we stand related to Gaspard, I know their hearts; they will prove grateful, and remember us in their blissful life."

Ere departing, the old women seemed to address a mute adieu to all things around them; they carried, once more, their looks round the capacious hall; with each object, with every piece of furniture, was associated some recollection; they contemplated the various family portraits hanging on the wainscoting, and stopped before that of their mother. The noble lady, who had been cut off in the prime of life, was represented holding in her arms two lovely, rosy little girls.

"Thus we were!" murmured Suzanne, with a deep sigh.

"Come, sister, come!" said Berthe, wiping away a tear.

The baron had risen, but he was utterly unmoved; his eye was dry, and his countenance expressed but impatience.

"Farewell, brother," repeated Suzanne; "all is over between us; now your people may come; to every one we are but two old strangers."

Having said this, the Ravens made a low curtsy, and slowly withdrew.

The baron having rung the bell—

"La Fleur," said he to the lacquey, "accompany these ladies down stairs."

CHAPTER VIII.

THREE weeks later, the marriage of Gaspard de Gréoulx and Emilie de Lescale was celebrated at St. Laurent's church, with the utmost simplicity; no one being present save the good Ravens, M. Vincent, and three of his friends required as witnesses.

After mass the dames accompanied the young couple to their house. The carriage, wherein they were to start for Gréoulx, already awaited them at the door. Having changed her rich coifs of white lace, and her robe of Indian muslin, for a travelling-dress, the bride detached from over the mantel-piece the wreath of everlastings, which she mingled with her wedding bouquet.

Emilie felt her heart breaking at the idea of leaving the Ravens; her eyes were suffused with tears; Gaspard whispered to her tenderly—"It is but for a time!" She felt solaced by this promise, and held the sisters in a long and close embrace.

At last Gaspard said, pressing their hands—

"I owe you everything! you saved me from death, reconciled me with the baron, and gave me Emilie. Oh! let me hope we shall not be long separated from you, who have bestowed a motherly affection upon us."

"Because we love you as if you were our children," said Suzanne, with heartfelt emotion, whilst Berthe was unable to speak from grief. "Be ever happy, dear children, and think often of 'the Ravens,' who thank heaven for having permitted them to make you

so. Pray for Berthe and for me, and promise to come often to see us."

"Soon, very soon," repeated the happy lovers, as they quitted the house, and stepped into the carriage, which soon carried them off at the full gallop of four fiery steeds.

A few hours afterwards, the dames' attendance was required to minister the last cares to the canon of the cathedral. The saintly women made every haste to go and fulfil this pious duty, which fortunately caused some diversion from the state of loneliness to which they heretofore saw themselves doomed.

Meanwhile, Gaspard and Emilie yielded to the charm of those first moments, which brought the realisation of their fondest hopes. They formed many a sweet plan for the future; but with each and every thought that of the dear old dames was ever associated. Swiftly did they glide, those hours spent in recalling the emotions of the past, and in picturing to themselves the joys to come!

Oh! well might ye, angels from above! have envied the divine blissfulness of these two beings, who had preserved that purity of soul, that naïveté of feelings and thoughts which hereafter give more zest to all earthly sensations.

So happily did time while away, that when the carriage stopped at the gate of the chateau, Gaspard and Emilie thought their journey but the unravelling of some fairy tale.

Agreeably to their master's instruc-

tions, all the people of the baron were gathered at the entrance-vestibule to welcome the future proprietors of the chateau. From the windows of the picture-gallery, the baron witnessed their *entrée*; they ascended the large stairs, and were soon in his presence.

He received them, half frowning, half smiling; but the joyful expression of Gaspard's face, on the one hand, and on the other, the graceful and prepossessing countenance of Emilie, soon melted the ice; so much so, that the baron began to say to himself that he might still lead a happy life: his declining days being cheered by the society of the handsome couple, who would watch over and smile upon his still green old age.

That evening the stern baron sat not alone to supper: three covers had been laid in a cosey little boudoir, where Louis XIV. and the fair La Vallière had once deigned to partake of a luncheon. The repast passed off gaily, and when Madame de Gréoulx and her Gaspard retired, they had already made good friends with the baron.

To say the truth, since the mysterious visit of the two black women (as the servants called them), a complete change had taken place in his character, to the utter fright of the household, who dreaded as much this sudden transformation of their master's, as though he had changed from a mild to a passionate disposition: they were sure something extraordinary should happen, and the wise-heads of the chateau boasted their deep penetration, when *monseigneur* apprised all his people of the marriage of his grandson, who was to take immediate possession of the demesne.

"No wonder," said the valet, "*monseigneur* did not scold me once these three days!"

"Nor did he curse me for driving too slow," thought the coachman.

"Nor threaten to dismiss me for taking bad care of the cellar," remarked the butler.

The fact is, that the venerable M. de Gréoulx had, familiarly speaking, turned over a new leaf. His chaplain had watched his opportunity, and used over the baron all the persuasion of his holy eloquence to bring on the victory of the good over the evil spirit.

Fortunately, this time, Father Sylvestre's admonitions were not vain. At first, a regular volley of ungracious

words were the sole response of the old man, who even so far forgot himself as to give vent to the most violent paroxysm of passion; but this fit was his last, and from that day he earnestly commenced amending his life.

Time wore away, and things went on more and more smoothly. Young *Monseigneur* de Gréoulx and his wife now called the baron "*Father*," and were treated by him with truly paternal kindness.

Since her departure, Emilie had never allowed two days to pass without writing to her dear dames, and to the last affectionate note she had sent, Gaspard had added as postscript, that "he and Emilie would be in Marseilles before the end of another week." Unknown to his wife, the young man bought a cottage within a stone's throw of the demesne, and having had it comfortably furnished, communicated to Emilie his plan of bringing the dames to Gréoulx, that they might peaceably end their days in the little mansion he had purchased for this purpose.

Great was the joy of Emilie at this news, and with delight did she hail the day appointed to leave for Marseilles.

The Baron was one of those beings to whom the absence of a friend is, in some manner necessary, to make them well comprehend how dear to them are those from whom they part. For many years he had been a stranger to all emotion, save that which is caused by violent anger; but he then felt a something, which he could not well define, when *he*, the morose old man, parted from "his dear children," as he now called them.

It seemed as though his heart, so long deaf to tender affections, eagerly wished to repay itself, and regain the time lost. At last he knew that man's mission is all but one of self-gratification.

The dames had been watching some time, when at length the carriage stopped at their door, and in one moment they received Emilie in their arms, and even embraced the chevalier.

When Emilie apprised them of the plan Gaspard had formed for their living near the chateau, she encountered many difficulties: nothing could determine "the Ravens" to give up their industrious habits, and quit Mar-

seilles : to conquer their reluctance, it required no less than that eloquence which springs from affection ; nor would Berthe have had the courage to forsake their house, comfortless as it was, had not Gaspard promised to buy it from the landlord and preserve it in the state it then stood, with this mere condition, that the other rooms should be rendered inhabitable.

All matters being agreed upon, the charge of this place was forthwith entrusted to a person recommended by M. Vincent, and minute directions given to preserve, in that same order of fifty years' standing, that chamber wherein the good dames had lived so many dreary yet peaceful days. Emilie and Gaspard took delight in thinking that they could occasionally return to this *Rue St. Laurent*, in a way of pilgrimage, bringing back their dear old friends, and enjoying with them some cosy evenings as of yore.

It was a momentous era in "the Ravens'" life the day they left Marseilles. Notwithstanding the certainty of a change for the better, they could not easily reconcile the idea of spending in idleness the remainder of lives hitherto so laboriously engaged. However they had promised, and they would not now frustrate their friends' expectations.

Previous to their departure, they received from M. Vincent a sum sufficient for their support during the following six months. The debts of their brother were being paid ; but this done, there would still remain in the merchant's hands what would ensure them a modest but independent livelihood.

They took possession of their cottage, and though for fifty years weaned from every comfort, easily got accustomed to their new mode of living : to them it was like a pleasing shadow of that sumptuous life of younger days.

Emilie was a daily visitor at the dames' cottage, but ever vainly had she insisted upon their coming to see her at the chateau ; she was at a loss to find what imperious reasons could prevent their gratifying her wish. As to the old baron, he had heard of his sisters living at Gréoulx, but he felt no anxiety whatever on the subject, relying implicitly upon their promise never to disclose their real parentage.

Two years had elapsed ; meanwhile not a single cloud had as yet obscured

the sunny days of the inmates of Gréoulx ; nor did the dames regret having quitted Marseilles. Their time was busily occupied. Suzanne, scarcely able to move out, contrived to make clothing for the poor, whilst Berthe read to her, or would absent herself to attend to the sick of the neighbourhood, and this still more readily than at the time she received money for her attendance. The charitable old souls were assisted in their good works by Emilie, whose presence had brought ease and comfort among the less fortunate people of the environs.

Since their marriage the chevalier and his wife had taken two journeys to Marseilles ; the first time the dames had accompanied them ; but of late Suzanne's health had caused deep anxiety to Berthe, who could by no means think of leaving her sister even for a few days.

During the last pilgrimage of young M. de Gréoulx, an accident had befallen the baron, which, though at first deemed of no importance, afterwards proved fatal to him. Old as he was, he should enjoy every day two hours' ride in his park. Noman was more fond of horses than he ; and, moreover, he was an excellent horseman. However, one morning, regardless of a recent indisposition, he would enjoy his wonted sport, and mounted a thorough-bred horse which had not been out for several days. This animal, naturally restless and fiery, got suddenly frightened by the discharge of a gun from the neighbouring demesne, and reared in the most frightful manner, standing almost erect on his hind legs ; neither whip, spur, nor bridle were of avail ;—that day the baron's skill betrayed him. Being unable to master his steed, he was violently thrown on the ground, and received a confusion on his head. The poor gentleman was brought instantly to his chamber. A surgeon was soon in attendance, who pronounced the wound to be of a slight nature. However, the chevalier and his wife were summoned back to the chateau. Their anxiety was only equalled by the satisfaction experienced by the baron, on their return.

In truth, during their absence, he had found himself lonely and desolate.

Emilie assumed at once the charge of tending Gaspard's grandfather, and indeed no daughter could have dis-

played more unremitting zeal and tender solicitude.

Suzanne and Berthe, when made cognizant of their brother's accident, were on the point of coming to the Château to minister to him; but they remembered their pledge of secrecy, and contented themselves with receiving daily tidings through Gaspard and Emilie.

A month after the accident we have related, the baron, whose convalescence seemed fairly established, suddenly felt weaker than usual, and complained of violent pains in his head; a consultation of medical men from Marseilles was held the next morning, and their opinion was, that congestion of the brain was imminent; should their apprehensions be justified, they anticipated fatal consequences, owing to the age of the patient and the hard life he had led.

They deemed it prudent to communicate this sad intelligence to M. Gaspard de Gréoulx, that he might provide for every contingency. Having previously conferred with Father Sylvestre on this alarming subject, both were of the one mind, that they should avail themselves of the few hours of reason that the baron would be spared. It was the grandson who had to prepare his grandfather for this solemn disclosure, and to impress upon him the impending necessity of putting to rights temporal as well as spiritual affairs.

The baron bore this with great strength of mind; having remained for several hours closeted with his grandson, and made him write his last instructions, he took a few hours of rest. In the evening he desired Emilie to send at once for the two old women, who lived in the neighbourhood, for *Mesdemoiselles Suzanne and Berthe*, as he designated them. At this demand Madame de Gréoulx experienced great surprise; often had she, as well as Gaspard, spoken to him of the two sisters, yet never had he uttered a word respecting them, but seemed more than reluctant to hear them mentioned.

Nevertheless, the Baron's demand was complied with; Gaspard himself brought the message to the Ravens, who were slow to believe that their brother wished to see them; but for the entreaties of the Chevalier, and his insisting that time was pressing, they

would have persisted in their refusal. At last they yielded. This time they entered the Château with feelings of even deeper melancholy than the last. It was not the healthy and yet green old man they came to meet, but their dying brother! They were forthwith ushered into the patient's chamber; the Baron called them to his bedside, and bade them sit near him; but the sorrowing sisters knelt close to the couch, each holding a hand of the man whose heartless conduct they forgot in this extreme moment. By his desire, Gaspard and his wife were immediately sent for; he ordered the doors to be closed, and said in a low yet solemn voice—

“Gaspard—Emilie—I feel life is departing from me! Already my head grows heavy, and I can hardly collect my thoughts. Listen, then, to these, perhaps my last words. I have been cruelly unjust towards two beings, of whom I am the unworthy brother. But I thank God, that, in his mercy, he has permitted my heart to recover from that protracted state of error and cruelty! Suzanne! Berthe! embrace your brother, and forgive him for the awful life to which he condemned you. Would to God that I could live to love and honor you as you deserve! Yes, Gaspard! Emilie! they are my sisters! my own good sisters! Love them dearly for my sake and for your own, for it is to them you owe the happiness you now enjoy. Come close to me, and receive the blessings of my heart.”

They all four kneeled, and the Baron, spreading over them his trembling hands, faltered—

“May you all be happy! Suzanne! Berthe! my own dear sisters, forgive me and pray for me!”

He could not say more; his strength forsook him, and he half fainted in the arms of Berthe. This scene had overpowered him. They all retired to the adjacent chamber, and he was left to the care of the doctor, whose constant attendance had been requested by Gaspard.

After the first moment of natural emotion, Emilie and Gaspard clasped in their arms the Ravens, whom they could now call their dear aunts. The discovery of their parentage would have rendered them dearer to their hearts, had not their affection long since reached the highest climax. The

Baron's state became daily more alarming, and notwithstanding all efforts to combat the progress of the disease, a fortnight afterwards the old gentleman breathed his last. Ere his soul fled to a better land, the baron had recovered some moments of lucidity, and expressed, in broken and barely audible sentences, the sincerity of his regrets for the past, and hopes for the life to come. It was, indeed, a sublime spectacle! the death of this man, who, after years of recklessness, now closed his eyes in peace with men and with his Creator.

All the inmates of the Château spent the day in prayer, and, towards evening, the sainted sisters performed in silence and tears that duty which they had so often fulfilled towards strangers. Gaspard and Emilie experienced that true sorrow which is better felt than told. Through affection, as much as through a sense of justice to Suzanne and Berthe, they insisted that the two sisters should henceforth live in the Château, and be restored to that position of which they had been so long deprived. Indeed they could oppose no good reason to the tender request of their young friends; moreover, there was something consoling for them in the idea of ending their days in this mansion, where their ancestors were born, had lived, and died.

Soon were the good dames established in the Château; poor, forlorn creatures, as they had been for many years, this was a late, but just reward for all they had suffered. The happiness they now enjoyed prolonged, as it were, their days. They lived ten years on the demesne of their fathers, witnessing the unalloyed felicity which was their own work. Nor of these ten years did one day elapse unmarked by some charitable deed. At last their career drew to its close; yet it seemed as though Death himself hesitated separating these beings whose destiny had been so closely linked upon earth. A week had scarcely elapsed since the death of Suzanne, when Berthe was relieved from her earthly mission. Living, the poor had loved them; dead, they were still blessed and remembered, for they left a sum of ten thousand *livres* to be distributed amongst the poor families of Gréoulx.

The grief of Emilie and Gaspard

may be easily imagined. But for the blessings of Providence bestowed upon them, they would have felt more bitterly being bereft of their beloved dames.

Since the death of his grandfather, Gaspard had naturally inherited the title of Baron de Gréoulx, and, owing to his kind and well-directed efforts, promoted the welfare of his numerous tenants; such conduct, in those times of despotism, was indeed of more than rare occurrence.

The young Baron and his wife outlived their aunts by many years. Their happiness continued unabated, but never did they prove ungrateful to the memory of the Ravens. In a retired spot of the demesne a monument had been erected to the good sisters, which Gaspard and Emilie would often visit, accompanied by two lovely little girls, who each time brought flowers to the tomb of their aunts. Well did these children know who rested there, for their mother constantly spoke to them of their dear grandaunts, "who had gone to heaven." Every morning would they run, singing, and smiling to wish good morning, and bow to their aunts' portraits; and each time the gallery echoed with their silvery and merry laughter, as they said, "Good morning, Aunt Suzanne! Good morning, Aunt Berthe!" For Emilie's daughters were also called "Suzanne" and "Berthe." What names could have sounded more sweetly to Gaspard's and his wife's ears?

At the time of the first French Revolution the Ravens were still remembered in Marseilles, and their house in the Rue St. Laurent showed to strangers. But long since had the feelings of the Marseillais undergone a complete change. It was, then, neither terror nor repulsion that their names brought to recollection; for their pious and charitable life was no longer a secret. So true was the respect entertained for them, that, shortly after they had left their gloomy abode, their *sobriquet* had been thus modified: "*The Sainted Ravens*," a well-deserved tribute paid to their memory, which for years after was loved and revered by all the good people of Marseilles.

[A FEW MORE RANDOM RECORDS OF A RAMBLE IN THE EAST.]

CHAPTER VI.

GREAT HADGE TO THE JORDAN—THE MAD ABBE—NIGHT MARCH THROUGH THE DESERT OF JUDAH—A PASSAGE OF ARMS—RETURN TO JERUSALEM.

NOTHING makes a man (in a small way) more savage than to have his natural rest broken at an unreasonable hour of the morning, especially if he has earned a fair spell of sleep by more than ordinary exercise on the previous day. It was, then, in anything but a charitable frame of mind that I rose, some hours before daybreak, roused by the cry of the Imaun from the minaret of the mosque hard by—"Come to prayer!" sung out the leathern-lunged stentor—"Come to prayer, it is better to pray than to sleep." Better! *As if* he left one the alternative; it was completely a do-as-you-like-or-I'll-make-you affair. So Morpheus having received his *coup de grace* from the unconscionable Moslem, I shuffled into my clothes by moonlight, coolly consigning the restless Imaun to the hottest nook in purgatory.

I had shifted my quarters from the locanda of Antonio, to the private lodging of Mashallum, a Jewish convert, who resided at no great distance from the Damascus gate; it was a "come down in the world," as far as locality was concerned, but in every other respect a decidedly advantageous change. I would recommend any traveller, on his arrival at Jerusalem, to inquire for the residence of Mashallum, the converted Jew.

All the companions with whom I had travelled from Cairo had left for Europe, and I—like that poetic plant, "the last rose of summer"—was consequently "left blooming alone," a resident, as long as my exchequer would stand it, in Jerusalem. Poor, desolate Jerusalem! even still my heart lingers there, and memory dwells with regretful reminiscence on the "mournful ways of Zion." How feelingly the psalmist!—"Thy servants take pleasure in her stones, and favour the dust thereof." But where are we wandering to?

This was the day of the great Hadge, the grand annual pilgrimage to the Jordan, an event, doubtless, of no small note to Christendom, seeing that not only were the bodies of some thousands of true believers to be cleansed in the consecrated stream, but, by one and the same operation, their souls were to be benefited to an unknown amount. So, despite of the vows I had registered in my late unlucky expedition, of never again tempting fortune on the plains of Jericho, I "girded my loins" for a second venture, having previously completed all requisite preliminary arrangements. As Paulo was absent from Jerusalem, I borrowed a friend's servant to supply his place. Omar Bey had also been put through his usual protestations; and having lain in wait for him about half an hour, I fell upon his drove of horse and mules, under convoy of his Nubian slave, and selecting a gallant grey, with gaudy trappings, which veracious Omar assured me was destined for an Aga, I left him the sorry nag he had generously designed for me, with my best compliments to the Aga.

Leaving Khaleel to load the mules, and follow as best he might, I hastened to St. Stephen's-gate, outside which some English friends and I had, the night before, agreed to rendezvous. It was scarcely half-past five o'clock in the morning; yet even at this early hour the narrow streets and lanes were pouring forth their swarms of pilgrims, forming, as I reached the thoroughfare, so dense a throng, that it required a full share, not only of the "suaviter in modo," but also of the "fortiter in re," to extricate myself and my little charger from the clamorous crowd.

Once outside the gateway, what a scene was presented! All down the steep, into the narrow valley of the Kedron, up nearly to the crest of

Olives, where the camel-road to Jericho turns the shoulder of the hill, were long continuous lines of Arab women, shrouded in their loose white eezars. On the right of the gate, the Turkish cemetery was peopled with these ghostly figures, the shrill, incessant clamour of whose countless tongues guaranteed, however, their complete identity with the fair ones of this earth. Blessings on the fair sex, and their well-hung tongues, what a sullen, silent, plodding world we should have without them!

Between these lines of inquisitive spectators flowed an unbroken, but not unruffled stream of pilgrims—dingy Abyssinians—swaggering Greeks—fox-eyed, heavy-browed Copts—Cosacks, in shaggy jerkins—Syrians and native Christians from Asia Minor—Armenians—Latin priests—cowled monks, and countless varieties from almost every Christian State in Europe; then the women, and, good lack! the tribes of children! Women in every variety of strange costume—fine fur-lined jackets and bright scarlet inexpressibles, striped silks, and robes of rain-bow hues innumerable, red caps and spangled turbans of divers sorts—"sure such a sight," &c. But let me here record my own private opinion, to wit, that not a lady who came under my notice, that memorable day, cut a more grotesque or incomprehensible figure, than the wife of an Italian in the service of the Basha, who, seated astride on a bay nag, appeared, from the saddle upwards, a very respectable female, in a new silk petticoat and Leghorn hat; while, from the knee downwards, tight pantaloons, well-polished Wellingtons, worn Hessian-wise, and bright heel-spurs, hinted strongly at the opposite sex. To complete the observer's bewilderment, the lady's face was altogether hidden by a flowing veil. But just take a look at the strange medley of equipages: here comes a string of camels, tied head-and-tail—mothers and their infant families perched on, or clustering round their enormous hunches; mark how that careful father stows his well-grown daughter in the saddle-bag! while the little heir-apparent is paraded on the pommel! Women and children mounted on headstrong mules bear down all before them. With what mock humility that reverend padre

bestrides his diminutive donkey, the keen eye glancing furtively around, under cover of the broad-brimmed Leghorn. Now come a body of stout peasantry, from Bethlehem, the women with hale, hearty faces, decked in their gayest dresses, trudging sturdily along. Here are the mounted Bedaween, shouting, swearing, and blazing away in every direction—"Yellah! yellah! make way for the wild horsemen, or they'll ride us down."

Borne onward by this stream of life, my mettlesome little grey jumping as if he were galvanised at every discharge of fire-arms, I took temporary refuge in the little enclosure in front of our Lady Mary's Chapel. Verily old Caiphas and she must have enjoyed imperturbable repose, sleeping it out in their narrow resting-place, while the very court of the sanctuary rung beneath the iron hoofs of impatient steeds, and the surrounding air was rent with a Babel of tongues. Here I lost my party, and found a long, gaunt missionary, red-hot from India, two Christian Jews, and little Antonio, the round-barrelled secretary of our worthy English consul, Mr. Young, who had likewise put into the same place for shelter. As for Khaleel and my effects, they were, as yet, nowhere, and I had only to hope the best. After screwing up our courage for the plunge, we dashed into a partial opening in the line of march, not without woeful misgivings as to our chance of reaching Jericho. What an overpowering crush! At one moment we were inextricably involved amongst a string of dromedaries—the next, all but turned over by a band of women mounted on misguided mules, which made a point of rushing into the very densest portion of the throng. Separated from my casual companions, I found myself, at last, near the head of the main body, where the Sardinian consul, in holiday apparel, figured on a fiery little horse; whether he or I was the involuntary aggressor, I cannot say, but, coming accidentally into collision, I bore away no small portion of his braided pantaloons on the corner of my shovel stirrup, leaving him a disconsolate mourner over the wreck of a pair of bran-new trowsers.

We had cleared the Mount of Olives, and were now on the direct road to

Jericho, which, as every one knows, is really no road at all—the rugged path winding through wild cliffs, skirting inaccessible crags, or leading along narrow valleys; and, after about two hours and a-half, we reached rather an extensive waddy, bounded on either side by the hills; here, having outstripped the Turkish cavalry and come up with the infantry, the commander of the forces called a halt—a judicious and seasonable manœuvre. Pilgrims and escort, we numbered about five thousand souls; and, in our disorderly array, the tail of our ungainly multitude could scarcely have passed the valley of the Kedron. The glorious scene of confusion that was now presented baffles all attempt at description: as far back as the eye could reach, the train of pilgrims was seen winding down the narrow road by which we reached this waddy—in the waddy itself, whole families might be seen sprawling together on the dusty ground, many individuals of whom appeared immediately to be trodden under foot—mules and horses without riders, were rushing madly through the throng—women and children were swept by dozens from the camel-panniers—horses were tumbling and asses rolling; such a melee I never witnessed, and yet, incredible to relate, up to this first stage of the journey I could only hear of two unfortunates who had been actually crushed to death! For my own part I could not congratulate myself with escaping unscathed from the encounter, my Arab saddle having been split from top to bottom, and now merely held together by some shreds of the leather covering, and a strap which went round the horse. Indeed, I had for some time been riding as nearly on the neck of the animal as his arched crest would permit, wondering now and then at the propensity my saddle had for straying towards my horse's ears.

At length the cavalry came up—the irregular cavalry, as they were very properly denominated—consisting of ill-looking Cavasses in tattered nizam jackets, and any-coloured inexpressibles; bare-legged for the most part; with turban or tarboosh, according to the exigency or fancy of the wearer; arms as various as costume, and steeds to correspond. With these came a large body of Bedaween, which swelled their

numbers, and completed the confusion of their disarray.

We were now marshalled into something like order, the Turkish foot and our commandant leading the van, the interval between the infantry and main body of the pilgrims being occupied by mounted Cavasses. This, in a military point of view, might seem to be a rather extraordinary disposition of our force; but it soon became evident that it was based on a principle of sound practical strategy, the motto of our guard being, "Save us from our friends, and we will save ourselves from our enemies." No sooner had we resumed our march, than a general rush on the soldiery was made by the foremost body of pilgrims—every one endeavoured to get first; the pressure from behind was overwhelming, and the infantry was, consequently, threatened with immolation; clouds of Cavass, armed with staves and kourbashes, which they plied with amazing dexterity, endeavoured to beat back the rapidly encroaching multitude—the fair sex, I regret to say, being by odds the most importunate for precedence; indeed, as many of them as were mounted on mules, succeeded as usual in breaking line and overturning everything in their way.

But "place aux dames" is not an oriental maxim, so the most forward got severely threshed by the irregulars, their male protectors coming in for a full share of the discipline, as they ineffectually endeavoured to restrain the impetuosity of the aspiring fair ones.

I suppose, from being attended by the well-known Antonio, I was mistaken for no less a person than Consul Inglese; and modestly endeavouring to take advantage of my newly-acquired dignity, I made a dash to break through the Cavass, and got involved in a personal quarrel with one of these redoubtable warriors. A Turkish officer, however, politely requesting of me "not to press my motion," I threw up my consulate in disgust (much to the prejudice of her Majesty's government), and fell back into my former obscurity. Not so an insinuating Irish priest, chaplain or confessor to an English lady of consequence; following at my heel, when I gave way, he came forward, bowed to the officer, ducked to the kourbash, and, passive but persevering beneath rebuke and insult, he

finally found refuge by the petticoat of his lady, who had been admitted amongst the troops through the courtesy of the commanding officer.

We had not accomplished more than one-half the pilgrimage, when our progress was interrupted by the unwelcome appearance of a body of Bedaween plunderers, which menaced us from a neighbouring height. The sight of these unscrupulous marauders spread no small dismay amongst our ranks, the pilgrims manifested unfeigned alarm, and our gallant *army* prepared for a judicious run. After some delay, and consultation amongst our military chiefs, a grisly old bear of a Bedaween Sheik volunteered, with two followers, to dislodge the enemy from his position; we placed unbounded confidence in the venerable old savage, report informing us that on the pilgrimage the year before, the cavalcade having been similarly threatened, this same veteran Sheik had ridden up the hill to parley with the enemy. The Arabs refused to retire, and one of their party coming forward, shot the old Sheik in the arm. Nothing daunted, however, by this unmistakable reception, our Sheik coolly lugged out a brace of long Turkish pistols from his belt, blazed with a will, tumbled a brace of beggars, and dispersed the rest; he was equally successful on the present occasion, even without having had recourse to his former means of persuasion.

The frequent halts, the insufferable heat, the continued crush, and incessant confusion which prevailed throughout our march, as the unweildy host endeavoured to defile through the narrow and difficult passes, made our journey appear to be interminable, although we arrived over the plains of Jericho after about seven hours and a-half. As we descended into the valley, the power of the sun's rays was absolutely intense; but we were cheered by the hope of speedy rest and shelter. The position for encampment was already marked out, and, in an incredibly short space of time, tents of all hues and dimensions were seen starting from the plain, varying in endless gradation, from the golden-knobbed marquee of the Aga, to the diminutive white fungus which sprung up under its shade. The scene was not less novel than animated; pilgrims of every nation gathered in groups, or hurrying through the camp,

busy in arranging their temporary sheds; more flung under any chance tree or shrub, reposing after their fatigue; wild Bedaween, restless and unweariable, careering at full gallop through the crowd; Arnots strutting amongst the throng, with belts well stored with pistols, knives, and yatigans; bustling Cavass in everybody's way; Felaheen in twos and threes, curiously inspecting the domestic arrangements of each new comer; women and children *ad libitum*, with squalling, clamour, and confusion in their train. In one quarter you might see sheep roasted whole, and then sold out in solid lumps to hungry customers; vendors of various edibles took their station in another; while culinary arrangements on a minor scale were carried on with great vigour, eternal drumming, piping, and fiddling resounded through all quarters of the camp. We were, on the whole, a jovial set of pilgrims.

Some time after the arrival of the main body, as we were beginning to settle down into comparative tranquillity, a cloud of dust arose on the outskirts of the encampment. It rapidly rolled near us, disgorging, *imprimis*, two mounted standard-bearers, who flourished two enormous silk banners; next came to light a fantastically-arrayed buffoon, who grimaced and played apish tricks for our amusement, after the fashion of an approved clown of the ring—this worthy was supported on either side by a drummer, tom-tom-ing vigorously on a little pair of kettle-drums; next was revealed a medley of Cavass and Bedaween riding like mad, and yelling like fiends incarnate; last, but not least, emerged the governor of Jaffa, with the Grand Sheik of the Bedaween by his side, both splendidly mounted and equipped.

The rush of the numerous bystanders to escape being ridden over—the shouts of the Cavasses, as they applied the unfailing kourbash to the noisy crowd—the dust, din, and turmoil which attended the arrival of these potentates, put the climax on the occurrences of the day.

As the sun was declining I quitted a friend's tent, and went in search of Khaleel and my own fugitive abode; by some miracle Khaleel actually turned up, and I found him calmly smoking at the door of my tent, which was

pitched close to the line of Turkish sentinels, by the rivulet which flows from Elisha's fountain. The little murmuring stream, so cool and limpid on my former visit, was now hot, foul, and turbid, and all but undrinkable; no wonder everything was hot, the whole camp a vapour-bath, every one in a steam. Khaleel had providently purchased a wedge of half-roasted mutton, which he laid before Antonio and myself, having tidily unrolled it from his turban-cloth; so we dispatched dinner and supper at one sitting. I had to surrender my silk mattress to Antonio, for the poor fellow was dead beat, and taking my saddle-bag for a pillow, while my capote served for bed and blanket, I soon fell soundly asleep.

I could not long enjoy the much-needed repose; the incessant cry of the Turkish sentinels, who croaked to one another like gigantic bull-frogs, every three minutes and a-half, gradually, but effectually, broke my slumbers, and at length aroused me to a state of consciousness. First, I was conscious, from my aching back and limbs, I had selected the most stony and uneven six feet of tent floor for my couch. I was conscious, next, that the tent itself was suffocating; and lastly, I became conscious that the sooner I could get into the open air the better—

"So up I arose as doth a thunder-cloud."

No, not as ominous as that altogether, but grumbling after a very tempestuous fashion, and tumbling over Khaleel, who had turned in "all standing" amongst the baggage, I got under the canopy of heaven, with my sponge in my hand, and my wardrobe under my arm. It was midnight, and a lovely moon was walking in brightness through the cloudless sky, shedding her silvery radiance over the tranquil scene beneath. The deepest silence reigned throughout the camp, and the erewhile-busy hum of life was hushed into the stillness of repose. I fancied, as I rubbed my heavy eyelids, that a jolly little star or two winked at me very knowingly, but it may have been a mere optical delusion, or a merry freak of fancy; so I enjoyed my sponge-bath at the rivulet, and made my toilet at "mine ease."

Symptoms of awaking, however,

were soon manifest through our sleepy encampment; the tinkling of sundry little bells, lights flitting to and fro, and at length the drowsy voices of our brother-pilgrims, gave evidence that some movement was in agitation; so, kicking up Khaleel and rousing Antonio, we set off for the tent of some English friends, who, with a few other Europeans, were preparing to collect at the governor's tent, and take advantage of his escort to the Jordan. The Effendi had, however, to drink his coffee and smoke his shebook before he could think of stirring; and as pilgrimages were no novelty to him, before his "morning exercises" were completed the vast body of pilgrims had stolen off—*stolen* off, for neither sound nor preconcerted signal gave notice of their intended departure; it seemed as if one heart, one soul, impelled and animated the mighty mass.

But we also got off at last, and a respectable little cavalcade we made of it. First rode our old friends the banner-bearers, followed by the drums and funny man, the former as noisy as ever, and the latter fully as great a fool as he had proved himself the evening before; next came the Governor of Jaffa, mounted on a milk-white charger, gorgeously caparisoned. He stood nearly upright in his saddle, his toes scarcely touching the gilded shovel-stirrup. The governor was a stout, lumpish, heavy-browed young man, with a dull eye, nose retroussé, and thick, sensual under lip. Notwithstanding his extraordinary seat on horseback, he decidedly rode well, and what is more, he knew it. By his side was the Grand Sheik of the Bedaween, a noble-looking fellow, of about five-and-thirty, his figure tall, well-knit, and muscular, face oval, eye black and flashing, nose straight and delicately-formed, a small, jet black moustache curled at the corners of his firm, expressive mouth, his complexion deeply bronzed, and head well shaped and well set on. A short scarlet mantle was carelessly flung over the usual Arab dress; he was mounted on a superb grey mare, whose head and crest were ornamented with a curious net-work of silver filagree, the silk headstall, tassels, and rest of the horse-furniture of crimson, intermixed with silver, to correspond. The sheik was the beau-ideal of a Bedawee.

After the two magnates came our honourable selves, heading a band of select musicians, who, perched on ponderous pack-saddles, piped and drummed away, producing every possible variety of discord; swarms of Cavass and Bedaween encircled us, restless, and disturbers of all rest, after their accustomed manner—charging, flying, fighting, firing, shouting, singing, everywhere, and often nowhere, for they frequently dashed out of view, at times they formed into column, the first line being dressed by some mercurial spirits of the party, who galloped up and down, without for an instant interrupting the progress of the main body. Where the ground admitted, our pace was pretty sharp, and before long we overtook the pilgrims.

The moon had just set, the stars alone were twinkling, and the darkness that precedes day-dawn gathered fast over the plain; the tramp of a mighty multitude broke solemnly on the ear; then we could distinguish the dim outline of a dense, dark mass, that was slowly moving on before us; far in the distance, at their front, the concentrated blaze of a thousand torches threw a red, fiery glare over the shadowy forms of the foremost pilgrims—the rest were all but veiled in darkness. So, thought I, once the host of Israel journeyed through the desert when “The Lord went before them by day in a pillar of cloud to lead them the way, and by night in a pillar of fire to give them light to go by day and night.” Before we had well come up with the re-re-guard the pilgrims’ van had already arrived at the Jordan. It was now the early dawn, and way being cleared for us by virtue of our station, we gradually forced through the crowd and obtained a very favourable position on the highest bank of the river. The Grand Sheik and his Bedaween had disappeared, and we seated ourselves round the governor of Jaffa.

A novel and most amusing scene now presented itself—countless pilgrims, in shirts and loose drawers, all of pure white, manufactured and blessed for the occasion, were rushing with true fanatic zeal into the impetuous stream; here an octogenarian, like an old fool as he was, tottering and blowing, as a brace of youthful devotees ducked the misguided patriarch in the

sacred river; there fathers flung their screaming and struggling innocents into the turbid waters, reckless of consequences, or strong in faith; wives, mothers, daughters, all plunged fearlessly into the flood; in short clergy and laity, men, women, and children, of every shade of creed, and every shade of colour, from ebony to alabaster, were dipping, diving, floundering, laughing, screaming, to the manifest peril of their persons, albeit to the profit of the soul.

‘The ladies’ toilet on the bank was conducted with great celerity and decorum; the husband, father, or next male relative, acting Abigail on the occasion, an office, however, less onerous and complicated than one could have expected, seeing that the fair ones retained the holy robes in which they bathed, and the easy fitting vesture of the Eastern female frees her from the thralldom of corsets, stay-lacings, &c., even rendering her independent of the mysterious junction of “back hooks.”

Our governor, after a little, seemed to take but a small share of interest in the scene. Seated on the extreme edge of his segadeh (for Mrs. W. and the Italian’s wife had been accommodated with the centre of the carpet), he smoked his long shebook with imperturbable gravity, occasionally varying the serious occupation by distributing amongst his ragged retinue sweet cakes, which he took from a large handkerchief, in which he carefully tied up what remained. Occasionally, also, perplexed to do something civil, he most politely handed his pipe, with its richly-jewelled mouthpiece, to the ladies, who, in courtesy, were condemned to take a puff or two. The Italian, indeed, did not appear to act under compulsion, for she “blew her cloud” as kindly as if smoking were, with her, a thing of course.

The pilgrims after about three hours (reckoning from the time of the governor’s arrival), had all got through their ablutions, and prepared to start again for the camp; our party, however, having procured an escort of Bedaween, set off for the Dead Sea, a good sprinkling of monks and Latin ecclesiastics favouring us with their company, without waiting for any invitation. Amongst the rest was a Frenchman, an Abbè, and if ever

there was a mad Abbè this was one. He was a small, spare, kiln-dried creature, with a short face and stolid cast of countenance, the only symptoms of animation in his features appearing in his twinkling, sunk, grey eyes, which winked and darted about incessantly in his diminutive, bullet-head; neither cap nor hat, stocking nor shoe did this crazy Abbè wear; barelegged and bareheaded, under a broiling sun, he sat side-ways on an ass, his bare shanks dangling to the ground, and his shorn crown glistening in the sunshine; he spoke to nobody, and took no notice of any one who spoke to him. In this pitiable plight had the Abbè travelled all the way from Paris, bound by a vow.

It was ten o'clock in the forenoon when we returned to the camp, which now gave one the idea of a fantastic bleach-ground, so numerous were the garments laid out to dry, for, to consecrate the dress they had worn in bathing was but a small portion of the pilgrim's care. They believe that the clothes washed in the Jordan, if used as grave-clothing, will ensure the post-mortem wearer a passport to eternal happiness. Hence their anxiety not only on their own behalf, but also on behalf of absent relatives and friends, unhappily not able to make the pilgrimage; consequently, if a man can't go himself, he sends a clean shirt and pair of drawers, is buried in them in due time, and fares, on the whole, as well as if he had hazarded the arduous journey. Strange and perverse fatuity of human pride—provided we, ourselves, may have a hand in it, we resort to any expedient to gain our own salvation! We will take *any gift* from God, BUT THE ONE GREAT GIFT.

In all other respects, matters in the camp were much in the same state as that in which we had left them: meat tainted, water mud, and that same lukewarm. A select body of Bedaween had gathered round my tent, and leave being obtained, made it a temporary magazine for their fire-arms and sheep-skins, to the no great furtherance of cleanliness, as I soon experienced to my cost. Turning day into night we went to bed (?), got up, eat mutton, and drank mud, recruiting ourselves till sun-down, an arrangement having been made with the governor that we amateur pilgrims should start for

Jerusalem about an hour before the genuine devotees. An alarming rumour now became rife through the encampment, that some three thousand Bedaween had collected in the passes on the Jericho road, to waylay us on our return, so our departure was put off to midnight, the Bedaween not being given to fight by moonlight; the fighting, however, if any, would have been, I apprehend, all on one side, a *tu pulsas ego vapulo tantum* affair.

It was fully one o'clock in the morning before the pilgrims got off on their journey back to Jerusalem; and about half an hour after, we, governor, Grand Sheik, banner-men, buffoon, drummers, and irregular cavalry, set out by a more circuitous route for the Holy City. That night's march through the desert hills of Judah, with its wild and lonely scenery, was not one to be forgotten. As we wound along the rugged mountain-paths which penetrate the dreary depths of that desolate wilderness, cliff after cliff, crag upon crag, appeared on our approach to rise from the deep gorges and dark ravines beneath—the fitful gleaming of the pallid moon, as her beams gleamed faintly on their spectral forms, giving a visionary, vague, unearthly aspect to their fantastic peaks and shadowy outline. Our escort, and indeed our entire cavalcade, was admirably in keeping with the characteristic wildness of the scene; the uncouth equipments of our Arab horsemen, their picturesque costumes, their glittering weapons, their dark and stern features, as the red glare of the torches fell on the little band—in fact, without any stretch of imagination, we might have been taken for a respectable body of banditti, returning from a moonlight ramble to our fortresses amongst the hills.

As we progressed on our journey, fresh accessions to our party continually took place. The several Bedaween tribes through whose territories we advanced sending a guard of honour to attend the Grand Sheik, armed horsemen seemed to spring out of the ground, or issue from the hill side, the new comers falling silently into the rear, and becoming part of our lengthening train. As day was just breaking, we halted on an eminence, I suppose because the Governor of Jaffa wanted to have a pipe; so while he and

the Grand Sheik smoked and drank their coffee, we travellers took advantage of the pause to have a nap. I fortunately found a smooth stone with a hollow in the centre, which served admirably for a pillow (a bit of luxury I am always particular about), and lay down to take a snatch of sleep; but my friend and companion, Dr. S., had here completely forestalled me, having flung himself down without any regard to comfort; he now awoke the echoes with a snore, that, for depth and volume, exceeded any specimen of stertutation I had ever encountered; in fact, one might, in a manner, have as well wooed sleep under the falls of Niagara, as within earshot of the worthy doctor's nasal organ; so time being precious, and ceremony out of place, I poked the monopoliser in the ribs with my double-barrel, and while he rubbed his eyes, and inquired "what was the matter?" I took advantage of the pause in his performance to betake myself to my repose.

Soon after day-break we were roused, and called again to horse; we descended into a long, narrow waddy, where our escort, as if they had not had exercise enough already, separated into two divisions, and began their usual pastime of "making war." On one side of the waddy rode the Governor of Jaffa with his Cavass, and a few dozen Bedaween; on the other the Grand Sheik curveted at the head of his Arabs, a narrow interval dividing the two parties; across this neutral ground a horseman would gallop, and blazing into the face of the opposite party, wheel round, and gallantly take to his heels; a score of yelling vagabonds would immediately pursue the fugitive, who, backed by his own party, speedily returned to the charge, and then a general engagement took place, in which the chiefs alone did not take part. At last the Grand Sheik and Governor rode out to exhibit a passage of arms to their adherents; the Sheik had changed his horse during the night, and was now mounted on a splendid dark chesnut; the horsemanship on both sides was exquisite; charging with flashing sabres, the chiefs met nearly midway between their followers, each cutting at his adversary with great dexterity—cutting, in-

deed, is not the word—both "giving point," and making a rapid sweep with their keen Damascus blades. They seldom cared to parry or catch the blow, each avoiding the passes rather by a skilful sleight of horsemanship; dextrously wheeling their admirably-trained chargers, the assailed delivering a cut in return on the unguarded side of the assailant. The Sheik was the more active of the two, but the Governor, cool as a cucumber, evaded his brilliant assaults with consummate skill; at length the Governor, making a rapid evolution, got suddenly clear of his opponent, and unslinging his long gun, brought the muzzle in contact with the breast of the Bedawee; the latter, who did not enjoy a similar advantage in point of weapons, dropped his sword-point, and smiling on the Governor, bowed to the saddle-bow. The amicable contest was at an end, and Governor and Sheik again rode side by side, the former not a little elated by the success of his scurvy manoeuvre.

In course of time we arrived at the last pass in this desert road, and entered the direct route from Jericho to Jerusalem; straggling bands of pilgrims were riding leisurely along, and now there was no need of further escort; so at least our chiefs considered it, for, coming abruptly to a halt, the whole band was drawn up across the waddy—the men motionless as statues, the banner-bearers in the front, and the sheiks at the head of the band salaaming to us courteously as we rode away. As for ourselves, we soon overtook the main body of the pilgrims. Again we turned round the crest of Olivet, and again the same living mass of horseflesh and humanity, ghosts, idlers, pilgrims, and soldiery, met the view; the slope of Olivet, the valley of the Kedron, and steep ascent of Acre teemed again with life. We were almost as grand a spectacle on our return as on setting out. I entered the city by the Damascus gate; not a soul was stirring in the solitary streets, the dogs and I appearing to have the quarter to ourselves; they remained basking in the sunshine, I picked my way amongst them, knocked at Mashallum's door, and, climbing to his hospitable roof, breakfasted and went to bed.

CHAPTER VII.

GREEK EASTER—DESCENT OF THE HOLY FIRE, &c.

Two days were barely sufficient to recruit after the recent fatigue of the pilgrimage to the Jordan ; but the season being in a manner the harvest for sight-seers at Jerusalem, no considerations of bodily ease or personal convenience could be admitted to interfere with the grand business of the Latin and Greek Easters. The great event of the latter was now to come off, viz., the annual miracle of the Greek Church in the descent of the holy fire. Originally, I understand, on the Friday in passion-week, the Greeks and Armenians were content with extinguishing the countless lamps that ornament their respective chapels in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, thereby commemorating the "darkness over all the land" that formed the appalling horror of the crucifixion ; but as simply re-lighting these lamps was, after all, an intelligible, if not commonplace affair, the invocation of the sacred flame from heaven by the Greek patriarch, came in process of time to be substituted in its stead. This grand and annual miracle was, as I have said, now to be performed ; so about eleven o'clock, A.M., I set out with a party for the Holy Sepulchre.

Having obtained admission to the Latin Gallery by a private entrance, we escaped the crowd and crush we should otherwise have had to encounter in passing through the body of the church. As the Latins profess to look on the miracles of their rival wonder-workers with utter contempt, we had calculated on finding their gallery nearly empty ; but so far was this from proving the case, it was a long time before that, by dint of elbowing, bowing, shoving, and "soft-soldering" we eventually insinuated ourselves into a favourable position next the rails. What a heterogeneous mass of humanity met the eye, on the very first glance ! Directly before us was the Armenian gallery, and this was packed to excess with women in long white gauze veils, stray interstices between the fair ladies being filled up by sundry little urchins of both sexes ; a sprinkling of Armenian priests were "doing polite" to the fair ones ; and a knot of

Turkish officers were visible at the extreme end. The gallery to our right, which faced the entrance to the Greek Church, was wholly occupied by men, Greeks and Maltese principally. From one of the pillars of this gallery, by the way, there was hanging the portrait of a venerable saint, severely delineated on the canvas ; the picture gave only two-thirds of this respectable individual, leaving him as large as life, but without the commonplace appendage of legs. Chance supplied what the painter wanted charity or canvas to depict. Directly behind the painting a mischievous little imp had ensconced himself, viewing the scene below through a rent in the saint ; ridiculously enough, from the position in which the lad was perched, no portion of his person was discernible except a pair of long bare black legs, the feet being adorned with red morocco slippers. Now, these legs stuck out so naturally, that they appeared to form a supplement, or rather continuation, to the saint, who seemed in fact the original and sole proprietor thereof. The *tout ensemble* was grotesque enough, but presently the legs began to get in motion, then to venture a kick or two ; to this succeeded a few elaborate gyrations, until at last the restless limbs broke out into a round of rapid evolutions more extravagant than, I take it, any one pair of legs have ever performed before or since. The effect was tremendous : there hung the saint bolt upright, looking like grim death, and there were the perpetual pair of shanks "dancing on nothing," caricaturing a highland fling, or cutting capers that would "cut out" a merry-andrew. Peals of uproarious laughter rang through the sacred edifice, until at length the unseemly mirth of the spectators was excited to such a pitch, that a long-armed stranger, reaching over the gallery, drew out the delinquent by the neck, and flinging him amongst the by-standers behind, kindly assisted in the prompt ejection of the young miscreant through a side-door.

While this highly inappropriate

piece of pleasantry was enacted, the galleries were still filling in every quarter. A small gallery above the disorderly saint, covered with an iron grating in the manner of a cage, was monopolised by a company of Latin ecclesiastics, who, considering it *infra dig.* to be detected even as lookers-on, lay securely in ambush behind the network. Higher up again, the gallery, that nearly encircles the great dome, was thronged with women from Bethlehem; their gay striped dresses glowing with varied hues, giving one the idea of an exaggerated tulip-bed. The gallery in front of the Greek Church was also densely crowded. But why speak of galleries?

The crowding of the galleries was a mere trifle to the terrific press and thronging of the human mass below; the whole circle of the building beneath the dome was one tumultuous, agitated sea of heads, rising from the midst of which the little sacellum, or chapel of the sepulchre, with its floating banners and loose gear, appeared not unlike some dismantled vessel in a storm, vainly endeavouring to make head. Greeks, Copts, Armenians, Abyssinians, Felaheen, and even a sprinkling of wild Bedaween (whatever brought them there), made up a motley multitude, not simply crushed or wedged together, but literally amalgamated into one living mass. A narrow ring was kept open all round the sepulchre by the efforts of the Turkish soldiery, who, equipped with firelocks and fixed bayonets for show, were armed with staves, whips, and kourbashs for effect. This narrow passage seemed to be the grand arena for the initiatory sports of these Christian saturnalia.

The laughter at the dancing monk had not well subsided, when a sudden and simultaneous yell broke out from the crowd below, and a band of maniacs rushed between the lines of soldiery, shouting and beating time with their hands to a sort of measured chaunt—"This is the tomb of our Lord, God bless the comforter, God bless the Greek convent, God bless the Sultan," was the burden, as well as one could catch the words. I never laid eyes on such an uproarious, incomprehensible set of mad fellows; on they rushed, dancing, leaping, screaming. Now an unfortunate was whip-

ped up on the naked shoulders of these infuriated fools, and hurried violently round the circle; soldiers were overturned like nine-pins, sticks and kourbashs indiscriminately applied, caps, turbans, tarbouches, and shreds of torn garments literally strewed the path; still on rushed the lunatics; the leader, or choregos, with his face turned to the band, shouting, beating time, hoarse, panting, exhausted, and almost torn piecemeal, encouraged his demented followers; the religious furor rapidly gained its height, band followed band in quick succession, each chairing a miserable fanatic, who usually dropped from sheer fatigue before the round was completed, his place being, however, instantly supplied; occasionally band met band, then came a crash and conflict, whips, staves, and huge wax tapers raining a storm of blows, while a hurricane of execrations swept over the maddened multitude.

May I never witness such a scene again! What with the deafening din and savage outcry, the demoniac features, flashing eyes, and furious gestures of the excited actors, the place appeared a perfect pandemonium—a hell broke loose.

About one o'clock the Basha of Jerusalem was ushered into our gallery, dressed in plain dark-coloured Frank costume, retaining only the tarboush and Turkish slipper; he was accompanied by a few attendants, and took the seat prepared for him at the upper end of the gallery. Meanwhile the rioters below, gasping and breathless after their late exertions, had been lashed into comparative decorum by the kourbash of those arbiters of theological differences, the Turkish soldiers, and after the tempest ensued a calm. Attracted by the stillness that reigned through the crowd, we looked with curiosity for the next act in the drama.

Presently from the direction of the Greek church there issued a grand procession, chanting the last imploring Litany, banners and gilded crosses, holy tapers, smoking censers, and tingling bells, choir-boys, and priests' papas (not fathers), and archbishops marshalled in separate bands, according to their respective churches; brocade, gold, silver, "purple and fine linen," laid on in rich profusion.

Amongst the last in this gorgeous show walked, as well as I remember, the venerable old Greek patriarch, at whose installation I had been present a few weeks before, his aged head bending beneath the combined weight of years and of his massive, costly mitre; in one hand he held his crosier, in the other I could not distinguish what. A priest on either side guided his tottering footsteps, while a third gave a gentle impetus in the rear; the corps ecclesiastic that attended him, of course, in full chant all the time. This glittering procession made several circuits round the sepulchre, invoking, I suppose, the mystic fire from above, amidst the deep and death-like silence of the awe-stricken crowd. Just before the last circuit was commenced, I observed the Armenian archbishop, a knowing, active chap, in something like a golden helmet, make a precipitate, and, as I thought, stealthy dive, into the sacellum of the sepulchre. I suppose, however, that all was fair, though the *modus operandi* appeared to be suspicious. In a few minutes after the Greek patriarch, having been divested of his cope and mitre, followed his agile rival with slow and faltering steps. It was as if the old man deemed the mummery too revolting for his years; the miracle was to be his first one, too; and superstition had not perhaps as yet extinguished the glimmering of "The light within him;" the patriarch, notwithstanding, was pushed in, the sepulchre was closed behind him, and the Turkish soldiery, who had followed and made part of the procession, hastily retired from the church.

A deadly rush and determined struggle for the chapel of the sepulchre instantaneously ensued; thousands plunged madly forward, every man of them intent on getting at the narrow orifice from whence the holy fire was to be dispensed. A scene of terrific confusion was the consequence; men were knocked down and trodden under foot, literally by hundreds; countless blows were given and returned on every side; apparel tattered, caps and tarbouches spinning in the air; and then the "din of war," the hurried tramp of feet, the shrieks of the trampled wretches, the yells of the more successful combatants, the deep tones of deadly wrath, the curse, the execration!

Oh! the profanation of the spot most to be venerated on all God's earth; it was horrible—horrible! Devils could not have desecrated the sanctuary of Deity more fearfully than these debased, degraded slaves of superstition did that day.

After a short time, however, the tumult abated. Many gave up as hopeless the struggle for pre-eminence; the vast majority desisted, from sheer fatigue; numbers looked about them for their friends, and even charitably assisted the most bruised and belaboured of their fellow-fanatics to their legs. At this critical juncture a well-compacted body of stout fellows, making a sudden sally from underneath the Latin gallery, succeeded for a few moments in bearing down all before them, and forcing a passage for a long, large-boned, athletic ecclesiastic, who being shoved over the heads and shoulders of a dense little knot of aspirants, immediately in contact with the chapel of the sepulchre, finally established himself in a semi-recumbent posture on the backs of his supporters, with his head and one arm thrust into the port-hole. Silence now reigned throughout the multitude; the intense anxiety of expectation was depicted on every countenance. The headless ecclesiastic slowly waived his unembarrassed hand—a yell of exultation burst from those immediately about him. It was caught up and re-echoed by the whole assembly, till the lofty dome reverberated with a simultaneous peal of joy.

In fact, the miracle was achieved! The head of the priest now appeared, and the arm followed torch in hand. A rush was made on all hands to obtain a light from the priest's flambeau, which blazed brilliantly with the sacred flame in its virgin purity. I expected to have seen the good man's light, as well as the good man's self, instantaneously extinguished; but the functionary was not so easily to "be done." His torch was securely armed with a substantial cover of iron net-work; not a wick could be insinuated between the interstices of the netting—never were men more "sold." Despite, notwithstanding, of his wise precaution, and despite of the strenuous exertions of his *garde de corps*, three several times in his retreat the adventurous son of the church was

borne down by the violence of the crowd, and all but trampled under foot. Three times, however, his pliant, well-knit frame, which bent beneath the shock, rose buoyant above the rolling human wave, until at last the dauntless ecclesiastic reached his haven behind the gallery, firebrand, holy fire, and all. This fire I heard had been purchased by a poor Copt, of Cairo, who laid out all his earnings on the venture, to the amount of 2,500 piastres, or about £25.

One after another, the applicants who had been earliest successful, found safety in the same unseen place of refuge, not without being severely mulcted of their respective blazes by the way. And now the former sea of heads was transformed into a no less tumultuous sea of hands, stretching out thick wax tapers to gain a light. The flame spread rapidly from hand to hand, and the previous uproar was renewed, *with interest*; dancing, yelling, hand-clapping, chanting, and other demonstrations of frantic exultation, testifying the exuberant joy of the worshippers at the complete success of the miracle. Occasionally "a mill" with huge wax tapers, between a brace of fanatics, threatened to disturb the general harmony; but no one cared for it—it was "all for love." Meanwhile the sacred flame had been fished up by the galleries—some hundreds angling for stray blazes by means of tapers let down by strings to the illuminati below; and in an incredibly short space the entire building (Latin gallery and iron cage excepted) presented one glorious unbroken flood of light; men and women, wild with a fierce enthusiasm, bathed their faces, arms, and even their uncovered bosoms, in the lambent flame—no hurt nor harm could accrue through the celestial phosphorus.

A poor half-inch of quenched wax taper squeezed into the coffin would send the veriest heretic that ever died to

heaven; while three mere drops of consecrated wax upon the grave-clothes beatified the defunct believer, both by fire and water, the Jordan and miraculous light from the sepulchre, the pilgrim had secured his passport for eternity.

The lamps of the chapel of the sepulchre having been re-lighted, as well, indeed, as the lamps in the various churches—Greek, Armenian, Coptic, Syrian, and so forth—the door of the little chapel was re-opened, and the imprisoned patriarch led forth. Out came the poor trembling old man, half shoved, half borne by his attendants, and nearly half torn asunder by the surrounding crowd—fastidious devotees, who waited to obtain fire of first quality from the torch of the patriarch. At the same moment the Coptic dignitary retired unmolested from a modest little manufactory of his own, which forms a sort of hunch, or small addendum to the back of the chapel of the sepulchre. Again a ring was cleared all round the chapel, and again the same array paraded in grand procession, chanting as before.

The ordinarily Quaker-like Armenians came out, on this occasion, in amazing glory; but one little archbishop—I forget to what denomination he belonged—eclipsed all his competitors, being so bedizened and berobed as to present the appearance of one animated mass of gold brocade and curious 'broidered work. Judging from the petticoats, indeed, he gave one the idea of a "superbly illuminated" old woman. Perhaps he was so dressed up to represent (of course symbolically) old Mother Church herself, as she flourished in the palmiest days of Constantine.

The entertainments of the day were ultimately wound up with a grand shave, undertaken by the principal performers, who publicly bared the crowns of sundry dirty individuals, giving the young lads the "tonsure," and themselves the vermin.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE LATE BISHOP ALEXANDER AND THE ANGLICAN MISSION AT JERUSALEM.—STATE PRISON OF DAMASCUS—THE PADRE THOMASO—STORY OF HAIHIM FARIO, OR THE MENDED MAN—TRAITS AND ANECDOTES OF MODERN JEWISH SUPERSTITIONS, WITH A TALE OF A COCK AND A BULL.—CONCLUSION.

ON my arrival at Jerusalem, one of my first letters of introduction was presented to Dr. Alexander, the late

Anglican bishop, whose acquaintance I had then, for the first time, the happiness of making, and from whom, as

well as from his *truly* amiable family, I continued to receive every attention and kindness, during a rather prolonged stay in the Holy City. Dr. Alexander, for many years previous to his well-merited promotion, was extensively known in England, and not known alone, but beloved and esteemed by all who enjoyed the privilege of his intimacy; nor did he, as bishop of our church in Jerusalem, disappoint the sanguine expectations that were entertained of him by his numerous friends at home. Placed in a position of exceeding difficulty and high importance, conscientiously and faithfully he discharged his onerous trust; truly, in the Apostle's language, "not as being lord over God's heritage, but being an example to the flock;" "gentle to all men—apt to teach—patient—in meekness instructing those that opposed themselves." Cut off in the midst of his usefulness, in almost the very vigour of his days—seized by his last brief illness in the lone, inhospitable desert—as he bowed his head upon his dying pillow, well might he have said with Paul (like him a "Hebrew of the Hebrews"), "I have fought a good fight—I have finished my course—I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day."

In the year 1845, during the spring of which I visited Jerusalem, the Anglican mission had been for some time established, and, on the whole, was working steadily, and with success. The impression produced by it on the minds of the Jewish residents was highly favourable; while they were accustomed to look on the Greek, Armenian, and Latin churches as both idolatrous and licentious, the English had hitherto been regarded as not professing any religion at all; and after the Jews were undeceived in this respect, by the establishment of a place of worship, where the services of our church were performed with a decorum and solemnity they had been by no means prepared to expect, their curiosity was excited to learn something of our method of worship.

The Jews at once perceived we had neither pictures nor images in our place of prayer; and, struck by this peculiarity, the English church was

set down as not altogether so impure as those of the other Nazarenes; the spirit of inquiry was stimulated amongst the less-bigoted members of the Jewish community; and the failure of a prophecy, relative to the immediate coming of the Messiah, having shaken the faith of many in the authority of their own traditions, a strong inclination to join the Anglican church was at one time manifested by many of the Jews residing in Jerusalem; this movement was, however, promptly checked by the leading Rabbies—and that in a characteristic manner—by an appeal, not to the reason, nor yet to the conscience, but by an *argumentum ad crumenam*, an appeal to the purse. The circumstances were the following:—

The Jew seeks the Holy Land through religious, not worldly motives, and while in it he considers it derogatory to the great end of his sojourn to engage in any merely secular occupation; his means of livelihood are consequently derived from extraneous sources, principally, indeed, from the small annual contributions sent out from Europe, and dispensed by the chief Rabbi of Jerusalem; the Rabbi, then, holding the purse-strings, becomes, to a great extent, the conscience-keeper of his helpless flock; and on detecting the heretical tendency of the younger members of his community, to which I have alluded, the sapient chief had the faltering juniors assembled in the synagogue; he then and there announced his determination of obliging each suspected individual to sign a bond for a large amount of dollars, payable on his embracing Christianity. Whoever did not choose to sign, of course must go without his stipend from the foreign contribution; it was even hinted that the Rabbi had recourse to the bastinado to quicken the calculations of his involuntary audience. The dilemma was tolerably complete, each horn being as keen as a cobbler's awl; to refuse to sign was to starve, to sign and turn Christian was to be booked for a debtor's place in the Turkish prison, about the last spot in the universe in which a poor Jew could desire to find himself. To give you an idea of the description of place a Turkish gaol is, I will relate, in a few words, my visit to the state-prison in Damascus, which

I should say is a favourable specimen of its class.

It was the beginning of July when I crossed the Lebanon, and arriving at Damascus from Balbec, I spent a few days in the "City of the Sun," to see the wonders of this eastern paradise—among the rest the state-prison, after having prepared myself for scenes of misery and distress, by an hour's chat with the lepers in the leper-hospital, who, by the way, are agreeable, conversationable poor souls enough, though disgusting objects in the body.

The state-prison of Damascus is situated in the open *place* in which the palace of the Basha stands, a straggling manufactory-like building, which this prison very nearly adjoins. We entered by a low doorway into a little court, about which an half-dozen dingy-looking guards were lounging; the court itself was nearly monopolised by vendors of various eatables, bread, sour milk, half-ripened fruit, kabobs, and other delicacies then in season. The door of the gaol was wide open, and we were permitted to pass without question into the principal apartment of the prison, a fellow-countryman, at the time a resident physician in the city, kindly conducting us as guide; the room, which was long, low, and miserably ventilated, was thronged with prisoners; their acquaintance, friends, and kindred, squatting, without hindrance, amongst them. The prisoners were chained together neck-and-neck, a yard or so asunder, by a massive iron chain, which was well polished from continual friction; there they lay, miscreants of every degree, squalid, dirty, and dejected-looking, breathing the same pestiferous atmosphere, and enduring each the same amount of discipline; some were wailing bitterly, others cursing, more sleeping, and a comparatively happy few were endeavouring to enjoy the scanty fare provided by the kindness of their immediate friends.

It was some little time before our eyes began to get accustomed to the gloom of this doleful place, into which scarcely a stray gleam of daylight penetrated, and then, half groping our way amongst the captives, we were led into the inner prison; this was a little vaulted room, dimly lighted by a narrow window near the ceiling, and crammed to suffocation. Dr. T. being

in the habit of occasionally inspecting the prisoners, and, where the case admitted, charitably alleviating their distress, was instantly recognised; most of them rose on our approach and saluted us; one dark, savage-looking fellow came forward and, after the Eastern fashion, kissed the Doctor's hand—he had been incarcerated for murdering his wife. On being questioned, he told his tale with consummate effrontery: one year and six months had he been imprisoned for what he seemed to consider a praiseworthy and manly action; he declared he suffered martyrdom in a highly righteous cause, and expected us to join with him in indignation at the treatment he received. A gaunt Bedaween from the Houraun was the next who attracted our notice; tall, spare, and large-boned, long-visaged and swarthy, his keen, black, piercing eyes glancing restlessly from under his striped *koofeeyeh*, chained against the wall, he chafed and fretted in his clanking fetters, presenting no unapt similitude to the demoniac of old. As we addressed him, the stern expression of his features gradually relaxed, and he replied to our inquiries with courtesy. He had been imprisoned, he told us, on the charge of having discovered large treasure amidst the ruins of Balbec, by means of the seal of Sulimaun, the Son of Daood; to compel him to disgorge his gain and give up the mystic ring, he had been put into bonds; "And do you imagine," concluded the Arab, smiling derisively, as he fixed his flashing eye on me, "do you imagine, if I had the seal of Sulimaun I would submit to being cooped up here?" A third unfortunate was an inmate of this den of misery in consequence of having had, unhappily, a very pretty wife. The Basha, then a man of seventy, had heard of the lady's charms, and added her, *sans ceremonie*, to his numerous harem; the husband remonstrating on account of the abstraction of his rib, Joseph-like, was lodged in the prison where "the King's prisoners are bound." But enough of this dismal place and its miseries. Only fancy a poor Jew dragging out his weary days in endless bondage, the scoff, the "scorn and derision" of those around him, dependent for subsistence on the charity of strangers, and cut off from all communion with relatives and for-

mer intimates, who would hate him for apostatising to the Christian faith. The Rabbi skilfully devised the bond, and the movement in favour of our church received a severe, though temporary, check in Jerusalem.

The fervent and deep attachment of the Jew for the Holy City was ever, and still is, one of the leading characteristics of that "peculiar people." The fond remembrance of far-distant Zion, the solace of his sad captivity in days of old, is no less the solace and consolation of his exile in many lands at the present day. Centuries have swept over his race, bringing war and desolation, exile, captivity, and persecution in their train; but neither time, nor chance, nor change have quenched the love for unforgotten Zion in the breast of that nation "peeled and scattered." "If I forget thee, oh, Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning; if I do not remember thee, let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, if I prefer not Jerusalem above my chief joy."

This attachment of the Jew, however, to the soil and city of his forefathers, is not to be confounded with the mere patriotism or love of country which is common to the majority of men of every nation; in him it is a distinct religious principle; he loves his country, not so much because it was the country of "Abraham, of Isaac, and of Jacob," nor yet the theatre of his nation's prosperity and renown of old, but because he remembers it as eminently *The Holy Land*, the land of the God of Israel; he seeks it, then, not as he seeks other lands, from local predilection, motives of safety, or hope of gain, but in order that within its consecrated borders he may wholly devote himself to what he, in his ignorance, believes to be the faith of his fathers; and consequently he considers it, as I have said before, to be derogatory to his personal dignity and holiness to engage in any avoidable secular employment as long as he sojourns in this Holy Land. The Hebrew has indeed a zeal for God, but unhappily it is a zeal "not according to knowledge;" and hence the ignorant superstition and spiritual debasement of the Jew is nowhere so painfully manifested as in his own land. Dr. Wilson, in his interesting book, "*The Lands of the Bible*," has

collected numerous illustrations of this fact, and we will borrow a few of his valuable remarks. In the second volume of his work he tells us, "To a certain extent, the Jews of the Holy Land think that something like a sacramental use may be made of the country, from the simple historical associations with which it is connected * * *. They believe that prayer, offered up within the boundaries of the Holy Land, is most acceptable to God; and such prayers the Rabbinical writers teach them to imagine have something of the merit of the sacrifices which were presented by their fathers, and through which the soil, after a sort, has been consecrated." But sanctity of place is not the only aid which the Jew in Palestine enjoys to ensure efficiency of prayer; they "believe, that there is great merit in approaching the spots where rest the mortal remains of their ancestors and distinguished rabbis and teachers * * *. Standing at the graves, they offer up their prayer to God, not only commemorating the dead, but what is most to be noticed, *soliciting blessings (for themselves) from God, on account of the merit of their dead.*"

"The Jews at Hebron, who are not allowed to enter the cave of Mackpelah, *direct their prayers through a small hole in the wall covering it*, kissing that hole, as I have seen, and rendering idolatrous homage to the place. They act more flagrantly in opposition to the spirit and injunctions of their religion in some other places. When I visited Safed, for the second time, I found many of the Jews of Meirûm in the neighbourhood, at the annual commemoration of Simion Ben Jochai, had been practising rites of *an absolutely heathen character.*"

The allusion to heathenish rites brings to my recollection some circumstances connected with the mysterious disappearance of the capuchin monk, *Padrè Thomaso*, who, if report speaks true, made his exit after a very heathenish fashion, under the knives of some Jews of Damascus.

This *Padrè*, a medical practitioner of some note, much respected by the Jews of the city, with whom he had extensive intercourse, went out one fine day to pay a visit at the house of a wealthy Jew, named (if I mistake not) David Harari; not turning up

before evening, the Padrè's servant, Ibraim, went in search of his master, with the intention of calling at Harari's domicile; from that day to this, neither master nor man were ever heard of.

This very mysterious occurrence caused no small stir in Damascus; seven Jews were arrested on suspicion by the Turkish government, one of whom was put to the torture, under which he immediately expired; while an eighth unfortunate, who came forward to give evidence in favour of his countrymen, was arrested as an accomplice, and hurried into eternity, almost simultaneously with the first of the seven. After depositions of various witnesses having been taken, the judicial investigation was put an end to by foreign intervention, in a manner not exactly satisfactory to the public. Now for my part of the story. A medical man with whom I became acquainted in Damascus, and who appeared to have an intimate knowledge of the details of the case, assured me of the following fact:—"He had," he said, "some years, after the disappearance of this Thomaso, been called in to visit a dying woman at Beroot. This woman believed her hours were numbered, and having, in her own opinion, but a brief time to live, was desirous of communicating to the doctor a dreadful secret which lay heavy on her mind. She said she had been a domestic of the Jew in whose house the Padrè Thomaso was suspected to have been murdered; that the alleged murder had actually been perpetrated in that house, and that she had witnessed the deed. She informed the doctor that on the day of the murder, she, with the other females of the establishment were locked into an upper room; a chink in the mud wall, however, enabled her to see down into the central court in the interior of the building. Here she saw the Padrè enter unattended; he was immediately seized by a party of Jews who lay in wait for him, was dragged into an empty cauldron, placed in the court, as she believed, expressly for the purpose; then stabbed with knives by several of the persons who had seized him, and suffered gradually to bleed to death; the blood, which flowed into the bottom of the vessel, was instantly taken out by the murderers, poured into bottles, and transported

thence to various parts of the Jews' quarter.

"This woman further stated, that the Padrè's servant, Ibraim, arriving in the evening in search of his master, was put to death in the very same manner. She also hinted that the revolting act was perpetrated not through ill-will to the Padrè, but for the purpose of performing some sacred rites connected with the approaching passover."

I do not vouch for the truth of this woman's statement, but I believe I can for the accuracy of my informant in communicating the statement as it was made to himself. If true, it affords a fearful comment on Dr. Wilson's allusion to "rites of an absolutely heathen character" which he witnessed at the annual commemoration of Simion Ben Jochai. The Jews, however, declare they are guiltless, and charitably attribute the accusation to the tyranny and avarice of the Turkish government, which desired, "*suo more*," to find a pretext for squeezing from them their hard-earned piastres. If, however, the reader hesitates to credit the extent to which a Turkish despot may carry his caprices, let him take a lesson from the veritable history of Haiim Farhi, and the Basha of 'Akka. This Farhi, a member of an opulent Jewish family of Damascus, was prime-minister and prime favourite of the famous, which means infamous, Basha of 'Akka (Acre), Achmad, appropriately surnamed Jezzar, or the Butcher. This Basha of 'Akka, as everybody knows, was the first who impeded the progress of Napoleon. A monster of cruelty, not only were his atrocities celebrated abroad, but even in his family circle there was but one inmate who did not bear on his own proper person some outward and visible sign of the butcher-skill in his calling. One was minus an eye, another a hand, a third a foot, and so on through the whole batch of them; for though the Basha might deem it beneath him to diminish his lavish expenses, in one sense, he considered it proper to curtail his domestic establishment; there was, however, one un mutilated man amongst them, and this one was Haiim Farhi. Haiim, it appears from this true chronicle, was a very fine fellow, a great beau, and withal, I regret to say, somewhat of a

coxcorn; yet Haiim increased in wealth and favour in the palace of Achmad. At long last, the Basha summoned Haiim, one day, and thus addressed him: "Haiim," said his master, "you have a fine person, you are very beautiful, you are the most athletic of men. When visitors come, it is *you* not *me* they admire. Every one seems to say, how happy is the Basha to have such a man. Now, because of this, I had some thoughts of dismissing you from your office, but my great love to you prevents that. *You cannot surely, however, have any objection to my putting out one of your eyes?*" Of course the Farhi could not, with any conscience, object to so mild an alternative; and the barber being happily at hand, Haiim the beautiful went out from the Basha's presence Haiim the one-eyed; and he continued in his lord's service, faithfully discharging his trust, while Achmad continued to heap favours on his mutilated minister.

Haiim, we have hinted, was a bit of a coxcorn, and Satan, through this infirmity, got on the blind side of Haiim, beguiling him, by his subtlety, so to arrange and cock his turban, that the visual defect was scarce observable. Next Satan gave the wink to the Basha, and Jezzaz cast his eye on Farhi, so he summoned him again, one day, and thus addressed him: "Haiim," began the Basha, with a sigh, "Haiim, all that I have done has been of no use, you have become as beautiful and as attractive as ever. Haiim, I must cut off your nose." The convenient barber again appeared, and the noseless Farhi dispensed with a pocket-handkerchief for ever.

This was, however, the butcher's *coup de maître*, Haiim, no more "the handsome," harmonised in appearance with the other members of the establishment; he was continued, moreover, in the service of his eccentric master, till the latter died, and then he presided as chief-mourner at the obsequies of his tyrannical benefactor.

Nevertheless, the Israelite's destiny was not yet fulfilled. Gifted as he had been by nature, and perfected by art, the Farhi found no favour in the sight of Achmad's successor, Abdalla Basha; for Abdalla, quite equal to his predecessor in barbarity, was his inferior far in invention, ingenuity, and prac-

tical skill; he honestly desired further to improve our Haiim; but he could not, for the life of him, amend him to his mind; the Farhi hence became to him a perpetual puzzle—the problem perplexed him, and his digestion was disturbed. The Basha got desiptic—something must be done; he hit it off at last, cutting the gordian knot of his difficulties by cutting off Haiim Farhi's head, which, with his impracticable carcase, was cast into the sea. Thus endeth the true chronicle of Haiim Farhi, the Mended Man.

With such a sample of viceregal affection for a favourite, we can easily imagine to what unwarrantable expedients the Basha of Damascus might have had recourse, if he took the whim into his head of varying his ordinary pastimes by a small go of persecution, against the Jews. I do not say he ever contemplated it—but who can say that he did not? Let us change the subject.

The aspect of the Jewish burial-ground over the valley of Jehoshaphat, where countless little marble slabs stray up one side of the Mount of Olives, naturally attracts the notice of even the most cursory observer. I confess I was for a long time quite at a loss to conjecture why that portion of Olivet, denominated the Mount of Offence, had been selected, and why the graves were huddled so closely together that, with room enough on either side, one solitary spot seemed actually peopled by the dead. This choice of a cemetery I found, on inquiry, to be connected with a deep point in modern Jewish theology. We may, in a moral point of view, divide all mankind into three classes, viz., good, bad, and indifferent; and employing a somewhat similar classification, the Jews maintain that three classes of Israelites will rise from the dead (for no one but an Israelite can share in the resurrection)—these are, the just, the reprobates, and the intermediates. The just, persons whose good deeds preponderate, will rise to life eternal. The reprobates, the converse of the former, will rise but to be cast down into hell. The intermediates, a milk-and-water class, the tot of whose virtues and vices is in exact proportion, rise to be plunged into purificatory torments for the space of eleven or twelve months, precise period undecided.

Now "those that are interred within the bounds of the Holy Land (to quote again from Dr. Wilson), and especially at Jerusalem, will be raised directly, and without any difficulty; but those who die, and are found beyond its bounds, must roll like casks of wine through the caverns of the earth, or tunnels made by God, till they reach the valley of Jehoshaphat and the Mount of Olives; hence, the Talmud says, this rolling is a grief to the just" (and little marvel). "We may hence," as Buntorf has remarked, "see how much Jews are interested in returning to their country, and dying there as pious Jews, that they may be freed from the great pain and grievous labour of rolling under the deep waters and heavy mountains." So far we learn the cause of the pious Israelites' anxiety to die and be buried at Jerusalem, a post-mortem locomotion being anything but desirable. Their selection of the ground for the cemetery, however, was directed by a less palpably extravagant tradition, which instructs them, that while the general resurrection is to take place at Jerusalem, the Messiah shall appear on the very identical spot which is occupied by their present burial-place; hence they beautifully and poetically style it, not the place of the dead, but Bethhaim, the house of the living.

Notwithstanding all this devotional attachment to his ancient land, and the strong religious feeling which attracts him to its soil, the Jew in Palestine, like the Jew in bygone times, too generally rests satisfied with drawing nigh unto God with the lips, though the heart be far from him. The "opus operatum," is with him the main object of regard. Witness the palpable irreverence that marks their demeanour in the synagogue, except when actually engaged in answering the responses; the male portion of the congregation is employed in chatting, laughing, or walking about, without a trace of solemnity, or respect for the sacred place or service being discernible; as for the female part, the poor women are either caged up in a latticed gallery, or compelled to cluster in groups outside the door, each, like the Peri in Paradise, directing her inquisitive glance to what is going forward within. The very veneration of the Jew for the law

is displayed by the grossest superstition, a copy of the Torah or Decalogue being carefully soldered into a narrow tin case, and hung over the entrance to their chambers, as old crones with us nail a horse-shoe to a door; it is even believed to avail as an amulet or charm capable of averting evil, or curing the most obstinate disease. "Ah," said a bed-ridden old Hebrew woman to me, as I visited the mission hospital in Jerusalem, "what can the doctors do for me? If I could only touch the Torah I should be made whole." Not exactly comprehending what she meant, I handed her a little tin-cased copy of the Ten Commandments; she grasped it in her emaciated hands, which trembled with anxiety, and her eyes were lit up with a transient gleam of joy. "Are you made whole?" I inquired; she made no answer, fell back on her pillow, let drop the Torah, and turned from me with a sigh.

Sitting one evening with an intelligent German Jew, who used often to pay me a visit at my lodgings, the conversation turned on Jewish religious rites and ceremonies. Alluding to the day of atonement, he assured me that on that day the Jews believe that ministers are appointed in heaven for the ensuing year: a minister over angels; one over the stars; one over earth; the winds, trees, plants, birds, beasts, fishes, men, and so forth.

That, on that day also, the good and evil deeds of every son of Abraham are actually summed up, and the balance struck for or against each, individually. Where the evil deeds preponderate, such individuals are brought in as in debt to the law; and ten days after the day of atonement, summonses are issued to call the defaulters before God. When these are served, the party summoned to appear is visited either with sudden death or a rapid and violent disease which must terminate speedily in death. "But cannot the divine wrath be appeased?" said I. "Not appeased," said my informant; "*the decree must be evaded.*" "How so?" "Thus," he replied. "When a Jew is struck with sudden sickness about this time, if he apprehends that his call is come, he sends immediately for twelve elders of his people; they demand his name; he tells them, for example, my name is

Isaac; they answer, thy name shall no more be Isaac, but Jacob shall thy name be called. Then kneeling round the sick man, they pray for him in these words, O God, thy servant, Isaac, has not good deeds to exceed the evil, and a summons against him has gone forth; but this pious man, before thee, is named Jacob, and not Isaac. There is a flaw in the indictment; the name in the angel's summons is not correct, therefore, thy servant Jacob, cannot be called on to appear." "After all," said I, "suppose this Jacob dies." "Then," replied my companion, "*the Almighty is unjust*; the summons was irregular, and its execution not according to law."

Does not this appear incredible? Another anecdote, and I have done.

On the same occasion we were speaking about vows, and the obligation of fulfilling them. "As to paying your vow," said my Jewish friend, "we consider it performed, if the vow be observed to the letter." He then gave me the following rather ludicrous illustration as a case in point:—There was in his native village a wealthy Jew, who was seized with a dangerous illness. Seeing death approach, despite of his physician's skill, he be-thought him of vowing a vow; so he solemnly promised, that if God would restore him to health, he, on his part, on his recovery, would sell a certain fat beast in his stall, and devote the proceeds to the Lord.

The man recovered, and in due time appeared before the door of the synagogue, driving before him a goodly ox, and carrying under one arm a large black Spanish cock. The people were coming out of the synagogue, and several Jewish butchers, after artistically examining the fine fat beast, asked our convalescent what might be the price of the ox. "This ox,"

replied the owner, "I value at *two shillings*" (I substitute English money); "but the cock," he added, ostentatiously exhibiting chanticleer, I estimate at *twenty pounds*." The butchers laughed at him; they thought he was in joke. However, as he gravely persisted that he was in earnest, one of them, taking him at his word, put down two shillings for the ox. "Softly, my good friend," rejoined the seller, "*I have made a vow not to sell the ox without the cock*; you must buy both, or be content with neither." Great was the surprise of the bystanders, who could not conceive what perversity possessed their wealthy neighbour. But the cock being value for two shillings, and the ox for twenty pounds, the bargain was concluded, and the money paid.

Our worthy Jew now walks up to the Rabbi, cash in hand. "This," said he, handing the two shillings, "I devote to the service of the synagogue, being the price of the ox, which I had vowed; and this, placing the twenty pounds in his own bosom, is lawfully mine own, for is it not the price of the cock?" "And what did your neighbours say of the transaction? Did they not think this rich man an arrant rogue?" "Rogue!" said my friend, repeating my last words with some amazement, "they considered him a pious and a *clever* man." Sharp enough, thought I; but delicate about exposing my ignorance, I judiciously held my peace.

And now, gentle reader, it only remains for me to make my bow—our rambling has come to a conclusion; and, without doubt, you concur with me in opinion, it is high time for my impertinencies to have an end. Well, they have ended; and, perhaps, not inappropriately, with a novel and true history of a COCK AND A BULL.

THE LIFE AND WRITINGS OF DR. CHALMERS.

It is scarce possible to overrate the value of this publication. Scotland has owed to Dr. Chalmers a deeper debt of gratitude than to any other man of our times; and the claims which Chalmers has to the gratitude of mankind are not limited to Scotland, or confined within the boundaries of the section of the Christian Church to which he was formally attached, but are measured by, and will continue to increase with, the triumphs of Christianity and civilisation. The most valuable gift which has been given in our day by Scotland to the literature of Great Britain is, the long series of volumes of this great man's works.

To this series, since the death of Dr. Chalmers, nine volumes have been added by his son-in-law, Dr. Hanna. The series of posthumous volumes is now, we believe, closed; and we take shame to ourselves that it has not been, during the course of the publication of the successive volumes, brought before our readers. The "*Life of Dr. Chalmers*," however, by Dr. Hanna, gives us the opportunity of endeavouring to repair the error.

In the Posthumous Works are several volumes of equal value to any published during Chalmers's life. A good deal of what is thus authentically added to his works has been, indeed, much more elaborated—if we may use the phrase, where there is such directness of communication, and where everything is subordinated to the one great purpose of being distinctly understood,—than in any of his own publications. The courses of lectures for his class, which we suppose to have been repeated year after year, are of this character, and in these there is often great subtlety of thinking, with plainness of speech, so happy in its peculiar way, that it is impossible not to regard the style as the result of attention at one time very anxiously given to the effects of style alone, and a consideration of what effect may be produced on the minds of others, by what would seem the simplest means. In style, however, Chalmers is very unequal; at times the phraseology is

tumid and swelling; at times some one thought occupies pages upon pages of what would seem to us unnecessary illustration; but we have little doubt that the great orator had well considered the wants and the capabilities of his audience. The thoughts illustrated are always essentially true, and undeniably important; and the mind never is left without something to rest on, in every one of Chalmers's essays or discourses. The illustrations may be occasionally fanciful; they may overspread the subject with a "veil of light;" at times his hearers may almost feel fatigue from the iteration of the same truth, in so many varying forms; but it always is a *truth* which is thus illustrated. The proposition pressed on an audience by every aid that a cultivated imagination can suggest, is one which has been worked out by the severest processes of reasoning. It is seldom that we find united in the same person powers that seem as distinct as those of Butler and of Fenelon.

How such a mind was formed—under what domestic influences his childhood was trained—under what discipline of education his youth and manhood were formed—and what he was enabled to accomplish, are questions which many will anxiously ask, and which these volumes of Dr. Hanna will most satisfactorily answer.

Doctor Hanna forbears telling us anything of the legendary history of the Chalmerses of old time, though no doubt they had, like others, their fabulous history of giants, and enchanters, and their titles of descent from worthies of illustrious name; and begins his tale with the year 1700, and with the then little borough town of Anstruther, or Anster, as it is often spelled, with which the family soon after became connected.

Chalmers's great grandfather was minister of the parish of Elie, in the year 1701. He appears to have been indolent and good-natured. His wife was a woman of wonderful activity. Her industry and economy were such, that from the savings of a very slender income the family were enabled to

purchase what is called the *estate of Radernie*; they maintained and educated twelve children, and Radernie still belongs to her descendants. This Chalmers's second son settled in Anstruther, as a dyer, ship-owner, and general merchant. He was succeeded in the same trade by the father of Dr. Chalmers. Dr. Chalmers was the sixth of fourteen children, and was born in Anstruther, on the 17th of March, 1780. The incidents of childhood seem to have been impressed on Chalmers's mind with more than usual power. The cruelty and cunning of a nurse, to whose care he was committed at two years of age, haunted his memory to his latest years. To escape her, he found his way to school at three years old. The schoolmaster was blind, or half blind; his efforts to flog the boys whom he could not see, and theirs to escape, were among Chalmers's favourite stories to the last hour of his life. He was succeeded by a master described as imprudent and incompetent, whose faults lost him his situation, and whom Chalmers's charity assisted to support. Ramsay was his name; and he deserves to be remembered for his suggestions as to what he thought proper treatment for Ireland. "He wrote," says Dr. Hanna, "to the Duke of Wellington, in the true dominie spirit, but with almost as much wisdom as wit, that he could tell him how to do the most difficult thing he had on hand—namely, to cure the ills of Ireland; he should just take, he told him, the taws (the whip) in the tae hand, and the Testament in the tither."

Chalmers's surviving schoolfellows remember him, as "one of the idlest, strongest, merriest, and most generous-hearted boys in Anstruther school."

He learned to read early. The first books that engaged his fancy were, "Gaudentio di Lucca" and "The Pilgrim's Progress." It would appear, that pictures from Scripture history were also among his childish delights; for in his comments on the narratives in the early chapters of Genesis, we find him speaking of them full fifty years afterwards, in the following words:—

"I feel now as entering on the daylight of history, and emerging from the obscurity of its earliest dawn. And I may here record the effect of old associations with the Bible narratives which are now before me. I feel quite sure that the use of the Sacred Dialogues as a school-book, and the pictures of Scripture scenes which interested my boyhood, still cleave to me, and impart a peculiar tinge and charm to the same representations when brought within my notice. Perhaps, when I am mouldering in my coffin, the eye of my dear Tommy* may light upon this page, and it is possible that his recollections may accord with my present anticipations of the effect that his delight in the Pictorial Bible may have in endearing still more to him the holy Word of God. May it tell with saving effect on his conscience, in whatever way it may affect his imagination; and let him so profit by its sacred lessons of faith and piety, that after a life of Christian usefulness on earth we may meet in Heaven, and rejoice for ever in the presence of our common Father."

"Even in infancy," says Dr. Hanna, "he felt the charm which dwells in the cadence of choice and tender words. When three years old he was missed and sought for, and at last found in the nursery, pacing up and down and repeating the words, 'Oh my son, Absalom! O Absalom—my son! my son!'"

In Roman Catholic countries the theological passion develops itself early, and among the children, who, in their sports, mimic every scene of varied life, the future monks and nuns soon begin to insist on their vocation. In Anstruther, among his playfellows, the young Chalmers gave promise of the pulpit-orator. A minister's was the office on which he, from the first, set his heart, and the first sermon of the boy-preacher is remembered by the sister of one of his schoolfellows. He stood on a chair, and was declaiming to his audience—consisting of one individual—on the text of, "*Let brotherly love continue.*"

At twelve years of age he was removed to St. Andrews. Among his contemporaries at college was Lord Campbell. Chalmers had learned too little at school to profit much by the opportunities which college afforded during the two first years of his stay;

* His grandson, Thomas C. Hanna, then in his sixth year.

and, to say the truth, he appears to have been better employed than if he had been more diligent. Stores of health must have been laid in, and this was better than any amount of Latin and Greek. The two first sessions were occupied in playing football and handball. The handball he was particularly expert at, "owing to his being left-handed." In the third year, mathematics became part of his course, and to this he applied attentively, and after awhile, even anxiously. Dr. James Brown was his instructor, and in after life Chalmers acknowledged owing more to him than to all of the other academic men whose classes he ever attended.

For while Chalmers was an admirer of Godwin's "Political Justice," Chalmers's father was a Tory and a Calvinist—and this alone was enough to make Chalmers think there was something of self-assertion in declaring himself a Radical, and in adopting as his religion what he calls Moderatism; "under the chilling influences of which," he says, "we inhaled not a distaste only, but a positive contempt for all that is properly and peculiarly gospel, insomuch, that our confidence was nearly as entire in the sufficiency of Natural Theology, as in the sufficiency of Natural Science." The perfectibility of man, in virtue of the unrestrained exercise of his own powers, seems to have been Chalmers's expectation. Of this hope he, like others, was soon cured. His religious errors continued longer.

In November, 1795, he became a student of divinity. During the theological lectures, his mind appears to have been far away from the lecturer and his discourse, and to have been altogether engaged with his mathematics. Of the professor's orthodoxy he entertained no doubt; but an orthodoxy which consisted only in conforming to standards, was esteemed by him but little. "Calvinism," said his teacher, "should not be too broadly brought forward in pulpit addresses, lest it should be repulsive." "Why not," said Chalmers, "if it be true." This decided with Chalmers, a little too hastily, the professor's sincerity; and so he went on, apparently the most attentive of auditors, but appearing to be attentive only because his attention was fully occupied with his own thoughts.

Jonathan Edwards's works first broke, for a while, the spell of mathematics; the doctrine of Necessity fell in with the speculations of Godwin, and found ready acceptance. The golden chain, binding all thought and all act together in inevitable sequence, and seeming to link the creature and the Creator in one, was for ever present to his mind, and might almost be said to live before the bodily eye. Twenty-four years after, referring to this period, he thus writes:—

"February 26th, 1821.—O that He possessed me with a sense of His holiness and His love, as He at one time possessed me with a sense of His greatness and His power, and His pervading agency. I remember when a student of Divinity, and long ere I could relish evangelical sentiment, I spent nearly a twelvemonth in a sort of mental elysium, and the one idea which ministered to my soul all its rapture was the magnificence of the Godhead, and the universal subordination of all things to the one great purpose for which He evolved and was supporting creation. I should like to be so inspired over again, but with such a view of the Deity as coalesced and was in harmony with the doctrine of the New Testament."

"Alluding to this singular period in his mental history, he has told a member of his family that not a single hour elapsed in which the overpoweringly impressive imagination did not stand out bright before the inward eye, and that his custom was to wander early in the morning into the country, that, amid the quiet scenes of nature, he might luxuriate in the glorious conception."

About this time he visited his elder brother at Liverpool, and a fragment of the journal which he kept during the visit is preserved. Dr. Hanna tells us that the journal exhibits no trace of the philosophical enthusiasm which then possessed his mind; that all the entries are such as would seem to be those of the shrewd son of some honest burgher, with his eyes open for everything that could be turned to any advantage. The journal, made at a time when Chalmers's habitual state of mind was one elevated to the highest heaven of philosophical speculation, was, says Dr. Hanna, "but an early illustration of the speculative and practical, in him so strikingly blended and combined."

His third session at the University was that in which his first essays in

composition were made. In those there was nothing declamatory—nothing that could be referred to the imaginative power. There were broad, deep thoughts, struggling for expression, and it was evident that he sought to penetrate into the very heart of the subject that engaged him. In many young writers, fanciful analogies are substituted for argument; and in even the most advanced period of matured intellectual power, there is danger of the mind being itself thus imposed upon. No length of experience saves some writers from this. Southey, for instance, seems to have linked all his thoughts together in this way; and images, having merely an arbitrary connection with each other, are substituted for argument. Take up his life of any of the religious persons whom he was fond of biographising, and you find in every one of them the narrative carried on, from stage to stage, in language borrowed from some medical theory of the progress of a fever; and the use of this kind of language makes it often exceedingly difficult to ascertain the precise fact, disengaged from the fancies with which it is obscured rather than illustrated. Coleridge's positive and negative poles of Truth, occurring wherever he is, to use his own phraseology, "out of his senses," and "in his reason," do not give his reader much help, and, we suspect, were not calculated to assist his own perception. The Will-o'-the-wisp of Fancy is not a very strong light, even if it were not a shifting one. By it Chalmers was not at any time misled. In his earliest compositions, thought struggled difficultly and slowly into what, at first, was very imperfect utterance. The fluency and perspicuity which afterwards distinguished his style were the result and the reward of great labour during the first year of his apprenticeship to authorship, as this stage of his course may be called, and in truth was. But as the labour was great, the success was on the whole rapid.

"Habits," says Dr. Hanna, "of accurate and easy composition, which, in many instances, it costs half a life-time to acquire to the same degree, were acquired by him within two years; and the ordinary difficulties of expression once mastered, that burning fer-

vour, which glowed with such constant intensity within, got free and natural opportunity of outflow, and, shaping spontaneously the language that was employed for the utterance of thought or sentiment, moulded it into forms of beauty and power."

This is, we think, a little overstated, or perhaps would be true, if confined to Chalmers's pulpit eloquence, in which, whether written before being delivered or not, any compositions intended to be communicated to an audience in that form are referred to a different standard from that which we apply to other writing. Chalmers's style is always lucid, often happy and animated, but so far from deserving the character here given of it, is too frequently diffuse, and redundant beyond all measure.

However, all this had its justifying purpose. It deserves praise, but not the precise praise claimed for it. The effect on a jury is the test to which a bar orator appeals from the criticism of drawing-room readers, who think the reports of his speech lengthy and tedious; and to the test of the actual effect of such of his works as were delivered by word of mouth, either to his congregations or to his classes, Chalmers might triumphantly appeal.

A debating society, in which the present Lord Campbell and Leyden were the chief speakers, was, towards the close of his residence at the University, attended by Chalmers. It is remembered that he spoke on the affirmative of the question, "Is a divine revelation necessary?" and that on another occasion, he discussed the question of predestination in a formal essay. He spoke on the question, "Is man a free agent?" and took the negative. But accidents of this kind are not worth recording as evidence on the bias of his opinions. Leyden was the most eloquent man in the society. His first attempts were unsuccessful—he was laughed at, and deserved to be laughed at; but his invincible perseverance ultimately prevailed, and he acquired the art of popular oratory. A friend of his was restrained by timidity from making the effort to speak:—

"I see what will happen," said Leyden: "I shall, through constant practice, be at least able to harangue; while you, through dread of the ridicule of a few boys, will let

slip the opportunity of learning this art, and will continue the same diffident man through life."

Dr. Hanna gives us one of Chalmers's earliest compositions. It has great vigour, great beauty of style, and is, in its way, equal to anything he afterwards produced. The style is cast much in the manner of Robert Hall; and we should almost have regarded it as an extract from him, had we met it without a name:—

"How different the languor and degeneracy of the present age from that ardour which animated the exertions of the primitive Christians in the cause of their religion. That religion had then all the impressive effect of novelty. The evidences which supported its divine origin were still open to observation. The miracles of Christianity proclaimed it to be a religion that was supported by the arm of Omnipotence. The violence of a persecuting hostility only served to inflame their attachment to the truth, and to arouse the intrepidity of their characters. Enthusiasm is a virtue rarely produced in a state of calm and unruffled repose. It flourishes in adversity. It kindles in the hour of danger, and rises to deeds of renown. The terrors of persecution only serve to awaken the energy of its purposes. It swells in the pride of integrity, and, great in the purity of its cause, it can scatter defiance amid a host of enemies. The magnanimity of the primitive Christians is beyond example in history. It could withstand the ruin of interests, the desertion of friends, the triumphant joy of enemies, the storms of popular indignation, the fury of a vindictive priesthood, the torments of martyrdom. The faith of immortality emboldened their profession of the gospel, and armed them with contempt of death. The torrent of opposition they had to encounter, in asserting the religion of Jesus, was far from repressing their activity in his service. They maintained his cause with sincerity—they propagated it with zeal—they devoted their time and their fortune to its diffusion. Amid all their discouragements, they were sustained by the assurance of a heavenly crown. The love of their Redeemer consecrated their affections to his service, and enthroned in their hearts a pure and disinterested enthusiasm. Hence the rapid and successful extension of Christianity through the civilised world. The grace of

God was with them. It blasted all the attempts of opposition. It invigorated the constancy of their purposes. It armed them with fortitude amid the terrors of persecution, and carried them triumphant through the proud career of victory and success.'

"In November, 1842—more than forty years after the eulogy of enthusiasm contained in this passage was penned at St. Andrews—Dr. Chalmers met in solemn convocation with upwards of 400 of the Evangelical ministers of the Church of Scotland, assembled in Edinburgh to deliberate in prospect of the Disruption; and when, standing in the midst of them, the veteran leader of that noble band sought to stir up all around him to an enthusiasm equal to the great occasion which they were about to face, he took up the very words of this old college exercise, and no passage he ever wrote was uttered with more fervid energy or a more overwhelming effect."

In Scotland—in England—everywhere the young candidate for orders, whose pecuniary circumstances require that his support should be wholly or in part earned by his own exertions, occupies himself in tuition. The family of Chalmers's father was a crowded household—fourteen children—and Thomas did not think it fair any longer to be a burthen on his father's means; and, at the age of seventeen, he left Anstruther, to enter a family, whose name Dr. Hanna does not give, as private tutor. He had to travel to the ferry at Dundee, on horseback; the whole family turned out to bid him farewell. Many were the embracings and the blessings; but, at the last, the final moment of parting came; and, blinded with tears, the poor boy mounted his horse. Alas! for the permanence of any human emotion—bursts of inextinguishable laughter roused him from his reverie. He was, it is true, on the horse's back, in the saddle, but his head was turned to the tail, not to the head of the animal. This was too much; he wheeled round in the saddle as fast as he could, put his horse into a canter, and left Anstruther, manifesting scarcely less glee than in the days of its memorable fair.

" 'Rise, rise, my lads,' the jovial monarch said,

'Here is not now the fitting place to ply

The courtier's and the dancing-master's trade,

Nuzzling the nasty ground obsequiously;

Up, up—put hat and bonnet upon head—

The chilling dew still drizzles from the sky.

Up! tuck your coats succinct about your bellies;

Mount, mount your asses' backs, like clever vaulting fellows.

“ And see that, when the race’s sign is given,
 Each rider whirl his whip with swinging might,
 Or top his whirling cudgel up to heaven,
 That with more goodly bang it down may light ;
 And let the spur’s blood-thirsty teeth be driven
 Through hide and hair, by either heel aright ;
 For ’tis a beast most sluggish, sour, and slow ;
 Be mounting then thy beasts, and range ye in a row.”

“ A hundred whips, high tossed in ether, rung
 Tempestuous, flirting up and down like fire ;
 ’Tween sky and earth, as massy cudgels swung
 Their gnarled lengths in formidable gyre ;
 And, leaping from their further ends, down flung
 A storm of wooden bangs, and anguish dire ;
 Woe to the beastly ribs, and skulls, and backs,
 Foredoomed to bear the weight of such unwieldy cracks !

“ Meantime the rabblement, with favouring shout,
 And clapping hand, set up as loud a din,
 As almost with stark terror frightened out
 Each ass’s soul from his particular skin ;
 Rattled the bursts of laughter round about,
 Grinned every phiz with mirth’s peculiar grin,
 As through the loam they saw the caddies awkward
 Bustling, some straight, some thwart, some forward, and some backward.”

The fun, however, which poor Tenant has so humorously described in his pleasant extravaganza of “Anster Fair,” did not end in dejection and mortification. The evening of the day, which opened so drolly, was one of serious sadness to Chalmers. There is, we suppose, something peculiar in the relation of a tutor to the persons who employ him. We live too far from the world of London publishers to know whether Lamb was right in ascribing to publishers a peculiar hostility to trading authors ; and attributing it to the fact, that the employer of labour, in most other articles of production, was using the services of persons confessedly in an inferior walk of life ; that this was a pleasurable feeling, which did not exist in the case where the work to be done was work of the brain, not of the mere mechanic hand. The English squire or the Highland laird, who employs, at low wages, some young man from college to instruct his children, has possibly some similar jealousy of the tutor’s acquirements. At all events, the relation is not contemplated by either of the parties as a permanent one ; and thus neither is disposed to reconcile himself to its evils, which are regarded as of a kind that may at any moment be put an end to by discontinuing the relation. Chalmers appears to have fallen in with unreasonable people, for

whom little excuse can be made. From the first he regarded himself as treated with slight and disrespect, and he appears not to have been of a very exacting temper. He had ten children to teach, the eldest of whom was but fifteen—“ from seven till nine o’clock in the morning, from ten to twelve in the forenoon, from two to three, and from four till six, he was daily occupied in the direct labours of education.” This was a small part of his grievances. Chalmers lived in his affections, and the total absence of any kindness rendered the place intolerable. However, his stipulation unfortunately was, that he should be treated as his predecessor in office had been, and that predecessor had submitted to many things that Chalmers justly resented as indignities. When there was company, Chalmers was sent his evening meal to his own room, while his pupils enjoyed the privilege of being with the visitors. He soon found the means of remedying this : he had some friends in the neighbouring town, and when a supper occurred, from which he was to be excluded, he ordered one at the inn, to which he invited some of his friends. It was not possible that things could continue long on this footing. He left the family, and returned to St. Andrews in January, 1799. He was now but nineteen. In the course of this year

he was licensed as a preacher of the Gospel, though so young, on the ground of an old statute which allowed a lad of 'pregnant parts' to be *admitted to the ministry* without the usual formalities. "It was one of the tales of his earlier life which he was in the habit of in later years of playfully repeating, that such a title had been so early given to him, and such a dispensation as to age had been granted."

Before, however, Chalmers availed himself of the privileges, he again visited England. Four certainly, and possibly five, brothers of the Chalmerses were to meet at Liverpool. They had not met for years. James, the eldest brother, was established there in business. The fates of each of the brothers is briefly and well told by Dr. Hanna, but we cannot dwell on incidents which do not distinguish them from the common lot. In the course of this visit, Chalmers preached his first sermon at Wigan. The sermon was "well liked," and promised future eminence in the pulpit. His first sermon preached in Scotland was at Pennycuik, in the course of the same year. For the next two years he resided at Edinburgh. We have mentioned the state of excited feeling in which he was left by the perusal of Edwards's works, and the elevation of mind with which he dwelt on the doctrine of Necessity, establishing an invariable order in the succession of the phenomena of nature. There was an elevation of the heart, too, in this, as well as of the intellect, as the personality of the deity was assumed in the language in which this view was presented to the understanding. Edwards had superseded Godwin in Chalmers's mind, and Predestination was substituted in his vocabulary for Inevitable Necessity. But if the views were not identical, they did not contradict each other. To a student in his frame of mind, Baron d'Holbach's *Système de la nature* was not unlikely to do mischief. Chalmers first met it when he was heart-broken with his weary work of tuition. The speculations in which he was engaged were becoming dangerous to health. He was thought going into a state of derangement. The candidates for orders in the Scottish Church are disciplined for their duties by preparatory exercises in public prayer; and a

phrase of his, often repeated in those exercises, is still remembered—"Oh, give us some steady object for our mind to rest on!"

Such was the state of mind in which Chalmers was, when he became acquainted with this work, which we ought to have said is known by the name of "Mirabaud's System of Nature," though not written by him. It would be unfair to Dr. Hanna not to quote his account of this:—

"Instead of the great Being—the abstract though still personal Deity, into rapturous adoration of whom he had been for a time uplifted—Mirabaud placed before him an eternal universe of mere matter and motion, all the goodliest processes of which were but the necessary evolutions of the powers and properties wherewith all its parts had from eternity been endowed. Did the perplexed student point to this or that other wonderful instance of contrivance existing in this universe? Mirabaud informed him that these were but harmonies which naturally occurred, upon matter's original properties developing themselves according to motion's immutable laws. Did he turn to the spirit within him in proof of something different from and above the material universe? Mirabaud would have him to believe that this mind or spirit was the natural result of that wonderful and organised assemblage of material particles which constitutes the human body. Originally nothing—without any innate ideas—without any original qualities of its own—it had no distinct and independent existence, but was only what that material organisation in its different forms and stages made it. Even granting of this mind that it had original beliefs, of which no natural history could be given, what reason was there to think that these beliefs had any actual counterparts in the reality of things? They were true to the mind which entertained them; but true only because of its individual constitution requiring it so to believe. Let another mind be differently constituted, might not its beliefs be different—nay, might they not even be reversed? It was here that the lectures of Dr. Robinson—it was here that the 'single consideration' referred to in the letter quoted above—struck in with such appropriateness of application and with such beneficent effect. Take the faith we all have in the uniformity of nature's sequences—what explanation of its origin can be assigned? To what other common fountain-head of belief can it be traced? What natural history of it can be given? It is not due to experience; for before all experience it exists. It owes nothing to after training; for it is in the very fullness of its strength the first moment that it shows itself.

And is it—can it be an illusion, having no support but that given it by the form and structure of the mind in which it dwells? That cannot be. The outward, the independent, the unvarying testimony of the external world responds to and confirms it. An adaptation like this, between what the mind believes and what the material universe through all her bounds exhibits, an adaptation so singular, yet so universal—the inward expectation met without a single exception by the outward fulfilment—can it possibly be the product of the intrinsic properties of matter—the blind laws of motion? Too audibly to be unheard by any but the ear which wilfully closes itself, such adaptation speaks of a divine and intelligent adapter. For the poor wanderer in that doleful region of universal doubt, who was seeking rest but finding none, Beattie and Robinson opened up more than one pathway of escape. But this, as we have now attempted to describe it, this was the special door of egress by which the happy escape was in the first instance made. Nor, considering what service it rendered to himself, is it to be wondered at that he should be heard so often and so earnestly recommending it to others.”

The lectures of Robinson, and the study of Beattie's works, as Hanna intimates, were mainly instrumental in rescuing Chalmers from what was not only infidelity, but infidelity in its most dangerous form. Butler was with Chalmers a later study.

Chalmers's first sphere of duty was at Cavers, a parish in Roxburghshire, lying along the southern banks of the Teviot. He did not remain long here, objects seeming to connect themselves with professional employment in one of the universities, and we find him for a few years making movements for this object in Edinburgh and in St. Andrews. The parish of Kilmany, as far as we understand Dr. Hanna, was in the presentation of the professors of St. Andrews, and Chalmers received a majority of the votes. He was also appointed mathematical assistant at St. Andrews. It did not answer the objects of the professors at St. Andrews that so formidable a competitor should hold the vice-chair of mathematics, and he was dismissed,—and it would seem on some pretence of insufficiency. The position was one in which a weak man would probably have been driven from any further struggle. Chalmers was not to be thus deprived of what he felt to be an important object. Chalmers went to

St. Andrews, and did the bold thing of opening mathematical classes of his own, and we soon find him with three mathematical classes and one of chemistry. At St. Andrews the triumph was complete; “the very professor upon whom his stroke at first seemed to fall the heaviest was one of the first to extend to him the forgiving hand of friendship.” His duties at Kilmany appear to have been fully performed, and a professorship at St. Andrews was held by predecessors of his in the parish. There seems, however, to have been no unreasonableness in the parishioners wishing the fact could be otherwise. The Presbytery was called into action, and Chalmers was proceeded against for what was called non-residence, as he lived during a part of each week for a considerable portion of the year at St. Andrews. His speech in defence of the course he pursued rested chiefly on the fact that his dismissal from the subordinate office he held was placed on the score of incapacity. He states his attention to his parish duties, and then, speaking of his adversary, says—“He talks of the religious interests of my parish. I know nothing from which religion has suffered so severely as from the disgrace of its teachers. Compel me to retire, and I shall be fallen indeed. I would never more lift up my head in society.” The defence was successful. Chalmers, writing on the day the judgment of the Presbytery was delivered, the proceeding “met the fate it deserved, was quashed and reprobated. The discussions were all in public. A numerous audience attended, and our argumentation lasted two hours.” The contest ended in Chalmers giving up his mathematical classes and continuing his chemical lectures. A vacancy occurred at St. Andrews in the chair of moral philosophy, and Chalmers was an unsuccessful candidate. At Edinburgh the mathematical professorship became vacant—Chalmers was a candidate. Leslie was appointed. In the course of the contest it was alleged that the vigorous or successful pursuit of mathematics or natural philosophy was incompatible with clerical duties and habits. This assertion drew forth Chalmers's first literary publication in reply. The pamphlet attracted attention, but was afterwards suppressed by Chalmers himself as

taking too low a view of the clerical character.

Chalmers was fond of lecturing. He had been listened to with attention at St. Andrews; why not try other ground? He trusted to the shrewdness and good sense of the popular understanding, when properly addressed, and he delivered a course of chemical lectures at Kilmany. Among other experiments the powers of the bleaching liquids were exhibited. "Our minister," said an old woman who listened, "is nothing short of a warlock; he is teaching the folk to clean clothes without soap." "Ay, woman," was the reply, "I wish he would teach me to make porridge without meal." He was refused a pulpit from which to preach a charity sermon for a family in distress, and so he looked for a lecture-room, where, every evening, audiences crowded the room to see chemical experiments, and thus the object was accomplished.

In 1806, his brother George died of consumption. While on his death-bed Newton's "Sermons" were read to him each evening by some member of the family in rotation. It was a book that Chalmers had shortly before denounced from the pulpit. "Many books," said he, "are favourites with you which are no favourites of mine. When you are reading Newton's 'Sermons' and Baxter's 'Saint's Rest,' and Dr. Doddridge's 'Rise and Progress,' where do Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John go to?" Dr. Hanna thinks it probable that some misgivings must have come over Chalmers when he saw the consolation given by this book to his dying brother.

"George died on the 16th of December, 1806. It was the first death of a near relative that Thomas had witnessed, and the deep impression which it made was the first step toward his own true and thorough conversion unto God."

Dr. Hanna soon gets into a pleasanter part of his task. As Chalmers advances in life, and as the time treated of is nearer our own, recollections multiply, and materials for biography become more abundant; of these the most valuable are Chalmers's own journals. A few months after his brother George's death, Chalmers visited his brother James in London. James was in mercantile life—had been

unprosperous in Liverpool, and was beginning the world again in London. We have Chalmers's journal, kept during his visit. He was a voracious sight-seer, and the journal—we have scarce room for an extract—is well worth reading. The effect produced on Chalmers by a stage-coach companion is well described:—

"April 18th.—Found in the coach from Carlisle this morning, a lady and gentleman from Carlisle. The former disposed to be frank and communicative, but apparently under some control from the gentleman, who had probably prepared her to expect a very vulgar company. He had the tone and the confidence of polished life, but I never in my life witnessed such a want of cordiality, such a cold and repulsive deportment, such a stingy and supercilious air, and so much of that confounded spirit too prevalent among the bucks and fine gentleman of the age. They give no room to the movements of any kindly or natural impulse, but hedge themselves round by sneers, and attempt to awe you into diffidence by a display of their knowledge in the polite world. Give intrepidity to weather them out. I sustained my confidence. I upheld the timidity of the company, and had the satisfaction of reducing him at last to civility and complaisance."

He describes Woodstock and Oxford, and at last finds himself in the heart of London. We have the Tower and the Bank—then he is at the hustings at Westminster, and gets near enough to hear the candidates' speeches, for an election is going on. On Sunday we find "the delightful music at Rowland Hill's" commemorated, and "the roaring enthusiasm of another preacher, whose sect was founded by a female mystic, Joanna Southcote." The occasional sight of the Royal Family is in England one of the strongest incentives to loyalty, and the English regard their sovereigns with affection, undoubtedly increased by their being so often seen in all places of public resort. "I was charmed," says Chalmers, "with the cordial and affectionate loyalty of the people." On one occasion he saw the Queen's carriage leave Buckingham House—

"I stood with my hat off; a corresponding notice from her Majesty was the return I got for it. . . . An old gentleman from the country laughed with pleasure; an elderly gentleman was delighted with the smiling countenance of her Majesty and daughters, and remarked that her Majesty was looking

wonderfully well. I saw a glow of reverence and satisfaction on every countenance, and my heart warmed within me."

He sees Windsor, and he loiters at Richmond; return to town, and hears a speech from Sheridan, eulogising Fox; then—what next—what will the presbytery do?—he has already learned to admire church music—he goes to the theatre—the play was *Coriolanus* :—

"The chief actors were Mrs. Siddons and Mr. Kemble. She had few opportunities of coming forward, but showed herself a great and impressive performer, and noble in the expression of heightened heroic sentiment. I was electrified at the drawing out of the dagger, 'to die while Rome was free.' Kemble disgusted me at first; heavy and formal in the movement of his arms, and not able to drop the stateliness of his manner on trivial and unimportant occasions. He is too formal, artificial, and affected; but is more than tolerable—is great and admirable on those grand occasions when nature overpowers art, and the feelings are carried along by the strong, the vehement, and the restless."

He returns to York :—

"I spent an hour in contemplating the glories of York Minster. The objects which struck me most were the circular carved work at the top of the south entry—the beautiful colonnade at the back of the altar—the highly ornamental screen which supports the organ and separates the choir from the nave of the cathedral—the windows on the north, with five longitudinal divisions, richly painted in the pattern style—and above all, the chapter-house, an octagonal room, that displays all the power and elegance of finished workmanship. From the top of the great tower, I surveyed a raised expanse of level scenes thrown into hedge enclosures, bounded at a great distance on the east by a gentle swell, and on the north by two distinct tiers of elevated country. On the west, and particularly the north, the scene loses itself in interminable distance. The two west towers are beset with beautiful pinnacles.

At last he finds himself at Teviotdale, and loiters there a few days with a friend, James Nicol of Traquair, with whose poems, which, however, have long ere now been gathered to the dead, we remember to have been pleased. Chalmers's holidays are all but over. It is Sunday, and he finds himself at Robertson, where he preaches a brilliant sermon on the text, "Look not

on the wine when it is red." He writes, too, a poetical farewell to Teviotdale, which is lost. He delighted to recount his adventures, and used to end the narrative with "this exploit will immortalise us, sir."

The next year of Chalmers's life was an important one. It was passed chiefly in his parish. The success of his pamphlet made him feel the disposition again to address the public through the press.

The decree by which Buonaparte shut the ports of the Continent against British goods, led our merchants to regard the country as on the brink of ruin. Chalmers regarded the apprehension as groundless. The loss which the nation would sustain, on the supposition of the perfect success of Buonaparte's measure, could only be, in Dr. Chalmers's opinion, the loss of imported luxuries—the nation's fund for purchasing those luxuries remaining undiminished, and from being no longer expended on those luxuries, becoming applicable to other purposes. The substance of his argument may be stated in a word. The manufacturer who prepares an article for home consumption is supported by the price which the inland consumer pays for the article. The manufacturer for exportation labours for a return which comes in the shape of foreign luxuries purchased by the inland consumers. In both cases it is from the inland consumer's ability to pay that the manufacturer is supported, and that ability to pay is not varied in any degree by what he purchases. Manufacturers cease to be required, but the nation wants soldiers—so that the enemy who thinks to destroy us by destroying our manufactures finds that, so far from effecting his purpose, he has converted the peaceful citizen into the armed defender of the country. These views Chalmers continued to state through life, and the substance of his book on political economy, published in 1832, is to be found in the volume prepared this year at Kilmany. In the same volume he argued in favour of an income tax on the same principles which he through life continued to advocate. He thought it should be the only tax. In the same essay he argued against the life-long servitude of the soldier, and a system of limited enlistment, such as he recommended in 1808, became the law

in 1847. "It may require," says Dr. Hanna, "more than another thirty years to realise the reform pointed to in the following passage"—

"What is true of soldiers, is true of officers. Their allowance is shamefully little. If you wish to exalt the military character of the country, you must give *éclat* to the military service. You must annex to it the most honourable distinctions; you must reform the vicious system of military preferment; you must banish all political and pecuniary influence; you must institute an inviolable order of preferment, and put it beyond the putrifying touch of money or politics. Let it be a fair race in the career of ambition; and to every office, however humble, let there be annexed the vision of future glory, and the highest anticipations of future eminence."

The book was published—was everywhere in Scotland, admired, and everywhere bought; but in London, Spence and Cobbett were before him, and the public were a little sick of a subject which came before them with wearying frequency. While his London publishers found it hard to sell a copy, Chalmers's dream of success was such, that his friend Wilkie was negotiating the sale of the copyright of the work, or fancied he was doing so. Murray and Miller and the Longmans were tried in vain. The reviewers were silent, or moderately abusive. There was not abuse enough to lift it into notice. Chalmers himself thought of coming to the rescue; but what could he do except he bought the books which he was trying to sell? His visit was interrupted by domestic sorrows: another death in his father's family. A sister of his died, after a few weeks of suffering, of the same disease and with the same hopes as George.

In the beginning of 1809, Chalmers was living at Woodsmuir, a house to which he had removed in the autumn of 1808, and which, lying close upon the Fifeshire coast of the Frith of Tay, was recommended to him by the prospect it commanded of Dundee and the river. It was about five miles from Kilmany. Chalmers made a struggle for an increase of stipend, and his speeches at the Presbytery increased the estimate of his abilities. Though his published book could scarcely be described as very successful, it yet served as an introduction to

the publishers of the "Edinburgh Encyclopædia," to which he contributed some scientific articles. After his sister's death, he asked to be allowed to write the article "Christianity," and Dr. Brewster, the editor, assented. The scepticism of his student life had passed away. Pascal and Butler were the books to which he himself attributed his escape from the state of mind which had grown out of his studies of Godwin and Holbach. When Chalmers' essay on the "Evidences" appeared, many of the discussions were recognised by those who had heard him preach at Cavers, as having been delivered from the pulpit there. Mr. Smith, who had acted as his amanuensis in preparing his work on "The Extent and Stability of the National Resources," and whose connection with him preceded his work on the "Evidences," says:—

"Of the truth of Christianity he had a firm and unwavering belief. He unhesitatingly believed that the Scriptures are the word of God, and that the Christian system is divine. In his conviction, he had been firmly established at an early period of life by reading Bishop Butler's 'Analogy of Natural and Revealed Religion.' He told me that it was 'Butler's Analogy' that made him a Christian."

There can be no doubt that, above all works in the English, or perhaps in any language, Butler's is the work which renders it impossible for the mind that acknowledges a God in Nature, to resist recognising him by the same evidence in the book of Revelation; and yet, it is strange how slowly and how doubtfully it made its way. It was looked on with suspicion even by the educated—for instance, the poet Gray, who dissuaded his friends from the study. When its value was admitted, exceptions were taken to its style, which is, we believe, still often described as cumbrous and clumsy, but which will, we have no doubt, be finally admitted to be of almost unexampled clearness and power. It requires, no doubt, from a reader, fixed and earnest attention—and a sentence is often so shaped as to avoid, without suggesting, difficulties, which it would but embarrass the argument to deal with at the time. We believe that in Dublin College the study of Butler has been more carefully pursued than in

either the English or the Scottish Universities; it was the favourite book of the elder Lloyd—it was made a class-book for undergraduates in the provostship of Elrington, and the best—the only good edition of the book—is that of the present Professor of Moral Philosophy in Dublin University.* In that edition, the collation of the text of the different publications of the work, exhibiting Butler's occasional alterations of the form of expression, will do much to show the "curious felicity" of his style.† When it is said, as it has often been said, that it was Chalmers's "Evidences of Christianity" that made the author a Christian, the meaning in which the phrase must be taken is not, that he was thereby rescued from speculative infidelity, but that, perhaps, stricken into deeper thought by the successive visitations of death in his family, he took a different view of the contents of the Bible. In Dr. Hanna's edition of the posthumous works, there is one very important volume, containing his sermons at different periods of his life. In the earlier discourses, Chalmers declaimed against "*evangelism*, which he then nauseated and despised." About the period of his sister's death, an entire change came over his spirit:—

"It is generally known that some years after his settlement at Kilmany, a revolution happened which altered the whole spirit, course, and object of his life and ministry. He himself believed, that upon the change which then took place his own salvation hinged. He believed that had that change not been realised, he should have stood at last hopelessly condemned at that tribunal before which he has now appeared. Although before that change his faith in the divine origin of Christianity was intelligent and entire—though all the doctrines which our standards teach were fully and unequivocally admitted by him—though as to all the external proprieties of professional conduct, and

many of the most attractive virtues of social life, he might have challenged a comparison with the great majority of the men among whom he lived—yet was it his conviction that the faith which bringeth salvation had not till then been formed—the true and only ground of a sinner's acceptance with God had not been occupied and rested on—the true and only preparation for the services and joys of a holy and blissful immortality had not commenced.

"The history of a revolution upon which, according to the estimate of him who passed through it, his personal salvation hung, must necessarily have an exceeding interest to all who agree in the conclusions to which that revolution conducted him. But should it not also awaken the curiosity of those who, in the absence of such an agreement, have yet a strong general confidence in the entire sincerity and large capabilities of discernment of Dr. Chalmers? They not only do not receive, but they have a strong inward repugnance to those peculiar doctrines, and those peculiar ways—by word and deed—of illustrating and enforcing them, which prevail with a certain class of religionists, whom they are in the habit of regarding generally with a sentiment bordering on contemptuous disgust. They think, that for that sentiment they have good and valid warrant. They believe of those whom they thus pity and despise, that they are very narrow-minded—that they neither see themselves as they are seen by others, nor look with a broad and charitable intelligence along the wide waving lines of human belief. It might serve to shake such out of that confidence wherein they have entrenched themselves, could they be made to see it of another—and that other such a one as they admit Dr. Chalmers to have been—that the very thoughts which they now are thinking, he too once thought—and that all that searching discernment which they credit themselves with, he too once exercised upon the disciples of evangelism—and that the full force of all that recoil and antipathy which they are feeling, he too once felt."

Of Dr. Hanna's memoir of Chalmers it is not easy to speak too highly. The style is vigorous, although diffuse; but

* Bishop Butler's "Analogy," &c. A new edition, with a Life of the Author, copious Notes, and an Index. By Rev. W. Fitzgerald, A.M., Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Dublin. 8vo. Dublin, 1849.

† "If, upon the point of which I treat, I seem to owe anything to any writer who supports the same views, I have no mode of fixing the obligation, so as to make a particular acknowledgment of it, as I should desire; but I can be quite clear that I owe a deep debt throughout to the illustrious Bishop Butler; and I am ready and anxious to acknowledge, that I trace, so indistinctly to his writings the origin of the soundest and clearest views that I possess on the nature of the human mind, that I could not write on this, or any kindred subject, without a consciousness that I was, directly or indirectly, borrowing largely from him."

—*Bishop of Ossory's Two Sermons on the Human Nature of Christ.*

it would not have been easy to have compiled a book in which Chalmers's words must, from the very nature of the subject, be so much interwoven, without the reader having to complain somewhat of diffuseness.

Diffuseness was Chalmers's one great fault, if we think of him as a writer. The overflowing language of the pulpit, and of the lecture-room, in which, with affectionate earnestness, he sought to urge some one important truth on congregations or pupils was, without his perceiving it, transferred to works, which would have been more clear, if unaccompanied by the profuse illustrations which are for ever supplied from the stores of a very prolific fancy. A more severe style than Chalmers's would have better suited some of the subjects which he was fond of discussing; and this diffuseness was unfortunately most remarkably exhibited in his articles for Reviews, and the class of papers in which the public is patient of anything but over anxiety on the part of a periodical writer to enforce his own opinions. The results, and not the process, of reasoning, is sought for in publications which it is in vain to expect people to take up with all the preparation necessary for graver study; but, as we have said, Chalmers's was a strictly logical mind—his illustrations never led himself astray—and in many of the forms in which he communicated with the public, secured him a wider audience.

To Ireland there are many reasons why the memory of Chalmers should be dear. Almost his last labours in the cause of humanity were his communications to the *North British Review*, in connexion with Irish distress. His testimony, "the most instructive, perhaps, that was ever given before a Committee of the House of Commons"—his testimony on the State of the Poor in Ireland—against a compulsory provision for the poor; which, had it been regarded with the attention it deserved, might have saved our unhappy country from the heaviest infliction that has ever been imposed on a people, ought never to be forgotten by Ireland. For the sake of the lesson of kindness and of

true charity which it teaches we transcribe a sentence:—

"My objection against a compulsory provision for pauperism is not to save the pockets of the wealthy, but to save the principles and the character of the poor. May I be permitted to say upon this subject, with reference to the difficulties between Catholics and Protestants, I have felt those difficulties so very conquerable by friendship and kindness, that I feel more and more impressed with the importance of a good Protestant clergy in Ireland. I think that, with good sense and correct principle on the part of the established ministers, a right accommodation on this subject would not be difficult in any parish. I hold the Established Church of Ireland, in spite of all that has been alleged against it, to be our very best machinery for the moral and political regeneration of that country. Were it to be overthrown, I should hold it a death-blow to the best hopes of Ireland. Only it must be well manned; the machine must be rightly wrought, ere it can answer its purpose; and the more I reflect on the subject, the more I feel that the highest and dearest interests of the land are linked with the support of the Established Church, always provided that church is well patronised. I know not what the amount of the government patronage is in the Church of Ireland, but in as far as, in the exercise of that patronage, they, instead of consulting for the moral and religious good of the people, do, in the low game of party and commonplace ambition, turn the church livings into the bribes of political suberviency, they, in fact, are the deadliest enemies of the Irish people, and the most deeply responsible for Ireland's miseries and Ireland's crimes.

Chalmers was a great man. "You cannot substitute any epithet for great when you are talking of great men. Greatness is not general dexterity carried to any extent, nor proficiency in any one subject of human endeavour. There are great astronomers, great scholars, great painters, even great poets, who are very far from great men. Greatness can do without success, and with it. . . . Greatness is not in the circumstances but in the man."†

In the work from which we have quoted the last sentence, we think it has been remarked, but we are unable to find the passage, that there is a strong general similitude between the men whom the world acknowledges as great. In the man to whom you apply

* Senior—"Letter to Lord Howick," 1831.

† "Friends in Council," Book I. By the Author of "Essays in the Interval of Business."

this epithet, you have "a man who can own himself in the wrong, can forgive, can trust, can adventure, can, in short, use all the means that insight and sympathy endow him with." In Chalmers's every act—in Chalmers's every word—you feel the whole man is in action; the whole man—for with him the mental faculties seem but subordinate and instrumental, and the mind itself, the conscious minister of a higher power, a "fellow-worker

with God." His earnestness—his single-heartedness—his sublime simplicity, won the affections of all, and were even more influential than his genius, if indeed his genius can be thought of, disconnected from the many excellencies through which it was manifested.

We have exceeded the limits to which we had intended to confine ourselves; we must soon return to this subject.

A.

RECENT NOVELS.

To keep up with the current of this description of literature is a labour of no ordinary difficulty. The press is literally teeming with works of fiction, the manufacture seems to be unlimited, and the task of selection alone is, even to the most zealous critic, by no means an easy matter. To pick out a few worth notice, many must be read, and such an occupation is by no means one either of instruction or of profit. Although we are quite ready to admit that of late years there has been a great improvement in the quality of the article brought into the market—although novels which would have been read with avidity twenty, or even ten, years ago, would not be tolerated at the present day, and the pernicious rubbish once so eagerly devoured now slumbers peacefully enough in the dusty back shelves of the libraries, yet much remains to be done. With the exception of a few leading writers, whose merits are universally recognised, there is a sameness of incident, a want of invention, as well as of knowledge of human nature, only too apparent in the great mass of their undistinguished contemporaries. All this, doubtless, proceeds from the fact that books, instead of mankind, are made too much the objects of their study; and so long as this continues to be the case—while the highest range of fictitious composition must always be inventive genius—we need never expect to have either original or very amusing books. We are quite sure that some of the

mischief may be traced to the injudicious mode of puffing resorted to by publishers who wish to force their books into notice. We constantly see in the daily journals, in the advertisement which announces the appearance of a novel, a string of what are called opinions of the press with reference to its merits. Whether these opinions are genuine or not, we have no means of ascertaining; but there can be no doubt they have too often the effect of misleading the public, who, generally reluctant to take the trouble of judging for themselves, accept, without any distrust, the opinion of the critic, whose profession, they think, qualifies him to be a competent judge of such matters; and the manufacturers, thus emboldened by success and impunity, persevere in attempts which plenty of others, inspired by their example, are only too prone to endeavour to imitate. It is one great comfort, however, that little, save a mere transient popularity, is ever gained by this nefarious proceeding. The works, thus forced into notice, pass away into speedy oblivion, and the only result of permanent evil is the mischief we have adverted to, which, unfortunately, remains behind.

It is a considerable time since we have had the good fortune to read a tale which has delighted us more, by its simple and touching pathos, and the picturesque beauty of its representations, than the first which is contained in these volumes.* The plan which the accomplished writer has

* "Pride and Irresolution; a new Series of 'The Discipline of Life.'" 3 vols. London: Henry Colburn, Great Marlborough-street.

proposed to herself is one of no ordinary difficulty. It has been attempted before without any very signal success; and although we do not mean to assert that the authorship of this novel has altogether failed, yet we do think that a too strict and rigid adherence to the peculiar method she has adopted, has materially interfered with the characteristic truth and interest of the performance. The peculiarity of the plan adopted in these volumes consists in an attempt to limit the interest of the story to the development of one marked passion, or one grand defect, tracing it in all its successive stages, and endeavouring to exclude, as much as possible, the consideration of minor and subordinate passions or imperfections. We think such a plan is calculated to diminish the interest of the reader, as well as to mar the effect of the writer's representations.

The skilful delineation of character is, at all times, a work of no ordinary difficulty; but the difficulty is materially increased when the attempt at its delineation is narrowed to the representation of one single passion—its growth, progress, and influence upon the incidents of life. The field of representation, as well as of observation, becomes more limited, and the task, which apparently becomes easier, is in reality by far more arduous; for it is an attempt to achieve an object which is nearly impracticable, by means very ill-calculated for its attainment. The restriction of our observation and our sympathies to one grand feature of character has the same effect in spoiling the interest, as if one who looked at a picture were obliged to examine it through an instrument which admitted one leading object only within the sphere of his vision, while the background, as well as all the subordinate figures, were alike excluded from his view. In this peculiar plan there is, besides, a manifest inconsistency. The growth of one single passion must necessarily be attributed, more or less, to the influence of others. The history of its origin, and the observation of its progress, is therefore incomplete, unless an opportunity is afforded us of examining the sources whence it springs, as well as the influences by which it is increased or modified. If the range of our observation is thus extended, our interest is materially increased; but what

becomes of the original plan? It must evidently be either materially deviated from or abandoned altogether.

The story opens by a history of the owners of Keavor Hall, whereof the last proprietor was a certain Mr. Greville, a gentleman of considerable fortune; he had two sons, but the younger was his favorite; he disliked the elder on account of the singular placidity and indolence of his disposition. Accordingly, he resolved to leave the bulk of his property to the younger, and having added to his will a proviso that in case the one should have a son and the other a daughter who should marry, that then the property should again be reunited in them, he departed this life. One part of the contingency which Mr. Greville had contemplated had come to pass: his eldest son had a daughter, Susan—the younger, a son, Julian; and the interest of the story begins to open at the time when, both of them having grown up, it was necessary that their sentiments upon the subject of their future fate should be ascertained. Accordingly, Julian, who has been educated in Italy, pays his first visit to Keavor Hall full of the anticipations, the hopes, and the fears common to gentlemen under such circumstances. The extreme beauty and gentleness of his cousin, however, prove a very agreeable disappointment—his fancy is attracted, and he has been a very short time an inmate of the Hall before he becomes her accepted lover. For some time matters go on smoothly. The lovers bask in the very sunshine of felicity, until a capricious beauty from London, a certain Miss Vere, makes her appearance upon the stage. Her radiant charms, which are enhanced in Julian's eyes by her splendid musical accomplishments, contrast strongly with the simple beauty of his cousin. Gradually he begins to falter in his allegiance—each day beholds him grown more wilful and capricious; and he ends by transferring his affections from one to the other. The gradual change had not escaped the observation of Susan; and she avails herself of the first opportunity of setting her faithless lover free from his engagement to her. The nobleness of nature and gentle self-devotion with which she accomplishes this delicate duty, fill Julian with admiration and sorrow. He is struck with remorse at the heartlessness and

cruelty of his conduct, which, for the first time, appear before his eyes in their true colours. He implores forgiveness for the injury he has done, and he is again received upon his former footing in the favour of his gentle cousin. But, alas! for the inconstancy and irresolution of man! once more he yields to the influence of the syren who has sung away his heart; he is overheard by his cousin saying, "Ah! Susan, what have I not given up for thee!" This fresh instance of the perfidy of her professed lover proves too much for her delicate and sensitive frame: she is seized with an alarming illness, which brings her to death's door, and from the effects of which she never altogether recovers. Overwhelmed by the misery his cruelty has worked, Julian is again in despair; he is again forgiven; and the health of his cousin having been partially restored, they are married. For a short time his affection knows no bound—they are completely happy, and the life of Julian is devoted to the gentle offices of love and tenderness. But his restless nature soon becomes weary; he pines for excitement and change. The fatal syren, Florence Vere, now Lady Mortimer, having arrived in the neighbourhood of Keevor Hall, a casual meeting with her leads to a renewed intimacy; and the spells of her who had wrought him so much misery once more are cast around him. A proof, which had been accidentally discovered by his wife, of his sentiments thrown into poetry, fills to the brim the cup of misery he had forced her to drink. She is seized once more with a fresh attack of her former illness; and this time neither prayers, nor protestations, nor resolutions of amendment prove of any avail. The gentle and loving Susan dies, a victim to the reckless inconstancy of her husband.

Such are the main features of this little tale; sad enough, indeed, but not devoid of a useful practical purpose, if considered as it truly is, a portion of the "discipline of life." The story of a tender, true, and loving nature is an old one; but it has seldom been better told than now. The character of Susan is as perfect as it is possible for any human creature to be—perhaps it is too perfect to be quite true to nature; and had a little of the alloy of mere earthly feeling

been mixed up with it, we should have regarded the effect of the whole with greater pleasure. But as the gentle Susan stands before us, living and breathing on the canvas of the accomplished artist whose genius has called her into life, we must, one and all, bow down and offer the homage of our heartfelt admiration and regard. Each successive passage in her history seems but to draw her closer to our hearts; and we feel, when she is at last removed from the chequered scene of her many sorrows and her few joys, as if some friend whom we had tried and loved had passed away from a world of trouble to a home of rest.

As to the character of Julian, we must dispose of it in two words. He is an unmitigated scoundrel. With the best intentions, his portrait the author has, we think, overdrawn. She never meant, we feel convinced, to paint the darker shades of his character in colours so deep. To the softer sex, who are accustomed to judge mankind more leniently, that species of inconstancy displayed in the conduct of Julian might appear less unpardonable than if it were submitted to the sounder and more unerring test of man's judgment. Tried before such a tribunal, in every particular of honour, chivalry, truth, or justice, Julian is wanting. He is about one of the most recreant and false-hearted knights that ever bowed his head in the lists of beauty. Such is not the effect, we feel convinced, the author *meant* to convey, but such is the effect which this picture must produce upon every impartial and every candid mind. The gifts of genius, talent, and manly beauty, instead of redeeming, as the artist probably intended they should, the baser qualities of his nature, make him only the more thoroughly detestable; and no defect of education or of early moral training can be pleaded in extenuation of thorough baseness and want of heart. This is a great mistake; it is one, however, into which the author of the "Discipline of Life" has doubtless been led by an observation of the works of her literary contemporaries. Most of the female writers of the day, when they wish to paint a hero, seem to consider it absolutely necessary, in order to render him attractive, that his conduct in regard of his dealings with their own sex should be marked by baseness and cruelty. Wishing, as we

sincerely do, the accomplished author-ess of these volumes every possible success in her literary undertakings, we invite her attention to this grave error; and if, instead of selecting for her models those writers to whom we allude, she will only think for herself, we feel assured her own good taste and fine mind will in future lead her to avoid an error which nothing can justify.

Among the figures which occupy subordinate portions in the picture before us, that of Aunt Janet, the stiff, thin, healthy-looking old maid of seventy years and upwards, is perhaps the best. There is more of reality about her than the others; and it strikes us very forcibly that she is drawn from life. She certainly is an excellent representative of a class with which most of us, at some period or other of our lives, have had the misfortune to come in contact. With many excellent qualities, the life of Aunt Janet seemed passed in an endeavour, which was only too successful, to conceal them. Irritable and independent, meddling in every person's business, the main object of her life seemed to be to render herself as disagreeable as a person with some acuteness, some malice, and a soured temper, could make herself. Delighting in the infliction of pain and discomfort upon those by whom she was surrounded, the species of annoyance that she was most covetous of inflicting was less real pain than those petty annoyances which to sensitive minds become so intolerable. To adopt the simile of our author, "she would not have stabbed her worst enemy with a dagger, but she would have found intense satisfaction in sticking pins into the body of her victim." To complete the picture, with these unamiable propensities Aunt Janet had a good heart as well as a comfortable independence; she preferred to inflict her presence where it was not wanted rather than to live alone; and, uninvited, she had succeeded in establishing herself for five-and-twenty years at Keevor Hall, where she tyrannised with a sway of iron over those whose low spirits and weak nerves rendered them unable or unwilling to dispute her influence.

For Vivian, the friend of Julian, Mr. Painter, the election agent, and the elder Greville, we have not much

to say; there is but little force, vigour, or originality about any of them; they are all beings of a class with which the circulating-libraries have made us tolerably familiar. They have little or nothing to do with the progress of the story, which would have gone on quite as well without their presence. The introduction of such characters, for the mere purpose of "filling up" is a practice only too prevalent amongst novel-writers, and it is one which cannot be too highly condemned.

We would willingly, did our space admit, give many extracts from this very beautiful little tale, which abounds in passages of the most tender and touching eloquence; but of the portions which we had marked we must confine ourselves to one only, and that is the marriage-scene with the doomed bride, which is touched with exquisite grace:—

"There was the picturesque old church; the eager, curious faces of the villagers; the venerable old clergyman, and the still more venerable-looking father, whose stooping posture and long white hairs spoke of age, but whose calm, unwrinkled face (so often seen in those whose feelings have been of a tranquil kind) made it an age of beauty. There was the bright stream of light from the richly-stained window, on the group at the altar—on the bridegroom, whose marvellous, yet troubled beauty, reminded me, at the moment, of some fancy of a fallen cherub—on the fair, fading, fragile bride; and contrasted with her, in their bright and joyous youth, on the two childish bridesmaids (grand-daughters of the clergyman) who knelt at her feet. And then, a little to the side, the quaint, stiff-looking aunt, in her dress of half a century old; and one who stood with down-cast eyes and folded arms—a picture of concentrated feeling of resolute will, of love victorious over despair. Susan was perfectly herself, but Julian was restless; still his voice trembled as he rather endeavoured to speak, than actually spoke the vows; and when the ring was placed in his hand, his fingers shook so nervously that he dropped it on the cushion beneath his feet, a circumstance which I saw created considerable consternation and stir among the villagers.

"But it was over at last; and the last I saw of Julian on that day was the warm, smiling, cordial shake hands with which he parted from George Vivian at the church door. Any action of a decisive nature was painful to him; irritable as he was, it was not, perhaps, strange that it should be so. When it was done, he was at peace."

The full force of the observations which we made at starting, upon the difficulties incident to the peculiar style adopted by our author, will be felt at once, in considering the second tale, which is contained in three volumes. We do not think it by any means equal in point of interest to that which preceded it. The design of the author is to delineate the evil consequences of the passion of pride. The story opens with considerable animation, but as we proceed the interest begins to flag, and we wander on, without finding much to compensate us for our trouble. There is another thing peculiar to this author in the mode of relating her stories, which here strikes us in its full incongruity. Adopting the form which has been invented or introduced by the writer of "*Emilia Wyndham*," the author professes to relate occurrences which have passed within the sphere of her own observation, deeds which have been done, and sayings which have been said by personages with whom she has mingled. Such a plan, although, doubtless, convenient for the introduction of such observations and reflections as occur to the writer, has many disadvantages. We can very readily conceive Mr. Grantley to have been a resident at Keever Hall, and to have had ocular proof of the facts which he relates. We do not care to inquire too curiously how he comes there, or what his business is; but when the same gentleman, transferred from the Hall, where we left him comfortably settled, makes his appearance at Mowbray Castle, and begins a new story, surrounded by a different set of actors, then the clumsiness of the contrivance begins to strike us, and we marvel how he comes there, and where he goes to when the play has been played out; and we take our leave of him at last with the uncomfortable apprehension that we have been listening to the garrulous gossip of some "chiel" who has availed himself of the hospitality of his friends to jot down their sayings and doings, and to publish to the world family secrets which never were intended for the edification of circulating-library readers, or to be purchased by Mr. Colburn for so much current coin of the realm. Be this, however, as it may, to Mowbray Castle comes the raconteur and relates the following tale:—

"Mowbray Castle was a fine old building standing upon a rising ground, and surrounded by a wide expanse of noble woods, stretching away into the distance. The view of the house was partially interrupted by magnificent oak trees, which grew somewhat fantastically on a slope of broken uneven ground. It was a dull day, but a gleam of sunshine burst for a moment from the cloudy sky, and threw a variety of light and shade over the range of hills which made the background to the view."

Such was the castle, the proprietor whereof was an indolent gentleman, fond of passing the day in his dressing-gown reading French novels. His daughter, for he had an only daughter, is better worthy our attention. The interest of the story begins when she is eighteen, and about to be married: her beauty is undeniable; of a figure slight and graceful, with a classically-shaped head, over which were braided in profusion the tresses of her rich black hair; features chiselled as if from marble; beautifully clear complexion, dark deep eyes, with shadowy lashes, and an intellectual brow—her charms alone were sufficient to bring crowds of lovers to her feet, putting her dowry altogether out of the question, for she was reputed to be a great heiress. The Earl of Rochford, a peer whose estates adjoined to those of Mowbray Castle, had been selected by her parents as the man most worthy of their daughter's choice; probably they were influenced by no better reason than the circumstance that he had forty thousand a-year. He was a tall nobleman, not remarkably ugly, but rather ungainly and awkward; he was silly, without being amusing, and pursued the avocations of his life, which were hunting and shooting, with a solemnity and perseverance worthy of better objects. This earl, notwithstanding his vast possessions, was desirous of increasing them; he had therefore cast his eyes upon the heiress of Mowbray Castle as a person whose beauty qualified her to be a countess, and whose wealth rendered her worthy of the additional honour of being made his wife. Under these circumstances he pays his first visit at the Castle, where a large number of guests are invited in honour of the auspicious occasion. Among the number comes a certain Mr. Lovel, who, although only a clerk in the Treasury, was a person of very an-

cient Scotch family, and greatly distinguished by his own personal advantages. At twenty years of age he had been left an orphan, and although possessed of talents of no common order, a vast deal of energy, and a considerable amount of ambition, he had hitherto been unable to discover anything of sufficient interest to call them into action; possessed of an adequate competence, he had not the spur of poverty to goad him into action. Hence, at four-and-twenty, he had exhausted life by a premature enjoyment of all its pleasures, with some of its dissipations. His manners were engaging and unassuming, his appearance interesting, and the only success which he had ever thought it worth his while to achieve was that social popularity by which he was eminently distinguished. Between this gentleman and Miss Mowbray sprung up sentiments of no common interest. She is in danger of becoming seriously attached to him, when her parents, touching judiciously the key-note of her temperament, call upon her to recollect the wide difference in popular estimation between being the proprietress of a coronet, with forty thousand a-year appended thereto, and the wife of an humble clerk in the Treasury.

This suggestion is decisive of the struggle between ambition and love. Lovel's proposal is rejected with scorn, and the beautiful Miss Mowbray becomes the affianced bride of the Earl of Rochford. Such is the position of affairs, when strange things come to pass which work an alteration in her fortunes: her father has been detected in some discreditable gaming transactions, that end in ruin to his personal character, and in a complete exposure of the state of his circumstances, which are found in a condition so embarrassed that he is obliged to part with all his property, and retire to the Continent upon a slender pittance allowed by the charity of his creditors. The Earl of Rochford, when these circumstances become known, declines the contemplated alliance, and Miss Mowbray, by her father's death, is cast upon the world entirely destitute. For some time she supports herself by giving instructions in music, and gains bitter experience of the cold neglect and contumely with which those who have the misfortune to be poor are

regarded by the world. She is at length relieved from these struggles through the kindness of a maternal uncle, who receives her into his home, and lavishes upon her the utmost tenderness and affection. While a resident in his house, chance throws her once more into the society of her rejected lover, who, in the meantime, by the unexpected death of several relations, has succeeded to a handsome fortune, as well as a title. He renews his addresses, but the same fatal pride which had formerly influenced her conduct, still leads her to reject him. The idea is intolerable to her, that he should suppose any mere change in her own fortunes could have the effect of inducing her to listen to proposals which, in her days of prosperity, she had declined. The influence of time and reflection, with a due perseverance on the part of her lover, gradually work a change in her character; and an accidental meeting having put Lovel into possession of the motives by which she had been actuated, everything is happily arranged, and the curtain falls upon the end of all comedies. We must content ourselves with one extract from this story, which shall be the death-bed scene of little Grace Freeland:—

"The hours went by, and Ada still sate immovable—immovable as the senseless child before her.

"At dawn of day, Lord B—— entered the room again. By the light of the fading lamp he fancied, after contemplating her for a moment, that there was a change in the countenance of the little girl. He extinguished the lamp, gently opened the shutters, and suffered the sunlight to fall upon her face. The effect was almost immediate. Her eyes opened; a smile, like a glory, illumined her pale features; she stretched out her hand and faintly murmured—'The sun—the sun.'

"'It is the sun of another world,' Lord B—— said, sadly, as he turned from the child, whose countenance, even in its brightness and beauty, was shadowed with the approach of death, to the eager gaze of hope that lit up Ada's eyes.

"The smile faded—the eyelids closed; but the pale lips began to move. Ada stooped nearer, and soft and sweet she heard the concluding verses of the Child's Evening Hymn:

"I lay my body down to sleep,
Let angels guard my head;
And through the hours of darkness keep
Their watch around my bed.

“With cheerful heart, I close mine eyes,
Since Thou wilt not remove;
And in the morning let me rise
Rejoicing in thy love.’

“The last verse was repeated, as with pain and weariness. And when she had done, the child languidly turned her head aside.

“Grace!’ cried Ada, pressing her lips on her cheek, with such a piercing voice as might wake the dead.

“Grace moved again—opened her large blue eyes—fixed them on Ada—smiled—and died.”

We hope sincerely no long time may elapse before we have, once more, the pleasure of meeting on the stage of literature with the gifted writer of these volumes. For sweetness, true pathos, beauty of tone, and feeling, her writings may stand the test of comparison with those of any of her contemporaries. The keen eye of criticism is softened, as it dwells upon those sunny pictures of love and tenderness, which everywhere meet its glance—

“A thing of beauty is a joy for ever.”

In these pages we feel its presence, and cannot fail to participate in the emotions to which it gives birth. And, when the faults, which are incident to haste and inexperience, shall have been corrected, we anticipate that the accomplished writer may yet occupy a distinguished position in the literature of her age and her country.

It is scarcely necessary for us to inform our readers—the title of the work we are now about to notice being sufficiently indicative of the fact—that this story is designed to illustrate the consequences of marriage without reciprocal affection.* In these sordid days, when Mammon wins much more fervour of devotion than love—when matrimony becomes, too often, a subject of speculative ambition, such a tale may have moral uses not less instructive than the most learned homily—and such is the moral which adorns this story. The characters and incidents are somewhat involved—at least sufficiently so to render it a task of difficulty to condense and simplify

an intelligible abstract, without being a little prolix. This confusion is caused, in some degree, by the want of continuity in the plot. A great gap suddenly occurs in the middle of the action, and an effort of memory is thus rendered necessary in order to gather up the broken threads of the narrative. With the exception of this defect—and it is a considerable one—the story, thus told, is one of great interest, and highly creditable to the abilities of the writer. We shall endeavour to give our readers as adequate an idea of the incidents as, under the circumstances, is possible, and we cannot better commence it than by extracting a short but very graceful and charming description:—

“The pale rays of a chill spring afternoon are shed upon the reviving verdure of Old England, and stealing through the wide casement of one of her fine baronial halls, cast a cold light over a large and lofty apartment.

“The light is cold and feeble, but all else in that noble room is warm and cheerful. The walls are hung with pictures, every niche and corner filled with books, every chair, every table fitted well to the position it occupies—as if it had stood there for years. The furniture wears a substantial, luxurious aspect, which would seem to persuade you that it is as indigenous to the mansion as the stalwart oaks to the woods of Eskdale Park. Perhaps its lineage is, in fact, as unblemished, and it has been fashioned from the patriarchs of an older race, who have been supplanted by the haughty monarchs, here spreading their knotted branches in conjunction over these rich domains. Soft carpets shield the kindred oak of the floors. A bright wood fire blazes in the polished grate. What can romance find to arrest our attention in a scene so comfortable and so common place? Can the lady sitting yonder be the heroine? or the grave gentleman beside her our hero? She is young, but she is not handsome—he is handsome, but he is not young.”

This young lady, the occupant of the room we have just described, is Mary Bruce, the heroine of the story. She is, besides, a great heiress. Her father, an opulent merchant, dying suddenly, had left her to the charge of Sir Edward Eskdale, and Mr. Foster, the clergyman of the parish,

* “Hands not Hearts; a Novel.” 3 vols. By Janet Wilkinson. London: Richard Bentley, New Burlington-street.

by whom she had been brought up with the most tender solicitude.

Thrown, however, by the chances of life into the society of the Eskdales, Sir Edward, being in embarrassed circumstances, looked to the fortune of the young lady as a means of retrieving his family circumstances, and accordingly resolved, if possible, to marry her to his nephew, which object he eventually succeeds in accomplishing by a series of manœuvres, not very creditable, if we consider the relation in which he stood to the girl who had been confided to his care. He believed his nephew, however, to be worthy the happiness he had destined for him; but, shortly after the marriage had taken place, circumstances transpire to shew that he had contracted embarrassments on his own account—that he was in short little better than a ruined gambler. Any affection engaged in this ill-assorted match exists upon one side only; and the unfortunate Mary Bruce too soon discovers that she has confided her happiness and her welfare to one who has but little regard for such treasures. As to love, he had none unfortunately to bestow; he had contracted an engagement with a young lady whose affections he had won, but whom he coldly sacrificed at the shrine of ambition. This short recital brings us to that tragic circumstance which forms the main incident of the story. Different and conflicting circumstances—hatred of his wife—love of another—pecuniary difficulties—baffled hopes and ruined prospects—have driven the unfortunate husband to the verge of madness. In a moment of phrenzy he meditates his own destruction, but his wife chancing at this moment to enter the room, he turns the weapon which he had intended for himself against her, fires, and the murderer in intention becomes an outcast. The wound, however, did not prove fatal: Mrs. Eskdale slowly recovers, after painful and protracted suffering. At this point of the story the great gap to which we have already adverted takes place; we are suddenly called upon to leap over a chasm of more than twenty years. This long lapse of time brings with it its usual changes—a new generation has grown up—and we are called upon to witness the loves and the sufferings of a fresh set of actors,

with whose parents we had the advantage of being acquainted. Upon the flight of Mr. Eskdale, it has been discovered that his embarrassments were of a nature so serious, that he has contrived to squander nearly the whole of his wife's ample fortune; she is therefore obliged to support herself and her son upon a slender pittance. Arrived at the age of discretion, the independent and manly nature of this young gentleman lead him to carve out his own fortune, which he successfully does, through the auspices of a certain Mr. Farquhar, an old friend of his mother's family, in whose counting-house he serves as clerk, and by whom he is eventually taken into partnership. Sir Edward Eskdale marries the lady to whom his son had formerly been attached before he contracted his ill-omened marriage, and leaves one son and one daughter, upon the former of whom devolves the family estate. Of a weak, indolent nature, and dissipated habits, the new baronet falls a victim to a set of unprincipled sharpers, to whose designs he becomes an easy prey; he dies early, and the family estate devolves upon the son of Mary Bruce. At this period, just when he has entered into possession, his unhappy father, who, for a long series of years, had expiated his crime by an exile in foreign countries, re-appears, and demands that the possession should be given up to him. A Mr. Grantham, alias Captain Mollington, a former gambling associate, to whom he owes large sums of money, insists that he shall be substituted for the real owner; and in the house of Sir Edward a fierce dispute takes place between him and his importunate creditor, which terminates in the baronet's violent death by his hands. Mr. Farquhar's protégé is then reinstated; he marries a young lady to whom he has been attached; and after this lengthened series of loves, murders, entanglements, and incidents of various kinds, the scene closes happily for such of the *dramatis personæ* as time, chance, and the course of these violent events have left in occupation of the stage.

Such are the leading features of this story. We have not attempted to follow its minuter incidents with accuracy; but enough, we hope, has been told to give our readers a general idea of the incidents and characters of

the tale; and to such of them as feel inclined to gratify their curiosity further, we can only say, that this story will amply repay them the trouble of a perusal.

We cannot conclude our notice of this book without extracting a passage which we think affords a very tolerable idea of the writer's peculiar powers—it is full of tenderness and feeling:—

“However hope may gild, or inclination turn from the past, it is no cheerful matter to leave a place where we have passed many years, or to shake hands for the last time with friends, with whom fate has long held us united. The house we are about to quit suddenly arrays itself in more inviting colours; it may have been small and inconvenient; we may have chafed often over its defects, or envied the more convenient mansions of our neighbours; but we remember distinctly how, on certain mornings, the sun peeped brightly through the narrow windows, and shone upon faces, fair, and kind, and dear to us. Some are far away; some are changed by time and care; some mouldering in the grave; the morning sun can never look in on them assembled in our new abode. Their joyous voices have rung through the dingy dwelling, whose echoes we thus resign to silence or to unaccustomed sounds. This spot is consecrated by the memory of a meeting full of rapture—that, by a parting, hallowed by our tears; here starts to mind, a look, and then a touch—the spell of association is potent every where—yet all must be relinquished.

“He was thinking, for the first time, of the change from that rural scene to the dreary London streets, and saw, in imagination, her pale cheek grow still more wan; he too, on that day of disaster, had all his hidden sources of sorrow renewed, but he would not utter a syllable of complaint. ‘Our home is not in this world,’ he said solemnly, ‘neither is our reward. But for my immoveable reliance upon that truth, I should be very wretched now. These trials, so renewed, so unmerited by you, cannot shake—they only confirm my faith in the goodness of God. Be firm to that hope, dear Mary.’ In a few minutes more, her friends, the cottage, the bridge, the old church-tower itself, were lost to view; and Mary, her hand clasped in that of her son, was an exile from her home.”

We have now to introduce to the notice of our readers another aspirant to their favour. The novel of “*Sir Arthur Bouverie*” opens with the description of a Wiltshire village, where resided

a clergyman of retired habits and studious tastes; his name was Stanhope. One summer's evening, as he chanced to be strolling through the grounds of his parsonage, he found a woman lying dead, with a child in her arms. He takes it home, gives it the name of Amy Arnold, adopts it as his own, and brings it up along with his son Herbert. This young lady proves to be the heroine of the tale, or rather one of them, for there are several, among whom, however, her fortunes occupy the most prominent position. At no great distance from Mr. Stanhope's vicarage was the residence of Sir Arthur Bouverie, a gentleman of fortune. He has a nephew named Cecil, the reputed heir of his possessions. This young gentleman is distinguished by his personal beauty, but the gifts of nature are more than marred by the extreme selfishness, coldness, and pride of his disposition. The rôle of hero in this drama is occupied by him. Around this gentleman and lady converges the chief interest of the tale. There are a crowd of other figures which are grouped around them, but whose presence, in most cases, neither helps on, nor very materially obstructs the progress of the story.

The foundling child has grown up to be a girl of remarkable beauty and intelligence. She has won the hearts of all by whom she is surrounded, and the worthy vicar looks forward with parental anxiety to the period when the attachment, which he sees every reason to hope exists between her and his son Herbert, shall be sufficiently ripe to receive his blessing and that of the Church; in other words, he waives all the objections which might be supposed to arise from the obscurity of her origin, and the cloud which hangs about her birth. He is so attracted by the charming sweetness of her disposition, and the gentle affection of her heart, that he thinks the happiness and future comfort of his son will be established by giving Amy Arnold to him as his wife. And no worldly obstacles, in the way of straitened circumstances, are in the way to obstruct or impede the generous intentions of the worthy vicar. But the chances of life bring to pass circumstances which

* “*Sir Arthur Bouverie*,” a Novel. 3 vols. By the Author of “*Lady Granard's Nieces*.” London: T. C. Newby. 1850.

effect a revolution in all his plans. An accidental meeting, at an old ruined castle in the neighbourhood, between Amy, Sir Arthur Bouverie, and his nephew, leads to a visiting acquaintance between them and the inmates of the vicarage, which soon ripens to a closer intimacy, and Mr. Stanhope sees with pain the place which he hoped would be occupied in the heart of Amy by his son, taken up at once by Cecil Bouverie. The fancy of this young gentleman is attracted by the charms of the rustic beauty, with the particulars of whose early history he has been made acquainted by the gossip of the neighbourhood; and without any intention more serious than the amusement of the passing hour, he pays her attentions which have the result of winning her affections, and attaching her seriously to one whose heartless conduct proves him quite unworthy of so inestimable a possession. The sentiments which Cecil had inspired in the heart of the young lady did not escape the observation of Sir Arthur Bouverie. He took his nephew seriously to task upon the subject, and being answered somewhat evasively, at length propounds to him his anxious desire that he should marry Amy. Cecil is indignant at the proposition; he protests he had never intended anything of the kind; that he is too young to settle in life; that he had never contemplated the subject of matrimony, with many other excuses of a similar tendency, which by no means satisfied the requirements of his uncle. Sir Arthur is firm—neither entreaty nor argument can avert him from his fixed purpose, and he informs his nephew that, in case he should continue to decline the happiness he had offered to him, he would disinherit him. Poor, in debt, and quite dependent upon his uncle, this threat has the effect of reducing Cecil to submission, and sorely against his will he informs Sir Arthur that he is prepared to obey his commands. The vicar's consent is gained, the marriage takes place, the bridegroom's debts are paid, and the happy pair are launched forth into the world to enjoy life, if they can, under such circumstances.

The sagacious reader will be at no loss to anticipate that the results of a marriage, where one of the contracting parties proved so unwilling, were tolerably inauspicious. The nature of

Cecil Bouverie could not brook the harsh controul which had been exercised by his uncle in the disposal of his fate. The gentle and deep affection of his young bride failed to win him—indifference gradually deepened into dislike, and Cecil Bouverie, surrounded as he was by all earthly blessings, if he had only stooped to enjoy them, became a peevish, discontented, and unhappy man. It was impossible to reconcile him to a marriage into which he had been forced; and his young wife, who was still in ignorance of all the circumstances, had the mortification of seeing her husband become daily more cold and more unkind, until at last a rival, in the shape of a married lady of rank, to whom before her marriage he had been attached, completed the misery and despair of the lovely and unfortunate bride.

The mystery that a gentleman of rank should have thus forced his heir, the representative of his family and title, into a marriage which was repugnant to his feelings, and should have thus compelled him to link his fortunes to a foundling, whose birth and origin were so clouded with obscurity, at this period of the story begins to be cleared up—for it turns out that Sir Arthur Bouverie, at the time when he had insisted upon his nephew's marriage, was very well aware that Amy Arnold was his own daughter, the offspring of an imprudent marriage he had contracted in early life with the daughter of a person of inferior station. It was necessary that this fact should be kept a profound secret, for Sir Arthur's father knowing of his attachment, and suspecting a private marriage between his son and Amy Hillingdon, has added a clause to his will that the whole of the Bouverie estates—in case any person should be able to prove that the marriage had taken place—should pass from Sir Arthur to the eldest son of his brother. Cecil Bouverie being this eldest son, was therefore the legitimate owner of the property which his uncle, by preserving his secret, had been able to enjoy.

This discovery, which is to reverse the relative positions of the two principal personages of our story, is made through the instrumentality of a certain Mr. Ramsay, an eccentric old gentleman, who filled the humble situa-

tion of tutor to a Mr. Frank Beresford. While in a jeweller's shop, whither he had gone to have his watch mended, he had seen Mrs. Cecil Bouverie leave a picture." Looking at it, he remarked at once that the features were those of Amy Hillingdon, whom he had formerly known, and with whose history he was well acquainted. She had died after having given birth to a child. The child had been stolen from its nurse by a beggarwoman whom she had charitably allowed to sleep one night in her cottage, and its fate had never been ascertained.

Mr. Ramsay having satisfied himself that the infant still exists, and in the person of Mrs. Cecil Bouverie, goes straight to her husband, makes him acquainted with all the facts, places in his hands the requisite proofs to substantiate his statement, having previously transferred to Mrs. Bouverie a legacy of two hundred a-year which had been entrusted by the father of Amy Hillingdon to his care, for her use, in case the lost child of his daughter should ever be discovered.

The indignation of Cecil Bouverie, when these facts become manifest, is, of course, excessive. He perceives how egregiously he has been duped; and the reason of Sir Arthur's insisting upon his marriage with the girl whom he knew to be his own daughter, becomes painfully manifest. With great injustice, he sternly accuses his gentle wife with having been a party to this deceit—refuses to see her—obtains from Sir Arthur some reparation for the wrong which had been done him, by the complete restitution of all his property; and becomes more discontented and more reckless in his conduct than ever. The story, as it draws towards a conclusion, increases materially in interest. Sir Arthur Bouverie and his daughter leave England. Cecil becomes more entangled with Lady Haviland—they return and live in great obscurity, Mrs. Bouverie being obliged to have recourse to her own exertions, as a teacher of music, to procure the means of existence. At length a casual rencontre takes place between Amy and her cruel husband, out of which events arise which lead to a reconciliation between them; and Cecil has discovered, in an old cabinet, a subsequent will of his grandfather's revoking the clause under which he had become entitled to

the Bouverie estates: and also becomes aware, that until he himself had informed her of the fact, his wife had been in total ignorance that she was the daughter of Sir Arthur. A complete reconciliation takes place, and the last scene closes upon a group of smiling and happy faces.

There is internal evidence in abundance, that this story is the work of a female pen. But, with every disposition to be as amiable as the least bilious of our tribe, there are numerous faults scattered up and down throughout the pages which we cannot altogether pass over. The want of any artistic ingenuity in the development of the plot is so palpable, that it must strike all our readers; the incidents are most clumsy and ill-contrived, and the subordinate characters which flit through the pages seem introduced for no object that we can discover, for with the progress of the story they have obviously no connection; nor are they sufficiently amusing in the way of episodes to interest us in the slightest degree. The loves of Frank Beresford and Kate, of Captain Stanhope, Seymour Glenallen, and the Lady Evelene, are not pictures conceived with taste, or executed with vigour; nor is the incident of the stolen child, upon which the whole frame-work of the story hinges, by any means a felicitous expedient. Nurses, we hope, do not usually admit strange, wandering beggarwomen to such terms of intimacy; nor are they so careless as to allow them to walk off with their interesting charges, without taking the smallest trouble about the matter. Neither are female mendicants, who have enough to do to keep themselves alive, so covetous of the children of other people; they are, in general, sufficiently thankful to be exempt from such charges, either of their own, or of their neighbour's. At least we have never, in the course of our experience, heard of a well-authenticated instance in which an itinerant beggar voluntarily undertook the charge of an infant of the tender age of two years, or thereabouts.

These faults, prominent enough as they are, are yet only a sample of the class of imperfections in which these volumes abound; they are such as might easily have been avoided by the most ordinary care and attention. We are not disposed to analyse too curiously the contrivance of the will, under

which the Bouverie estates passed from the possession of Sir Arthur; but, had the fair writer adopted the precaution of inquiring from any legal friend, he would, doubtless, have informed her, that the species of contingent remainder devised by her fancy was about as absurd as it is possible to imagine. There is nothing we dislike so much as vulgar gentility, and of this heinous fault the writer of the book now before us is, we regret to say, too often guilty. There is also a very frequent reiteration of an expression which, however exceptionable, even in oral discourse, when written, is an outrageous violation of all the rules of grammar. We allude to such a phrase as the following:—

"This was a question that Kate could have answered, *only she did not choose to*; and professing her total ignorance of the cause, and supposing it was only Lady Haviland's usual manner of staring at people," &c., &c.

In dealing with the faults and errors of the volumes before us, we have leaned only upon the most prominent. Among much carelessness, incongruity, and clumsiness, there are occasionally to be seen traces of something which, although it can never redeem this work from the imputations to which it is justly liable, yet go some way to show that the writer, with care, attention, a little information upon the affairs of life, might produce a book worthy the acceptance of the public. There is a good deal of spirit and vivacity in the following description, which is the only extract we can afford to give:—

"She was surpassing lovely, and the character of her beauty was so striking as to create general surprise. She was of the middle size, faultlessly formed, with an ease and grace in all her movements that never forsook her, though she often felt awkward beneath the shame of a conscious shyness in the presence of strangers. Her hair was of that pale, golden hue, seen so rarely—but when seen, regarded as so strangely beautiful, there being not the slightest trace of any other colour near it, save that of the purest yellow; the contour of her face was oval, its complexion exquisitely clear, with a fresh tinge of rose upon the cheeks; while her eyes, large, black, and brilliant, seemed singularly contrasted with the rest of her fea-

tures, which were those of the fairest blonde; yet some could wish them otherwise than what they saw them, for if by some they were thought too bright and dark to suit the fair and feminine cast of her countenance, the critics would have but to watch for a few moments, and they would have seen within their glances, as some gentle feeling, perhaps, rose within her bosom, a softness and sweetness of expression rivalling that of the most melting blue eye. Her mouth was small and delicately formed; her teeth white, and finely cut; and her hand, arm, and foot beautifully shaped. As to her accomplishments, she knew music well, but, though fond of it, was indolent about practising; painting and drawing she cared little about; her natural grace carried her easily through a quadrille, though she was never taught dancing; reading she loved, and she was a perfect horsewoman. Such was Amy Arnold, the child of charity, on entering her sixteenth year."

Our rapidly-contracting space, and the ground still remaining to be travelled over, remind us that we must be brief in our notice of this, as well as the other works which are still on our table. The "*Marriage Contract*"* is also by a female hand, and although the narrative portion of it is more rich and flowing, yet we think this performance of Miss Raikes is scarcely equal, in point of ability or well-sustained power, to that of the former lady we have recently dismissed from our literary tribunal. The work which we have now to notice has, however, one manifest superiority over many of its contemporaries: it is in two volumes; and this, where unnecessary expansion must be regarded as the vice of the age, is, in our opinion, a great merit. Almost all the novels of the day might be curtailed, at the very least, of half their fair proportions, without abating one jot of their value, or in the least diminishing the interest of their readers. We cannot well discover how it is—we suppose through the connivance of the eminent gentlemen of the Row—but quantity seems only too often substituted as the test of merit, instead of quality; and we suppose Mr. Colburn and his coadjutors look upon a work which contains less than the orthodox number of pages as an unsafe speculation. We sincerely wish we could convince them

* "*The Marriage Contract.*" By Harriet Raikes. A Novel, in 2 vols. London: Bentley.

to the contrary. We know, for our own part, we would infinitely prefer two neat volumes, or even one; and we would undertake to say, that we could execute our part of the performance—namely, the discussion of their merits—with much greater zest.

The scene of the “*Marriage Contract*” is not transitory, as the lawyers say, but local; it is laid in France, and the object of the book appears to be to illustrate the social defects of the system of matrimonial alliances which we presume is still in vogue in that country. The heroine, through the persuasions of her mother, has early in life, when she was, in fact, a mere child, been fettered by a matrimonial engagement with a man very many years her senior, and of a character and complexion by no means adapted either to engage or to retain the affections of a romantic girl. The motives of this gentleman, we are sorry to add, are principally mercenary. It has come to his knowledge that his mistress will eventually be entitled to a considerable fortune. Her mother dies at a critical period of her history; she is thrown upon the mercy of strangers, and at last, in the midst of the fluctuations of her eventful career, another suitor approaches more agreeable to her taste. The death, by his own hand, of the gentleman to whom she was previously engaged, releases her from the contract. But this event, which releases her from her matrimonial difficulties, has the effect of plunging her into more serious troubles. She is accused of the murder. The circumstantial evidence against her is so strong, that she runs a considerable risk of being condemned, but for the timely discovery of a document written by him before his death, explanatory of his motives.

Such are the leading features of the tale, with the incidents of which is mingled another story, also illustrative of Parisian life.

It will scarcely fail to have been observed by the discriminating reader, that nearly the whole of these novels turn upon an event in human life which is, doubtless, an important one for the parties concerned, but one to which it appears to us that the lady-writers of the day attach an undue amount of prominence. Perhaps this is but natural. But, notwithstanding the whole business of life does *not* consist of marrying and

giving in marriage, they appear to think it does. Their labours, their fancy, their genius, their wit, are all directed to the illustration of this one subject, apparently in utter oblivion, that there exist many other events and circumstances of life, equally pressing and important. This is the main fault and defect of stories, otherwise lively and entertaining, and containing passages of eloquence and beauty, as well as many scenes of dramatic power. Into the fault we have alluded to, so common to all the writers of her sex, Miss Raikes has of course fallen. But notwithstanding this, her book contains much which must raise it above the average of circulating-library compositions. Some of the characters introduced denote considerable power of observation, shrewd perception, and nice female tact in analysing the feelings of the heart. There is a good deal of imaginative power about the principal as well as the subordinate figures of her story, an attribute we are sorry to say too often wanting in the works of Miss Raikes’ contemporaries. These are her merits, to which we are only too glad to have the opportunity of drawing attention. The chief defect of the book is the very startling improbability of many of the incidents which take place, as well as of several of the scenes to which we are introduced. This is a fault for which no grace of manner or fertility of style can altogether compensate. In proportion as a story contains faithful representations of scenes with which we are familiar, of feelings which we have experienced, and of actions which come within the range of probability, will be its power to interest or amuse us. Where the matters of which it treats are beyond this level, the charm is gone, and we feel as if we were listening to some one talking a language which we do not understand.

Here we had intended to have brought our observations upon the novels of the day to a close—they have already extended to a length which is somewhat unreasonable; but we cannot conclude without calling the attention of our readers to one other book which has made its appearance since we penned the commencement of this article—a book which, although it is by the hand of a young writer, is yet one of a promise so remarkable that we trust we shall be forgiven if

we detain our readers by saying a few words with reference to it.

We are not of those who exclaim against a romance, because the author has chosen to lay his story in a remote age. Knowing very well that all mankind, in all ages, have been influenced by the same passions and feelings—excited by hopes, depressed by fears, moved to laughter or to weeping by the same agencies, we are not particular about a score or two of centuries or so, and would as lief take in hand a romance of Nimrod, Ninus, Zoroaster, or Semiramis, as a story of the present day.

Undoubtedly, to reproduce a “swelling scene” long passed away, in a manner that shall engage the attention and satisfy the requirements of the scholar, and in such a form as shall make the whole pageant at once intelligible and interesting to the unlearned reader, is a task of no ordinary difficulty. It is this difficulty which has caused some failures in the romance of ancient history, and it is these failures which have made the judicious grieve, and turn away from stories of ages past, to unbend themselves over fictions which, being pictures of to-day, any man of ordinary ability, with the use of his eyes, can produce, and which any man, of whatever ability, using his eyes, can recognise.

We, however, are not to be deterred from the examination of a romance, because it professes to bring before us times that have been flown over by centuries. We are aware that the recent acquisition of recondite knowledge—especially when he conveys it through the medium of a fiction—too often tempts the acquirer to present his materials in so undigested and indigestible a shape, that they are not to be endured by “Gods, men, nor columns.” We are sensibly reminded of what may be done in this way, when the folio-fraught wretch, just emerged from the time-bonoured library, staggers onward, and

“Sole-sitting by the shores of old romance,”

with his load swaying to and fro on his incompetent noddle, lurches forward, and—

“In that unnavigable stream is drown’d.”

We remember the warped and sapless history, with its most miserable little fiction crying out within it, and think of Ariel pent in the cloven pine.

Yet there are men who not only overcome obstacles, but who delight to encounter them, knowing perfectly well what they are, and what they themselves will have to accomplish before they can surmount them. He who would give us a romance of Rome in its splendour or its decay, such as will excite our admiration, must have previously imbued himself with what has been left to us of the Roman poets and historians, and must have deeply studied and compared the illustrations of them by modern commentators: he must possess the faculty of transporting ancient Rome to modern England, of translating a nation into English, of bringing up before our eyes the ghosts of a buried age, who, however, must not gibber like ghosts that ought to be laid in the Tiber, but who must forthwith set about conducting themselves like Roman men, matrons, and virgins, having something to act and to suffer, which shall excite our curiosity and awaken our delight. The author, who performs this arduous task only tolerably, may be said to have succeeded; he who does it well achieves a triumph—for to do thus much is within the province of genius alone. And now to a brief consideration of “Antonina.”

Mr. Collins, in his romance, which we have just let out of our hands, has adopted a principle of construction which, whilst it cannot fail of making it more popular, because thereby it is the more interesting, must have immensely increased the difficulties he had to contend against. An historical romance, as we understand the term, having been taught to expect some such consummation from its author, is commonly a performance in which certain conspicuous historical characters pursue their aims and attain their ends, with more or less historical truth, whilst the fictitious personages, however promisingly they may appear upon the scene, speedily shrink into insignificance. As in the ancient Egyptian paintings, the king or the chief, to be recognised as such, is represented

as ten times as large as any individual of his army; or as Satan and his forces in the infernal conclave sit "in their own dimensions, like themselves," whilst the rest of the fallen angels can only obtain standing-room as dwarfs, so in the historical romance we usually find King Cambyses or King Cophueta, as the case may be, stalking into the arena, kicking the sand about in all directions, and at once blinding the eyes of his attendants, and concealing them from the view of the spectator.

Mr. Collins has adopted a different plan. He says in his preface:—

"It will be observed that the only two historical personages introduced in the following pages (the Emperor Honorius and Alaric), appear as characters of secondary importance, as regards the conduct of the story. Upon consideration of the principle on which he should write, the author doubted the propriety (in *his* case at least) of selecting heroes and heroines from the real personages of the period. He feared, on this plan, that while he was necessarily adding from invention to what was actually known, *his* fiction might be placed in unfavourable contrast with truth, and that he might be unable to carry out his story, written upon such a system, without confusing or falsifying dates; thus failing in one of the main objects of his anxiety, viz., to make his plot invariably arise, and proceed out of, the great historical events of the era, exactly in the order in which they occurred."

A plan very modestly stated, very dextrously designed, and most admirably executed.

The romance of "*Antonina*" is laid in the reign of the Emperor Honorius, when Alaric the Goth, inflamed to wrath by the treachery of that ignoble monarch at Aquileia, sought to gratify at once his vengeance and cupidity by laying siege to imperial Rome. Whilst the futile and feeble Emperor holds his petty court at Ravenna, Alaric invests the city, nor raises the siege until the famine-stricken citizens are too glad to purchase his departure at the price of five thousand pounds of gold, thirty thousand pounds of silver, four thousand silk coats, three thousand fleeces or fells of a scarlet dye, and three thousand pounds of pepper. During the progress of the story, Honorius appears only once, and Alaric plays but an inconsiderable part. Accordingly, the main plot, with all the more im-

portant characters, awakened to ideal life by the siege and its consequences, rises like an exhalation out of the realms of fiction. "*Antonina*," in a word, is a story, the events of which, we are to imagine, were transacted during a memorable epoch of Roman history. Had there been no siege of Rome, and no famine in it, we should have had no such scenes described; as there were both—as the siege and famine are historically true—occasion was given to the author of presenting a picture of Rome in her decadence, soon to be succeeded by her downfall, that "a thousand dreadful prodigies foretold," of which he has most skillfully availed himself.

But while we admire the art with which Mr. Collins has interwoven romance with history, making the latter subsidiary to the former, and yet, like master and slave, mutually dependent each on the other, let us not forget the singular interest of his story, and the variety, force, and originality of his characters.

This is a very extraordinary romance. The events arise, and owe their chief interest to, the idiosyncracies of those who bring them about, and they are, for the most part, events which have never appeared in the pages of romance before. In the whole range of fiction, there is nothing like, and therefore nothing we can compare with, the scenes with Goisvintha, Hermanric, and Antonina, in the farmhouse, or the passage of Ulpus through the rifled wall of Rome, or the Banquet of Death in the house of the patrician Vetricio, or the terrific closing scene in the Temple, in which Ulpus, Goisvintha, Numerian, and Antonina bear a chief part.

Nor can the principal characters claim kindred with those we have been accustomed to see plodding or prancing along the beaten paths of fiction; as though such wayfarers had not often been encountered before in other disguises, and claimed the charity of our forbearance as beggars, or as highwaymen demanded the meed of our applause. Ulpus, the pagan priest, the "fanatic for the wrong," who would re-erect the worship of his gods upon the ruins of expanding Christianity, is a conception the genius of which would have been seen, even had it not been so elaborated. Numerian, the Christian "enthusiast for the right,"

if he will not impress the reader so powerfully (as it was not in his function to do), is no less powerfully drawn. Opposite as are their characters, there is a similitude between these two characters which haunted us all along, and made us tremble for the author; but in the last scene the solution awaits us:—

“The enthusiast for the right and the fanatic for the wrong; the man who had toiled to reform the Church, and the man who had toiled to restore the Temple; the man who had received and trusted the servant in his house, and the servant who, in that house, had betrayed the master’s trust; the two characters, separated hitherto in the sublime disunion of good and bad, now struck together in tremendous contact, as brethren who had drawn their life from one source—who as children had been sheltered under the same roof!”

Nothing can be more subtle than the skill with which we are made to feel the sense of similitude, without our being aware of the relation that exists between the two. To have concealed the fact would have been easy; to be led insensibly to it, until, when we approach it, a light is suddenly thrown upon the characters of both, is

a masterpiece of genius and art in equal conjunction.

Even in these days of railroad reading, the remarkable merit of “*Antonina*,” considered as a romance, is sure not to be overlooked. There is a merit in it, however, to which we would draw the particular attention of our readers. In these days of rapid writing, we see few or no instances of such polished grace, purity, and beauty of style, as invest “*Antonina*” from the first page to the last. To conclude, it is a very noble performance, and must make for the author (if it has not already done so) a reputation which, for his own sake, and for the world’s, we sincerely hope he may sustain.

We must now take our leave of a subject which has already, perhaps, occupied more of our space than may be acceptable to our readers. In whatever other qualities the novels of the present day may be wanting, they have nearly all one common merit, which must always go far to compensate for any mere literary deficiency, and that consists in a sound and wholesome tone of moral feeling, and a praiseworthy refutation of much of that levity and frivolity which a few years ago was the prevailing characteristic of works of fiction.

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THE WONDERS OF MODERN LOCOMOTION.

WHEN the political storms which are agitating nations shall have subsided—when the revolutionary madness shall have gone through its appointed phases—when its leaders and promoters, raised to a factitious elevation, and surrounded with a spurious celebrity, shall have been reduced to their proper stature, and divested of their false splendour, by the inexorable sentence of a dispassionate posterity—one monument raised by the present generation will stand, commanding a respect and admiration which time cannot diminish nor revolutions reverse. The RAILWAY and the LOCOMOTIVE will render for ever memorable the nineteenth century.

Many talk flippantly enough of the wonders wrought in our time by the application of the discoveries of physical science to the improvement of the art of transport; few, however, are in a condition to estimate the stupendous extent of what has been actually accomplished in the advancement of that art in various parts of the globe, and still less of what will probably have been realised before the third quarter of the present century shall have expired. We propose in this article to present the reader with a rapid sketch of some of the most striking examples of these vast improvements which have been made in the internal communication on the continent of Europe and in the United States. Our limits necessarily preclude details; but those whose curiosity may be awakened, and whose interest

may be excited by what we shall state, may slake their thirst at the same fountain from which we have, for the most part, derived our information.*

One of the most striking circumstances attending the improvements in the art of intercommunication by land is the lateness of their date. While all other departments of the useful arts were advancing with giant strides, the art of transport was comparatively stationary. We select some curious examples, quoted in the work just referred to, of the state of land-travelling in Great Britain within a period so recent as the last seventy years:—

“Until the middle of the eighteenth century, most of the merchandise which was conveyed from place to place in Scotland was transported on pack-horses; but when it was necessary to carry merchandise between distant places, a cart was used. The time required by the common carriers to complete their journey seems, when compared with our present standard of speed, quite incredible. Thus, it is recorded that the carrier between Selkirk and Edinburgh, a distance of thirty-eight miles, required a fortnight for his journey, going and returning. In 1678, a contract was made to establish a coach for passengers between Edinburgh and Glasgow, a distance of forty-four miles. This coach was to be drawn by six horses, and the journey between the two places, to and fro, was engaged to be completed in six days. Even so recently as the year 1750, the stage-coach from Edinburgh to Glasgow took thirty-six hours to make the journey. In this present year, 1849, the same journey is made, by a route three miles longer, in one hour and a-half!

* “Railway Economy: a Treatise on the new Art of Transport, its Management, Prospects, and Relations, Commercial, Financial, and Social; with an Exposition of the Practical Results of the Railways in operation in the United Kingdom, on the Continent, and in America.” By Dionysius Lardner, D.C.L. 12mo. London: 1850.

"In the year 1763 there was but one stage-coach between Edinburgh and London. This started once a month from each of these cities. It took a fortnight to perform the journey. At the same epoch the journey between London and York required four days.

"In 1763, the number of passengers conveyed by the coaches between London and Edinburgh could not have exceeded about twenty-five *monthly*, and by all means of conveyance whatever did not exceed fifty. The intercourse between London and Edinburgh in 1835 was one hundred and sixty times greater than in 1763.

"At present the intercourse is increased in a much higher ratio, by the improved facility and greater cheapness of railway transport.

"Arthur Young, who travelled in Lancashire about the year 1770, has left us in his tour the following account of the state of the roads at that time:—"I know not," he says, "in the whole range of language, terms sufficiently expressive to describe this infernal road. Let me most seriously caution all travellers who may accidentally propose to travel this terrible country to avoid it as they would the devil, for a thousand to one they break their necks or their limbs by overthrows or breakings down. They will here meet with ruts, which I actually measured, four feet deep, and floating with mud, only from a wet summer. What, therefore, must it be after a winter? The only mending it receives is tumbling in some loose stones, which serve no other purpose than jolting a carriage in the most intolerable manner. These are not merely opinions, but facts; for I actually passed three carts broken down in these eighteen miles of execrable memory."

"He says of a road near Warrington, 'This is a paved road, most infamously bad. Any person would imagine the people of the country had made it with a view to immediate destruction! for the breadth is only sufficient for one carriage; consequently it is cut at once into ruts; and you may easily conceive what a break-down, dislocating road, ruts cut through a pavement must be.'

"He says of a road near Newcastle, 'A more dreadful road cannot be imagined. I was obliged to hire two men at one place to support my chaise from overturning. Let me persuade all travellers to avoid this terrible country, which must either dislocate their bones with broken pavements, or bury them in muddy sand.'—pp. 32-34.

It would be difficult to find, in the history of human progress, a fact more striking than that pointed out by the author of "Railway Economy," that the precise ground travelled over by Young is now literally reticulated with railways, over which tens of thousands of passengers are transported daily at

a speed varying from thirty to fifty miles an hour!

The augmentation of the internal intercourse which necessarily followed the construction of railways, forms one of the most extraordinary facts in statistics. Before the opening of the railway between Liverpool and Manchester, the number of passengers, daily, between those places, did not exceed four hundred. Immediately after the facility of railway transport was present, the number amounted to 1600! Nor was this increase merely a sudden change, succeeded by a stationary, or a nearly stationary, rate of intercourse. The public did not at once understand the value and importance of the facilities of intercourse thus presented. They were however, more and more justly appreciated, from year to year, and we find accordingly, that the amount of travelling underwent an increase, in the space of a few years, which would be deemed fabulous, if it were not attested by undeniable statistical evidence. In 1843, the number of passengers booked on the railways of the United Kingdom was, in round numbers, twenty-three and a-half millions. In 1848, it rose to sixty millions!—that is to say, five millions per month, or about 170,000 per day!

The work before us supplies a very curious analysis of this vast intercourse of the individuals forming the hive of British industry and enterprise. It appears that about half the total number of passengers are of the third class, and that only one eighth of the whole belong to the first class. This is a fact as unexpected as it is important. It might naturally have been supposed, that the affluent classes, the *bourgeoisie* and those who are raised above subsistence on the mere wages of labour, would form the staple of railway passengers. We have before us "facts and figures" which incontrovertibly establish the reverse. The laborious class, the penny-a-milers, form, after all, the great customers of the railway proprietors.

But it may be supposed, that although the inferior class may travel in greater numbers, this may be more than compensated by the greater *distances* travelled by the superior classes. Here again, however, our previsions are delusive. True it is, that the

average distances travelled by third class are less than those travelled by first class passengers; but this difference bears no proportion to the enormous difference of the number of travellers of the two classes respectively. Taking the number and distances travelled together, it is found that the third class passengers supply from forty-two to forty-three per cent. of the business of the railways; while the first class passengers alone supply less than twenty per cent. of it.

From facts like those, railway directors may learn a useful lesson. This is not the first unlooked-for truth which experience has disclosed. It will not be forgotten, that when railways were first projected, passenger-traffic was never seriously contemplated; and grave engineering authorities declared, that no sane person could contemplate the practicability of travelling upon them at so great a speed as twelve miles an hour!

Among the noticeable facts brought to light on the volume before us are, the average distances travelled by different classes of passengers. One of the consequences which was expected to ensue from the improved facilities offered by railways was, that passengers would be induced, by the great cheapness and speed, to travel to greater distances. That these inducements have been operative on large numbers, cannot be doubted. But it seems certain that the same inducements have operated, and even more powerfully still, in tempting much greater numbers of passengers to take short trips, who formerly used little else than their own legs for the purposes of locomotion. This inevitably follows from the fact, which is established by the railway statistics, that the average distance travelled by all classes of passengers on the railways of the United Kingdom does not amount to sixteen miles, and that even first class passengers do not travel on an average more than twenty-four miles one with another.

Nor is the result different on foreign railways. In France, the average distance for all classes is twenty-five miles, in Belgium it is under twenty-three miles, in the Germanic States it

is under twenty miles, and in the United States it does not exceed eighteen miles.*

It will be remarked, that the distances travelled by each passenger are less in England than in other countries where railway transport prevails. So far as relates to continental states, this fact is to be explained by the higher rates of fare charged to all classes on the English railways; and as respects the United States, it is explained by the nature of the country, the distribution of its population, and the comparative ease of the circumstances of the inferior classes, who, as we have seen, are everywhere the great customers of the railways.

While in England the average fare exacted per mile from passengers, one class taken with another, is above three half-pence, the fare on the French railways is not more than a penny per mile; on the German railways it is under that rate, and on the Belgian lines it is little more than three-farthings per mile. In America the average fare for passengers is nearly the same as in England.

In comparing the fares on English with those of foreign railways, it is, however, necessary to take into account the speed at which the passenger is carried, inasmuch as the speed influences in a material degree the cost of transport. The volume already quoted supplies the following comparative estimate of the average speed with which passengers are carried on the English and foreign railways:—

Miles per hour.

On English railways—	
Stoppages included, .	24 $\frac{1}{2}$
Stoppages excluded, .	32
On American railways:—	
Stoppages included, .	15
Stoppages excluded, .	(?)
On Belgian railways:—	
Stoppages included, .	18 $\frac{1}{10}$
Stoppages excluded, .	24 $\frac{9}{10}$
On French railways:—	
Stoppages included, .	21 $\frac{1}{4}$
Stoppages excluded, .	27
On German railways:—	
Stoppages included, .	20
Stoppages excluded, .	24 $\frac{1}{4}$

The advantage of the English railways over foreign ones in point of

* Lardner's "Railway Economy," p. 500.

speed, is not so great as it would seem to be from the reports of the extraordinary performances of English trains. It is necessary, however, to remember that the estimates given above are average results; that the express trains are comparatively few, and that they are more than neutralised in the average estimates by the more numerous third class trains, which stop at all the stations, and run at a low rate.

The greatest speed of any regular express trains, exclusive of stoppages, is that of the Great Western from London to Exeter—the rate of which is $51\frac{6}{10}$ miles an hour. But on the same line the speed of the third class trains, excluding stoppages, is little more than 19 miles an hour. The following are the estimates of the speed of the express trains, exclusive of stoppages, on the principal English railways:—

	Miles per hour.
London to Liverpool, . .	$37\frac{3}{4}$
„ Exeter, . .	$51\frac{6}{10}$
„ Southampton, . .	$45\frac{8}{10}$
„ Dover, . . .	$48\frac{1}{2}$
„ Brighton, . .	$30\frac{1}{2}$

The stoppages reduce these speeds by about one-fourth.

One of the most surprising circumstances attending the creation of railways, is the amount of capital which, within a limited period, has been expended in their construction and equipment. According to the calculations supplied in the work before us, there were in operation at the commencement of 1849, in different parts of the globe, a total length of 18,656 miles of railway, on which a capital of £368,567,000 had been actually expended. Besides this, it is estimated that there were at the same epoch, in progress of construction, a further extent of 7,829 miles, the cost of which, when completed, would be £146,750,000! Thus when these latter lines shall have been brought into operation, the population of Europe and the United States (for it is there only that railways have made any progress) will have completed, within the period of less than a quarter of a century, 26,485 miles of railway; that is to say, a greater length than would completely surround the globe, at a cost of above five hundred millions sterling!

To accomplish this stupendous work, human industry must have appropriated, out of its annual savings, twenty millions sterling for twenty-five successive years!

Of this prodigious investment, the small spot of the globe which we inhabit has had a share, which will form not the least striking fact in her history.

Of the total length of railways in actual operation in all parts of the globe, twenty-seven miles in every hundred, and of the total length in progress, fifty-seven miles in every hundred, are in the United Kingdom! But the proportion of the entire amount of railway capital contributed by British industry is even more remarkable. It appears that, of the entire amount of capital expended on the railways of the world, fifty-four pounds in every hundred; and of the capital to be expended on those in progress, sixty-eight pounds in every hundred, are appropriated to British railways!

The vast resources arising from the economical enterprise and industry of this country cannot fail to be regarded with astonishment and admiration, when we consider, in addition to these results, the fact that, while a large amount of British capital has been applied to the construction of foreign railways, no amount of foreign capital worth mentioning has been, on the other hand, invested in British railways.

From what we have stated above, it appears that the length of railway constructed in the United Kingdom is proportionately less than the relative amount of capital expended. This arises from the greater efficiency of construction, and consequently, greater cost per mile, of the British railways. These are generally double lines, provided with numerous stations, many of which are of vast dimensions, and splendid construction and decoration. The rolling stock (which is, of course, included in the capital) is upon a scale commensurate with the traffic. In other countries, as, for example, the German States and America, the lines are mostly single, the stations are less numerous, and constructed with much less cost.

The average sums per mile expended on the construction and equipment of

the British railways, and those of other countries, are as follows:—

British Railways,	£40,000
United States, . . .	8,000
France,	26,800
Belgium,	18,000
German States, . . .	11,000

Few, who have not actually travelled through the United States, have any adequate notion of the prodigious apparatus, natural and artificial, of internal transport which that wonderful country possesses. Dr. Lardner, who personally witnessed it in more than one extended tour through every part of the Union, has supplied a detailed report on that subject in one of the chapters of the work already quoted. After shewing that with a population which, according to the census of 1840, scarcely exceeded seventeen millions, a system of canal navigation had then been completed on the most efficient scale, amounting to nearly 4,400 miles, at a cost of twenty-eight millions sterling. The author proceeds to give an interesting account of the steam-navigation on the American rivers, over all of which he had passed more than once, and witnessed personally what he states:—

“The steamers which navigate the Hudson are vessels of great magnitude, splendidly fitted up for the accommodation of passengers; and this magnitude and splendour of accommodation have been continually augmented from year to year to the present time.

“It is not only in dimensions that these vessels have undergone improvements. The exhibition of the beautifully-finished machinery of the English Atlantic steamers plying to New York, did not fail to excite the emulation of the American engineers and steam-boat proprietors, who ceased to be content with the comparatively rude though efficient structure of the mechanism of their steam-boats. All the vessels more recently constructed, are accordingly finished and even decorated in the most luxurious manner. In respect of the accommodations which they afford to passengers, no water communication in any country in the world can compare with them. Nothing can exceed the splendour and luxury of the furniture. Silk, velvet, and the most expensive carpeting, mirrors of immense magnitude, gilding, and carving, are profusely supplied to de-

corate these vessels. Even the engine-room in some of them is lined with mirrors. In the *Alida*, for example, the end of the room containing the machinery is composed of one large mirror, in which the movements of the highly-finished mechanism are reflected.”

All the Hudson steam-boats of the larger class, such, for example, as the *Isaac Newton*,* the *Hendrik Hudson*, the *New World*, the *Oregon*, and the *Alida*, are capable of running from twenty to twenty-two miles an hour, and make on an average eighteen miles, stoppages included. The author observes that these Eastern steamers are free from the danger so notoriously incidental to the Western boats, and which we shall presently notice. During the last ten years not a single catastrophe has occurred to them arising from explosion, although cylindrical boilers, ten feet in diameter, are used, composed of plating five-sixteenths of an inch thick, with steam of 50 lbs. pressure per inch.

Nothing in the history of transport by land or water, affords any parallel for the combination of cheapness, luxury, and splendour presented by the steam-navigation of the Hudson:—

“Previously to 1844, the lowest fare between New York and Albany, one hundred and forty-five miles, was four shillings and fourpence (one dollar). At present the fare is two shillings and twopence, and for an additional sum of the same amount, the passenger can command the luxury of a separate state-room. When the splendour and magnitude of the accommodation is considered, the magnificence of the furniture and accessories, the cheapness and luxuriousness of the table (each meal, supplied on the most liberal scale, costing only two shillings and two pence), it will be admitted that no similar example of cheap locomotion can be found in any part of the world. Passengers may there be transported in a floating palace, surrounded with all the conveniences and luxuries of the most splendid hotel, at the rate of twenty miles an hour, for less than one-sixth of a penny per head per mile.

“It is not an uncommon occurrence, during the summer, to meet individuals on board these boats, who have lodged themselves there permanently during a certain part of the season, instead of establishing themselves, as is customary, at some of the hotels in the towns on the banks of the river. Their daily expenses in the boat are as follows:—

* Not called after the great philosopher, but after a great American merchant of that name.

	s.	d.
Fare	2	2
Exclusive use of state-room, &c.	2	2
Breakfast, dinner, and supper	6	6

Total daily expense for board, lodging, attendance, and travelling 150 miles at from 18 to 20 miles an hour	10	10
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"Such accommodation is, on the whole, more economical than any hotel. The state-room is as luxuriously furnished as the most handsome bedroom, and is more spacious than the room in packet-ships similarly designated.

"To obtain an adequate notion of the form and structure of one of the first-class steam-boats on the Hudson, let it be supposed that a boat is constructed similar in form to a Thames wherry, but above three hundred feet long, and twenty-five or thirty feet wide. Upon this, let a platform of carpentry be laid, projecting several feet upon either side of the boat, and at stem and stern. The appearance to the eye will then be that of an immense raft, from two hundred and fifty to three hundred and fifty long, and some thirty or forty feet wide. Upon this flooring let us imagine an oblong, rectangular wooden erection, two stories high, to be raised. In the lower part of the boat, and under the flooring just mentioned, a long narrow room is constructed, having a series of births at either side, three or four tiers high. In the centre of this flooring is usually, but not always, inclosed an oblong, rectangular space, within which the steam machinery is placed, and this inclosed space is continued upwards through the structure raised on the platform, and is intersected at a certain height above the platform by the shaft or axle of the paddle-wheels.

"These wheels are propelled, generally, by a single engine, but occasionally, as in the European vessels, by two. The paddle-wheels are usually of great diameter, varying from thirty to forty feet, according to the magnitude of the boat. In the wooden building raised upon the platform already mentioned, is contained a magnificent saloon devoted to ladies, and to those gentlemen who accompany them. Over this, in the upper story, is constructed a row of small bed-rooms, each handsomely furnished, which those passengers can have who desire seclusion, by paying a small additional fare.

"The lower apartment is commonly used as a dining or breakfast-room."

The busy appearance presented by the spacious bosom of the Hudson, and the adroit management of these monstrous vessels, running at twenty miles and more, through crowds of vessels of every sort, is described:—

"No spectacle can be more remarkable than that which the Hudson presents for se-

veral miles above New York. The skill with which these enormous vessels, measuring from three to four hundred feet in length, are made to *thrid* their way through the crowd of shipping, of every description, moving over the face of these spacious rivers, and the rare occurrence of accidents from collision, are truly admirable. In a dark night these boats run at the top of their speed through fleets of sailing vessels. The bells through which the steersman speaks to the engineer scarcely ever cease. Of these bells there are several of different tones, indicating the different operations which the engineer is commanded to make, such as stopping, starting, reversing, slackening, accelerating, &c. At the slightest tap of one of these bells, these enormous engines are stopped, or started, or reversed by the engineer, as though they were the plaything of a child. These vessels, proceeding at sixteen or eighteen miles an hour, are propelled among the crowded shipping with so much skill as almost to graze the sides, bows, or sterns of the vessels among which they pass.

"The difficulty attending these evolutions by a vessel such as the *New World*, for example, one hundred and twenty-five yards long and twelve yards wide, may be easily imagined; and the promptitude and certainty with which an engine whose pistons are seventy-six inches in diameter, and whose stroke is five yards in length, is governed, must be truly surprising."

The navigation of the Mississippi, and the other western rivers, is conducted, however, in a manner wholly different. Every one is familiar with the deplorable accidents which occur, from time to time, on these vast streams, and the terrible loss of life which so often attends them. These accidents, instead of diminishing with the improvements of art, appear rather to have increased. Engineers, disregarding the heart-rending narratives continually published, have done literally nothing to check the evil, and it may be justly said to be a disgrace to humanity, that the legislature of the union has not, ere this, interposed its authority to check abuses which are productive of such national calamities.

In a Mississippi steamer the cabins and saloons, although less magnificently appointed than in the Hudson boats, are equally spacious. They are erected on a flooring or platform six or eight feet above the deck of the vessel. Upon this deck, and in the space under the flooring which supports the cabins and saloons occupied by the passengers, are placed the en-

gines, which are of the coarsest structure. They are invariably worked with high-pressure steam, without condensation. In order to obtain the effect which, in the Hudson boats, is due to a good vacuum, the steam is used under an extraordinary pressure :

"I have myself," says Dr. Lardner, "frequently witnessed boilers of the most artificial construction worked with steam of the full pressure of 120lbs per square inch; but more recently this pressure has been increased, the ordinary working pressure being now 150lbs., and I am assured, on good authority, that it is not unfrequently raised to even 200lbs. The boilers are cylindrical, of large diameter, and of the rudest kind. When returning flues are constructed in them, the space left is so small, that the slightest variation in the quantity of water they contain, or in the trim of the vessel, causes the upper flues to be uncovered, and the intense action of the furnace, in this case, soon renders them red hot, when a frightful collapse is almost inevitable. The red hot iron, no longer able to resist the intense pressure, gives way, the boiler explodes, and the scalding water is scattered in all directions, often producing more terrible effects than even the fragments of the boiler, which are projected around with destructive force.

"Another frequent cause of explosion in these boilers is, the quantity of mud held in suspension in the waters of the Mississippi below the mouth of the Missouri. As the water in the boiler is evaporated, the earthy matter which it held in suspension remains behind, and accumulates in the boiler, in the bottom of which it is at length collected in a thick stratum. This earthy stratum collected within the boiler being a non-conductor, the heat proceeding from the furnace is intercepted, and, instead of being absorbed by the water, is accumulated in the boiler-plates, which it ultimately renders red-hot. Being thus softened, they give way, and the boiler bursts."

The only remedy for this evil is to blow out the mud, from time to time, and introduce fresh water, but the engine-drivers and captains do not like this, and almost systematically neglect it. They are too intent on obtaining speed—and, to use their own phrase, "going a-head"—and they have little hesitation in risking their own lives and those of the passengers, rather than allow themselves to be outrun by a rival boat.

The magnitude of these boats is little, if at all, inferior to those of the Hudson; they are, however, constructed more with a view to the ac-

commodation of freight, carrying down the river large quantities of cotton and other produce, as well as passengers, to New Orleans. Many of these vessels are 300 feet and upwards in length, and are capable of carrying a thousand tons of freight, besides affording luxurious accommodation to a large number of cabin passengers, and three or four hundred deck passengers.

The progress of the United States, in the construction of railways, is scarcely less surprising than the results of their river steam navigation. The actual extent of railways now under traffic, in the several states composing the union, is not much short of 7,000 miles! Of this length, more than 4,000 miles were open as early as 1843, before England, or any other country of Europe, possessed railway communication at all approaching to the same extent.

As might have been expected, the chief theatre of railway enterprise has been the Atlantic States. The Mississippi and its immense tributaries serve the purposes of the Western States so efficiently, and the population is comparatively so thin, that many years will probably elapse before any considerable extent of railway communication will be established in that vast territory. Nevertheless, there are various detached railways, intersecting the most remote regions of the Mississippi valley. Dr. Lardner, who travelled over all of them repeatedly, says :—

"To the traveller in these wilds, the aspect of such artificial lines of transport in the midst of a country a great portion of which is still in the state of native forest is most remarkable, and strongly characteristic of the irrepressible spirit of enterprise of its population. Travelling in the backwoods of Mississippi, through native forests where, till within a few years, human foot never trod, through solitudes the stillness of which was never broken even by the red man, I have been filled with wonder to find myself drawn on a railway by an engine driven by an artisan from Liverpool, and whirled at the rate of twenty miles an hour by the highest refinements of the art of locomotion. It is not easy to describe the impression produced as one sees the frightened deer start from its lair at the snorting of the ponderous machine and the appearance of the snake-like train which follows it, and when one reflects on all that man has accomplished within half a century in this region."

In the mode of conducting the business of the railways, there are many peculiarities which will create surprise to Europeans. Thus, instead of terminating in the suburbs of great towns, the railways are, in many cases, actually carried *through the streets* :—

“In several of the principal American cities, the railways are continued to the very centre of the town, following the windings of the streets, and turning without difficulty the sharpest corners. The locomotive station is, however, always in the suburbs. Having arrived there, the engine is detached from the train, and horses are yoked to the carriages, by which they are drawn to the passenger depot, usually established at some central situation. Four horses are attached to each of these oblong carriages. The sharp curves at the corners of the streets are turned, by causing the outer wheels of the trucks to run upon their flanges, so that they become (while passing round the curve) virtually larger wheels than the inner ones. I have seen, by this means, the longest railway carriages enter the depots in Philadelphia, Baltimore, and New York, with as much precision and facility as was exhibited by the coaches that used to enter the gateway of the Golden Cross or the Saracen's Head.”

In some cases a long line of transport consists partly of railways and partly of canals. In such instances it would be almost impracticable to transship the merchandise from the railway wagons to the canal boats, or *vice versa*, and such a change would be highly inconvenient even to passengers having much luggage. The device by which this difficulty is surmounted is curious and interesting :—

“The merchandise is loaded, and the passengers accommodated in the boats adapted to the canals, at the depot in Market-street, Philadelphia. These boats, which are of considerable magnitude and length, are divided into segments, by partitions made transversely and at right angles to their length, so that each boat can be, as it were, broken into three or more pieces. These several pieces are placed each on two railway trucks, which support it at its ends, a proper body being provided for the trucks adapted to the form of the bottom and keel of the boat. In this manner the boat is carried in pieces, with its load, along the railways. On arriving at the canal, the pieces are united so as to form a continuous boat, which, being launched, the transport is continued on the water.

“On arriving again at the railway, the boat is once more resolved into its segments,

which, as before, are transferred to the railway trucks, and transported to the next canal station by locomotive engines.

“Between the depot in Market-street and the locomotive station, which is situate in the suburbs of Philadelphia, the segments of the boats are drawn by horses, on railways conducted through the streets. At the locomotive station the trucks are formed into a continuous train, and delivered over to the locomotive engine.

“As the body of the truck rests upon a pivot, under which it is supported by the wheels, it is capable of revolving, and no difficulty is found in turning the shortest curves; and these enormous vehicles, with their contents of merchandise and passengers, are seen daily issuing from the gates of the depot in Market-street, and turning without difficulty the corners at the entrance of each successive street.”

Where the line of route of a railway is intersected by wide rivers or arms of the sea, which happens not unfrequently, a steam ferry is used instead of a bridge :—

“The management of these steam ferries is deserving of notice. It is generally so arranged, that the time of crossing them corresponds with a meal of the passengers. A platform is constructed, level with the line of rails, and carried to the water's edge. Upon this platform rails are laid, on which the waggon which bear the passengers' luggage and other matters of light and rapid transport are rolled directly upon the upper deck of the ferry boat, the passengers meanwhile proceeding under a covered way to the lower deck. The whole operation is accomplished in five minutes. While the boat is crossing the spacious river, the passengers are supplied with their breakfast, dinner, lunch, or supper, as the case may be. On arriving at the opposite bank the upper deck comes in contact with a like platform, bearing a railway on which the waggon are rolled. The passengers walk by a covered way, and resume their places in the railway carriages, and the train proceeds.”

We find a variety of other interesting details respecting the internal communication in the United States, both by land and water, in the work before us; but our limits oblige us to pass them over, referring the reader to the volume itself.

Belgium was the first of the European States to perceive the vast importance of the improvement in land transport made in England; and her first great measure, after the acknowledgment of her independence, which followed the revo-

lution of 1830, was the adoption of a project for the construction of an extensive system of railway communication, intersecting her territory east and west, and north and south; connecting Ostend with Cologne, and Valenciennes with Antwerp. A few years since this project was realised, and the result justified its policy. In ten years from the opening of the first section of the state railways, the exports of the kingdom were doubled, and the imports were augmented fully five per cent. The Belgian railways consist of 457 miles, of which 353 have been constructed, and are worked by the state. The total cost of their construction and equipment has amounted to eight millions sterling.

Up to the end of 1847, the gross receipts proceeding from the traffic on the Belgian State Railways never exceeded eight per cent. of the capital, and the nett profits never amount to so much as four per cent., except in the year 1846, when they amounted to four and one-tenth per cent.

Considering the advanced place she claims among civilised countries, France has been singularly backward in the adoption of railways. At the close of 1849, the total length of railways open to traffic in France did not amount to 1750 miles, the length of those in progress being about 1250 miles—making a total of 3000 miles. The cost of those completed was forty-six millions sterling, and the estimated cost of those in progress was thirty-four millions, making a total of eighty millions of railway capital.

According to the calculation of Dr. Lardner, the nett profits on the French railways, taken one with another, do not much exceed $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. on the capital absorbed.

The system of railways constructed in the German States is very unequally distributed, a circumstance naturally produced by the unequal distribution of population, commerce, and industry. A tract east of the frontier of the Netherlands, having a length of about 400 miles east and west, and a width of about 200 miles north and south, is covered with a close network of railways, to which all the

other systems of Germanic railways may be regarded as tributary. These other lines consist of four main trunks, running north and south, with numerous branches.

The first follows the course of the Rhine, by its right bank, and terminates at Bale. The second traverses the kingdom of Wirtemberg, from Frankfort to the shores of Lake Constance. The third traverses the kingdom of Bavaria, from the frontiers of Saxony to Lindau, on Lake Constance; and the third is the great Austrian line, commencing at Trieste, and passing through the entire territory of the empire, to the northern frontiers, where it unites with the Saxo-Silesian system, already mentioned, throwing off numerous branches east and west to Pesth, Prague, and other places.

By the last-mentioned system, a continuous line of railway communication is open* between the Adriatic and the ports of the Baltic, the Sound, the German Ocean, and the Channel.

If the ports of the German Ocean be desired to be reached, the branch diverging eastward at Lundenburg will be adopted, by which the traveller will pass through Bohemia, Saxony, and Western Prussia, touching at Prague, Dresden, Leipsic, Magdeburg, and arriving ultimately at Hamburg. If it be desired to reach the ports of the Baltic or the Sound, he will pursue the Austrian trunk line to Oderburg, on the frontiers of Silesia, where he will enter on the Prussian-Silesian system, and will pass by Breslau, Frankfort-on-the-Oder, and Berlin, to Stettin.

Berlin is the common centre and point of departure of the extensive system of northern railways. From this capital, seven trunk lines will ultimately diverge, five of which are completed and in operation.

In 1849, the total length of railways under traffic in the German States was 4,500 miles, about 800 miles being in progress of construction.

Projected with a view to a traffic comparatively limited, and resembling closely in their commercial conditions the roads of the United States, the German railways have been constructed, in general, on principles

* A short distance of the Austrian line, extending from Trieste to Laybach, is not yet open for traffic, but will be, no doubt, within a few months.

analogous to those which have been found to answer so well in America. The vast expenditure for earth-work and costly works of art, such as viaducts, bridges, and tunnels, by which valleys are bestridden and mountains pierced to gain a straight and level line in the English system, have not been attempted; and the railways have been carried more nearly along the natural level of the country, the cost of earth-work having been generally limited to that of short cuttings

and low embankments. Curves of comparatively short radius have also been admitted, so that the railways might wind along those levels which would offer the most economical conditions of construction."

The following comparative view of the relation which railways and railway capital bear to the territorial extent and population of different countries, will be read with interest:—

Comparative View of the Movement of the Traffic on a Portion of the Railways in operation in the United Kingdom, United States, Belgium, France, and Germany.

	United Kingdom.	United States.	Belgium.	France.	Germanic States.
Year reported . . .	1847.	1847.	1847.	1848.	1846.
	miles.	miles.	miles.	miles.	miles.
Length of railway . .	3036	1160	353	1090	2304
Average cost of construction and stock per mile . .	£ 40,000	£ 9200*	£ 18,000	£ 26,800	£ 11,000
Per mile of railway per day—	£	£	£	£	£
Receipts . . .	7·6	4·05	4·6	5·30	2·16
Expenses . . .	3·0	1·89	2·9	3·33	1·04
Profits . . .	4·6	2·16	1·7	1·97	1·12
Expenses per cent. of receipts	40·0	46·8	63·0	63·0	48·3
Profits per cent. of capital .	4·2	8·6	3·44	2·68	3·72
	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.
Receipts per mile of trains .	7 0	7 5	5 0	7 6	—
Receipts per passenger booked	2 0	2 3	1 6	2 1·75	1 6·5
Distance travelled per passenger	miles. 15·75	miles. 18·2	miles. 22·6	miles. 24·9	miles. 19·6
Receipts per passenger per mile	d. 1·54	d. 1·47	d. 0·8	d. 1·03	d. 0·93
Number of passengers per train	50	54	75·3	61·4	—
Perct. of passengers booked:					
1st class	13·8	100	11	7·0	3·6
2nd class	39·5	—	24·0	24·6	22·4
3rd class	46·7	—	65	68·4	74·0
Receipts per ton of goods booked	s. d. 3 2·2	s. d. 5 8·5	s. d. 5 2	—	s. d. 10 1
	miles.	miles.	miles.		miles.
Distance carried per ton .	22·5	38	43·8	—	46·4
	d.	d.	d.		d.
Receipts per ton per mile .	1·67	1·8	1·34	—	2·6
Number of tons per train .	—	54·5	33·2	—	—
Average speed of passenger-trains in miles per hour:					
Stoppages included .	24·5	15·0	—	21·2	20·0
Stoppages excluded .	32·0	—	—	27·0	24·2

"In making such a comparison it is especially necessary to consider not merely the length of railway reported to be in operation or in progress, but the capital which has been invested in its construction; for two lines of communication receiving the common denomination of railways may differ from each other extremely in their utility

and value. Such a line of communication as that which connects, or lately connected, Portsmouth (Virginia) with Weldon (North Carolina), and that which connects London and Birmingham, both receive the common name of railway, nearly in the same manner as a log cabin of a Missouri settler and the palace of Blenheim receive the common

* The average cost of all the remaining lines was about £8,000 per mile.

denomination of 'dwelling-house.' The most exact measure of the relative utility or efficiency of two lines of railway is their cost. It is not, however, to be forgotten that, even in adopting this test, regard must be had to the relative cost of land, material, and manual labour."

"It would have been desirable to have exhibited a comparative view of the average movement of the traffic upon the railways in operation in different countries at a corresponding epoch. Unfortunately we have no documents to enable us to do this with

all the precision which might be wished. I have, however, collected in a table as many data as are supplied by authentic documents for nearly corresponding epochs. The railways on which the traffic reported has been carried do not in general include all the lines open in the respective countries; nevertheless, they will afford some approximation to a comparison of the extent of intercommunication by railway. In some cases also I have been obliged to obtain the numerical results by estimation. These I have indicated in the table.

THE DUKE OF MONMOUTH—LETTER FROM DR. ANSTER, VICE-PRES. R.I.A.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

SIR,—In the fourth volume of the "Proceedings of the Royal Irish Academy," is an account of a volume supposed to have been found on the Duke of Monmouth's person at the time of his capture, which was exhibited to the Royal Irish Academy on the 30th of November last.

At the time I showed the book to the Academy, I read, among others, the following extracts from publications of the period:—

"The papers and books that were found on him have been since delivered to his Majesty. One of the books was a MS. of spells, charms, conjurations, songs, receipts, and prayers, all written with the said late duke's own hand."—*Harleian Misc.*, last ed., vol. vi., p. 322.

"Out of his pocket were taken books, in his own handwriting, containing charms and spells, to open the doors of a prison, to obviate the danger of being wounded in battle, together with songs and prayers."—*Sir John Reresby's Memoirs*.

In the number for April 20, 1850, of the publication called "Notes and Queries," is a letter, giving some passages from Welwood's *Memorial*, said by Welwood to be transcribed "from a little pocket-book, in Monmouth's own hand, which was taken with him, and delivered to King James." It is said in that letter, that if these passages do not exist in the book exhibited to the Academy, that book cannot be authentic.

The passages quoted by Welwood do not exist in that volume, and yet the inference does not arise.

The author of the letter in "Notes and Queries" has not observed that what is said in the old authorities is, that *books* and *papers* were found on the duke's person. The extract from the "Harleian Miscellany" is from a state paper of the period, published at the time of the duke's capture, entitled, "An account of the manner of taking the late Duke of Monmouth, &c. By his Majesty's command;" and the language of that paper is "one of the books," which shows the plural form was not accidental, but that more than one was so found.

The volume shown at the Academy answers, in every respect, the description in the passages from the "Harleian Miscellany," and Sir John Reresby's "Memoirs." It, probably, was one of the books, and Welwood's, if authentic, another.

An article in a late number of "Chambers's Edinburgh Journal" is referred to by the writer in *Notes and Queries*, with the observation that "it is reasonable to infer that it contains the strongest evidence that can be adduced in support of the opinion that the book in the possession of Dr. Anster is the one found on the Duke when captured." I did not, it so happens, see that paper till this day. The passage from the "Harleian Miscellany" is referred to in that article; but unluckily the words are not given, though printed in the "Proceedings of the Academy," from which a considerable part of the article in "Chambers" appears to have been compiled. Had they been given, neither you nor the Editor of *Notes and Queries* would in all probability have been troubled with these communications.

I have to thank some unknown friend—probably the editor of "Notes and Queries"—for sending me the number of that journal for April 20.

I am, sir, yours truly,

J. ANSTER.

MAURICE TIERNAY, THE SOLDIER OF FORTUNE.

CHAPTER IV.

"THE NIGHT OF THE NINTH THERMIDOR."

I HAD agreed with the Père Michel to rendezvous at the garden of the little chapel of St. Blois, and thitherward I now turned my steps.

The success which followed this my first enterprise in life had already worked a wondrous change in all my feelings. Instead of looking up to the poor Curé for advice and guidance, I felt as though our parts were exchanged, and that it was *I* who was now the protector of the other. The oft-repeated sneers at "*les bons Prêtres*," who were good for nothing, must have had a share in this new estimate of my friend; but a certain self-reliance just then springing up in my heart, effectually completed the change.

The period was essentially one of action and not of reflection. Events seemed to fashion themselves at the will of him who had daring and courage to confront them, and they alone appeared weak and poor-spirited who would not stem the tide of fortune. Sentiments like these were not, as may be supposed, best calculated to elevate the worthy Père in my esteem, and I already began to feel how unsuited was such companionship for me, whose secret promptings whispered ever, "*go forward*."

The very vagueness of my hopes served but to extend the horizon of futurity before me, and I fancied a thousand situations of distinction that might yet be mine. Fame—or its poor counterfeit, notoriety—seemed the most enviable of all possessions. It mattered little by what merits it were won, for, in that fickle mood of popular opinion, great vices were as highly prized as transcendent abilities, and one might be as illustrious by crime as by genius. Such were not the teachings of the Père; but they were the lessons that Paris dinned into my ears unceasingly. Reputation, character, was of no avail, in a social condition where all was change and vacillation. What was idolised one day, was execrated the next. The hero of yesterday, was the object of

popular vengeance to-day. The success of the passing hour was everything.

The streets were crowded as I passed along; although a drizzling rain was falling, groups and knots of people were gathered together at every corner, and, by their eager looks and gestures, showed that some event of great moment had occurred. I stopped to ask what it meant, and learned that Robespierre had been denounced in the Assembly, and that his followers were hastening, in arms, to the Place de Grève. As yet, men spoke in whispers, or broken phrases. Many were seen affectionately embracing and clasping each other's hands in passionate emotion; but few dared to trust themselves to words, for none knew if the peril were really passed, or if the power of the tyrant might not become greater than ever. While I yet listened to the tidings which, in half sentences and broken words, reached my ears, the roll of drums, beating the "*générale*," was heard, and suddenly the head of a column appeared, carrying torches, and seated upon ammunition-wagons and caissons, and chanting in wild chorus the words of the "*Marseillaise*." On they came, a terrible host of half-naked wretches, their heads bound in handkerchiefs, and their brawny arms bare to the shoulders.

The artillery of the Municipale followed, many of the magistrates riding amongst them dressed in the tricoloured scarfs of officers. As the procession advanced, the crowds receded, and gradually the streets were left free to the armed force.

While, terror-struck, I continued to gaze at the countenances over which the lurid torch-light cast a horrid glare, a strong hand grasped my collar, and by a jerk swung me up to a seat on one of the caissons; and at the same time a deep voice said, "*Come, youngster, this is more in thy way than mine*," and a black-bearded "*sapeur*" pushed a drum be-

fore me, and ordered me to beat the générale. Such was the din and uproar that my performance did not belie my uniform, and I beat away manfully, scarcely sorry, amid all my fears, at the elevated position from which I now surveyed the exciting scene around me.

As we passed, the shops were closed on either side in haste, and across the windows of the upper stories beds and mattresses were speedily drawn, in preparation for the state of siege now so imminent. Lights flickered from room to room, and all betokened a degree of alarm and terror. Louder and louder pealed the “Marseillaise,” as the columns deployed into the open Place, from which every street and lane now poured its *tributaires* of armed men. The line was now formed by the artillery, which, to the number of sixteen pieces, ranged from end to end of the square, the dense crowd of horse and foot forming behind, the mass dimly lighted by the waving torches that here and there marked the presence of an officer. Gradually the sounds of the “Marseillaise” grew fainter and fainter, and soon a dreary silence pervaded that varied host, more terrible now, as they stood speechless, than in all the tumultuous din of the wildest uproar. Meanwhile, from the streets which opened into the Place at the furthest end, the columns of the National Guard began to move up, the leading files carrying torches; behind them came ten pieces of artillery, which, as they issued, were speedily placed in battery, and flanked by the heavy dragoons of the Guard; and now, in breathless silence, the two forces stood regarding each other, the cannoniers with lighted matches in their hands, the dragoons firmly claspings their sabres—all but waiting for the word to plunge into the deadliest strife. It was a terrible moment—the slightest stir in the ranks—the rattling of a horse’s panoply—the clank of a sabre—told upon the heart like the toll of a death-bell. It was then that two or three horsemen were seen to advance from the troops of the Convention, and, approaching the others, were speedily lost among their ranks. A low and indistinct murmur ran along the lines, which each moment grew louder, till at last it burst forth into a cry of “Vive la Convention.” Quitting

their ranks, the men gathered around a general of the National Guard, who addressed them in words of passionate eloquence, but of which I was too distant to hear anything. Suddenly the ranks began to thin; some were seen to pile their arms, and move away in silence; others marched across the Place, and took up their position beside the troops of the National Guard; of the cannoniers many threw down their matches, and extinguished the flame with their feet, while others again, limbering up their guns, slowly retired to the barracks.

As for myself, too much interested in the scene to remember that I was, in some sort, an actor in it, I sat upon the caisson, watching all that went forward so eagerly, that I never noticed the departure of my companions, nor perceived that I was left by myself. I know not how much later this discovery might have been deferred to me, had not an officer of the “Guard” ridden up to where I was, and said, “Move up, move up, my lad; keep close to the battery.” He pointed at the same time with his sabre in the direction where a number of guns and carriages were already proceeding.

Not a little flattered by the order, I gathered up reins and whip, and, thanks to the good drilling of the beasts, who readily took their proper places, soon found myself in the line, which now drew up in the rear of the artillery of the Guard, separated from the front by a great mass of horse and foot. I knew nothing of what went forward in the Place; from what I gathered, however, I could learn that the artillery was in position, the matches burning, and everything in readiness for a cannonade. Thus we remained for above an hour, when the order was given to march. Little knew I that, in that brief interval, the whole fortunes of France—ay, of humanity itself—had undergone a mighty change—that the terrible reign of blood, the tyranny of Robespierre, had closed, and that he who had sent so many to the scaffold, now lay bleeding and mutilated upon the very table where he had signed the death-warrants.

The day was just beginning to dawn as we entered the barracks of the Conciergerie, and drew up in a double line along its spacious square. The

men dismounted, and stood "at ease," awaiting the arrival of the staff of the National Guard, which, it was said, was coming; and now the thought occurred to me, of what I should best do, whether make my escape while it was yet time, or remain to see by what accident I had come there. If a sense of duty to the Père Michel urged me on one side, the glimmering hope of some opening to fortune swayed me on the other. I tried to persuade myself that my fate was bound up with his, and that he should be my guide through the wild waste before me; but these convictions could not stand against the very scene in which I stood. The glorious panoply of war—the harness team—the helmetted dragoon—the proud steed in all the trappings of battle! How faint were the pleadings of duty against such arguments. The Père, too, designed me for a priest. The life of a "seminarist" in a convent was to be mine! I was to wear the red gown and the white cape of an "acolyte!"—to be taught how to swing a censor, or snuff the candles of the high altar—to be a train-bearer in a procession, or carry a relic in a glass-case! The hoarse bray of a trumpet that then rung through the court routed these ignoble fancies, and as the staff rode proudly in, my resolve was taken. I was determined to be a soldier.

The day, I have said, was just breaking, and the officers wore their dark grey capotes over their uniforms. One, however, had his coat partly open, and I could see the blue and silver beneath, which, tarnished and worn as it was, had to my eyes all the brilliancy of a splendid uniform. He was an old man, and by his position in advance of the others showed that he was the chief of the staff. This was General Lacoste, at that time "en mission" from the army of the Rhine, and now sent by the Convention to report upon the state of events among the troops. Slowly passing along the line, the old general halted before each gun, pointing out to his staff certain minutiae, which, from his gestures and manner, it was easy to see were not the subject of eulogy. Many of the pieces were ill slung, and badly balanced on the trucks; and the wheels, in some cases, were carelessly put on, their tires worn, and the iron shoeing defective. The harnessing, too, was patched and mended in a

slovenly fashion; the horses lean and out of condition; the drivers awkward and inexperienced.

"This is all bad, gentlemen," said he, addressing the officers, but in a tone to be easily heard all around him; "and reflects but little credit upon the state of your discipline in the capital. We have been now seventeen months in the field before the enemy, and not idle either; and yet I would take shame to myself if the worst battery in our artillery were not better equipped, better horsed, better driven, and better served, than any I see here."

One, who seemed a superior officer, here appeared to interpose some explanation or excuse, but the general would not listen to him, and continued his way along the line, passing around which he now entered the space between the guns and the caissons. At last he stopped directly in front of where I was, and fixed his dark and penetrating eyes steadily on me. Such was their fascination, that I could not look from him, but continued to stare as fixedly at him.

"Look here, for instance," cried he, as he pointed to me with his sword, "is that 'gamin' yonder like an artillery-driver? or is it to a drummer-boy you entrust the caisson of an eight-pounder gun? Dismount, sirrah, and come hither," cried he to me, in a voice that sounded like an order for instant execution. "This popinjay dress of yours must have been the fancy of some worthy shopkeeper of the 'Quai Lepelletier;' it never could belong to any regular corps. Who are you?"

"Maurice Tiernay, sir," said I, bringing my hand to my cap in military salute.

"Maurice Tiernay," repeated he, slowly, after me. "And have you no more to say for yourself than your name?"

"Very little, sir," said I, taking courage from the difficulty in which I found myself.

"What of your father, boy?—is he a soldier?"

"He was, sir," replied I, with firmness.

"Then he is dead? In what corps did he serve?"

"In the Garde du Corps," said I, proudly.

The old general gave a short cough,

and seemed to search for his snuff-box, to cover his confusion; the next moment, however, he had regained his self-possession, and continued: “And since that event—I mean, since you lost your father—what have you been doing? How have you supported yourself?”

“In various ways, sir,” said I, with a shrug of the shoulders, to imply, that the answer might be too tedious to listen to. “I have studied to be a priest, and I have served as a ‘rat’ in the Prison du Temple.”

“You have certainly tried the extremes of life,” said he, laughing; “and now you wish, probably, to hit the ‘juste milieu,’ by becoming a soldier?”

“Even so, sir,” said I, easily. “It was a mere accident that mounted me upon this caisson; but I am quite ready to believe that fortune intended me kindly when she did so.”

“These ‘Gredins’ fancy that they are all born to be generals of France,” said the old man, laughing; “but, after all, it is a harmless delusion, and easily curable by a campaign or two. Come, sirrah, I’ll find out a place for you; where, if you cannot serve the republic better, you will, at least, do her less injury, than as a driver in her artillery. Bertholet, let him be enrolled in your detachment of the gendarme, and give him my address: I wish to speak to him to-morrow.”

“At what hour, general?” said I, promptly.

“At eight, or half-past—after breakfast,” replied he.

“It may easily be before mine,” muttered I to myself.

“What says he?” cried the general, sharply.

The aide-de-camp whispered a few words in answer, at which the other

smiled, and said—“Let him come somewhat earlier—say eight o’clock.”

“You hear that, boy?” said the aide-de-camp, to me; while, with a slight gesture, he intimated that I might retire. Then, as if suddenly remembering that he had not given me the address of the general, he took a scrap of crumpled paper from his pocket-book, and wrote a few words hastily on it with his pencil. “There,” cried he, throwing it towards me, “There is your billet for this day at least.” I caught the scrap of paper, and after deciphering the words, perceived that they were written on the back of an “assignat” for forty sous.

It was a large sum to one who had not wherewithal to buy a morsel of bread; and as I looked at it over and over, I fancied there would be no end to the pleasures such wealth could purchase. I can breakfast on the Quai Voltaire, thought I: ay and sumptuously too, with coffee and chesnuts, and a slice of melon, and another of cheese, and a ‘petite goutte’ to finish—for five sous. The panther, at the corner of the Pont Neuf, costs but a sou; and for three one can see the brown bear of America, the hyæna, and another beast whose name I forget, but whose image, as he is represented outside, carrying off a man in his teeth, I shall retain to my last hour. Then, there is the panorama of Dunkirk, at the Rue Chopart, with the Duke of York begging his life from a terrible-looking soldier in a red cap and a tri-coloured scarf. After that, there’s the parade at the “Carrousel;” and mayhaps something more solemn still, at the “Grève;” but there was no limit to the throng of enjoyments which came rushing to my imagination, and it was in a kind of ecstasy of delight I set forth on my voyage of pleasure.

CHAPTER V.

THE CHOICE OF A LIFE.

IN looking back after a long lapse of years, I cannot refrain from a feeling of astonishment to think, how little remembrance I possess of the occurrences of that day—one of the most memorable that ever dawned for France—the eventful 29th of July, that closed the reign of terror by the death of the tyrant! It is true, that all Paris was astir at daybreak;

that a sense of national vengeance seemed to pervade the vast masses that filled the streets, which now were scenes of the most exciting emotion. I can only account for the strange indifference that I felt about these stirring themes, by the frequency with which similar, or what, to me at least, appeared similar scenes had already passed before my eyes.

One of the most remarkable phases of the revolution was, the change it produced in all the social relations, by substituting an assumed nationality for the closer and dearer ties of kindred and affection. France was everything—the family nothing; every generous wish, every proud thought, every high ambition or noble endeavour, belonged to the country. In this way, whatever patriotism may have gained, certainly all the home affections were utterly wrecked; the humble and unobtrusive virtues of domestic life seemed mean and insignificant beside the grand displays of patriotic devotion which each day exhibited.

Hence grew the taste for that “life of the streets,” then so popular; everything should be “*en évidence*.” All the emotions which delicacy would render sacred to the seclusion of home, were now to be paraded to the noon-day. Fathers were reconciled to rebellious children before the eyes of multitudes; wives received forgiveness from their husbands in the midst of approving crowds; leave-takings, the most affecting; partings, for those never to meet again; the last utterings of the death-bed; the faint whispers of expiring affection; the imprecations of undying hate—all, all, were exhibited in public, and the gaze of the low, the vulgar, and the debauched, associated with the most agonising griefs that ever the heart endured. The scenes, which now are shrouded in all the secrecy of domestic privacy, were then the daily life of Paris; and to this cause alone can I attribute the hardened indifference with which events the most terrible and heart-rending were witnessed. Bred up amidst such examples, I saw little matter for emotion in scenes of harrowing interest. An air of mockery was on everything, and a bastard classicality destroyed every semblance of truth in whatever would have been touching and affecting.

The commotion of Paris on that memorable morning was, then, to my thinking, little more than usual. If the crowds who pressed their way to “*The Place de la Révolution*” were greater—if the cries of vengeance were in louder utterance—if the imprecations were deeper and more terrible—the ready answer, that satisfied all curiosity, was—it was Robespierre, who was on his way to be executed. Little knew I what hung upon that life! and how

the fate of millions depended upon the blood that morning was to shed. Too full of myself and my own projects, I disengaged myself from the crowds that pressed eagerly towards the Tuileries, and took my way by less frequented streets in the direction of the Boulevard Mont Parnasse.

I wished, if possible, to see the Père once more, to take a last farewell of him, and ask his blessing, too: for still a lingering faith in the lessons he had taught me, continued to haunt my mind, amidst all the evil influences with which my wayward life surrounded me. The further I went from the quarter of the Tuileries, the more deserted and solitary grew the streets. Not a carriage or horseman was to be seen; scarcely a foot-passenger. All Paris had, apparently, assembled on the “*Place de la Révolution*,” and the very beggars had quitted their accustomed haunts to repair thither. Even the distant hum of the vast multitude faded away, and it was only as the wind bore them, that I could catch the sounds of the hoarse cries that bespoke a people’s vengeance; and now I found myself in the little silent street which once had been my home. I stood opposite the house where we used to live, afraid to enter it, lest I might compromise the safety of her I wished to save; and yet longing once more to see the little chamber where we once sat together—the chimney-corner where, in the dark nights of winter, I nestled, with my hymn-book, and tried to learn the rhymes, that every plash of the falling hail against the windows routed—to lie down once more in the little bed, where so often I had passed whole nights of happy imaginings—bright thoughts of a peaceful future, that were never to be realised!

Half choking with my emotion, I passed on, and soon saw the green fields, and the windmill-covered hill of Montmartre, rising above the embankment of the Boulevards; and now the ivy-clothed wall of the garden, within which stood the Chapel of St. Blois. The gate lay ajar, as of old, and pushing it open, I entered. Everything was exactly as I had left it—the same desolation and desertion everywhere—so much so, that I almost fancied no human foot had crossed its dreary precincts since last I was there. On drawing nigh to the chapel, I found the door fast barred and barricaded, as before; but a window lay open, and

on examining it closer, I discovered the marks of a recent foot-track on ground and the window-sill. Could the Père Michel have been there? was the question that at once occurred to my mind. Had the poor priest come to take a last look and a farewell of a spot so dear to him. It could scarcely have been any other. There was nothing to tempt cupidity in that humble little church; an image of the "Virgin and Child" in wax was the only ornament of the altar. No, no; pillage had never been the motive of him who entered here.

Thus reasoning, I climbed up to the window, and entered the chapel. As my footsteps echoed through the silent building, I felt that sense of awe and reverence so inseparably connected with a place of worship, and which is ever more impressive still, as we stand in it alone. The present, however, was less before me than the past, of which everything reminded me. There was the seat the marquise used to sit in; there the footstool I had so often placed at her feet. How different was the last service I had rendered her! There the pillar, beside which I have stood spell-bound, gazing at that fair face, whose beauty arrested the thoughts that should have wended heavenward, and made my muttered prayers like offerings to herself. The very bouquet of flowers—some peri's hand had placed beneath the shrine—withered and faded, was there still. But where were they whose beating hearts had throbbed with deep devotion? How many had died upon the scaffold!—how many were still lingering in imprisonment, some in exile, some in concealment, dragging out lives of misery and anxiety. What was the sustaining spirit of such martyrdom? I asked myself, again and again. Was it the zeal of true religion, or was it the energy of loyalty, that bore them up against every danger, and enabled them to brave death itself with firmness?—and if this faith of theirs was thus ennobling, why could not France be of one mind and heart? There came no answer to these doubts of mine, and I slowly advanced towards the altar, still deeply buried in thought. What was my surprise to see that two candles stood there, which bore signs of having been recently lighted. At once the whole truth flashed across me—the Père had been there; he had come to cele-

brate a mass—the last, perhaps, he was ever to offer up at that altar. I knew with what warm affection he loved every object and every spot endeared to him by long time, and I fancied to myself the overflowing of his heart, as he entered once more, and for the last time, the little temple, associated with all the joys and sorrows of his existence. Doubtless, too, he had waited anxiously for my coming; mayhap, in the prayers he offered, I was not forgotten. I thought of him kneeling there, in the silence of the night, alone, as he was, his gentle voice the only sound in the stillness of the hour; his pure heart throbbing with gratitude for his deliverance, and prayerful hopes for those who had been his persecutors. I thought over all this, and, in a torrent of emotions, I knelt down before the altar to pray. I know not what words I uttered, but his name must somehow have escaped my lips; for suddenly a door opened beside the altar, and the Père Michel, dressed in his full vestments, stood before me. His features, wan and wasted as they were, had regained their wonted expression of calm dignity; and by his look I saw that he would not suffer the sacred spot to be profaned by any outburst of feeling on either side.

"Those dreadful shouts tell of another massacre," said he, solemnly, as the wind bore towards us the deafening cries of the angry multitude. "Let us pray for the souls' rest of the departed."

"Then will your prayers be offered for Robespierre, for Couthon, and St. Just," said I, boldly.

"And who are they who need more the saints' intercession—who have ever been called to judgment with such crimes to expiate—who have ever so widowed France, and so desecrated her altars? Happily a few yet remain where piety may kneel to implore pardon for their iniquity. Let us recite the Litany for the Dead," said he, solemnly, and at once began the impressive service.

As I knelt beside the rails of the altar, and heard the prayers which, with deep devotion, he uttered, I could not help feeling the contrast between that touching evidence of Christian charity, and the tumultuous joy of the populace, whose frantic bursts of triumph were borne on the air.

"And now come with me, Maurice," said he, as the mass was concluded.

"Here, in this little sacristy, we are safe from all molestation; none will think of us on such a day as this."

And, as he spoke, he drew his arm around me, and led me into the little chamber where once the precious vessels and the decorations of the church were kept.

"Here we are safe," said he, as he drew me to his side on the oaken bench, which formed all the furniture of the room. "To-morrow, Maurice, we must leave this, and seek an asylum in another land; but we are not friendless, my child—the brothers of the 'Sacred Heart' will receive us. Their convent is in the wilds of the Ardennes, beyond the frontiers of France, and there, beloved by the faithful peasantry, they live in security and peace. We need not take the vows of their order, which is one of the strictest of all religious houses; but we may claim their hospitality and protection, and neither will be denied us. Think what a blessed existence will that be, Maurice, my son, to dwell under the same roof with these holy men, and to imbibe from them the peace of mind that holiness alone bestows; to awake at the solemn notes of the pealing organ, and to sink to rest with the solemn liturgies still chanting around you; to feel an atmosphere of devotion on every side, and to see the sacred relics whose miracles have attested the true faith in ages long past. Does it not stir thy heart, my child, to know that such blessed privileges may be thine?"

I hung my head in silence, for, in truth, I felt nothing of the enthusiasm with which he sought to inspire me. The Père quickly saw what passed in my mind, and endeavoured to depict the life of the monastery as a delicious existence, embellished by all the graces of literature, and adorned by the pleasures of intellectual converse. Poetry, romance, scenery, all were pressed into the service of his persuasions; but how weak were such arguments to one like me, the boy whose only education had been what the streets of Paris afforded—whose notions of eloquence were formed on the insane ravings of "The Mountain," and whose idea of greatness was centered in mere notoriety.

My dreamy look of inattention showed him again that he had failed; and I could see in the increased pallor

of his face, the quivering motion of his lip, the agitation the defeat was costing him.

"Alas! alas!" cried he, passionately, "the work of ruin is perfect; the mind of youth is corrupted, and the fountain of virtue defiled at the very source. Oh! Maurice, I had never thought this possible of thee, the child of my heart!"

A burst of grief here overcame him; for some minutes he could not speak. At last he arose from his seat, and wiping off the tears that covered his cheeks, with his robe, spoke, but in a voice whose full round tones contrasted strongly with his former weak accents.

"The life I have pictured seems to thee ignoble and unworthy, boy. So did it not appear to Chrysostom, to Origen, and to Augustin; to the blessed saints of our church, the eldest-born of Christianity. Be it so. Thine, mayhap, is not the age, nor this the era in which to hope for better things. Thy heart yearns for heroic actions—thy spirit is set upon high ambitions—be it so. I say, never was the time more fitting for thee. The enemy is up; his armies are in the field; thousands and tens of thousands swell the ranks, already flushed with victory. Be a soldier, then. Ay, Maurice, buckle on the sword—the battle-field is before thee. Thou hast made choice to seek the enemy in the far-away countries of Heathen darkness, or here in our own native France, where his camp is already spread. If danger be the lure that tempts thee—if to confront peril be thy wish—there is enough of it. Be a soldier, then, and gird thee for the great battle that is at hand. Ay! boy, if thou feelest within thee the proud darings that foreshadow success, speak the word, and thou shalt be a standard-bearer in the very van."

I waited not for more; but springing up, I clasped my arms around his neck, and cried, in ecstasy, "Yes! Père Michel, you have guessed aright; my heart's ambition is to be a soldier, and I want but your blessing to be a brave one."

"And thou shalt have it. A thousand blessings follow those who go forth to the good fight. But thou art yet young, Maurice—too young for this. Thou needest time and much teaching, too. He who would brave the enemy before us, must be skilful

as well as courageous. Thou art as yet but a child."

"The general said he liked boy-soldiers," said I, promptly; "he told me so himself."

"What general—who told thee?" cried the Père, in trembling eagerness.

"General Lacoste, the Chef-d'-Etat, major of the army of the Rhine; the same who gave me a rendezvous for to-morrow at his quarters."

It was not till I had repeated my explanation again and again, nor, indeed, until I had recounted all the circumstances of my last night's adventure, that the poor Père could be brought to see his way through a mystery that had almost become equally embarrassing to myself. When he did, however, detect the clue, and when he had perceived the different tracks on which our minds were travelling, his grief burst all bounds. He inveighed against the armies of the Republic as hordes of pillagers and bandits, the sworn enemies of the church, the desecrators of her altars. Their patriotism he called a mere pretence to shroud their infidelity. Their heroism was the bloodthirstiness of democratic cruelty. Seeing me still unmoved by all this passionate declamation, he adopted another tactic, and suddenly asked me if it were for such a cause as this my father had been a soldier?

"No!" replied I, firmly; "for when my father was alive, the soil of France had not been desecrated by the foot of the invader. The Austrian, the Prussian, the Englishman had not yet dared to dictate the laws under which we were to live."

He appeared thunderstruck at my reply, revealing, as it seemed to him, the extent of those teachings, whose corruptions he trembled at.

"I knew it, I knew it," cried he, bitterly, as he wrung his hands. "The seed of the iniquity is sown—the harvest-time will not be long in coming! And so, boy, thou hast spoken with one of these men—these generals, as they call themselves, of that republican horde?"

"The officer who commands the artillery of the army of the Rhine may write himself general with little presumption," said I, almost angrily.

"They who once led our armies to battle were the nobles of France—men whose proud station was the pledge for their chivalrous devotion. But why do I discuss the question with thee? He who deserts his faith, may well forget that his birth was noble. Go, boy, join those with whom your heart is already linked. Your lesson will be an easy one—you have nothing to unlearn. The songs of the Girondins are already more grateful to your ear than our sacred canticles. Go, I say, since between us henceforth there can be no companionship."

"Will you not bless me, Père," said I, approaching him in deep humility; "will you not let me carry with me thy benediction?"

"How shall I bless the arm that is lifted to wound the Holy Church?—how shall I pray for one whose place is in the ranks of the infidel? Hadst thou faith in my blessing, boy, thou hadst never implored it in such a cause. Renounce thy treason—and not alone my blessing, but thou shalt have a "Novena" to celebrate thy fidelity. Be of us, Maurice, and thy name shall be honoured, where honour is immortality."

The look of beaming affection with which he uttered this, more than the words themselves, now shook my courage, and, in a conflict of doubt and indecision, I held down my head without speaking. What might have been my ultimate resolve, if left completely to myself, I know not; but at that very moment a detachment of soldiers marched past in the street without. They were setting off to join the army of the Rhine, and were singing in joyous chorus the celebrated song of the day, "*Le chant du depart*." The tramp of their feet—the clank of their weapons—their mellow voices—but, more than all, the associations that thronged to my mind, routed every other thought, and I darted from the spot, and never stopped till I reached the street.

A great crowd followed the detachment, composed partly of friends of the soldiers, partly of the idle loungers of the capital. Mixing with these, I moved onward, and speedily passed the outer boulevard, and gained the open country.

ON GOVERNMENT—BY A LIBERTY BOY.

"Mirique sunt orbes et quasi circuitus in rebus publicis commutationum et vicissitudinum: quos cum cognosce sapientis est, tum vero prospicere, impendentis in gubernanda republica moderantem cursum atque in sua potestate retinentem magni cujusdam civis et divini pæne est viri. Itaque quantum quoddam genus reipublicæ maxime probandum esse sentio, quod est ex his, quæ prima dixi, moderatum et permixtum tribus."

—Cicero de Repub. Lib. 1.

"And, indeed, wonderful is the regular succession and circuitous course, as it were, of revolutions and vicissitudes in public affairs. He is a wise man who observes and knows such things; but in conducting the government to foresee what is approaching, and so skilfully to hold the reins of power as to moderate and manage the course of events, that is the part of a great citizen, and of a man almost divine. There is, therefore, a fourth kind of government which, I think, is greatly to be approved of, and which is moderated and combined out of those three which I have first spoken of."

THIS is the conclusion to which Cicero makes Scipio come, after he had spoken of those three kinds of un-mixed or absolute powers which are assumed, or supposed to be blended in the constitutional monarchies of modern times. There must, he says, in every commonwealth, be some recognised and understood authority. It must be deposited in the hands of one monarch, or be entrusted to the administration of certain delegated rulers, or be undertaken by the whole multitude. In other words, if there is to be an absolute or sole authority, the form must be a monarchy, an oligarchy, or a democracy. And though each of these three may, under favourable circumstances, constitute a reasonably good government (the last being the least commendable), yet he—that is Scipio or Cicero—is pleased to avow a decided preference for a combined or blended action of the three—"quantum quoddam moderatum et permixtum tribus."

To this, the fine old Roman gentleman *Lælius* replies, with his accustomed courtesy—"I am not ignorant, Scipio, that such is your preference, for I have often heard you say so. But I do not the less desire—since we may not be able to attain this mixed government—if it is not giving you too much trouble, to hear your opinion as to the comparative value of the three particular forms of political constitutions." Believing it to be very possible that the readers of this discourse may not participate in the polite desire of Scipio's guest to hear that eminent person declaim, as Sir Robert Peel does in modern times, upon the three courses which may be taken in matters of great public importance, I shall not follow up the interesting

though somewhat ponderous conversation. For my part, however, I must not omit to say, that I admire the easy shrewdness of *Lælius*, when he suggests, *par parenthese*, that it might not be possible to obtain that excellent mixture of political powers of which his friend had spoken. Whether Cicero wished in this way to insinuate some misgivings about the practicability of his own theoretic views, may be left as a matter of speculation. Marcus Tullius was, indeed, according to the fashion of his time, very much of a *doctinaire*, and almost as fond of generalising, and systematising, and explaining everything by a theory, as M. Guizot is in our own day. There are certain sublime pedants in the world, from time to time, who bequeath to us much philosophy and eloquence, very conducive to intellectual entertainment, but more a hindrance than a help, when the practical business of life is to be transacted. No great politician was ever made so by profound contemplation of theories, or diligent study of disquisitions. A feeling for what is just and what is glorious—a lofty determination, which difficulty cannot deter, nor fear appal, combined with a clear observation of things as they are, and as they might be—these are better for the politician than those theories which are often pursued with a blind obstinacy that heeds not the aspect of distress, nor sympathises with the murmurings of misery. In our own time, we seem to have escaped from the misery of war, and the concentrated agony of sieges and of battles, only to be worn down by the slower and more protracted misery of theoretical government, which, while acting upon the most scientific rules for the accumulation of national

wealth, consigns nine-tenths of the people to such toil, sadness, and difficulty of existence, as, in the less enlightened days of our fathers, rarely occurred, and, when they did occur, were regarded as things which required a remedy, not as the necessary incidents of scientific, commercialised freedom. When Continental Europe had all but sunk under the military tyranny of France and Napoleon, our great poet truly said:—

"A few strong instincts, and a few plain rules,
Among the herdsmen of the Alps, have wrought
More for mankind, at this unhappy day,
Than all the pride of intellect and thought."

And thus does it often happen, at periods of the deepest interest and most imminent peril, as if it were the will of Providence to shew how little man can do with all his knowledge, upon the great theatre of human life, and how certain greatness is to be associated with simplicity. Nor do I venture to say this in anything like disparagement of intellectual cultivation, or with any wish to lead to the belief that ignorance is an aid to statesmanship, but rather to point out the dangers of pedantry, more especially in politics, and the necessity of looking to the general virtue and happiness of the people, as a test of what is politically good, rather than to the exact compliance with what has been previously assumed to be the scientific principles and rules of government.

I apprehend that most part of what has been said, from time to time, during the last two thousand years, upon the subject of "mixed government," has been very inaccurately said, and that men have been content with this political catch-word, not well considering what the real truth was in respect to so important a matter. For it appears to me that some things there are which will not mix, and among these are the principles of rule, or command in a state. From some kind of supposed analogy with material things, it seems to have been assumed, that of three opposing and conflicting powers, there might be, and that in practice there has been, such a commixture and interpenetration, that a fourth something is the result, which has in itself an individual vitality developing the inherent qualities of the three powers from which it is formed. I

believe this analogy, drawn from material things, to be an erroneous one. There is a potation which some moderns rashly meddle with on occasions of hospitality, which we call "punch," but which "a distinguished foreigner" hinted would better be called "la contradiction," "Because," said he, "you put into the vessel ardent spirits, to make it strong, and water, to make it weak; sugar also you add, to cause it to be sweet, and the juice of lemons, to produce the opposite result of sourness." This was an imperfect view of the case. The water used in the manufacture of punch is the menstruum which, holding the other ingredients in solution, so divides their ultimate atoms, that they constitute not merely a balance of power, as some suppose, but a new harmony of creation, having an entity of its own. There is no skill of human palate—no, not even that of SOVER himself, or any other greater man, if, indeed, there be such in this breathing world—that could detect, in the taste or flavour of a justly-constructed glass of punch, the separate identity of any one of the ingredients. Each is interfused with the other, so that they exist not together and collaterally, as it were, but in one joint existence. Thus, as I have said, this compound is not contradiction, but a harmony of things which, in their separate existence, are contradictory. Even so is the meeting of extremes in the moral world, whereby we have fitful glimpses of that eternal motion and harmony of thoughts and things revolving upon one another, which mortal intellect is not strong enough steadily to contemplate.

But what menstruum can we find in which to suspend, for combination and interpenetration, the conflicting elements of political government? How shall we dissolve the separate absolutisms of monarchy, aristocracy, and democracy, so as to make them combine and clasp together into a new being? I know not how it can be. Neither can I recognise a balance of power in such matters—an idea taken from a mechanical analogy, which, I submit, is not a just analogy, although ingenious. The late Judge Blackstone, who, about four-score years ago, published a commentary upon the laws of England, which has ever since been the most popular book of its kind, though un-

questionably more comprehensive than profound, has stated, with his accustomed neatness, that mechanical fallacy (as I submit that it is) which thousands of persons have satisfied themselves with, from the year 1765 to the present time. "Thus," he says—after describing the powers in our constitution of the king, the nobility, and the commons—

"Thus every branch of our civil polity supports and is supported, regulates and is regulated, by the rest: for the two houses [of Parliament] *naturally drawing in two directions of opposite interest*, and the prerogative in another *still different from them both*, they naturally keep each other from exceeding their proper limits, while the whole is prevented from separation, and artificially connected together by the mixed nature of the crown, which is a part of the legislative, and the sole executive magistrate. Like three distinct powers in mechanics, they jointly impel the machine of government in a direction different from what either, acting by itself, would have done; but, at the same time, in a direction partaking of each, and formed out of all—a direction which constitutes the true line of the liberty and happiness of the community."

This is a very pleasing theory, conveyed to the public with much ingenuity of expression, and well calculated to satisfy those who can be satisfied with a phrase importing, that, by the *opposing* action of several powers in the constitution, liberty and happiness may be attained. But there are those whom a phrase will not satisfy, and who want, not the fanciful demonstration that we have, or ought to have, liberty and happiness, but the actual possession and enjoyment of these things, in so far as they can be conferred or secured by the institutions and the practice of government. And these persons, seeing that the people have not practical liberty, and have not happiness, set themselves to the examination of such theories as those which Blackstone propounded, and find that they are only the fancy and the form of a truth, without the reality or the substance thereof.

Nothing that is to be done by a number of people, each following a will or an interest of his own, can be done in such a way as to resemble the action of mechanical powers. The movements of armies may be likened to mechanical movements, but that is

because the human mass is but a machine for the time being, acting upon the impulse of one motive force. In parliamentary affairs, if the two houses did really draw in the directions of opposite interests, and the monarchical branch of legislation in a direction different from both, the practical result would not be that line of liberty and happiness which the excellent Blackstone has chalked out, but it would be what is called a "dead lock." To this point things do sometimes come; and the only mode yet discovered of getting on, under such circumstances, is, that two of the powers shall yield to, and follow the third. And what, then, is the security for liberty? Why, as to *security*, in the strict sense of the word, there is none at all; but, in so uncertain a world as this, we may as well make up our minds to do without it. But where three powers do theoretically coexist, there is always the possibility, and there has been every now and then the probability, that if the one power which is allowed the lead, should go beyond what is endurable, another would take the lead instead, and be supported therein by the force of the nation.

Some seven years-after Blackstone's philosophy was given to the public, Johnson and Boswell happening to pass an evening at the Pantheon, the latter introduced Sir Adam Ferguson, of Kilkerran, to his somewhat authoritative friend. Sir Adam was a *liberal*, according to the notions of liberals in those days, and Johnson soon poured a broadside into him, in reply to some of the ordinary rubbish about the spirit of liberty. "Sir," said Johnson, "that is all visionary. - I would not give half-a-guinea to live under one form of government more than another. It is of no moment to the happiness of an individual. - Sir, the danger of the abuse of power is nothing to a private man." Sir Adam hinted the expediency of preserving a balance against the crown, to which retorted Johnson: "Sir, I perceive you are a vile whig. Why all this childish jealousy of the power of the Crown? The Crown has not power enough. When I say that all governments are alike, I consider that in no government power can be abused long—mankind will not bear it. If a sovereign oppresses his

people to a great degree, they will rise and cut off his head. There is a remedy in human nature against tyranny that will keep us safe under any form of government."

This is far more practical and intelligible than the mechanical analogy of Mr. Justice Blackstone; but the Doctor exaggerates as much in his "practical view," as more liberal philosophers do in their theorising. If there be a remedy in human nature against tyranny, without regard to forms of government, it must be admitted to be a very rough kind of remedy, which cannot be resorted to without infinite public disturbance and risk of private injury, and which, possibly, may not be successful even when it is resorted to. And because this is not only true, but perceived so to be, a great deal of tyranny has been borne with since governments were first instituted, rather than plunge into such remedies as revolution affords. Moreover, there is this advantage in a free constitution, that it sustains an energy and spirit in respect to public affairs, which can be made available when the necessity arises; whereas, under absolute governments, that energy and spirit are apt to die out—men of intellect become tainted with the subtlety of slaves, seeking thus that influence and exercise of power to which they dare not openly aspire; and the bulk of the middle class divide their time between the pursuit of gain and the indulgence of frivolous vices. However, so far as the lower classes of the people are concerned, *they* seem to suffer least from absolutism of government; for under any government yet practised their freedom is circumscribed by the necessity of circumstances; and where their political influence is nought, the governing power, instead of looking upon them as antagonists, seeks their friendship in case of requiring their aid against aspiring chiefs who *are* likely to become antagonists.

What, then, is the true theory of our tripartite, constitutional government, if it be not the blending of three powers into one? or the opposite action of three separate powers leading into the right line of constitutional liberty? I submit, as my answer, this: that there must be in every political community, as Marcus Tullius teaches,

a certain intelligent authority, as of the monarchy, the nobility, or the commons, which acts upon its own impulses and responsibility, but under check of the other powers in case of excess. For a long time, and during the existence of our tripartite constitution—though less strong in its popular foundations than it now is—the leading power was that of the monarch, and the checks upon excess were the powers of the Lords and Commons. They were found effectual for that purpose, according to such views of liberty as mankind entertained at the time; and though there were occasional interruptions, like periods of disease in the life of an individual, the commonwealth, upon the whole, grew and prospered. The greatness and the glory of the empire increased. During that time our constitution practically resolved itself into a monarchy, restrained, when needful, from monarchical excesses.

From the time of the Revolution to the end of the third decade of this century, the leading power was an oligarchy. The rulers of the British empire were the landed nobility and gentry of Great Britain, checked and restrained, no doubt, both by the monarchy and by the commons, and thus prevented from running a career of oligarchical excess; but, nevertheless, *their* power it was which made the legislation and the government. No unprejudiced man will deny that, with all its faults, the success of that system was great. Its deepest disgrace was the loss of the American provinces; but still, contemplating the career of Great Britain from 1690 to 1830, it must be admitted that no other nation in the world could show such advancement in wealth, in power, and in glory. The ascendancy of the nobles and the gentry received its death-blow in the general election of 1831, which produced an overwhelming majority for the Reform Bill. Such an election could not have taken place had the ordinary combination of nobility, and gentry, and clergy remained. But it was shattered by the policy of 1829, when, yielding to the influence of the Duke of Wellington, the Lords assented to the Roman Catholic Emancipation Act, not considering the strength of the feeling against it which existed among their own order beyond the

houses of legislature. The English county elections never could have been carried, as they were in 1831, had not the gentry and clergy been so thoroughly disgusted with the Parliament of 1829 that, in their anger, they became willing, and almost eager, to destroy the constitution, in virtue of which that sort of parliament existed. It is not intended here to pass any judgment for or against the policy of 1829, considered apart from its consequences upon the practical British constitution. Whether, under the existing circumstances, it was inevitable, or might have been avoided—whether it was just or unjust, well-considered or rash—still it is no less true, that it led to the passing of the Whig-Radical Reform Act, as certainly as the obstinate Romanism of James the Second led to the Revolution of '88; and it thus became the occasion of a complete change in the leading political power of Great Britain.

Since 1832, that leading power has resided in the mercantile, trading, and manufacturing capitalists. The men, in short, who have the leading power in the great towns of England and Scotland, have also the leading power in the legislation and general policy of the British Empire. It is, no doubt, modified and checked by the monarchy, and the landed aristocracy; but neither of these powers must for the future presume to hold a first place. Until another revolution happens, they must wait upon, and hold back as they best may, the mercantile and manufacturing interests which have become paramount. Nor is this to be attributed to the Reform Act alone. Other circumstances have occurred by which the landed interest has been to some extent absorbed into the mercantile. The principal circumstance alluded to is the joint-stock system of trading, which, as applied to railways, mines, docks, harbours, and banking concerns, has drawn, probably, a third of the peerage, and a half of the landed gentry, into the circle of the trading interest, more or less, and has created or extended sympathies and associations between landed and trading society in an important and remarkable degree.

In this new ascendancy there appears to me a double danger:—First, that it is in itself a more severe, harsh,

grasping power, and likely to be more cruel to the people at large, than either monarchy or aristocracy. Secondly, that the monarchy and aristocracy will be less vigilant guards upon the excesses of the new ascendancy, than the members of the new ascendancy formerly were upon the excesses of the monarchy or the aristocracy. When Mr. Coleridge, in 1832, contemplated the effects of the "Reform," then in the course of being accomplished, and the mode of its accomplishment, he spoke with special abhorrence of the political tendency of a constitution which gave great influence to the shop-keeping classes of the towns. I have read much of their intelligence, and I have seen something of what I shall call their smartness; but I think it would not be easy to exaggerate their unfitness for any duty, in the discharge of which large views and noble and generous sentiments are the best guides. "You have," said Mr. Coleridge, "destroyed the freedom of Parliament: you have done your best to shut the door of the House of Commons to the property, the birth, the rank, the wisdom of the people, and have flung it open to their passions and their follies. You have disfranchised the gentry, and the real patriotism of the nation. You have agitated and exasperated the mob, and thrown the balance of political power into the hands of that class (the shop-keepers) which, in all countries, and in all ages, has been, is now, and ever will be, the least patriotic, and the least conservative of any. You are now preparing to destroy for ever the constitutional independence of the House of Lords; you are for ever displacing it from its supremacy, as a co-ordinate estate of the realm, and whether you succeed in passing your bill by actually swamping their votes by a batch of new peers, or by frightening a sufficient number of them out of their opinions by the threat of one—equally you will have superseded the triple assent which the constitution requires to the enactment of a valid law, and have left the King alone with the delegates of the populace."

It seems to me very evident that under the new ascendancy, before which they who should have controlled it have fallen prostrate, the difficulty of the common people to

make a living has increased. The one object most steadily pursued has been the increase of mercantile business, and to secure that, or in the hope of securing that, everything else therewith connected has been passed by with utter disregard.

I am a lover of liberty, but I detest these mockeries and delusions to which they who profit by them give the name of liberty, while they are to the millions either a disadvantage, or a possibility of good from which they are, by circumstances, shut out. Without undervaluing political liberty, let us consider whether much real liberty of thought, and much of that personal independence which is the first great step to practical liberty, is not put in jeopardy by confounding the form with the substance of a citizen's freedom. What genuine freedom can there be for him who is forced not only, as Burns indignantly says, "to beg his brother of the earth for leave to toil, but whose toil is so ill-requited that, while wearing out his strength, his heart is almost broken with hopeless anxiety?" With respect to beings in this condition, the first duty of a government, really and honestly devoted to freedom, is to give the man so circumstanced a better chance of obtaining the comforts of life, or, at all events, to take care that the chance, which otherwise he might have, of elevating himself by steady industry, is not taken away, in order that they who are better off than he is, may have a wider choice, even beyond the limits of their own country, of the labour they shall employ. Let not the poor man, before whom the forms of a free constitution are set down as a boon, be, at the same time, by the exercise of a mercantile political influence, placed (in those matters upon which his sustenance depends) on a level with the lowest of the low in any part of the world where labour can be hired. There is a liberty of heart, and mind, and circumstances, as well as of law, and where the first is forbidden, the last can be of little use. And herein I much sympathise with a magistrate of an illustrious name, one Thomas Sidney, alderman, and tea-dealer, and member of parliament for the independent borough of Stafford, who lately presided at a meeting in the city

of London of that indispensable, and meritorious, but, alas! unfortunate body of our fellow-creatures, called working tailors. "Can we call this a land of freedom," said the justly-indignant magistrate, "when the working man has to work for sixteen hours a day for 12½d? Can we call it a land of freedom, where men are compelled to work seven days in the week—to devote even their Sabbath to hard labour? And yet, while such things are going on, we are compelled to pay a million a-year for the suppression of negro slavery"! I cannot but vote with the honourable member for Stafford. There can be no real freedom for men so circumstanced; and to talk to them of the political freedom they have, which allows them to complain as loudly as they please, but which also allows the full force of the tide of competition to beat down the reasonable remuneration of their labour, is but to mock them with a phantom they can never grasp.

Setting aside, then, the question of form, let us consider what is the duty of a government in times such as the present. Let it be remembered that, without being in the least democratical, one may hold that the people are not made for the government, but the government for the people. What, then, should be done? The government should take some plain, common-sense, practical means to satisfy the people that it cares for them—that it wishes to do them good, and to give them an opportunity of sharing in such advantages as the world in its present state affords. Great improvements (it is said) have been made in agriculture, in manufactures, and, in short, in all productive arts. Have we not steam, and statues to James Watt? Have we not Huxtable and patent horseboes, and liquid manure, and bone dust made into a porridge with dilute acids (sulphuric, or nitric, as the case may be) all for the benefit of the land and the increase of crops? Have we not new regulations for the care of the public health—new brooms that sweep clean, or are intended to do so? Have we not new medicines, and even new foods—farinaceous or fatty—water-cures, and steam cures for the body, moral regenerators for the mind, all very much lauded by the *liberal* patrons of modern science? No doubt

we have ; but if so, why do we not see a larger share of the benefits of these things going to the multitude? Is the government doing anything?—has the government *done* anything to better the every-day life of the millions? Is this so? or is it not, on the contrary, an admitted fact, that throughout the British empire the poor are year by year growing poorer, and less able to obtain the conveniences of life which, year by year, are multiplying for the actual or supposed improvement and delectation of those *who can afford to pay for them*? What share have the poor in all the “improvements” of which the well-to-do in the world are so proud?—

“Need and oppression staring in their eyes—
Upon their back hangs ragged misery ;
The world is not their friend, nor the world’s law.”

Why do not political philosophers and commonwealth patriots bestir themselves to make the general lot of the great multitude more comfortable?

But they *do*, some one will say. They *have* given the multitude cheap bread. That I deny. They have made more bread obtainable for less money ; but, until something be done to give the multitude the means of purchasing even at the cheaper rate, the gift of cheap bread is worse than no gift, for it is a mockery. It is, indeed, no inconsiderable boon to those who least wanted a boon. To people with large establishments, and several thousands a-year placed to their credit in their bankers’ books on certain days in the year—far more, certainly, than the ripening of wheat or the blossoming of potatoes—to them, this cheap bread is a boon. To secretaries with two thousand a-year, and chief clerks with fifteen hundred—to clerks of the first class, and the second, and the third, who write esquire after their names, and live a sort of carpet-and-pianoforte life, minding their business, reading the newspapers, receiving their salaries, and despising everything that is not as trim and regular as their own official rules and habits—this revolution towards cheap bread, cheap meat, and cheap turnips, carrots, and cabbage, is a boon. To all overseers, warehousemen, porters, messengers, doorkeepers, beadles, and the tolerably numerous host of persons, including all soldiers at a fixed elevenpence a

day, and the like, who have not to seek for work, and to bargain for remuneration, week after week, amid all the fierceness of competition in the “labour market,” this cheapness of bread is a boon. The clerk with his quarter’s pay, or the messenger with his week’s wages clinking in his pocket, feels that he commands more loaves than he did formerly ; and it is scarcely necessary to add, that in England, at all events, the persons who can obtain more food, eat more. The increase of the consumption of flour by the people living on fixed wages has been, indeed, enormous. But for every thousand of this class, there are a hundred thousand whose employment, or whose rate of remuneration, depends upon the rate at which productions of all kinds can be disposed of. Let there be high prices without scarcity—high prices not arising from the scarcity of products, but from the abundance of money, and from the increase of the purchasing power of the great mass of the people—then, though secretaries and under-secretaries, first clerks, second clerks, and third clerks—messengers and door-keepers, beadles and street-keepers, and all the host of place-holders, will find their fixed salaries or wages not to give them quite so much command over the labour of the rest of the community, yet will that community be in a better condition ; and partly so, because they will not have to give so large a proportion of the produce of their toil to these same salaried and wages-endowed officials as they have to do when bread is cheap. It is all very well for men high in office, with fixed sums of no small amount coming in every quarter-day, or for some voluble patriots who live upon the interest of a large capital, raised by subscription, to dwell upon the advantage of a cheap loaf. Of course they are not conscious of being actuated by any motive but that of carrying pure political science into practical effect ; but they may *unconsciously* be biassed by the particular circumstances which surround them. But if they were producers of articles for domestic use, as the great mass of the people are, they would find that a low price for such productions was no advantage ; and that nothing is really cheap, while the attainment of the means of purchase, even at the cheapest

rate, is extremely difficult. The policy which makes things cheap is an excellent policy for those whose fortunes are acquired; but they who have to live upon the reward of labour prosper most when the reward of labour is high. It is clear, however, that if labour be not cheap, the products of labour cannot be cheap. If labourers have employment at good wages, the commodities resulting from their labour must bear a proportionate price. If legislators wish to benefit the great mass of the people, they must look, not to making things cheap, which is for the benefit of the rich, but to the creating and preserving a demand for home labour, which is assuredly for the benefit of the multitude. There never was a more fatal mistake than the assumption that cheapness, arising from the employment of foreign labourers to do that which unemployed home labourers might do, is, or can be, a benefit to the mass of the people. Whatever you *can* get from the labour of the people at home, *do* get it, until they are all employed. That is the golden rule. When all the home labour is engrossed, then it is time enough to go abroad for help. This may soon be perceived by politicians in whom love of their country and of the people is the predominant feeling. They in whom the love of money swallows up every better and more patriotic sentiment, will leave the home-labourer unemployed and destitute, while they seek abroad for what they want at a lower penny. This is a mean and avaricious policy, and cannot come to good.

It must be admitted, that in the business of government there is no greater difficulty than that of causing a reasonable distribution of the wealth of the community among the industrious, or those willing to be industrious; and this difficulty increases with the progress of civilisation, and the minute subdivisions of labour. It is not, therefore, to be inferred from what I have above said, that I am insensible of the very serious and arduous task which a government must undertake, when it seeks by policy to interfere with the course of industry, and the rate of wages which the interests of trade have produced. It is a very serious thing to interfere, even indirectly, with that absolute right over property, which is one of the greatest

incitements to accumulation. For though the spirit of accumulation may be too strong in our present state of society, and the policy which favours distribution too weak, yet a tendency to accumulation, and a habit of accumulating, are so necessary to the well-being of society, that the governing mind will always keep them in view. In this department of government there is only one point more important, and that is, the general employment and comfort of the people. If something must be sacrificed, it is better to sacrifice some of the seeds and springs of accumulation, than to risk the lowering of the general condition of the people, and the growth of poverty and despair.

Whatever, then, the difficulty may be of a policy having for its object the reasonable protection of the native labourer, and the better distribution of the national wealth, it ought to be a policy favourably regarded. To repel it utterly, and to say that the labourers must expect neither aid nor sympathy from the ruling power in the conflict between their interests and the interests (apparent and temporary) of the owners of capital, is to say what is no less imprudent and unwise, than it is unfeeling and harsh. Indeed, political government should so nearly follow the model of parental, as to avoid all harshness of sentiment even when correction is necessary. The maxim which some politicians are not ashamed to use with respect to the affairs of industry and profit, that "the weakest *must* go to the wall," is utterly detestable. That the weakest will generally go to the wall, in spite of all that a well-organised humanity can do, is the result of want of virtue in human society; but that any one concerned in the government should willingly accept such a maxim, instead of trying to help the weak and to moderate the triumph of the strong, is dangerous and disgraceful. To say that protection may be carried too far is only in another form to repeat the truism, that too much indulgence spoils the child. But the business of wise government is to avoid extremes on either side. Some there are, at once pedantic and superficial, who treat political questions as if they were questions of abstract logic, and not mixed questions—as if they were

not conditional but absolute—not restricted but universal. Mr. Malthus, however—who was a much more reasonable and less malignant philosopher than he is frequently represented to have been—states the plain truth of this matter when he says, “that there is no argument so frequently and obviously fallacious, as that which infers that what is good to a certain extent, is good to any extent.” Genuine liberty lives only in the presence of a spirit of moderation. The best champion of freedom is the most scrupulous and devoted servant of duty.

Let it not, then, be pretended that they who look with anxiety and alarm upon the prevalence of the merely mercantile spirit in the policy of government—they who are most firmly persuaded that government protection and preference should be extended in this country to those who owe allegiance to the British Crown and obedience to British laws—are extravagant politicians, who would put shackles upon commerce, and allow unlimited licence to monopoly. Nothing can be more erroneous than this supposition. The duty of every government, whatever be its form, is to extend its protection to all interests in the State in proportion to their needs and their importance. Native industry is not to be sacrificed to foreign commerce, nor foreign commerce to native industry. Government is not in its dulness or its indolence to suppose that these interests may be safely left to wrestle with one another. Government should moderate the conflict by wise laws—laws which would give fair encouragement and preference to the most helpless and most numerous class of the people, but which should not go so far as to hold out immunity to indolence, or to leave extortion without a check and a corrective.

In one of the debates of the present session of parliament Lord John Russell was pleased to deliver himself to the following effect:—“He must repeat what he had before now been compelled to observe with regard to many parts of Ireland, that there were certain exertions and certain duties which do not belong to the legislature. They were duties which the landlords and tenants owed to each other and to their labourers, and if they neglected to perform them, no legislature would

perform those duties for them.” It may be true that in many parts of Ireland the people have been too much in the habit of looking to political measures for the amelioration of their condition, and too little to their own exertions. For many years the politicians of Great Britain who called themselves “liberal,” did all their activity and their eloquence could do to encourage this dangerous delusion. From the commencement of the present century up to a comparatively recent period, everything that was wrongly or violently done in Ireland was attributed to the neglect of Whig maxims of policy. Sydney Smith and Jeffrey, in the *Edinburgh Review*, Burdett and Brougham, Ponsonby and Tierney, and the rest, in the House of Commons, all protested that the cause of Ireland’s disorders was her political condition, and that more liberal measures would make her all that the most sanguine believers in her capabilities could anticipate. No one then said, “Be industrious, be peaceable, be thrifty; attend to your fields; forsake agitation; look to yourselves and your own conduct, not to political change.” The very contrary of all this was taught the Irish by those who represented themselves to be their *liberal* and most loving friends. The late Mr. O’Connell, too, who was permitted so long by a *liberal* government to have everything his own way in Ireland, continually led the people to believe that it was in political changes they were to look for the improvement which was manifestly so much required. He did not tell them that neither legislation nor government could possibly give them the advantages which attend upon individual exertion, and an honest, careful, vigilant discharge of private duties. Instead of exhorting them to be industrious, prudent, and self-denying, in order that they might become really independent, he excited them to be politicians, and to expend every spare shilling—nay, every spare penny, in aid of political agitation, in order that they might become “great, glorious, and free.” The *liberal* government neither blamed him for this, nor warned the Irish people of the mischief of such teaching. Lord John Russell should therefore remember, that if in certain parts of Ireland the people rely too much on the legisla-

ture, and too little on their own exertions, it is but the natural result of the lessons which he and his party taught them for many years. If, as a minister, he now finds much inconvenience from that popular tendency to look to political aid instead of private exertion, he is but reaping what he sowed; and his complaints, however well-founded, recoil upon himself.

In discoursing, however, of the duties of government, it must not be too easily admitted that the ruling power can *do nothing* towards remedying that general neglect of private duty which amounts to a public evil. In the present tone of *liberal* government we may recognise that reaction from one extreme to another, which is as common in the political as in the moral and material world. The same men who, but a few years ago, were altogether for political remedies, and would hear of nothing else, now say that it is needless to expect any remedy from the legislature, or from political sources, for the neglect of social duties. It is declared that if men will not rightly perform their duties to one another, no legislature can perform those duties for them. Both extremes are equally at variance with good government. Wise rulers would carefully abstain from teaching a people who neglect themselves and their social duties, to depend altogether for amelioration upon political measures. On the other hand, when, by bad habits, bad advice, and pernicious leadership, a people has been reduced to wretchedness and almost to despair, it is certainly as little wise, as it is kind or generous, to say that legislation and government can do nothing. It is, moreover, a practically erroneous judgment. Legislation, it is true, cannot perform for men those social duties which they ought to perform toward one another; but that is not what any one expects from legislation. It may, however, devise new laws, applicable to the state of things to be remedied—giving encouragement to

improvement of habits, and providing penalties for continued neglect. It may, on the other hand, do exactly the reverse of this, by making laws which provide for the support of the slothful, the sluggish, and the knavish, at the expense of the industrious, the pains-taking, and the careful. The legislature, without performing social duties, may foster and reward the good, by wisely-contrived laws, and at the same time deter, if it cannot amend, the bad. Or, it may take the opposite course, and make laws which will give every advantage to the bad, and every discouragement to the good. Which of these courses the government of Ireland has taken, may easily be determined by those who examine the working of the law which is called a law for the relief of the poor, but which ought to be called a law for the creation and establishment of general poverty—a law which desolates the land, and sends thousands of the most valuable of our population to seek, on distant shores, that security of enjoying the fruits of their industry which the law no longer gives them at home.

Liberty and security are invaluable blessings, to which a wise government will constantly attend—not confounding licence and agitation with the one, nor restriction and severity with the other. In this part of the United Kingdom it has too long been the practice to indulge in such confusion to the very uttermost. We have alternated between the extreme of indulgence and the extreme of punishment—wheeled at one time, whipped at another, with the most impartial want of consideration of the true character of the people, and the true circumstances of the case. In short, if there be any such thing as a science of practical government, varying in its rules according to the character of the people to be governed, it is one which the rulers of this country have, with singular unanimity, omitted to study.

BILLY MALOWNEY'S TASTE OF LOVE AND GLORY.

LET the reader fancy a soft summer evening, the fresh dews falling on bush and flower; the sun has just gone down, and the thrilling vespers of thrushes and blackbirds ring with a wild joy through the saddened air; the west is piled with fantastic clouds, and clothed in tints of crimson and amber, melting away into a wan green, and so eastward into the deepest blue, through which soon the stars will begin to peep. Let him fancy himself seated upon the low mossy wall of an ancient churchyard, where hundreds of grey stones rise above the sward, under the fantastic branches of two or three half-withered ash trees, spreading their arms in everlasting love and sorrow over the dead. The narrow road upon which I and my companion await the tax-cart that is to carry me and my basket, with its rich fruitage of speckled trout, away, lies at his feet, and far below spreads an undulating plain, rising westward again into soft hills, and traversed (every here and there visibly) by a winding stream, which, even through the mists of evening, catches and returns the funereal glories of the skies. As the eye traces its wayward wanderings, it loses them for a moment in the heaving verdure of white-thorns and ash, from among which floats from some dozen rude chimneys, mostly unseen, the transparent blue film of turf smoke. There we know, although we cannot see it, the steep old bridge of Carrickadrum spans the river; and stretching away far to the right, the valley of Lissanmore, its steeples and hollows, its straggling hedges, its fair-green, its tall scattered trees, and old grey tower, are disappearing fast among the discoloured tints and haze of evening. Those landmarks, as we sit, listlessly, expecting the arrival of our modest conveyance, suggest to our companion—a bare-legged Celtic brother of the gentle craft, somewhat at the wrong side of forty, with a turf-coloured caubeen, patched frieze, a clear, brown complexion, dark grey eyes, and a right pleasant dash of roguery in his features—the tale, which if the reader pleases, he is welcome to hear along with me, just as it falls from the lips of our humble comrade. His words I can give, but your own fancy must supply the advantages of an intelligent, expressive countenance, and what is perhaps harder still, the harmony of his glorious brogue, that, like the melodies of our own dear country, will leave a burthen of mirth or of sorrow with nearly equal propriety; tickling the diaphragm as easily as it plays with the heartstrings; and is in itself a national music, that, I trust, may never, never—scouted and despised though it be—never cease, like the lost tones of our harp, to be heard in the fields of my country, in welcome or endearment, in fun or in sorrow, stirring the hearts of Irish men and Irish women. My friend of the caubeen and naked shanks, then, commenced, and continued his relation, as nearly as possible, in the following words:—

Av coorse ye often heerd talk of Billy Malowney, that lived by the bridge of Carrickadrum. Leum-a-rinka was the name they put on him, he was sich a beautiful dancer. An' faix, it's he was the rale sportin' boy, every way—killing the hares and gaffing the salmon, an' fightin' the men, an' funnin' the women, and coortin' the girls; an', be the same token, there was not a colleen inside iv his jurisdiction but was breakin' her heart wid the fair love iv him. Well, this was all pleasant enough, to be sure, while it lasted;

but inhuman beings is born to misfortune, an' Bill's divarshin was not to last always. A young boy can't be continially coortin' and kissin' the girls (an' more's the pity) without exposin' himself to the most eminent parril; an' so signs an, what should happen Billy Malowney himself, but to fall in love at last wid little Molly Donovan, in Coolnamoe.

I never could onderstand why, in the world, it was Bill fell in love wid *her*, above all the girls in the country. She was not within four stone weight

iv being as fat as Peg Brallaghan ; and as for redness in the face, she could not hould a candle to Judy Flaherty. (Poor Judy ! she was my sweetheart, the darlin', an' coorted me constant, ever antil she married a boy of the Butlers ; an' it's twenty years now since she was buried under the ould white-thorn in Garbally. But that's no matther !) Well, at any rate, Molly Donovan tuck his fancy, an' that's everything ! She had smooth brown hair—as smooth as silk—an' a pair iv soft coaxin eyes—an' the whitest little teeth you ever seen ; an', bedad, she was every taste as much in love wid himself as he was.

Well, now, he was raly stupid wid love : was not a bit of fun left in him. He was good for nothin' an' airth bud sittin' under bushes, smokin' tobacky, and sighin' till you'd wondher how in the world he got wind for it all. An, bedad, he was an illigant scholar, moreover ; an', so signs, it's many's the song he made about her ; an' if you'd be walkin' in the evening, a mile away from Carrickadrum, begorra you'd hear him singin' out like a bull, all across the country, in her praises.

Well, ye may be sure, ould Tim Donovan and the wife was not a bit too well plased to see Bill Malowney coortin' their daughter Molly ; for, do ye mind, she was the only child they had, and her fortune was thirty-five pounds, two cows, and five illegant pigs, three iron pots and a skillet, an' a trifle iv poultry in hand ; and no one knew how much besides, whenever the Lord id be plased to call the ould people out of the way into glory !

So, it was not likely ould Tim Donovan id be fallin' in love wid poor Bill Malowney as aisy as the girls did ; for, barrin' his beauty, an' his gun, an' his dhudheen, an' his janius, the divil a taste of property iv any sort or description he had in the wide world !

Well, as bad as that was, Billy would not give in that her father and mother had the smallest taste iv a right to intherfare, good or bad. "An' you're welcome to rayfuse me," says he, "whin I ax your lave," says he ; "an' I'll ax your lave," says he, "whenever I want to coort yourselves," says he ; "but it's your daughter I'm coortin' at the present," says he, "an' that's all I'll say," says he ; "for I'd

as soon take a doase of salts as be discoursin' ye," says he. So it was a rale blazin' battle betune himself and the ould people ; an', begorra, there was no soart iv blaguardin' that did not pass betune them ; an' they put a solemn injection on Molly again seein' him or meetin' him for the future.

But it was all iv no use. You might as well be persuadin' the birds agin flying, or sthrivin' to coax the stars out iv the sky into your hat, as be talking common sinse to them that's fairly bothered and burstin' wid love. There's nothin' like it. The toothache an' cholic together id compose you betther for an argyment than itself. It leaves you fit for nothin' bud nansinse. It's stronger than whiskey, for one good drop iv it will make you drunk for one year, and sick, begorra, for a dozen. It's stronger than the say, for it'll carry you round the world an' never let you sink, in sunshine or storm ; an', begorra, it's stronger than Death himself, for it is not affeard iv him, bedad, bud dares him in every shape.

Bud lovers has quarrels sometimes, and, begorra, when they do, you'd a'most imagine they hated one another like man and wife. An' so signs an, Billy Malowney and Molly Donovan fell out one evening at ould Tom Dundon's wake ; an' whatever came betune them, she made no more about it but just draws her cloak round her, and away wid herself and the sarvant-girl home again, as if there was not a corpse, or a fiddle, or a taste of divar-sion in it.

Well, Bill Malowney follied her down the boreen, to try could he deludher her back again ; but, if she was bittther before, she gave it to him in ainstest when she got him alone to herself, and to that degree that he wished her safe home, short and sulky enough, an' walked back again, as mad as the Devil himself, to the wake, to pay a respect to poor Tom Dundon.

Well, my dear, it was aisy seen there was something wrong wid Billy Malowney, for he paid no attintion the rest of the evening to any soart of divar-sion but the whiskey alone ; an' every glass he'd drink it's what he'd be wishing the Divil had the women, and the worst iv bad luck to all soarts iv court-ing, until, at last, wid the goodness iv the sperits, an' the badness iv his

temper, an' the constant flustration iv cursin', he grew all as one as you might say almost, saving your presince, bastely drunk !

Well, who should he fall in wid, in that childish condition, as he was de- ploying along the road almost as straight as the letter S, an' cursin' the girls, an' roarin' for more whiskey, but the recruiting-sargent iv the Welsh Confusileers. So, cute enough, the sargent begins to converse him, an' it was not long until he had him sitting in Murphy's public-house, wid an elegant dandy iv punch before him, an' the King's money safe an' snug in the lowest wrinkle of his breeches-pocket.

So away wid him, and the dhruams and fifes playing, an' a dozen more unfortunat bliggards just listed along with him, an' he shakin' hands wid the sargent, and swearin' agin the women every minute, until, be the time he kem to himself, begorra, he was a good ten miles on the road to Dublin, an' Molly and all behind him.

It id be no good tellin' you iv the letters he wrote to her from the barracks there, nor how she was breaking her heart to go and see him just wanst before he'd go; but the father an' mother would not allow iv it be no manes. An' so in less time than you'd be thinkin' about it, the colonel had him polished off into a a rale elegant soger, wid his gun exercise, and his bagnet exercise, and his small sword, and broad sword, and pistol and dagger, an' all the rest, an' then away wid him on boord a man-a-war to furrin parts, to fight for King George agin Bonyparty, that was great in them times. Well, it was very soon in every one's mouth how Billy Malowney was batin' all before him, astonishin' the ginerals, an' frightenin' the inemy to that degree, there was not a Frinchman dare say parley voo outside of the rounds iv his camp.

You may be sure Molly was proud iv that same, though she never spoke a word about it; until at last the news kem home that Billy Malowney was surrounded an' murdered be the Frinch army, under Napoleon Bonyparty himself. The news was brought by Jack Bryan Dhas, the peddlar, that said he met the corporal iv the regiment on the quay iv Limerick, an' how he brought him into a public-house and

thrated, him to a naggin, and got all the news about poor Billy Malowney out iv him while they war dhrinkin' it; an' a sorrowful story it was.

The way it happened, accordin' as the corporal tould him, was jist how the Jook iv Wellington detarmined to fight a rale tarin' battle wid the Frinch, and Bonyparty at the same time was aiqually detarmined to fight the divil's own scrimmidge wid the British foorces. Well, as soon as the business was pretty near ready at both sides, Bonaparty and the general next undher himself gets up behind a bush, to look at their inimies through spy-glasses, and thry would they know any iv them at the distance.

"Bedad," says the ginerel, afther a divil iv a long spy, "I'd bet half a pint," says he, "that's Bill Malowney himself," says he, "down there," says he.

"Och," says Bonypart, "do you tell me so?" says he—"I'm fairly heart-scalded with that same Billy Malowney," says he; "an' I think if I was wanst shut iv him, I'd bate the rest iv them aisy," says he.

"I'm thinking so myself," says the ginerel, says he; "but he's a tough bye," says he.

"Tough!" says Bonypart, "he's the divil," says he.

"Begorra, I'd be better plased," says the ginerel, says he, "to take himself than the Duke iv Willinton," says he, "an' Sir Edward Blakeney into the bargain," says he.

"The Duke of Wellington and Ginerel Blakeney," says Bonypart, "is great for planning, no doubt," says he; "but Billy Malowney's the boy for *action*," says he—"an' action's everything, just now," says he.

So wid that Bonypart pushes up his cocked hat, and begins scratching his head, and thinking and considherin' for the bare life, and at last says he to the ginerel—

"Ginerel Commandher iv all the Foorces," says he, "I've hot it," says he: "ordher out the forlorn hope," says he, "an' give them as much powder, both glazed and blasting," says he, "an' as much bullets, do ye mind, an' swan-dhrops an' chain-shot," says he, "an' all soorts iv waipons an' combustables as they can carry; an' let them surround Bill Malowney," says he, "an' if they can get any soort

iv an advantage," says he, "let them knock him to smithereens," says he, "an' then take him presner," says he, "an' tell all the bandmen iv the Frinch army," says he, "to play up 'Garryowen,' to keep up their sperits," says he, "all the time they're advancin';" an' you may promise them anything you like in my name," says he; "for, by my sowl, I don't think its many iv them 'ill come back to trouble us," says he, winkin' at him.

So away with the general, an' he ordhers out the forlorn hope, an' tells the band to play, an' everything else, just as Bonypart desired him; an' sure enough, whin Billy Malowney heerd the music where he was standin' taking a blast of the dhudherin' to compose his mind for murderin' the Frinchmen as usual, being mighty partial to that tune intirely, he cocks his ear a one side, an' down he stoops to listen to the music; but, begorra, who should be in his rare all the time but a Frinch grannideer behind a bush, and seeing him stooped in a convenient forum, bedad he let flies at him sthaight, and fired him right forward between the legs an the small iv the back, glory be to God, with what they call (saving your presence) a bum-shell. Well, Bill Malowney let one roar out iv him, an' away he rowled over the field iv battle like a slither (as Boneypart and the Duke iv Wellington, that was watching the man-cœuvres from a distance, both consayved) into glory. An' sure enough the Frinch was overjoyed beyant all bounds, an' small blame to them—an' the Duke of Wellington, I'm toul't, was never all out the same man sinst. At any rate, the news kem home how Billy Malowney was murdered by the Frinch in forrin parts.

Well, all this time, you may be sure, there was no want iv boys comin' to coort purty Molly Donovan; but one way ar another, she always kept puttin' them off constant; an' though her father and mother was nathurally anxious to get rid of her respickably, they did not like to marry her off in spite iv her teeth. An' this way, promising one while and puttin' it off another, she contrived to get on from one Shrove to another, until near seven years was over and gone from the time when Billy Malowney listed for forrin service.

It was nigh hand a year from the

time whin the news iv Leum-a-rinka bein' killed by the Frinch came home, an' in place iv forgettin' him, as the saisins wint over, it's what Molly was growin' paler and more lonesome every day, until the neighbours thought she was fallin' into a decline; and this is the way it was with her whin the fair of Lisnamoe kem round. It was a beautiful evenin', just at the time iv the reapin' iv the oats, and the sun was shinin' through the red clouds far away over the hills iv Cahirmore. Her father an' mother, an' the boys an' girls, was all away down in the fair, and Molly sittin' all alone on the step of the style, listening to the foolish little birds whistlin' among the leaves—and the sound of the mountain-river flowin' through the stones an' bushes—an' the crows flyin' home high over head to the woods iv Glinvarlogh—an' down in the glen, far away, she could see the fair-green iv Lisnamoe in the mist, an' sunshine among the grey rocks and threes—an' the cows, an' the horses, an' the blue frieze, an' the red cloaks, an' the tents, an' the smoke, an' the ould round tower—all as soft an' as sorrowful as a dhrame iv ould times.

An' while she was looking this way, an' thinking iv Leum-a-rinka—poor Bill iv the dance, that was sleepin' in his lonesome glory in the fields iv Spain—she began to sing the song he used to like so well in the ould times—

"Shule, shule, shule a-roon"—

an' when she ended the verse, what do you think but she heard a manly voice just at the other side iv the hedge, singing the last words over again. Well she knew it; her heart fluttered up like a little bird thatid be wounded, and then dhropped still in her breast. It was himself. In a minute he was through the hedge and standing before her.

"Leum!" says she.

"Mavourneen enishla machree!" says he; and without another word, they were locked in one another's arms.

Well, it id only be nansinse for me thryin' an' tell ye all the foolish things they said, and how they looked in one another's faces, an' laughed, an' cried, an' laughed again; and how, when they came to themselves, and she was able at last to believe it was raly Billy

himself that was there, actially bould-in' her hand, and lookin' in her eyes the same way as ever, barrin' he was browner and boulder, an' did not, maybe, look quite as merry in himself as he used to do in former times—an' fondher for all, an' more lovin' than ever—how he tould her all about the wars wid the Frinchmen—an' how he was wounded, and left for dead in the field iv battle, bein' shot through the breast, and how he was discharged, an' got a pinsion iv a full shillin' a day—and how he was come back to live the rest iv his days in the sweet glen iv Lisnamoe, an' (if only *she'd* consint) to marry herself in spite iv them all.

Well, ye may aisily think, they had plinty to talk about, afther seven years without once seein' one another; and so signs on, the time flew by as swift an' as pleasant as a bird on the wing, an' the sun wint down, an' the moon shone sweet an' soft instead, an' they two never knew a ha'porth about it, but kept talkin' an' whisperin', an' whisperin' and talkin'; for it's wondherful how often a tindher-hearted girl will bear to hear a purty boy tellin' her the same story constant over an' over, ontill at last, sure enough, they heerd the ould man himself comin' up the boreen, singin' the "Colleen Rue"—a thing he never done barrin' whin he had a ddrop in; an' the misthress walkin' in front iv him, an' two illigant Kerry cows he just bought in the fair, and the sarvint boys dhrivin' them behind.

"Oh, blessed hour!" says Molly, "here's my father,"

"I'll spake to him this minute," says Bill.

"Oh, not for the world, says she—"he's singing the 'Colleen Rue,'" says she, "and no one dar raison with him," says she.

"An' where 'ill I go, thin," says he, "for they're into the haggard an top iv us," says he, "an' they'll see me iv I lep through the hedge," says he.

"Thry the pig-sty," says she, "mavourneen," says she, "in the name iv God," says she.

"Well, darlint," says he, "for your sake," says he, "I'll condescend to them animals," says he.

An' wid that he makes a dart to get in, bud, begorra, it was too late—the pigs was all gone home, and the pig-sty was as full as the Burr coach wid six inside.

"Och! blur-an-agers," says he, "there is not room for a suckin' pig," says he; "let alone a Christian," says he.

"Well, run into the house, Billy," says she, "this minute," says she, "an' hide yourself antil they're quiet," says she, "an' thin you can steal out," says she, "an-knownst to them all," says she.

"I'll do your biddin'," says he, "Molly asthore," says he.

"Run in thin," says she, "an' I'll go an' meet them," says she.

So wid that away wid her, and in wint Billy, and where 'id he hide himself bud in a little closet that was off iv the room, where the ould man an' woman slep'; so he closed the doore, and sot down in an ould chair he found there convanient. Well, he was not well in it when all the rest iv them comes into the kitchen, an' ould Tim Donovan singin' the "Colleen Rue" for the bare life, and the rest iv thim sthrivin' to humour him, and doin' exactly everything he bid them, because they seen he was foolish be the manes iv the liquor.

Well, to be sure all this kep' them long enough, you may be sure, from goin' to bed, so that Billy could get no manner iv an advantage to get out iv the house, and so he sted, sittin' in the dark closet in state, cursin' the "Colleen Rue," and wondherin' to the devil whin they'd get the ould man into his bed; an' as if that was not delay enough, who should come in to stop for the night but Father O'Flaherty, of Cahirmore, that was buyin' a horse at the fair, an', av course, there was a bed to be med down for his raverence, and some other attintions; an' a long discoorse himself an' ould Mrs. Donovan had about the slaughter iv Billy Malowney an' how he was buried on the field iv battle; and his raverence hoped he got a decent funeral, an' all the other convanienices iv religion; an' so you may suppose it was pretty late in the night before all iv them got to their beds.

Well, Tim Donovan could not settle to sleep at all at all, and so he kep' discoorsin' the wife about the new cows he bought, an' the stripphers he sould, an' so an' for betther than an hour, ontill from one thing to another he kem to talk about the pigs, an' the poulthry, and at last having nothing betther to discoorse about, he begun at his daughter Molly, an' all the heartscald

she was to him be *raison iv* refusin' the men, an' at last, says he, "I on-derstand," says he, "very well, how it is," says he; "it's how she was in love," says he, "wid that bliggard, Billy Malowney," says he, "bad luck to him," says he, for by this time he was coming to his *raison*.

"Ah!" says the wife, says she, "Tim, darlint, don't be cursin' them that's dead an' buried," says she.

"An' why would not I?" says he, "if they deserve it," says he.

"Whisht," says she, "an' listen to that," says she; "in the name of the Blessed Vargin," says she, "what is it?" says she.

An' sure enough what was it bud Bill Malowney that was dhroppin' asleep in the closet, an' snorin' like a church organ.

"Is it a pig," says he, "or is it a Christian?"

"Arra! listen to the tune iv it," says she; "sure a pig never done the like iv that," says she.

"Whatever it is," says he, "it's in the room wid us," says he. "The Lord be merciful to us," says he.

"I tould you not to be cursin'," says she; "bad luck to you," says she, "for an ommadhaun," for she was a very religious woman in herself.

"Sure he's burried in Spain," says he; "an' it is not for one little innocent expression," says he, "he'd be comin' all that a way to annoy the house," says he.

Well, while they war talkin' Bill turns in the way he was sleepin' into an aisier imposture, and as soon as he stopped snorin' ould Tim Donovan's courage riz agin, and, says he, "I'll go to the kitchen," says he, "an' light a rish," says he. An' with that away wid him, an' the wife kep workin' the beads all the time, an' before he kem back, Bill was snorin' as loud as ever.

"Oh! bloody wars—I mane the blessed saints about us—that deadly sound," says he, "it's goin' on as lively as ever," says he.

"I'm as wake as a rag," says his wife, says she, "wid the fair anasiness," says she; "it's out iv the little closet it's comin'," says she.

"Say your prayers," says he, "an' hould your tongue," says he, "while I discourse it," says he; "an' who are ye?" says he, "in the name iv

all the holy saints," says he, givin' the door a dab iv a crusheen that wakened Bill inside. "I ax," says he, "who are you?" says he.

Well, Bill did not rightly remember where in the world he was, but he pushed open the door, an' says he, "Billy Malowney's my name," says he, "an' I'll thank ye to tell me a betther," says he.

Well, whin Tim Donovan heard that, an' actially seen that it was Bill himself that was in it, he had not strength enough to let a bawl out iv him, but he dhropt the candle out iv his hand, an' down wid himself on his back in the dark. Well, the wife let a screech you'd hear at the Mill iv Killraghlin, an'—

"Oh," says she, "the spirit has him, body an' bones," says she; "Oh, holy St. Bridget—oh, Mother iv Marcy—oh, Father O'Flaherty," says she, screechin' murder from out iv her bed.

Well, Bill Malowny was not a minute remimberin' himself, an' so out wid him quite an' aisy, an' through the kitchen; bud in place iv the door iv the house, it's what he kem to the door iv Father O'Flaherty's little room, where he was jist waknin' wid the noise iv the screechin' an' battherin'; an' bedad, Bill makes no more about it, but he jumps, wid one boult, clever an' clane into his raverance's bed.

"What do ye mane, you uncivilised bliggard?" says his raverance; "is that a venerable way," says he, "to approach your clargy?" says he.

"Hould your tongue," says Bill, "an' I'll do ye no harum," says he.

"Who are you, ye scoundrel iv the world?" says his raverance.

"Whisht," says he, "I'm Billy Malowny," says he.

"You lie," says his raverance—for he was frightened beyont all bearin'—an' he makes bud one jump out iv the bed at the wrong side, where there was only jist a little place in the wall for a press, an' his raverance could not as much as turn in it for the wealth iv kingdoms; "you lie," says he; "but for feared its the truth you're tellin'," says he, "here's at ye in the name iv all the blessed saints together," says he; an' wid that, my dear, he blazes away at him wid a Latin prayer iv the strongest description; an' as he said himself afterwards, that was iv a

nature that id dhrove the divil himself up the chimley like a puff iv tobacky smoke, wid his tail betune his legs.

"Arra what are ye sthrivin' to say," says Bill; says he, "if ye don't hould your tongue," says he, "wid your parly voo," says he, "it's what I'll put my thumb on your windpipe," says he, "an' Billy Malowney never wint back iv his word yet," says he.

"Thundher-an-owns," says his raverence, says he—seein' the Latin took no infect on him, at all at all, an' screechin' that you'd think he'd rise the thatch up iv the house wid the fair fright—"and tundher and blazes, boys, will none iv yes come here wid a candle, but lave your clargy to be choked by a spirit in the dark," says he.

Well, be this time the sarvint boys, and the rest iv them wor up an' half dressed, an' in they all run, one on top iv another, wid pitchforks and spades, thinkin it was only what his raverence slep' a dhrame iv the like, by means iv the punch he was afther takin' just before he rowld himself into the bed. But, begorra, whin they seen it was raly Bill Malowney himself that was in it, it was only who'd be foremost out agin, tumblin' backways, one over another, and his raverence roarin' an' cursin' them like mad for not waitin' for him.

Well, my dear, it was betther than half an hour before Billy Malowney could explain to them all how it raly was himself, for begorra they were all iv them persuadin' him that he was a sperit to that degree it's a wonder he did not give into it, if it was only to put a stop to the argiment.

Well, his raverence tould the ould people then, there was no use in sthrivin' agin the will iv Providence an' the vagaries iv love united; an'

whin they kem to undherstand to a sartinty how Billy had a shillin' a-day for the rest iv his days, begorra they took rather a likin' to him, and considered at wanst how he must have riz out of all his nansinse entirely, or his gracious Majesty id never have condescinded to show him his countenance that way every day iv his life, on a silver shillin.' An' so, begorra they never stopt till it was all settled—an' there was not sich a weddin as that in the country sinst. It's more than forty years ago, an' though I was no more nor a gossoon myself, I remimber it like yestherday. Molly never looked so purty before, an' Billy Malowney was plisant beyont all hearin', to that degree that half the girls in it was fairly tarin' mad—only they would not let on—they had not him to themselves in place iv her. An' begorra I'd be a feared to tell ye, because you would not believe me, since that blessid man Father Matthew put an end to all soorts of sociality, the Lord reward him, how many gallons iv pottieen whiskey was dhrank upon that most solemn and tindher occasion? Pat Hanlon, the piper, had a faver out iv it; an' Neddy Shawn Héigue, mountin' his horse the wrong way, broke his collar-bone, by the manes iv fallin' over his tail while he was feelin' for his head; an' Payther Brian, the horse-docther, I am tould, was never quite right in the head ever afther; an' ould Tim Donovan was singin' the "Colleen Rue" night and day for a full week; an' begorra the weddin' was only the foundation iv fun, and the beginnin' iv divarsion, for there was not a year for ten years afther, an' more, but brought round a christenin' as regular as the sasins revarted.

THE REVOLUTIONISM OF MIRABEAU.

THE moral is evolved out of the physical, and the extraordinary in animal structure has a kinship to the portentous in human action.

MIRABEAU, the infamous, born in an age, of a family, in a rank the most vicious in the annals of vice, of parents whose depravity had contaminated even their blood, was ushered with infinite difficulty into the breathing scene he was so much to trouble, and offered, at the outset of his disorderly career, misfortune and singularity in a twisted foot, a tied tongue, and two molar teeth.

Maltreated by fortune, which, at the age of three, turned him by disease into the ugliest of children—"a tiger marked by the small-pox,"—caressed and neglected by his dissolute mother, disowned and persecuted as a spurious graft in his house and home by the celebrated "Economist," his father—his very childhood presaged the disorders of his youth and manhood; and his father, mysteriously reverting to early crimes and calamities as the blight of his life, made it matter of complaint that Honoré Gabriel, as a boy, had more cleverness "than all the devils in h—l," and seemed destined from his childhood "to disturb the monarchy, as a second Cardinal de Retz."

He was indeed *born* a Revolutionist; and if he had not found the elements of a *bouleversement*, was competent to have created them. But just as nature gave the instinct, fortune supplied the breeding and the occasion. The heir, pupil, and victim of a second family of Atreus and Thyestes, the child was *trained* into demoralisation, vicissitude, and daring. Believed himself to have been the favoured lover of the most lovely of his sisters, he describes her as the "Atrocious memoir-writer," a "Messalina, boasting of the purity of her morals, and an absconding wife, bragging of her love for her husband." The Vicomte, his brother, "would have been a *roué* and a wit," he tells us, "in any family but his own," and *was*, of a dissolute noblesse, its most dissolute

member. His mother, driven with contumely from her home and the bosom of her family, under accusations the most revolting a wife may hear from one who is her husband and a father, addressed the world in public recriminations for her persecutor, not less disgusting or condemnatory. The son himself, the most infamous man of his time, completes the picture in the boast he made to the National Assembly, that among the tragic woes of his family he had been the witness of fifty-four *lettres-de-cachet*, seventeen of them on his own account!

As in Eastern climates the abundance of degenerate man will, at some spot and moment, reach a point where it breeds the plague which diminishes by depopulation the evil it cannot remove by more merciful agencies, so would it seem that in France the demoralisation which necessitated a revolution, concentrating itself in one family, produced the man who was to begin the catastrophe.

At seventeen, leaving a military academy, he entered the army as a sub-lieutenant, knowing, as he tells us, a little Latin, and no Greek, but possessing, with very tolerable acquirements in the mathematics, a fair share of the scattered erudition won by readings more desultory than diligent.

Presented at court, admitted to the rare aristocratic privilege of riding in the king's carriages at Versailles, laughed at as the Princess Elizabeth's living specimen of inoculation, the incipient courtier and embryo revolutionist was awakened from his delightful vision to find himself suddenly transferred from his regal residence and gaieties, to the sombre solitude of a country jail. He had been guilty of a passionate attachment to a young lady of disproportionate expectations.

The young victim of parental wrong, thus severely taught that the splendours of a court were but a veneer under which lay the terrible springs of a wayward tyranny, killed time in brooding over the ideas and studies which subsequently formed his "*Es-*

sai," no less than his character—" *Sur le despotisme.*" But before completing the work, the father's monomania had been temporarily mitigated by the vengeance of a year's imprisonment; and the son, instead of being sent to Surinam, the Dutch Sierra Leone of that day, was graciously permitted, under the *bourgeois* name of "Buffiere," to enter as a gentleman volunteer the French army that was about to crush the Corsicans in their noble struggle against Genoese oppression.

In this liberticidal war, the liberty-loving Mirabeau performed his first manly act, won his first public distinction, and initiated that series of paradox, and moral revolutionism, that was hence to follow him as lover, *littérateur*, and politician, to the grave. As his sword was against Corsica and freedom, his pen was for them. He wrote over the ruins of both a boyish philippic, admired by his victims, and burnt by his father!

And while the brain that was to rule France as a tribune-king, was thus evolving its idle progeny, the womb of a Corsican woman near him was travailing with him who was to be Napoleon! At the instant France, by the sword of her future liberator, was mowing down the new-born liberties of Corsica—Corsica was breathing the breath of life into a child, whose sword was to cleave down the fresh-won freedom of France! As a Cæsar and a Marius sprung from the blood of the Gracchi, there would have been no Corsican exterminator for France, had there been no French exterminators for Corsica!* There are surely times when fate plays with mortals, making of the murder of a generation or the revolution of an empire a nursery game of coincidences!

Of the twenty years that followed, bringing Mirabeau to the footsteps of the revolution, and within two years of his death, it was the odd fate of this gay and gifted noble, guilty of no offence against the state, nor in a legal sense against society, to pass more than the moiety of his time in the sad rôle of a state-prisoner; and the main incidents in the unhappy sequence of wrong and suffering, the inevitable but

unrecognised logic of Providence, were briefly, and in succession, a profitless marriage with the most distinguished heiress of his province, carried off from twenty more eligible rivals by the superior strategy of seduction and defamiation, pecuniary extravagance, dissipation, debts, sequestration of property, marital separation, successive imprisonments by paternal intervention, deadly hate with the father, permanent alienation from his adulterous wife and only child, licentious connexion with a friend's wife, with whom he abandoned his country, exile in Switzerland, Holland, and England, successive litigations self-conducted, a ministerial spyship in Prussia, and a career more or less stormy, as a *littérateur*, in France.

Entombed in one of the horrid dungeons of Vincennes, solitary, hopeless, almost without a sympathy, though in the very spring-tide of his rich youth and activity, the angel of consolation, never far from us in our darkest hour, came down, and in the genial guise of literature, visited in his dungeon this man of infamies and suffering. It must, however, be confessed against him that, maddened by the severity of a despotism without appeal, in the wrong—and from that hand, too, whence he might fairly have hoped a kinder gift—even the wholesomeness of books became poisoned under his diseased digestion, and it became his wretched pleasure through months to avenge himself on the virtue in whose injured name he suffered, by licentious compilations, in which the man degenerates into the satyr, and the distinctions of right and decency are lost in the beastly excesses of a maniac imagination.

But so morbid a vice in a mind like his can be protected by no madness of the passions or vindictiveness of misanthropy from the healing influence of time; and if the leisure of his tedious incarcerations gave us four or five books in the worst of services, they gave us also those extensive studies of history and its philosophy to which we owe, among much else that is great in Literature or in Event, the three works on "Despotism," "State Prisons," and "Lettres-de-Cachet."

* It was this invasion that made Corsica a French island, and consequently, Napoleon Buonaparte a French citizen.

To our present purpose it would be of little use to indulge in any lengthened analysis or literary estimate of these performances. Gratifying his need of money, his love of fame, and, above all, a vengeance warmly nursed, which even virtue cannot censure, their publication formed, probably, the happiest incidents of his life. The first published in his twenty-fifth year, bears all the characteristics of the young man of genius, roughened, no less than strengthened by the asperities of the experience out of whose ireful plenitude he writes. Rough and disorderly in arrangement, it is lofty, striking, eloquent in style—cogent, daring, powerful in matter.

The last, the result of his long, final imprisonment, and published in his thirty-first year, possesses similar attributes, aggrandised, or improved. A great work, involving an inquiry into the first principles of government, and, therefore, of infinite practical utility in the career reserved for him, it wants too obviously the elevation of a Montesquieu, the philosophy of a Bolingbroke, or the comprehensive profundity of a Burke. It is a work of genius, but by a partisan, an advocate, a man of powerful emotion and vivid conception, having a strong will, a high purpose, and an enduring conviction. With a great, sometimes an inapt parade of erudition, and an occasional loss of time in inflated and declamatory commonplaces, there is yet, as a general rule, work, rather than literature, in his sentences, and the just, the practical, the statesman-like are the dominating qualities. We must not look for the artist in Mirabeau as a writer; he is above that: nor—whatever the range of thought we may justly concede him—may we, therefore, expect the sublime; he is below that. With the eloquence of an impassioned imagination, united to the unornamented vigour of a ready, versatile and comprehensive reason, he reminds one of some colossal engine in forceful, though not always in graceful action.

In Holland, occupied in literature and the society of literary men, and subsequently in England, in commerce with Franklin, Dr. Price, Samuel Romilly, and Wilkes—among whom be it said, *en passant*, he acquired the reputation of an habitual liar—a thousand circumstances must have pre-

sented themselves, not more in his own studies than in the freedom, seriousness, and activity he saw around him, to prepare and stimulate his ambition for the lofty career of political action that awaited him at home. In truth, if we may judge from the letters written during his English residence, or the biographical fragments that occur in his other correspondence, he seems, beyond his personal indigence, to have had no other enduring interest but that of public affairs. His mind broods over the tragic epochs of English history with a fascinated and curious sympathy: there is an evident faith in a coming drama of popular action for France, in which he is to play a leading part—a faith so early ripened that, in 1782, meeting at Neufchatel certain State Deputies of Geneva, he based on the inevitable meeting of the States General the prediction, or rather the promise, that he would become a Deputy, and in that character restore their country to freedom.

Returning to Paris at a moment when the increasing and unmanageable deficit brought national bankruptcy and confusion to the very door of the state, a course of angry and mercenary pamphleteering on Finance, while connecting him with discontented men of wealth and influence willing—jointly with the police—to hire or use his ready pen, forced on him education in another—important, if unattractive—department of the great question of the times.

His ministerial spyship in Prussia, which, subsequently divulged by his own audacious publication of his secret correspondence, won from M. de Montesquieu the remark, that “the infamy of the person might be estimated by the infamy of the thing,” was not without its compensations in the political experience he extracted from it. It brought before him the main interests of European diplomacy: won him access to the principal intrigues and intriguers of a Court in transitionship, by the death of Frederick, from eccentric greatness to orderly mediocrity; habituated him to ministerial correspondence and reports, which, if disgustingly mean, were, at all events, systematic and prescient, and secured him—I could wish to say honestly—those historic and statistical data which, published in his elaborate work on the Prussian monarchy, coun-

tenanced some serious claims to statesmanship.

Misfortune, passion, solitude, suffering, travel, extraordinary adventures, extensive readings, varied studies, innumerable writings thus admirably endowing his mind—so disposed, too, by nature—for the daring and stormy struggles of the revolution, the only resource that could surely be wanting to so enormous a compound of intellectual strength—I mean the power of oratory—he was fated to acquire in his lengthened trials for the recovery of his wife and legal rights.

Opposed by Alps of difficulties, the moral greater than the legal, for the suits ploughed deeply into all the crimes or errors that had dishonoured his career, and would necessarily turn up masses of documentary evidence which, on no less authority than that of his father, must carry the tale of his infamy to every eye; yet his audacity dared, as his genius surmounted, every disadvantage, and after fixing the admiration of a province—to him a sufficient compensation—by the ingenuity, the power, and the extraordinary resources of his eloquence in a path so new to him, he succeeded in re-establishing his civil rights, and but failed in the second, and, perhaps, less important suit, by the accident of a technicality.

Passing by his double election as Deputy, at Aix and Marseilles, marked by excitement, insurrection, and all the stirring incidents that, in a moment of great public agitation, might be expected to accompany the *début* of a daring and accomplished demagogue, we are now brought to the greatest epoch of France, and, therefore, of Mirabeau—the meeting of the States General; and the observation is naturally suggested that, if this extraordinary succession of circumstances, marvellous as *incidents*, but still more marvellous as *coincidents*, had not specially moulded the man for his work, it might well be doubted that the French revolution could have happened, or at all events, in such gigantic proportions. Mirabeau's life was, as we have seen, a pupilage, as it is now to become a mastership, in revolution. His Saturn of a father had trained him, from his youth upwards, into the executionership of his order; and Heaven itself, as if seconding some such inscrutable design, seems to have stooped to lead by the hand this servant of Nemesis,

through paths the most devious and unfrequented, but, of all others, the most fitted to form and conduct him to the emergency.

A change, it is true, of some kind in French Government, accompanied by more or less confusion and bloodshed, had been long inevitable. Genius, good sense, suffering, luxury, oppression, contumely, unprincipledness, and folly, each boon of nature, each wrong of man, had concurred, after more than a century of struggle, in necessitating a consummation.

In my opinion, the popular horrors that darkened the end of the eighteenth century, though pointed in their way by the finger of Mirabeau, legitimately trace their pedigree to the Royal grandeurs that closed the preceding one. The French Revolution was born of Louis the Fourteenth. His policy—his achievements—his failures, and, still more, his personal character and court deportment, killed monarchy in the hearts of the French people. The prominent ruling characteristic of himself and reign was an all-absorbing egotism. A maelström of selfishness, and unconscious of any law of reciprocity to arise from his relations to a common humanity, this Chief and Example of a numerous aristocracy was the grand centre to which was to be directed every affection and service, from which was to be circulated every volition and ordinance. And need I say that no eminence of intellectual power—no prudence of personal deportment—no brilliancy of external achievement, can or ought to have any effect on spectators so keen-witted and impressionable as the French, save to make additionally insupportable a character which, even on the smallest scale, is, of all others, the most odious and repulsive. The stern unity and perfection of order in which he was enabled to present political power—that necessary evil of human existence—but added intensity to the hate, as it added grandeur to the idea of his despotism. In the eyes of his suffering subjects it brought him face to face with the catastrophes no less than with the glories of his reign, and without the merit of the avowal—*adsum qui feci*!—gave him all its dread responsibilities. An old despot, surviving his greatness while retaining the stinging irony of its title—a saint

amid the standing reminiscences of his adulteries, expiating his pleasures by annihilating those of others, and tormenting consciences to save his own—his suffering and downcast people became at length disabused but too utterly of the base apotheosis of his person and character, so long maintained by him in the name of a false glory and debased religion. They even publicly rejoiced at a death-bed made pitiable by the absence of his mistress, confessor, and family; and meeting in mobs that, encountering his corpse on its way through by-lanes to hugger-mugger interment at St. Denis, they might tear it into shreds, gave early and portentous evidence that the germ of an envenomed and bloody democracy had been elicited in the very perfection of his stern and heartless tyranny. The unblushing excesses of the Regent and of Louis the Fifteenth, who gratuitously withdrew the last veil that concealed the utter rottenness of all that claimed popular obedience, under the names of religion and authority, sufficed, though scarcely needed, to *complete* the discredit of the French monarchy; and, ascending his throne, surrounded by a dissolute clergy, an overbearing aristocracy, and a discontented and impoverished people, the robed Louis the Sixteenth seemed but the calf of atonement of the Scriptures decked for sacrifice, and doomed to expiate a century of court gaieties and crimes in which he had had no part!

Mirabeau began the revolution with a thousand vague hopes and expectations, and the conviction, communicated to his friend Mauvillon, that "it was not given to human sagacity to devise where *all this* would end." A living conflict of passions and principles, of low needs and high ambitions, of lofty genius and infamous repute—a demagogue by policy, an aristocrat by vanity, a constitutionalist by conviction—his public conduct anxiously and perpetually brought in evidence one or other of these conflicting agencies; but beyond the personal aim of recovering his rank, and winning some sort of greatness at any price, he was without one pervading or dominant public purpose, save that of extinguishing the despotism that

had injured him. Above all policies, *abstractedly* considered, this was the one dear to his heart. "I come here to grant, not to ask pardon," was his reply, in a voice of angry defiance, to some oratorical assurance that a life of usefulness might secure the pardon of his earlier delinquencies. A horrid, but too natural, vindictiveness had interwoven the hate of arbitrary power into every fibre of his brain. It was a passion or sentiment that he never abandoned: it may be even doubted if he could have been purchased out of it. Despite all the evils and mischances of life, there stood erect in his soul this one small altar to virtue, or something that resembled it, which he would have thrown down but under the direst necessity.

But of all the circumstances glanced at as furnishing the key to many of the paradoxes of his public conduct, one of the most important, though perhaps the least appreciated, is the dishonour of his repute. It is difficult, with his present position in history, especially when taken in relation to the now well-certified worthlessness of his contemporaries, to realise to the imagination the full extent of his infamy. "You dare," said his former friend Rulhiere, in a pamphlet that had a wide circulation—"You dare to speak of a country, Count Mirabeau! If your brow were not trebly bronzed, how must you have blushed at its very name! Have you one quality of father, friend, brother, husband, or relative? An honourable vocation? Any one attribute that constitutes the citizen? Not one! You are without a refuge—without a relative. I seek your most ordinary domiciles, and I find them but in the prison of Vincennes, the Chateau d'If, the Fortress of Ioux, the gaol of Pontarlier!"

Dumont, coming over to Paris, was so moved by the discredit attached, in respectable circles, to his acquaintance, that he visited him with repugnance and as a duty, but records the characteristic incident, that on his first call he was so won by the magic of his host's conversation, as to depart resolved on retaining, at all hazards, so agreeable a friendship. The mention of his name, with the sight of his person, at the opening of the States General, elicited

* He had also been confined in two prisons, in the Ile de Re, and the Castle of Dijon.

groans and hisses on all sides. The *Tiers-Etat*—whom he had honoured by his aristocratic adoption—were unanimous in refusing him a hearing the two or three occasions on which he first sought to address them. The Queen, whose life, family, and regal heritage were at stake, received the assurance, that such a person was willing to assist the views of the Court, with “the contempt due to vice!”* and “assassin!” “robber!” “slanderer!” were the epithets almost daily applied to him in the Senate of the nation! Society, expiring under the weight of its own vices, saw in him that well-defined excess that entitled it to the merits of purgation in his extrusism, of atonement in his martyrdom, and to place the hand of menace and malediction on his head, as the scape-goat of its redemption!

Thus detested by all parties, his low character keeping him low, Mirabeau, with all his marvellous power, found himself placed, by public contempt, more even than by private need, at the mercy of circumstances. Befoulment had so far eaten into his name, that, with occasionally the best of desires, and always the greatest of energies, there stood a blight over both. He felt that a moral leprosy encrusted him, which repelled the good, and kept aloof the prudent. The contemned inferior, in moral standing, of those that surrounded him, it was difficult to be honest, and impossible to be independent. By a sort of law of nature, too, his tarred repute attracted to it every floating feather of suspicion, no less than of guilt, as to its natural seat; and thus it happened that the lofty genius of Mirabeau, under the “grand hests” of a hateful necessity, like the “too delicate spirit,” Ariel, tasked to the “strong biddings” of the “foul witch Sycorax,” was condemned for a while to pander rather than teach—to follow rather than lead—to please rather than patronise—and to halloo others’ opinions rather than vindicate his own!

No man could appreciate the misfortune more fully or sensitively than himself. Dumont tells us, that, taught by events that a good character would have placed France at his feet, “he would have passed seven times through

the fiery furnace to purify his name;” and that, “weeping and sobbing, he was accustomed to exclaim, ‘Cruelly do I expiate the errors of my youth!’” And, indeed, the more sensible his heart, the more rich and elevated his soul, the more must his torments have been bitter and redoubled; for the very preciousness of the gifts of nature, the charms of society—even the friendship of those that surrounded him—must have turned but to the increase of his wretchedness!

It is easy to understand, then, that the tactics of Mirabeau, in the first days of the Revolution, were those of a man outside “a swelling scene”—

“A kingdom for a stage, princes to act,
And monarchs to behold,”

which he could only occupy by rudely breaking through a thousand circumscriptions of usage, propriety, and public opinion. As it was the boast of Luther, that he, an obscure monk, stood alone for some time against respectable Europe, so Mirabeau, on the eve of his public greatness, was the most isolated politician of his age. “Mean men, in their rising,” says Lord Bacon, “most adhere; but great men, that have strength in themselves, were better to maintain themselves indifferent and neutral.” Instinctively feeling that this was the policy of his position, when repelled by both sides, he haughtily repelled them in return, and the more he was despised the more inevitable did he make the establishment of his importance. As, without a party, he became one himself, so without a plan he took that of events, and without a policy was content with that of display. In these early days, indeed, his whole plan, system, and policy, was to make his individualism tell—to demonstrate, to all parties, what he was worth in journalism as a writer, in the Assembly as an orator, in everything as a statesman. As he had nothing but himself, it became his business to make the most of the commodity, which, so valueless in the beginning, ended in outwearing all that was opposed to it.

But if this policy of display, no less than his education, sympathies, and hates, bore him to the opposition, there were in his pecuniary wants, and his ambitious dreams of a statesmanship,

* Madame Campan’s Memoirs.

à la Richelieu, circumstances that at times resistlessly brought him within the influence of court power. Uncertain how far he could overpower the disadvantages of his personal position, wounded that the movement party were little inclined to value his co-operation, and still less to accept his leadership, he early felt, or feigned alarm at the fermentation in the public mind, and its possible evolution in great national calamities; and before one act of legislation was accomplished, or he had had a month's experience of the fanatical impracticability of one side, I use his own words, and the intolerant spirit of resistance on the other, he personally proposed to his enemy, Necker, and through him to the Queen, "the only man," he said, "connected with the court," to concur, at the price of an ambassadorship to Constantinople, in supporting the court system of policy.

He appears to have fancied for some days that his proposals were accepted; but before he could enter on any of the Eastern arrangements his active mind had already suggested, he learnt that the overture was rejected "with a contempt, which," as Madame Campan sagaciously admits, "the court would doubtless have concealed, if they could have foreseen the future." Contenting himself with the angry menace, "They shall soon hear some of my news," within a month he became the author of successive defeats, the most insulting a monarch could receive from his parliament, and which were fated to exercise an active influence in the overturn of that royalty he was afterwards to defend.

The king, anxious to arrange the differences which kept the three orders aloof from each other, and from legislation, had sent to the *Tiers-Etat* a message, wise in its suggestions, and conciliatory in its tone. Under the eloquence of Mirabeau, the house passed to the order of the day.

Irritated by insult, and complaining that the antagonism of the three orders prevented any progress in the public business for which they were convened, the King summoned a general meeting of all the deputies, and after an address, in which he expressed his royal pleasure that the three orders should form separate chambers, he commanded the Assembly to dis-

perse, that they might meet under the ordinances his prerogative had prescribed. The clergy, the nobles obey: the commons remain uncertain, hesitating, and almost in consternation. The royal command is again communicated to them, with the intimation, that having heard the king's intentions they had now only to obey. The crisis of the royal prerogative, obedience, hung but on the turn of a feather; the repulsed Mirabeau arose and turned it against the King. "We have," said he, in a voice of thunder, "we have heard the intentions attributed to the King; and you, sir, who have no place, nor voice, nor right of speech here, are not competent to remind us of them. Go tell your master that we are here by the will of the people, and that we are not to be expelled but by the power of bayonets!"

Cheered and supported by the now reassured *Tiers-Etat*, he next, in imitation of the English parliament, carried, that the persons of the deputies were inviolate, that any one infringing that right should be pursued as an enemy of the country, and that the payment of taxes, till further legislation, should be obligatory only during the existence of the legislative corps.

Added to the bold title of "National Assembly," newly-adopted, these votes were the assumption of a kingship by the *Tiers-Etat*; and as public opinion enthusiastically backed the innovation the divided peers and ecclesiastics were compelled at length to join, and be submerged in, the mass of popular deputies.

A civil war could alone stand between royal power and its destruction. For some weeks the court prepared for even such an eventuality. "Ministers play high stakes," writes Mirabeau, on the 5th of July; "they are compromising the King, for in menacing Paris and the Assembly they are menacing France. All reaction is equal to action: the more the pressure now, the more terrible do I foresee will be the reaction. Paris will not suffer itself to be muzzled by a bevy of nobles thrown into despair by their own stupidity; but they shall pay the penalty of the attempt. . . . The storm must soon break out. It is arranged that I ask the withdrawal of the troops; but be you ready (at Paris) to help the step!"

The demand was evaded by the King; the soldiery were largely increased and concentrated; the arrests of the more revolutionary deputies, including, of course, Mirabeau, were decided on; Necker was summarily dismissed; but on the other side able and active emissaries roused Paris by statements the most exciting, and taking all characters, with the costumes of either sex, caressed, fêted, and partially won over the soldiery, and before the court could take one step towards its purposes, Paris was in full insurrection; the troops corrupted or overpowered, the Bastille taken, and, under the plea of anarchical excuse, the whole *bourgeoisie* of Paris placed in a few hours under arms as National Guards.

The King, taught that it was not revolt but revolution, preferred, as everybody foresaw, submission to civil war, recalled Necker, and visited triumphant Paris, at once the hostage and conquest of a popular triumph.

Mirabeau, more or less connected with the Orleanists, had speculated with them on the chances of confusion; for to him it was a small thing, provided he had bread, that it was baked in an oven warmed with the conflagration of an empire. Looking forward with complacency to every contingency of revolutionary crises, assured that a common danger, flinging aside, as unimportant, questions of personal character, would make power the prey of genius and audacity, he was correspondingly annoyed by a re-arrangement that promised for a time a well-grounded tranquillity.

The destruction of the Bastille securing that of "The Syllas of thought," he now transformed into a full political newspaper, his weekly "Letter to his Constituents," under which title he had evaded, from the first assembly of the States-General, the censorship on the press. Aware, from his knowledge of Wilkes, and his history, of the power of journalism to a politician, and, above all, to a demagogue in a free country, he was, in the full sense of the term, the first newspaper editor of France, and owed to the vigorous use of this novel agency, not only useful additions to his pecuniary resources, but a great portion of that popular idolatry that followed him to the grave.

The Court which, in calling together the States, had no higher aim than to regenerate the finances of the country, and as one step, to obtain the help of the people in stripping a numerous aristocracy of their baneful exemption from state-burdens, had already found out its own share in the peril of the experiment, and now sought, by a close alliance with the *noblesse*, to avert the ruin that too evidently menaced both. But the torrent had but accumulated at each irresistible concession, and every day's work added to the democratic elements of a constitution that had already made royalty a cipher, and annihilated as political institutions the church and aristocracy.

Of course new schemes of regal antagonism again raised their head, and again a popular manifestation, bringing Paris into the very boudoir of the Queen at Versailles, demonstrated the impuissance of all that took the name of French royalism. The October insurrection was fomented by Mirabeau and his Orleanist friends, for the same purpose as that of July, to secure personal safety and obtain a new scene of action, by terrifying the court into exile, or the acceptance of Orleans' protection. Had the duke been raised to the "lieutenant-generalship of the kingdom," Mirabeau counted on a premiership, in which he purposed to become the Chatham or Pitt of France. Had Louis the Sixteenth fled the kingdom after the example of the Comte D'Artois, he purposed to proclaim a republic, and become its "first consul;" and should the doom be that France should be divided by civil war, and cut up into its old kingdoms, he speculated on a sovereignty in his ancestral country, Provence, which had already greeted him with so encouraging an enthusiasm.

Strangeness of event! While the monarchy so short-lived still survived the insatiate Mirabeau, two of the extraordinary contingencies he speculated on have already happened, to the profit of other actors, and the existing republic, in its mutinous armies, intolerant factions, and insane dynasties, offers no very improbable portent that, even after half a century of a centralised and well-fixed nationality, the old repartition of kingdoms may again present itself!

The great consummation of confu-

sion, however, failed for the overmuch of means. "A bottle of brandy was given," said the orator, "instead of a glass!" and the mob's capricious *impromptu* of carrying the king back with them to Paris, still more than the cowardice of the Duke of Orleans, defeated this deep-laid machiavelian combination.

Whatever the character, however, of the people's success, it could not but be an additional success for their leader. The revolution, of which he stood recognised the unquestioned head, was now beyond all danger of royal aggression, except by his own treacherous agency. In a campaign of unimaginable brevity, he had not only vindicated the first place as an orator in a senate now omnipotent, and become out of it the most potent demagogue of his time, but as *un homme d'état*, surrounded by a brilliant staff of the most active spirits and practical thinkers of the day, Camille Desmoulins, Danton, Volney, Champfort, Lamourette, Cabanis, Reybaz, Duinont, Duroverai, Claviere, Servan, De Caseaux, Panchaud, Pellenc, Brissot, and others, was understood by every party to hold the future destinies of France in his hand. Emerging from two insurrections—possessing, by his power, all their profits, and by his adroitness none of their responsibility, he found it now worth his while to break terms with the Duke of Orleans, by a public expression of his contempt for him as a scoundrel not worth the trouble that might be taken for him; and excluded from the ministry, that lay open to him, by a self-denying ordinance of the Assembly directly levelled at his pretensions, he accepted a large subsidy from the King's brother—the Comte de Provence—and formed with him, for the restoration or upholding a monarchical authority, a mysterious and ineffective conspiracy, the character and extent of which may be conjectured from its involving the assassination of the Marquess de Lafayette.

The hate of Mirabeau for this worthy but feeble nobleman—his diligent colleague in the struggle for liberty—was as intense as, at first sight, it seems incredible. He was his Mordecai at the king's gate, for whom he could neither sleep nor eat. Remembering that Mirabeau's passion for compli-

cated intrigue and daring adventure, even in politics, was extravagant to disease, it seems possible that, as he advanced in his rapid greatness, he secretly nursed projects or hopes as incompatible with a constitutional monarchy, and an organised public force, in respectable hands, as with the despotism with which he had originally battled; and that, in his successive conspiracies, now with the Republicans and Orleanists, now with the Count de Provence, and the Queen, he had no fixed intention of ultimately benefiting those he professed to serve; but proposed to use them as ladders to that exalted position of a Sylla or a Cæsar, which, as Buonaparte subsequently proved, was no more, perhaps, beyond his grasp than his ambition; influenced by the insidious suggestions and doubts he carefully spread abroad, the Queen, as he saw with pleasure, looked on the new commander of the National Guards as a "Grandison-Cromwell," (Mirabeau's damaging epithet,) whose concealed ambition aimed at the Constableness of France, as a step to that dread of French sovereigns, the "Mayorship of the Palace;" and hence the Court systematically declined the aids it might so often have derived from the honesty, the popularity, and sometimes the good sense, of the American volunteer. At all events, we know that the assassination of Lafayette—twice it seems plotted—would have left the National Guards in the hands of some less popular and more pliant chief; and that, when the general specifically accused his rival of the horrid project, naming time, place, and means, he won no better defence than the reply, "You were sure of it, and I am alive! How good of you!—And you aspire to play a leading part in a revolution!" The compact with the Comte de Provence was of short duration: the Queen began to distrust the personal views of her brother-in-law, who threatened to become the Duke D'Orleans of a Philosophical party; and Mirabeau, to whom popularity was the only capital, probably found that he could not afford the sacrifices his employers demanded.

To preserve the *status quo*, and wait events, became now, for some weeks or months, as much his policy as his accessibility to passion and sudden in-

fluences would permit. He seemed to feel that he should give time to the molten lava of his volcanic greatness to settle, harden, and assume its individualism among things received. Holding aloof, therefore, from identification with either party—leaning now on one side, now on the other—his speeches more with the Movement, his policy more with the Court—forcing both parties into explanations, while keeping himself, however, disengaged—he constituted himself their arbitrator and moderator, overawing both extremes; and while maintaining his pre-eminence of political influence, held himself ready to take advantage, at the least cost of consistency, of any fundamental change in the position of affairs.

In the month of May or June, however, a private interview with the Queen, in the Royal Garden of St. Cloud, followed by others, to the renewed scandal of her fame, laid the foundation of a new compact with the Court, and a more decided policy. The chivalry of Mirabeau revived under the enthusiasm won by “Earth’s loveliest vision”—a queen in distress and a suppliant—and he pledged himself, as the Hungarians to her royal mother, to die in the service of saving her throne. But the highest endeavours of Mirabeau have always at their base, like the monuments of his country, the filthy and the repulsive; and the chivalry of this new saviour of the monarchy received sustentation in a bribe—higgled for through months—of twenty thousand pounds, and a pension of more than that per annum.

About the end of the year, three or four months before his death, he opened systematically his great campaign for what professedly was the restoration of regal authority. He was to outhero in patriotism the herods of the Jacobin club: the Court was to dare everything short of civil war—perhaps, even that; and the existing confusion, whatever it might be, was to be cured by another of greater extent, artificially induced by the charlatanism of art political. His scheme, in some points, it must be allowed, successfully imitated in our own days in Prussia, was:—

First—To reorganise the party of Order in the Assembly; and, while as far as possible, winning for it the sympathy of the country, to excite, by

all available agencies, distrust and discontent with the opposing majority.

Secondly—To inundate the provinces with publications against the Assembly; and by commissioners, sent nominally for other purposes, to obtain remonstrances from the departments against its further continuance.

Thirdly—At a proper opportunity, to dissolve the Assembly, and order fresh elections; at the same time cancelling the Constitution as illegal, and granting another by royal charter, formed on a popular basis, and on the written instructions which (on a system unknown to England) had originally been drawn up for each deputy by his electors.

I shall not descend to discuss the oft-mooted point, how far the wholesale venality that based the project is justified or palliated by the object it is supposed to have had in view, because I know that with Mirabeau money was not *a means* to his defence of constitutional monarchy, but his defence of constitutional monarchy a means to money. If we except his relentless hate to French despotism in any hands not his own, the principles, moral or political, of this leader of a nation had no other tenure but the interest of his personal aggrandisement.

On another debate, whether with a longer life he could have carried his counter-revolution to success, I will only remark, that, conceding that in robust health he would have had it at heart as sincerely as in the recorded hours of his sickness and despondency, it may be admitted, that a struggle which, under every imprudence, seemed long to hang in doubt, with the aid of his energetic and masterly polity might, perhaps, have poised for royalty. But it is not to be concealed that the difficulty of arresting and unmaking were even greater than those of creating and consolidating the Revolution. The King’s aversion to decisive measures, and well-known horror of civil war, made him the worst of colleagues for the only policy his tool could wield with effect; and the great demagogue himself, when obliged to discard the mask of democratic hypocrisy that still partly hid the subtle and venal traitor of his party, would have lost, like Strafford, many of the elements of his potency;

and despoiled, especially, of the miraculous resources of his eloquence, must have contented himself with that lucid, common-sense, consecutive darning, and power of strategic combination, which his new friends were so ill-fitted to support.

Fortunately, perhaps, for his future fame, he died ere the structure his arts had undermined tested his powers of reparation, and before that wonderful magic of popularity which had so long survived, as it had, indeed, so long anticipated, his deserts, had time to vanish under the cock-crow of truth. His death was as well-timed as his political advent, and has been praised by French wit as the best evidence of his tact; for the expectations which the unparalleled rapidity, no less than the innate marvellousness of his achievements had raised, no future activity and fortune, scarcely those of a Napoleon, could have realised.

But if the retrospect of his career must convince us that one man in so short a period never accomplished so much before, against such disadvantages, so also must we admit that probably never before did any one rest so wholly for his amazing achievements on the sole power of intrinsic genius. It was intellect that did all with Mirabeau; and made his head, according to his own boast, a power among European states. It united almost every possible capacity and attainment. His rare and penetrating powers of observation were sustained by the equal depth and justness of his discrimination, and the rapidity and accuracy of his judgment. Uniting, to his admirable natural capacity, an activity and habitual power of application, more marvellous almost in their extent than even in their rare combination, he possessed an understanding full, beyond precedent, both of the recorded knowledge of books, and of that priceless experience of men and things without which all else is nought; and as the complement of these amazing and unparalleled advantages, he had the still rarer advantage of a felicity and power of diction every way worthy of so incomparable a genius.

Looking with contempt at the stiff, ornamental, and childish antithetical style of his day and nation, he welded the flimsy elements of the French language into instruments of strength akin to his own conceptions, and wrought out of them a style for himself in which a Demosthenic simplicity and severity of language is sustained by an earnest and straightforward power which vivifies and amplifies all that it touches. Startled by an innovation far beyond the conceptions of the French academy, the writer was smiled at and neglected by the critics; and it was not till they heard him launching from the tribune the thunders of justice, disposing at pleasure of the inclinations of the multitude, and subjugating even the captious by the imperious power of his eloquence, that they began to discover that there was a "power of life"* in his rude and singular language; that "things, common-place, in his hand became of electric power;"† and that, standing "like a giant among pigmies,"‡ his style, albeit "savage,"§ dominated the assembly, stupifying, and thundering down all opposition.

It is the affliction of history, that, while raising her monuments to gigantic genius, she is compelled so often to record an immorality of parallel proportions. It is right that the infamy of Mirabeau should be as eternal as his greatness. He was a man who, in his political, as in his private life, had no sense of right for its own sake, and from whom conscience never won a sacrifice. With great and glorious aims at times, he never had a disinterested one. His ambition, vanity, or passions, were his only standard of conduct—a standard, be it added, which, despite the wonderful justness of his judgments, the depravity of a sunken nature kept always below even his needs. Policy with him was often but a campaign of vengeance or market of venality, and the glorious exercises of literature but a relaxation of indecency or business of wrong. In the study, in the tribune, or in the council-chamber, glory was the only element that remained to counterpoise, often with a feather's weight, the smallest influence of gold

* Madame de Staël. † Bertrand de Moleville. ‡ De Levis. § De Ferrieres.

or spleen ; and in the most critical epoch of an empire, the poisoning of his tremendous influence—the influence of so much earnestness and magical power—was the accident of an accident. We admit for him, in palliation, the demoralising influence of terrific example, and of maddening oppression ; but where is the worth of a morality that, in a man of heroic mould, will not stand assay?—and what is virtue but a name, if she may be betrayed whenever she demands an effort?

But however much a moral wreck was the heart of Mirabeau, nature, true to the harmony, no less than the magnificence, of her great creations, had essentially formed it of noble and gentle elements. Touched to the core by the contaminating influence of “time and tide,” its instincts were yet to the kindly, the generous, and elevated ; and those about him who knew him best—attached to him more by his affections than his glory—eagerly attested that in the bosom of this depraved citizen resided most of the qualities which, under happier agencies, would have made him a dutiful son, a devoted husband, an attached friend, and truly noble character !

In fine, with an eye to see at a glance, a mind to devise, a tongue to persuade, a hand to execute, this great

man was circumspect in recklessness, poised and vigorous in violence, cool and calculating to a minutia in audacity and passion. As a friend, affectionate and volatile—as an enemy, fierce and placable—as a politician, patriotic and venal. Proud of his patricianship, whose *status* and manners he has lost, he is humble about a statesmanship that makes the first of his glories. The best of writers, his works are written for him ; the greatest of orators, his speeches are made for him ! Has he the most unerring of judgments ? He prefers another's ! Is he a popular tribune ? He is also a royalist parasite ! Is he earnest ? He is then insincere ! Does he evidence great principles ? He seeks bribes ! Does he enforce moderation ? He awaits vengeance ! Does he cause confusion ? He is seeking order ! Would he save the nation ? He is selling its liberties ! Wonderful man ! great with enormous weaknesses, bad with many excellencies, immortal by the expedients of an hour, his genius is a combination of almost impossible perfections, as his political life the colossal result of a thousand contradictions. United, they yield a deathless character, whose Titanic proportions shall, age after age, be huger, as the the mighty shadows that cover it shall grow darker !

SONNETS ON FRANCE.

BY B. B. FELTUS.

"Hoc illud est præcipuè in cognitione rerum salubre ac frugiferum omnis te exempli documenta in illustri posita monumento intueri : inde tibi tuæque reipublicæ, quod imitere, capias : inde scilum exitu, quod vitas."—LIVY.

I.

THE MIDDLE AGES.

Charge for St. Dennis ! Goodly the array
 Of chivalry, the boast of feudal France—
 Brave hearts, that kindled at a lady's glance—
 High crests, that homage never stoop'd to pay,
 Save to the sovereign liege, whose yea and nay
 Were law ; before whose high predominance
 All lesser pageants, like the moonbeam's dance,
 When Lucifer leads up the orb of day,
 Vanished. Fine times for lords and ladies bright,
 And king, by grace of God—anoointed, throned—
 Whose crown long centuries made his by right
 Inalienable, while the millions groaned.
 "Do the slaves murmur?—do the cur-dogs bite?—
 Let them be strangled, poisoned, shot, or stoned."

II.

LOUIS FIFTEENTH.

"Louis, the well-beloved !" Beloved ! ah, why ?
 For shame, and blasphemy, and blood and treasure
 Lavished, lest his vexed people should have leisure
 By cursing, to reverse the flatterer's lie,
 And hurl him from his throne of harlotry :
 There he lies, bruted by the syren Pleasure.
 Why waits the storm ? Because, unfilled the measure
 Of fate, the thing, as it hath lived, may die.
 Oh ! wretched man, the guiltless must atone
 For thy black deeds—the reckoning will be paid—
 A shriek comes from the cold, damp vaults—a groan
 From the long ages which thy blood hath swayed—
 "Degenerate son ! the altar and the throne
 Are now like us—a mockery and a shade."

III.

LOUIS THE SIXTEENTH.

Spare him !—oh ! spare him, ruffians—'tis the blood
 Of our great Henry—of our patron saint ;
 No hand's against him raised without attain :
 He is your King, of heart both kind and good,
 What evil hath he done ? Beside me stood
 A citizen :—"Your style," quoth he, "is quaint ;
 This Louis you bedizen and bepaint
 In hues of slavish years, is of that brood
 Whose wrongs hath maddened France : small sacrifice,
 This rallying-point for traitors will be given
 To bleed on Freedom's altar." While my eyes
 Are turned away, one voice, which fiends had striven
 To drown with din of drums and blasphemies,
 Sounds clear—"Son of St. Louis, mount to Heaven !"

IV.

THE AGE OF REASON.

Philosophy—thou godless, giddy thing—
 Go chain the winds, roll back the torrent's tide;
 Why waxes pale thy cheek of bloated pride?
 Thou art supreme; no incense-censers swing
 O'er the high altars; men no longer cling
 To the old faith in which their fathers died.
 Hail, age of Reason, from thy lips supplied—
 Oh! Prophet of weak eye, and waxen wing.
 What if to old Religion France is dead?
 She has her Gospel by Jean Jacques Rousseau,
 Wherein 'tis writ the many must be fed,
 And all usurping landmarks levell'd low.
 Are we not equal?—have these words been said
 To mock the poor, to aggravate their woe?

V.

THE REIGN OF TERROR.

Death, 'tis thy banquet! Lo! an infant cries—
 At one stroke orphaned—"While your bare arms reek
 In its warm blood, shout *Vive la Republique!*
 So will your hearts grow strong, and fraternise."
 Thus howls the wolf Marat. A victim dies
 At Tinville's every nod, 'till hands grow weak
 Of countless butchers, and the vulture's beak
 Nauseates the carrion every day supplies.
 Is this the liberty, the golden age
 Ye prophesied, blind leaders of the blind?
 Ye raised the tempest, can ye now assuage
 Its force—yourselves the sport of every wind?
 Ye lit the burning, and must quench its rage
 In your heart's blood, and that of half mankind.

VI.

THE EMPIRE.

Fell monster, breathing flame and pestilence—
 Feeding on carnage, rapine, lust, and woe!
 Who's this bestrides thee, tames thee, makes thee go
 Whither he willeth? Does the stale pretence
 Of service in thy cause beguile all sense
 Of bondage to a lord? Napoleon!—lo!
 An earthquake rocks the nations to and fro
 Where'er thou treadest. All the sum immense
 Of glorious deeds achieved by heroes past,
 Compared with thine are littleness; and thou,
 Weighed with a just man, dust before the blast.
 Poisoner at Jaffa—D'Enghien's murderer!—now
 Time, the avenger, doth with these contrast
 Thy stars, and brands her sentence on thy brow.

VII.

THE RESTORATION.

Thy glory is departed—mourn, oh! Queen
 Of trampled nations—retribution just!
 Thy vassal kings their galling chains have burst,
 And ride along thy streets with threatening mien.
 Who's he that wins faint cheers, marshall'd between

The chivalry of strangers? Cold mistrust
 Chills warmer thoughts; and where a brother's dust
 Was raked from burial—chill must *his* have been.
 What's to be done? Restore the Church's rites,
 That decency of form at least be there:
 Old friends, your much-loved Royalty requites
 Long services with hopes that melt in air.
 Give Orleans his own—to the dog that bites,
 A sop; and Atheists their oath must swear.

VIII.

ORLEANS' DYNASTY.

Health to sage Orleans, our patriot King!—
 Guard of our charter, citizen elect!
 The rock on which the elder branch was wreck'd,
 Was *right upheld by strangers*?—hateful thing.
 But we with merry peals *thy* welcome ring;
 And with the tricolor of freedom deck'd,
 For thee a constitutional throne erect,
 The age, and man's advancement, answering—
 What thinks sage Orleans? “A beggar's dole
 They offer; but a golden key unlocks
 The patriot's scruples, and fair words cajole.”
 But take good heed—be vigilant, old Fox,
 The Spanish match unmasked thy inmost soul—
 Thy credit's sinking, like the railway stocks.

IX.

THE PRESIDENCY.

Not sick of glory yet, achieved by wrong!—
 Not disenchanted of the potent spell
 That haunts thy dreams! Still would'st thou overswell
 Thy bounds, o'erleap the Rhine, and drown the song
 Of vineyards with thy cannon. Memories throng
 From Austerlitz, and Jena, and the Hell
 Of many a conflict—how else, canst thou tell,
 Are young Napoleon's claims on France so strong?
 Unhappy land! that heavest, still to heave
 With fresh convulsions. Ills could scarce be worse
 Than thou hast known; yet whate'er Fate may weave
 Into thy Future, 'tis thyself dost nurse
 The demons on thy bosom, that bereave
 Thy Present of all hope, and bind thee with a curse!

PRIVATE THEATRICALS—MOORE—MISS O'NEILL—CHIEF JUSTICE BUSHE.

A CHAPTER FROM "THE DOMESTIC HISTORY OF IRELAND."

THE age of private theatricals in Ireland was contemporaneous with that expansive development of our society which took place between the period of 1750 and 1782. The consequences of the civil wars began to pass away; property became settled, and the state was strong, though ministers and viceroys were weak or baffled. Lord Charlemont gave a decided impulse to the arts of civilisation, and the Irish aristocracy, under his auspices, became an æsthetical body. The drama was cultivated with great success, and the elegant diversion of private theatricals became a fashionable amusement.*

Irish private theatricals were commenced in 1759, at Lurgan, the seat of the Right Honourable William Brownlow. Amongst the company was Kane O'Hara, who wrote *Midas* for representation at the little theatre there. In 1760, Mr. Conolly followed the example of Mr. Brownlow, and got up theatricals at Castletown, to which the celebrated Hussey Burgh contributed an epilogue.†

In 1761, the princely mansion of Carton was opened for private theatricals. Lord Charlemont, Lady Louisa Conolly (aunt to Sir Charles Napier of Scinde), and several other fashionables, took part in them. Dean Marlay, uncle to Henry Grattan, spoke a prologue on that occasion. The performances commenced with the *Beg-*

gar's Opera, played by the following cast:—

Macheath,	. .	Captain Morris.
Peachum,	. .	Lord Charlemont.
Lockit,	. .	Rev. Dean Marlay.
Filch,	. .	Mr. Thomas Conolly.
Polly,	. .	Miss Martin.
Lucy,	. .	Lady L. Conolly.
Mrs. Peachum,	. .	Countess of Kildare.
Mrs. Slammickin,	. .	Viscount Powerscourt.
Fanny Diver,	. .	Miss Vesey.
Coaxer,	. .	Miss Adderley.

It was a trait of the manners of the time, that Dean Marlay (afterwards Bishop of Waterford) should have furnished the prologue—a very spicy composition.

"Our play to night want's novelty, 'tis true;
That to atone, our actors all are new—
And sure our stage, than any stage is droller,
Lords act the rogue, and Ladies play the stroller!"

The reverend wit concluded with—

"But when this busy mimic scene is o'er,
All shall receive the worth they had before;
Lockit himself his knavery shall resign,
And lose the gaoler in the dull divine!"

In 1774, in Kilkenny county, plays were got up at Knocktopher, Farmley, and Kilfane, the seats of Sir Hercules Langrishe, Henry Flood, and G. P. Bushe. One of the members of this company was Henry Grattan, who was connected by marriage with the Bushe family; and the company passed from one mansion to another, for the purpose of enjoying the recreation

* See "The Private Theatre of Kilkenny, with Introductory Observations on other Private Theatres in Ireland before it was opened." The introduction, written by the late Mr. James Corry, occupies eleven pages, and alludes to the houses where private theatricals were first performed in Ireland. This work is excessively scarce, fifty copies only having been printed. It is a quarto volume (pp. 134), and for many of the facts of this chapter we are indebted to its authentic pages. We have added, however, a variety of curious matter derived from original sources, and communicated to us by several persons connected with the private theatres of Kilkenny.

† There is a curious circumstance connected with the fame of Hussey Burgh. On one occasion he was speaking in the House of Commons, and, in the row of the gallery allotted to the students of Trinity College, was a young man of great talents, who had then resolved to study for a Fellowship, and confine his ambition to academical preferment. But the effect of Burgh upon his audience dazzled the young student, and awoke in him the desire to excel in that particular line of exertion in which Burgh was so successful. That student was the present Lord Plunket, who attributes his first predilection for public speaking to the effect produced on him by the eloquence of Hussey Burgh.

of their histrionic pursuits; and there young Grattan played Macduff to Flood's Macbeth, experiencing "a practical foretaste of their own future rivalry, *belli propinqua rudimenta*."

The Kilkenny private theatricals were eventually destined, under the auspices of the late Richard Power, to cast into shade all the other private theatrical companies that have ever been formed in England or Ireland. But we are not to confound together the Kilkenny theatricals of 1774, in which Flood and Grattan figured, with the still more brilliant representations of a later period, on which we shall dwell presently.

What a pity it is that we have no adequate lives of the famous Irishmen of the last century! With one solitary exception, the great Irishmen of the last age have had neither sons worthy to sustain their names, nor found biographers fit to record their lives. Grattan and Flood have, like Plunket and Bushe, found no successors in their race. One great Irishman has, however, transmitted his talent with his blood, and, in "Curran's Life of Curran," the critical reader recognises a biographer on a level with the subject which he treats, and a son worthy of his famous father. It is the only brilliant Irish work we have upon the most stirring age of Ireland; and its literary execution confers honour on its author. The opening passage of the second volume, in which the conduct of the United Irishmen is described, may be cited as a masterpiece of composition. There are several instances in its pages of that *curiosa felicitas* which marks an original writer, as where, in describing the conduct of the United Irishmen, in rigidly abstaining from intoxicating drinks, the author speaks of their "impassioned sobriety."

Flood and Grattan have found in members of their own families their biographers who (with every wish to be of service, it is presumed) have far

from succeeded in treating their illustrious relatives as they deserved. In the case of Grattan there is, however, less need of regret, as the materials in his biography have been published in five large volumes, containing a vast deal of most curious and original matter of the greatest importance to any future historian of Ireland. But in the case of Flood, the contribution of his family has been most scanty; and the world has a right to ask for further original information about a man who exercised, for twenty years, prodigious influence upon the public of this country. It is only by traditional accounts we can estimate the influence of his oratory, which, according to a consummate judge—himself an illustrious orator—was of a first-rate order. Lord Plunket repeatedly heard Flood speak in debate, and always has described his powers as being of the highest kind, more especially in reply, when, according to Lord Plunket's testimony, he was peculiarly powerful. On one occasion, a few years since, in a select company, Lord Plunket greatly raised the curiosity of his hearers by saying that one of Flood's replies to an opponent made so great an impression on his (Lord Plunket's) mind, that he actually had it by heart. It appeared that, on one occasion, Flood made a most elaborate statement on an important question, and some humdrum member attempted to reply to him in the following fashion:—"I have never tried, Mr. Speaker, to deceive this house by an artful eloquence; I have never tried, sir, to dazzle honourable members by specious and alluring oratory; I have never tried, sir, by flights of fancy, or by display of glittering language, to seduce the mind of the house; I have never tried —"

"Try!" said Flood, sarcastically: and in that monosyllable prostrated the debater who had so flippantly attacked him.†

* The well-known and inimitable portrait of O'Connell, in "Sketches of the Irish Bar," where the artist depicts the agitator's daily life with a graphic fidelity never surpassed, has, in literary circles, been always attributed to the pen of Mr. Curran.

† *Apropos* to Flood and his biography, we may remark, that there is in the King's Inns Library a volume which professes to contain speeches of Flood, as "corrected by himself"—these latter words being *written* on the title page of the speeches. The volume is to be found amongst a collection of pamphlets—Division N., Shelf 5, No. 4. It has lain there for years untouched, until our attention was directed to it by a very learned solicitor. It is too bad that all the curious and interesting works of this library are not properly indexed.

In 1776, at Marlay, the seat of the La Touche family, Grattan acted in the *Mask of Comus*, in company with Hussey Burgh, Gervase Bushe, and seventeen (!) La Touches. The epilogue, spoken by Miss La Touche, afterwards Countess of Lanesborough (so celebrated for her beauty), was written by Grattan, and exhibits more social liveliness than might have been expected from the tone of his mind. It contains some very nervous couplets:—

“But why choose Comus?—Comus won't go down;
Milton, good creature! never knew the town.
Better a sentimental comedy,
That leads the soul unconsciously astray—
When about good fierce rakes are always canting,
And fond frail women so divinely ranting;
And sweet, sad dialogue, with feeling nice,
Gives flavour and variety to vice!”

In 1785, at Shane's Castle, in Antrim, similar festivities were got up on a grand scale by the Right Hon. John O'Neill. The first play was *Cymbeline*, and the part of the second lord was acted by Lord Edward Fitzgerald, who was then little conscious of the dark drama of reality in which, after a few brief years, he was to play a leading tragic part! Several members of the O'Neill and Corry families took part in the business of the stage; amongst others, Isaac Corry, afterwards Chancellor of the Exchequer.

In the spring of 1786, the Countess of Ely commenced a series of performances in her house at Ely-place. The upper part of the house was selected for these entertainments, from which, no doubt, as from other and better claims to the title, it was called the *Attic Theatre*! Soon after the commencement of those plays, the Shane's Castle association got up a beautiful private theatre in Dublin, in a place called Shaw's-court, now the site of the Commercial Buildings in Dame-street. Several of the performers were leading members of the House of Commons:—Isaac Corry, Charles Powell Leslie, Lord Henry Fitzgerald, Mr. Cromwell Price, Mr. Charles O'Neill, &c., &c. At their first performance the Duke and Duchess of Rutland, who were then at the head of the Irish Viceregal Court, were present.

At the close of 1787, the Earl and Countess of Grandison indulged their

friends with some private plays at Dromanna, in the County of Waterford. The first of them took place on Friday, 14th December, of that year, and Prince William Henry (afterwards William IV.) was present.

“Early on the day of the performances,” say the Dublin journals, “he arrived from Curraghmore, the seat of the Earl of Tyrone, and spent the whole of the day with Lord Grandison. On entering the theatre at Dromanna, the royal visitor was received by the audience standing, the orchestra playing ‘God save the King.’ At the close of the play ‘Rule Britannia’ was sung by all the company. The performance was *The Provoked Husband*, the cast having been as follows:—

DROMANNA THEATRE,

Monday Evening, December 17, 1787.

Lord Townly, . . .	Earl of Grandison.
Sir Francis Wronghead, . . .	Mr. Trevor Ashe.
Mr. Manly, . . .	Mr. Westenra.
Squire Richard, . . .	Mr. Edw. H. Pery.
Count Barret, . . .	Mr. Hutton.
Poundage, . . .	Mr. G. Ogle.
John Moody, . . .	Sir John Cruden.
Lady Townly, . . .	Miss Smith.
Lady Grace, . . .	Miss Musgrave.
Lady Wronghead, . . .	Mrs. Alcock.
Miss Jenny, . . .	Miss Keely.
Myrtilla, . . .	Mrs. Nagle.
Trusty, . . .	Mrs. Musgrave.

In 1793, the little theatre in Fishamble-street was taken by a company of noblemen and gentlemen, who acted plays for two years there, and attracted all the rank and fashion of the country. And in 1795 French plays were performed at Roebuck Castle, the seat of Lord Trimleston; amongst others, the *Metromanie*, a comedy by Piron, in which his lordship, Mr. Barnewall, and the *Compte M'Carthy* supported the principal characters.

We now come to the famous private theatricals of Kilkenny, which commenced in 1802, and terminated in 1819, and in which the chief performers were—Mr. Richard Power, of Kilfane, Mr. James Corry, Mr. Crampton, Sir Wrixon Becher, Thos. Moore, the poet, Mr. Lister, Mr. Rothe; several professional ladies—Miss Kelly, Miss Smith (Mrs. Bartley), Miss Walstein, Miss Stephens, and last but greatest of all—the famous and fascinating Miss O'Neill, now Lady Wrixon Becher.

From an early period the society of Kilkenny was distinguished for its polite accomplishments, owing to the

residence of the Lords Ormonde in their venerable castle. A sort of provincial court was kept up at the castle, and the noble house of Butler produced considerable social effect by its brilliant style of living. The Floods, the Langrishes, the Bushes, the Agars, maintained in the last century most liberal and refined hospitality; and the standard of manners was far higher in Kilkenny than in any county in Ireland. In that circle was to be found the real Irish gentleman, exemplifying the best and brightest features of the national character. It was no wonder that, in such circles, the Kilkenny theatre should have been kept up with so much spirit.

The season at Kilkenny used to last for six weeks in winter, and there was besides a short season in summer, consisting of one week devoted to the theatre, and the next to general amusements—hunting, racing, and balls. The gentlemen amateurs of the company subscribed amongst themselves, and they gave large salaries to the best London and Dublin actresses for three weeks at a time. There was no gallery to the theatre, and the price was the same to pit and boxes—six shillings and eleven pence for each ticket. The proceeds were given to charity, and large sums were realised, as company used to come from distant places, and reside at Kilkenny during the season for the sake of society and amusement.

To enumerate all the actors at the Kilkenny theatre, from 1802 to 1819, would be prolix; but it may interest the reader to learn the names of the company as it stood at three different seasons, viz. :—1802, 1809, and 1819:—

FIRST SEASON—1802.

Commenced the 2nd, and ended the 6th of February.

THE COMPANY :

Mr. R. Power.	Mr. Neville.
Mr. Rothe.	Colonel Maxwell.
Mr. Tighe.	Mr. A. Helsham.
Mr. Crampton.	Master Helsham.
Mr. Bushe.	Officers of Garrison.
Mrs. King.	Miss Rouviere.
	Miss Webb.

The orchestra principally filled by gentlemen of the town and neighbourhood.

NINTH SEASON—1809.

Commenced the 2nd, and ended the 21st of October.

THE COMPANY :

Mr. R. Power.	Mr. H. M. Murn.
Mr. Rothe.	Mr. H. A. Bushe.
Mr. Langrishe.	Mr. Robert Bushe.
Mr. Beecher.	Mr. Palliser.
Mr. Crampton	Mr. C. Waller.
Mr. Moore.	Mr. Bryan.
Mr. Corry.	Mr. O'Reilly.
Mr. Gore.	Mr. Duffy.
Mr. Dalton.	Mr. Fitzmorris.
Mr. Waller.	Mr. Tatlow.
Mr. Archbold.	Mr. Donovan.
Mr. P. Fitzgerald.	Mr. M'Grath.
	Master Langrishe.
Miss Walstein.	Miss Dyke.
Miss Locke.	Miss E. Dyke.
Miss Hitchcock.	Miss A. Dyke.
	Miss Cooke.

The orchestra principally filled from that of Theatre Royal, Dublin: leader, Mr. T. Cooke.

LAST SEASON—1819.

Commenced the 11th, and ended the 28th of October

THE COMPANY :

Mr. R. Power.	Lord Hawarden.
Mr. Rothe.	Lord James Stuart.
Mr. Beecher.	Sir J. C. Coghill.
Mr. Corry.	Mr. J. Power.
Lord Monck.	Mr. G. Hill.
Mr. R. Langrishe.	Mr. Hare.
Mr. R. Rothe.	Mr. Dixon.
Mr. J. Power, jun.	Mr. Smyly.
Mr. R. Power, jun.	Mr. Anderson.
Mr. G. Power.	Mr. E. Helsham.
Mr. H. A. Bushe.	Mr. R. Helsham.
Mr. C. Bushe.	Mr. H. Helsham.
Mr. T. Bushe.	Mr. T. Hill.
Mr. A. Bushe.	Mr. Shee.
Mr. Annesley.	Mr. M. Shee.
Mr. Holmes.	Mr. Bookey.
Mr. Gyles.	Mr. Fleming.
Mr. M'Caskey.	Mr. Marshall.

Masters Dalton and Brenan.

Miss O'Neil.	Miss Roche.
Miss Walstein.	Miss Curtis.
Miss Kelly.	Miss Eyreby.
	Miss Johnston.

At the season of 1803, the theatre was opened with a prologue written by Mr. Tighe, the author of the "Statistical Survey of the County." This prologue was extremely clever, and, like most of the literary contributions of the gifted Kilkenny company, breathed an honourable spirit of graceful "nationality" of a true stamp, as distinguished from the pinchbeck article circulated, to the pest of society,

by demoralising demagogues. The concluding lines were—

“The stage and country share an equal fate,
Corrupt the taste, and you subvert the state.
To say that kings and ministers are fools,
All senates hirelings, and all soldiers tools,
Is but to *vandalise* the human race,
And raise up Anarchy in Wisdom’s place.

“To us, by Heaven, are better prospects shown,
Virtue, we know, can live upon a throne;
And here, we know; but not to praise our
friends,
With this short prayer, at once our sermon
ends.

“Ne’er may the land feel bigotry or fetters,
That to a Swift and Congreve first gave
letters;
And where a Berkeley first began to reason,
May wit and taste be never out of season!”

The social amusements were kept up with great spirit at Kilkenny during the theatrical season. Balls, and parties of all kinds, were given on a splendid scale. The Kilfane fox-hounds (then the best in Ireland) supplied sport for the gentlemen; and *fêtes champêtres*, and evening societies, promoted the amusements in which both sexes could mingle with equal pleasure. At Castle-comer, the Countess of Ormonde used to give *dejeuners* on a great scale, and after breakfast the company promenaded through the beautiful grounds, and gardens with conservatories; and Watteau might have found his favourite subjects, as Lady Ormonde’s guests sauntered by the banks of the pretty lakes, under the shades of richest foliage. After spending the morning walking about, the company would be summoned to the lawn, where a cold collation offered refreshment, and then they would drive off in different directions, to conclude the day with private dinner-parties, and *reunions* for the evening.

Kilkenny, during the theatrical season, was thronged with a vast assem-

blage of rank and consequence, and lodgings were most difficult to be obtained. Grattan was one of the earliest visitors to witness the performances, along with the Earl of Belmore (the head of the house of Corry), and the Bishop of Meath. The streets of the city were thronged with chariots and horses, and parties of ladies, riding single, gave a most agreeable effect to the aspect of the town. Assembling from all parts of Ireland, there was great anxiety amongst the gentry to be acquainted with each other, and curiosity was always strained to learn the names and histories of all the remarkable and interesting characters that were assembled together. To the most celebrated guests public dinners were accorded, and the arts, literature, and their various professors, were toasted by companies composed of persons whose society was an honour. Miss Edgeworth specially went to Kilkenny in the season 1810, and in a private letter gives a graphic record of the effect left upon her mind by the talents of the gentlemen she saw perform. At the Castle of Kilkenny, the head of the illustrious Butlers maintained Irish state in splendour, and during the season, a grand ball and supper was a great attraction to the fashionables. The long gallery was illuminated; the pictures on its walls, representing the Butlers of other days—the masterpieces of various schools of art—the long line of brilliant lustres—the tables along the walls, covered with plate and ornaments—the groups of beautiful women promenading with their nodding feathers—made a sight that, once seen, did not soon pass from the beholder’s memory.

While Mr. John Wilson Croker was a member of the Kilkenny company (*circa* 1805), he wrote the following spirited verses, which have been printed in the “Private Theatre of Kilkenny:”

KILKENNY CASTLE.

“*Arr intacta manet, semperq, intacta manebit.*”

WRITTEN, ON A VISIT TO KILKENNY, DURING THE PERIOD OF THEATRICAL PERFORMANCES THERE, IN OCTOBER, 1805, BY JOHN WILSON CROKER, ESQ.

High on the shelving banks of Nore,
There stands, the pride of days of yore,
And seat of heroes now no more,
A Castle.

Witness of every feudal scene,
Without, of battle's thundering din,
 Of feast, and revelry *within*
 The Castle.

Here ducal Ormonde held his seat,
 And court and senates fill'd his gate,
 And dignified with regal state
 His Castle.

His heart, as his domain, was wide,
 With Nore's, its generous current vied,
 And rivall'd in heroic pride
 His Castle.

His foemen trembled at his sword,
 Him monarchs wooed, and friends adored,
 And triumphed in its princely lord,
 The Castle.

These days are gone—the hero lies
 In death—new generations rise,
 Who view with reverential eyes
 His Castle.

Yet weep not o'er the mouldering clay,
 And olden time—a brighter day
 Now gilds with renovated ray
 The Castle.

Our calmer prospect shines more fair,
 Another ORMONDE now is there,
 Of all his grandsire's virtues heir,
 And Castle.

New ages different manners claim,
 But the high soul is still the same,
 Nor severs Ormonde's lineal fame
 And Castle.

No wider heart nor stabler mind,
 Though temper'd—polish'd—and refin'd,
 E'er in its sacred walls enshrined,
 The Castle.

Joy to you, ORMONDE, health and peace,
 Joy to the young and gentle Grace,
 Beneath whose favouring smile you place
 Your Castle.

A purer lustre adorns its walls,
 A softer voice to pleasure calls,
 And gently glides, through all its halls,
 The Castle.

Sweet was the clarion in the fray
 Of heroes—sweet the martial lay
 That cheer'd at the decline of day,
 Their Castle.

But sweeter still the lyre and song
 That to our temper'd time belong,
 And soothe the jovial crowd who throng
 The Castle.

Here youth and beauty tread the maze,
 Here age oblivious loves to gaze,
 While gleams afar with festive blaze,
 The Castle.

Joy to you, ORMONDE, many a sun
 Has circl'd—many a feat been done—
 Since first your valiant grandsires won
 Their Castle.

Long, ORMONDE, be its glories thine!
 And never may that morning shine,
 That's doom'd to see your sons resign
 Their Castle.

And while its time-stain'd towers remain,
 Let no rude hand disturb their reign,
 Nor with one tasteless touch profane
 Your Castle.

To prevent the company breaking into *coteries*, large public balls, at the different hotels, were given, and also at the public assembly-rooms. Even charity sermons became fashionable under the influence of the company assembled at Kilkenny. Thus, in 1817, when the Bishop of Ossory preached for the Fever Hospital of Kilkenny, the collectors were, the Countess of Ormonde, assisted by Lord Monck; the Countess of Kilkenny, by Lord Valentia; the Hon. Mrs. Fowler, by Richard Power of Kilfane; and Mrs. John Power, by the Solicitor-General (C. K. Bushe). The gentlemen of the theatre always attended the charity sermons.

The three leading comic performers of the company were Messrs. Corry, Lister, and Crampton, who played the leading parts of standard comedy with uncommon humour and vivacity. In fact, only in Ireland could such comedians have been found. Mr. Crampton (the elder brother of that ornament of the Irish faculty, the Surgeon-general) was more particularly eminent in Irish parts. He acted the Irish gentleman of comedy (as drawn by Sheridan and Cumberland) upon the stage, just as well as his brother Sir Philip acts the Irish gentleman of polished society off the stage; and saying *that*, saves further description of his powers. He was supposed to be the best Sir Lucius O'Trigger ever seen; and some parts of his impersonation show the originality of his conceptions. For instance, he said in the last scene, "Mr. Acres, *I believe* you are little better than a coward"—not with

the usual kind of vulgar bravado, but rather with surprise at having found out in another, *very slowly*, after repeated proofs, a quality for which he had no corresponding feeling, either from nature or habit. His Major O'Flaherty, in Cumberland's *West Indian*, was also a first-rate performance.

Mr. James Corry was a member of the distinguished family which, the reader has already seen, took part in Irish theatricals from the earliest period, and a very stirring one in the political drama of that grand theatre for farce and tragedy—the Irish House of Commons. He was a gentleman of extraordinary social qualities, and was distinguished by his humorous vivacity, blended with a most engaging and winning address. Of most of the leading persons of that joyous time, he was the intimate friend; and his picture may often be found carefully preserved amongst the relics in various of our best Irish houses. There was a peculiar grace of manner, and communicative cheerfulness in his bearing, that always made his society most attractive and welcome.

Mr. Corry filled the situation of Secretary to the Board of Ways and Means in the Irish House of Commons, and was afterwards Secretary to the Excise Board. He was uncle to Peter Connellan, Esq., of Coolmore, D.L., in the county of Kilkenny, and to Corry Connellan, Esq., who has filled the arduous office of Private Secretary to the late Earl of Besborough, and also to his Excellency the Earl of Clarendon, during the noble Earl's eventful Viceroyalty. Most of

the members of the Kilkenny company were connected by ties of kindred—the Bushes, Powers, Langrishes, Connellans, Corrys, Rothes, &c. &c., being interlaced by marriages.

Thomas Moore, the poet, had few friends whom he loved more than Mr Corry, and he has left upon record an exquisite proof of his friendship in the following lines, which are very affecting to read at the present time.

On one occasion, Moore and Corry were ordered by medical advice to drink port wine while they were sojourning for their health at Brighton. The *idem velle atque idem nolle* was

perfectly applicable to their friendship, and they detested port wine with perfect antipathy. However, they were under advice which required obedience. Moore got the port wine from his wine-merchant, Ewart; but in travelling from London it had been shaken about so much, and was so muddy, that it required a strainer. Mr. Corry bought a very handsome wine-strainer, prettily ornamented with Bacchanalian emblems, and presented it, with a friendly inscription, to Moore, who wrote in reply the following lines, never, we believe, before printed:—

TO JAMES CORRY, ESQ.,

ON HIS MAKING ME A PRESENT OF A WINE-STRAINER.

This life, dear Corry, who can doubt,
 Resembles much friend Ewart's* wine—
 When first the rosy drops come out,
 How beautiful, how clear they shine!
 And thus, a while they keep their tint,
 So free from even a shade with some,
 That they would smile, did you but hint,
 That darker drops would ever come.

But soon the ruby tide runs short,
 Each moment makes the sad truth plainer—
 Till life, like old and crusty port,
 When near its close, requires a strainer.

This friendship can alone confer,
 Alone can teach the drops to pass—
 If not as bright as once they were,
 At least unclouded thro' the glass.
 Nor, Corry, could a boon be mine,
 Of which my heart were fonder, vainer,
 Than thus, if life grew like old wine,
 To have *thy* friendship for its strainer!

THOMAS MOORE.

Brighton, June, 1825.

Mr. Corry was, in 1812, of all the company, the most familiar with stage manner, and the most natural in his by-play. He trod and moved about, made his exits and entrances, with all the coolness of a veteran actor. His fine large eyes, and a prominent nose, made his serious countenance imposing, and added to the effect of his archness in comic parts. To the last he remained the most even actor of the company, and never failed in any part he essayed.

How many associations rise to the

mind at the name of MOORE! The brilliant wit—the elegant scholar—the most charming poet of *sentiment* our literature possesses! His vivacity and versatility were quite as remarkable as his fancy and command of melody. At the time he took an active part in the Kilkenny theatricals, he was in the very height of his social powers, though not of his literary fame; and probably those only who knew Moore, as he appeared in the Kilkenny company, are qualified to judge of the full extent of his social powers.

* Ewart was the name of his wine-merchant.

He has been admitted, by rare judges of personal merit, to have been, with the single exception of the late Chief Justice Bushe, the most attractive of companions. An attempt has in some quarters, we have heard, been made to represent Moore as sacrificing to society talents meant for graver pursuits than convivial enjoyments; and it has been insinuated that he wanted that manly sternness of character, without which there can be no personal dignity or political consistency. The facts of Moore's life overthrow, of themselves, such insinuations. It would be difficult, indeed, to point to any literary character who has, during the vicissitudes of an eventful age, more honourably and steadfastly adhered to the same standard of opinion — *qualis ab incepto*. His honourable conduct, when compelled to pay several thousand pounds incurred by the error of his deputy at Bermuda (for whose acts he was *legally* responsible), exhibits the manliness of his nature. He determined, by honest labour, to pay off the vast demand upon him, even though it made him a beggar! Several of the Whig party came forward and offered, in a manner most creditable to them, to effect a subscription for the purpose of paying off the poet's debt. Foremost amongst them was a delicate young nobleman, with sunken cheek, and intellectual aspect, who, while travelling for his health on the Continent, had met Moore, with whom he journeyed for a considerable time, and from whom he parted with an intense admiration of the poet's genius and manly character. That young nobleman—then far from being a rich man—headed the list with eleven hundred pounds. The fact deserves to be recorded to the honour of that young nobleman, who, by slow and sure degrees, has risen to be Prime Minister of England—Lord John Russell!

Of the fact of Moore's steadfastly refusing to accept the subscription offered to be raised for him by his aristocratic Whig friends, there can

be no doubt whatever; and the matter is more creditable to him, when the fact is remembered that it was not he himself who committed the error by which he was rendered liable to the judgment given against him. He might also have sheltered himself under the example of Charles James Fox, who consented to accept a provision made for him by the leaders of his party.* But Moore detested all eleemosynary aid. He speaks in one of his most vigorous poems with contempt of that class of "*patriots*" (to what vile uses can language be profaned!)

"Who hawk their country's wrongs as beggars do their sores."

While sojourning at Paris upon that occasion, Moore received a very remarkable offer. Barnes, the editor of the *Times*, became severely ill, and was obliged to recruit his health by a year's rest, and the editorship of the *Times* was actually offered to Moore, who, in telling the story to a brilliant living Irishman, said, "I had great difficulty in refusing. The offer was so tempting—to be the *Times* for a twelvemonth!" The offering him the editorship of "the daily miracle" (as Mr. Justice Talfourd called it) might, however, have been only a *ruse de guerre* of his aristocratic and political friends to bring him back to London, where, for a variety of reasons, social and political, his company was then very desirable.

There is a very interesting circumstance connected with the birth of Moore which deserves record. The fact of the birth, as every one knows, took place at Aungier-street, and its occasion was at a moment singularly appropriate for the lyric poet being ushered into the world. Jerry Keller, the wit and humourist, rented apartments in the house of Moore's brother in Aungier-street, and had a dinner-party on the very day of the poet's birth. Just as the guests were assembled, and the dinner on the table, it was announced to them that Mrs. Moore's *accouchement* had taken place,

* "After recovering his fortune at the gaming-table, he was once more stripped of his winnings, and left without a shilling. His political friends saw his distress, and resolved effectually to relieve him. By a general subscription (in which the Portland Whigs joined) they purchased him a life-annuity of three thousand pounds *per annum*, so settled that it should not be possible for him to squander it by gaming."—*Vide* the careful notes to Heron's Edition of Junius, vol. ii., page 257.

and that she was in a precarious state, the physicians particularly enjoining that no noise should be made in the house—a difficult matter, when Keller, Lysaght, and other convivial spirits were assembled. What was to be done? One of the company, who lodged near him, solved the difficulty by proposing that the feast should be adjourned to his house close by, and that the viands and wine should be transferred thither. “Ay!” cried Jerry Keller, “be it so—let us adjourn *pro re natâ*.” Thus, in the hour

of feasting, just as Keller dropped one of his best witticisms, was Moore’s birth registered by a classic pun.

In the season of 1809, Moore was the delight of the Kilkenny audience. The vivacity and *naïveté* of his manner, the ease and archness of his humour, and the natural sweetness of his voice, charmed every one.

He contributed two prologues to the plays at Kilkenny; and in the first of them alludes to the death of Lyster, who died early, and was greatly lamented by all his friends.*

EXTRACT FROM A PROLOGUE WRITTEN AND SPOKEN BY THOMAS MOORE, AT OPENING OF SEASON, 1809.

* * * * *

Yet even here the fiction rules the hour,
There are some genuine smiles beyond her power:
Pure brilliants, born within the bosom’s mine,
That round this ring of friendship† love to shine.
And there are tears, too—tears which Memory sheds,
E’en o’er the feast which mimic Fancy spreads,
When her heart misses *one* lamented guest,
Whose eye so long threw light o’er all the rest;
Ah! there, indeed, the Muse forgets her task,
And blushing, weeps behind Thalia’s mask.

Forgive this gloom—forgive this joyless strain,
Too dull to welcome Pleasure’s smiling train;
But meeting thus, our hearts will part the lighter,
A mist at dawn but makes the setting brighter.
Gay Epilogue will shine where Prologue fails,
As glow-worms keep their splendour in their tails.

I know not why, but time, methinks, has past
More fleet than usual since we parted last;
It seems but like a dream of yesternight,
Whose charm still hangs with fond delaying light;
And in the memory lives one glorious hue
Of former joys, we come to kindle new.

Thus ever may the flying moments haste
With trackless foot along life’s *vulgar* waste,
But deeply print, and ling’ringly move,
Whene’er they reach the sunny spot we love!
Oh! yes! whatever is our gay career,
Let *this* be still the solstice of the year,
Where Pleasure’s sun shall at its height remain,
And slowly sink towards level life again.

It was in the season of 1812 that Miss O’Neil made her first appearance at Kilkenny. On the 9th October of that year she played Belinda to Miss Walstein’s Lady Restless, in *All in the*

Wrong, and Maria, in the after-piece of *The Citizen*. She was just then beginning to give strong promise of her great talents. Her Belinda showed great vivacity, and, in the serious portion,

* Lyster’s great part was Lord Ogleby, in the *Clandestine Marriage*.

† The circle of the theatre.

where love gets the better of resentment, she exhibited genuine natural feeling, and was much applauded. The last time she ever appeared at Kilkenny was on the 25th October, 1819, when she played Mrs. Beverley; and the last time that she and Wrixon Becher ever acted together in the same dramatic performance was on the 22nd of October, in the play of *Othello*, Miss O'Neil being Desdemona, and Miss Kelly Emilia, and Becher playing Iago to Rothe's Othello. When she attained to her celebrity, Miss O'Neil refused to accept any remuneration for playing at the Kilkenny theatre. It was her *only* stipulation with the Kilkenny management; and what enhanced the compliment to the gentlemen of the Kilkenny Theatre was, the fact of the lovely actress refusing to assist in any other private theatricals, though personages of the highest rank solicited her to do so. In parts that were peculiarly suited to her powers it would have been altogether impossible to have surpassed Miss O'Neil. In her own line—that of intense feminine pathos—she was quite matchless. “She looks,” says Hazlitt, one of her severest critics, “the part she has to perform, and fills up the pauses in the words by the varied expression of her countenance or gestures, without anything artificial, pointed, or far-fetched.” Her Juliet was a truly beautiful piece of acting. Her declamation in the speeches where Juliet laments Romeo's banishment, was thrilling, and her agony of despair in the closing parts was quite terrific. No acting—no genius—could have surpassed some portions of her performance of Juliet. “Pity it is that the momentary beauties flowing from a harmonious elocution cannot be their own record. That the animated graces of the player can live no longer than the instant breath and motion that present them, or at best can but faintly glimmer through the memory of a few surviving spectators!”—(Cibber's Life, p. 60.)

And yet Juliet was by no means the greatest triumph of O'Neil's powers. In Belvidera, her parting with Jaffier; in Isabella, her terror and joy when meeting with Biron; her death-scene in the same character, and some portions of her Mrs. Beverley, were of consummate excellence. Of the passions which are *purely feminine*, never was there seen

such successful impersonation before or since. Her power of giving utterance to sorrow was quite extraordinary, and always affected her audience in the most singular degree. Old Grattan, himself an actor and a fine critic, went on one occasion to see her Ophelia, and his son, anxious to know what his father thought of the new actress, turned round to ask, and beheld the great orator in tears!—(Grattan's Life, vol. 5, p. 416.)

Mrs. Siddons was justly proud of the acknowledgement by Burke of her having drawn tears from him—a fact which he admits in one of the most artful passages of his reflections on the Revolution—“Some tears might be drawn from me if such a spectacle were exhibited upon the stage. People would think that the tears which Garrick formerly, a Siddons not long since, have extracted from me, were the tears of hypocrisy, if I could see without emotion,” &c.—(Burke's Works, vol. 5, p. 157.) And Miss O'Neil might feel no ordinary pride at having subdued and taken captive the feeling of

“The gallant man who led the van of Irish volunteers.”

The fame of O'Neil is splendid and permanent in the annals of the stage. Her success was truly wonderful. Let it be recollected that the world had, for twenty years, been accustomed to the great Sarah Siddons—that Kemble and Cooke had moulded the public taste to admire nothing short of excellence—that Kean, like a comet, suddenly burst upon the dramatic world, and while the queen-like form and majestic grace of Siddons were fresh in the public mind, let it be considered what prodigious powers of fascination must have been possessed by that young and unfriended Irish lady who suddenly challenged public admiration, and, despite of the Siddons mania, and the wonderment at Kean, shone with such lustre, and received such unvarying admiration, to the time of her retirement. For years she was a lion, or, as Scott would say, a *lioness*, of London society. Sir Walter was fond of telling a story how he and Miss O'Neil were once seized upon by a famous lion-hunter at Highgate, near London. They got into some ground, entirely surrounded by iron railing, and Sir Walter turned to the lion-tamer and said, “Now is your fortune

made! Hoist a flag on a pole, and placard that you have got a beautiful lion and lioness, and in half an hour you will have multitudes to see us; and we shall roar in grand style. Shall we not, Miss O'Neil?"—(Lockhart's Scott, vol. i, p. 391.)

Now the world rings with praise of Jenny Lind! What extraordinary powers of voice should a new singer possess, who could now produce in opera a sensation similar to that which Miss O'Neil caused in the drama, while the fame of Siddons was fresh in the public mind!

As an actress, it would not be difficult to contrast Mrs. Siddons and Miss O'Neil together. Their personifications of the mere characters had but little resemblance. The characteristic of Mrs. Siddons was grandeur—of Miss O'Neil it was loveliness. One rose above nature, the other revealed all that was pure and amiable in womanhood. Dunsinane Castle was the undisputed property of the first—the tomb of the Capulets belonged to the second; the ruling passion being different in each, gave its distinctive tinge to all within its operation. The tenderness of Mrs. Siddons was elevated by her loftiness, while the sublimity of Miss O'Neil was softened by her loveliness.

Miss O'Neil's figure was well proportioned—rather full, without being at all too much so; there was no unearthly transparency, no absence and want of the flesh, blood, and substance of a woman of our own species, kith and kindred; there was all that with the action and movements of the most perfect ease and grace of nature. There was no attitudinising; her limbs seemed to be always in their most natural position, and that position truly, simply, and effectively beautiful. Her hands ever in exactly their right place, and terminating a 'line of beauty.' Her features sufficiently strong to enable her to produce the most powerful effect, and the clearest expression of mind, yet retaining all the loveliness and delicacy that classed her as a true daughter of Eve—a very lovely woman, but still a woman. Her eyes capable of anything, and everything, as the action of the moment might call for—now, quiescently entralling, or, as in *The Jealous Wife*, literally flashing fire—in the scene when she leads her husband on to speak of

the young lady she suspected he was intriguing with. Her hair was apparently a rich brown, and she varied its arrangement, according to her character, with great taste and judgment. In Lady Constance it flowed waving from a coronet, which was its best appearance; but all were good, as was also her style of dressing. Her voice was particularly fine, firm, clear, and resonant.

The three leading tragic actors of the company were, Richard Power of Kilfane, Rothe, and, best of all, Wrixon Becher. Mr. Power had a more extensive *répertoire* than any other artist, and essayed nearly all the leading parts in tragedy and comedy, in some of which he fell little short of great excellence, and in most of them he never failed entirely. One part he made completely his own. There was never seen on any stage so perfect a Captain Absolute. His Jaffier, when played to Miss O'Neil's Belvidere, in 1819, was an exquisite piece of acting. He played Romeo to her Juliet in the same season, and exhibited a great range of ability, and combined judgment with natural feeling.

As the manager of the company, he was also entitled to great applause; and without his combination of qualities, it would have been impossible to have so long sustained the company.

Othello was the masterpiece of Rothe: he had remarkable animation of style, and preserved all the imposing qualities required by a tragic actor of the first rank. His acting was particularly distinguished by its natural character; and he had a free flow of impetuous feeling, as the action of the drama called for it. With Becher for his Iago, Rothe, as Othello, was seen to the greatest advantage.

Wrixon Becher was the eldest son of the sporting Colonel Wrixon, of Ballygiblin, in the county of Cork, who kept the Duhallow hounds, and who died not long ago, upwards of ninety years of age. He was qualified to shine in any circle. With birth and fortune, he had a superior mind and many accomplishments. His intellect was highly cultivated, and he had travelled over Europe. At Oxford, with a son of the late Judge Mayne, he set up a coach-and-four, which he drove with peculiar skill, and for miles round Oxford it was well known. He was

a capital horseman, not to be tired in the saddle, and never turned from any practicable leap in the chase. He was distinguished by the graces of manner, and though his appearance was severe and formal, his conversation was peculiarly winning. With much experience of the world, and having lived in the highest and best circles, he was one of the first Irish gentlemen of his age.

Wrixon Becher joined the company in 1807, and gave early promise of his talents; and in 1809 made a rapid stride, having played Shylock and Richard the Third, not only with singular success, but also in the most original style. In Shylock, he laid aside the peculiar *dialect* which was conventional in that character. He had great personal advantages in playing such a part, possessing from nature a medallion face, with a deeply-tragic quality of voice. He had also from nature a certain sedateness, not to say sternness, of manner, that became the calculating Jew. But in the season of 1818 he attained the height of excellence in Roman parts, requiring sustained dignity and impressive grandeur of manner. His Coriolanus was admitted by those from whose opinion there could be no dissent, to have been a superlative example of genius in acting. In the burst of passion at the boasting of Aufidius, he was magnificent; and the sensation produced by his acting of that whole scene, was never exceeded by John Kemble. He thundered forth the poet's words with sublime energy, free from all coarseness or vulgarity of vehemence. His soul seemed to start from his eyes, as, with indignation flashing in his face, he cried—

"Measureless liar! Thou hast made my heart

Too great for what contains it. *Boy!*

Cut me to pieces; Volscians, men and lads,
Stain all your edges in me. *Boy!*

If you have writ your annals true, 'tis there
That, like an eagle in a dove-cot, I
Flutter'd your Volscians in Corioli.

Alone I did it."

No theatre ever witnessed an audience more carried away by an actor, than by Becher in performing that scene.

Wrixon Becher had so many valuable qualities—birth, fortune, a vigorous body, and considerable talents—that the Whig party counted upon him

thirty years ago as one of their most valuable recruits. Flood, Grattan, Hussey Burgh, were all actors as well as orators; and it was hoped that in real life Wrixon Becher would be as successful an actor as in the mimic scene. His return for the borough of Mallow was hailed with joy by the Whigs, in 1817, when it was hoped that an eloquent advocate of the Catholic claims would serve a party question, which, owing to the decay of Grattan's energy, and the squabbles of the Catholics amongst themselves, was about that time declining in parliamentary interest.

Wrixon Becher, however, did not succeed in Parliament to the extent expected of him. As a speaker he was cold, stiff, and formal. He wanted earnestness of purpose and heartiness of feeling. His evidence on the state of Ireland before Parliamentary Committees was excellent, but in debate he was found ineffective. He proved like many other set speakers who have failed in St. Stephen's, that the artistic simulation of feeling will not supply the place of genuine oratorical fire. Finding that he did not succeed to the height of his wishes, and being a man of high pride of character, he scorned to play a secondary part, and about 1825 withdrew, of his own accord, from Parliament. His maxim was *aut Cesar aut nullus*. If he had waited for a few years longer, he might have come in with his party on the Reform Bill, and risen to high office, and, perchance, a peerage.

But though his political ambition was not gratified, he had all that could render life delightful in the possession of one who was an ornament to his family circle. In 1819 he married the beautiful Miss O'Neil, and, of course, withdrew her from the admiring gaze of enthusiastic audiences. All that could solace life, or embellish existence, he found in her society, and in a numerous family of

"Boys with all their father's sense,
Girls with all their mother's beauty,"

he has all that can cheer the evening of a well-spent and truly honourable life. From time to time Ballygiblin has been visited by leading persons of celebrity. Moore has there reminded himself of the scenes of his early life at Kilkenny, in the society of two of the chief ornaments of the

famous Kilkenny theatricals. When Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, the Marquis of Normanby sojourned at Ballygiblin, where that accomplished person found minds congenial with his own nature.

Sir Thomas Laurence's portrait of Miss O'Neil is the best that was ever taken of her. In the very interesting collection of dramatic portraits which adorns the walls of that delightful literary *sanctum*, the Garrick Club of London, there is a full-length picture of Miss O'Neil, the size of life, hung over the upper staircase, which, though carefully executed, fails to do justice to the sweetness of her beauty. In fact, it is only a comely portrait of the enchantress. The best portrait of her, after all, is to be found in the lines prefixed by Voltaire to his *Zaire*, and addressed to Mademoiselle Gaussin:—

“Ce sont tes yeux—ces yeux si pleins de charmes,

Ta voix touchante, et tes sons enchanteurs,
Qui du critique ont fait tomber les armes;

Ta seule vue adoucit les censeurs;

L'illusion, cette reine des cœurs,

Marche à ta suite, inspire les alarmes,

Le sentiment, les regrets, les douleurs,
Et le plaisir de répandre des larmes.”

These lines contain a graceful cha-

racterisation of the charms of the lovely O'Neil. Sheil quoted them in his dedication of the play of *Adelaide*, and said at the same time, “The part of ‘Adelaide,’ was written for you, madam. In adapting it, I endeavoured to combine *beauty, innocence, and feeling*. I knew that your representation of such a part would not be the effort of art, but the *spontaneous effusion of nature*.”

But how exquisitely applicable to the happy lot of Sir Wrixon Becher are some further lines of Voltaire to Mademoiselle Gaussin:—

“Heureux cent fois le mortel amoureux,
Qui tous les jours peut te voir et t'entendre,
Que tu reçois avec un souris tendre,
Qui voit son sort écrit dans tes beaux yeux,
Qui, pénétré de leur feu qu'il adore,
A tes genoux, oubliant l'univers,
Parle d'amour, et t'en reparle encore.”

It would be very unjust not to present the reader with some specimens of the literary compositions of the brilliant company at the Kilkenny theatre. The following prologue is from the witty pen of “Harry Bushe,” and is a capital satire on the anti-Irish Irish folk. Mrs. Coolan and her brother are comic without caricature:—

PROLOGUE.

WRITTEN BY MR. BUSHE, SPOKEN BY MR. R. POWER.

Grateful we look around—each rank appears
Increased in number with increasing years;
The prologue regular—the printed sheet—
The journal-critics make our stage complete.
But merit will have foes; amus'd, we find
We've whet the spleen of some malignant mind,
Who swells our fame, when he would wound and probe,
Which, grateful for his labours, fills the *Globe*!*

But some I miss, who say that little worth
Attend these sports, for they're of Irish birth.
Can Mrs. Coolan in those ranks be found,
Once known by Coghlan's more Hibernian sound?
For twice ten years in Clonakilty known,
She spent last season *full* six weeks in town.

Returned t' admiring friends, I heard her say,
Reading the *peepers*, while she *teests* her *tay*,
“Kilkenny plays—oh! what a name I hear—
How harsh, how *barbase* to a travell'd ear!
Things low, like these, with me are ne'er in *yogue*
Who can't, unfortunate, endure the brogue!”

* The London newspaper the *Globe*, had taken some very laughable liberties with the gentlemen of the Kilkenny theatre.

And then, with conscious simper, wonders tells,
O' th' Lord Mayor's Balls, Vauxhall, and Sadler's Wells.

Her brother, too, *not here*—but he is undone—
Alas! he made his *grand début* in London.
Arrayed in *recent spoils*, observe the booby,
Allan for coats he owes, for half-boots Hoby;
In *this* here country nothing could be done
For limbs so fine, and shape so in the *ton*;
Yet still with frequent fear he looks behind,
Lest some rude tipstaff bring the debt to mind.
In proud pre-eminence behold him strut,
Raised to a peer's buffoon, or witling's butt;
Complete his glories, should his art o'ercome
The scruples of some siren pure from Rome;
What triumphs does St. James's stage afford—
He walks with, and is laughed at by a lord!

But, sad misfortune! should he chance to meet
Some good old friend—some kinsman in the street—
“*Lord, the wild Irish! they in hosts come down,
And leave their native bogs to take the town;*
Oh, what a bore! and yet they're right, believe it,
To quit that country, who have means to leave it!”
Where'er he turns, contending cares invade,
Ashamed to *own* them, and to *cut* afraid;
Perplexed, his secret hand behind bestowed,
He half-averted gives the unwilling nod;
Thro' meanness, thus at fashion makes th' attempt,
And most contemptible to shun contempt!

The Scotchman's noble pride, and patriot part,
Displays a wiser head, and better heart;
Proud of his kilt, which marks and brings to mind
His native land, with every blast of wind—
Proud of his countrymen, and prompt to prove
Even in every clime his kindred love;
From *mutual aid* success awaits each hour,
And gives in India wealth, in England power.
But by the beauty of the Hibernian fair,
Inspiring here—acknowledged everywhere—
By Swift, Bushe, Congreve, and by each whose name
(Himself though dead) shall live to endless fame;
By Kirwan's shade—by *him*, at whose command
Commerce enriched, and freedom blessed the land;
No Irish lips could blast their country's fame
But *his*, whom every country would disclaim.

But here no jibes we dread, no terrors know,
For patriots guard where scoffers aim the blow;
Seen through the increasing aid, our merits pass,
Our faults diminish by th' inverted glass.

Let fools think Irish genius, fond to roam,
Like prophets, never can exist at home;
Yet when *our muse*, o'erwhelmed with passion's strife,
Pourtrays the warmer scenes of various life,
The smiles of feeling, and the tears that speak,
The transient glance that mantles beauty's cheek,
Like sunbeams flitting o'er the ripening corn,
'Mid summer showers, that as they pass adorn;
These here are found from every storm to guard
A flattering prospect, and heartfelt reward.

Ladies also gave their aid; and Mrs. John Power (sister-in-law of Richard Power) wrote several verses which

showed that she inherited the talent, along with the blood of the families of Bushe and Grattan.

FROM THE PROLOGUE WRITTEN BY MRS. JOHN POWER (AFTERWARDS LADY POWER OF KILFANE), ON THE OPENING OF THE SEASON OF 1818.

Oh! much loved Erin, would thy sons who roam,
Exert their talents, nor despise their home;
Then might this isle, deformed, and sunk in fame,
With other nations proudly rank her name.
Has not their genius shone through foreign climes,
In Wellington, the wonder of our times;
To him united Europe trusts the sword,
To draw, or sheath it, as he gives the word.
With pride, old Leinster sent her warrior forth,
Renowned in arms, beloved for private worth.
What names more high than Pack among the brave,
Or Ponsonby, just rescued from the grave?
Boast we not Grattan's high, unsullied name—
Our truest patriot in the list of fame;
Who, scorning party praise, and blame, withstood—
One glorious object his—his country's good.
Does Erin want a bard her name to raise,
While Moore, fresh crowned with never-fading bays,
Unrivalled, sings his own harmonious lays.
What varied talents to our bar belong—
Applauding senates hang on Plunket's tongue;
And in our Bushe's gifted mind conspire
The statesman's wisdom with the poet's fire.
Then fair O'Neil ranks first on Britain's stage,
While Edgeworth gives to youth the sense of age;
And all admire O'Donnell's patriot page.

But the brilliant company, from a variety of causes, were obliged to separate at last; amongst other causes was the fact, that they were growing too old for a life of pleasure, and they had all engaged in pursuits almost incompatible with the attention required to keep up the Kilkenny Theatre on a level with the brilliant reputation it had acquired under their auspices. It was therefore resolved that the Private Theatre of Kilkenny should close in 1819.

In the last season of all (1819) there was a magnificent ball at the theatre itself. The initials "R. P." were traced in variegated lamps in various parts of the house, to compliment the manager. The saloon of the theatre was opened to the pit, and the spectacle was splendid. It was a ball not forgotten to this day by the survivors. It commenced with a country dance, in which Mr. Gervase Power led off Miss Kavanagh, and Miss O'Neil was led down the dance by Richard Power of Kilmac, and in the opening quadrille she danced with

Richard Rothe, one of the chief actors of the company. Her dress was remarked for its classic simplicity. It was upon the sixth night of that season of 1819, that Miss O'Neil was paid a marked compliment, which has been described to us by one of the most beautiful women who took part in it. On her entrance as Juliet, the *entire audience*, ladies and gentlemen, received her *standing*, to mark not merely their admiration of her genius, but their respect for her character. The house rung with enthusiastic plaudits.

The last night of the Kilkenny theatricals was Thursday, October 28th, 1819, in which *Richard the Third* was the play selected, followed by the musical entertainment of the *Agreeable Surprise*. In the first, Wrixon Becher played Richard, and Mr. Power Richmond; while, in the after-piece, Mr. Corry played Lingo, and the gaiety of his acting dissipated for the moment the gloom of a farewell performance. The curtain rose after the conclusion of the after-piece, and

presented all the members of the theatrical society upon the stage—formed in a semicircle—Richard Power being in the centre. The audience rose and hailed them with acclamations; and

the manager then spoke the farewell address written by Mr. H. A. Bushe, a few lines only of which can be here extracted:—

ÉPILOGUE.

WRITTEN BY H. A. BUSHE, AND SPOKEN BY R. POWER.

* * * *

“Haply, some future traveller may say,
While in this town he makes a short delay—
Pointing to where her court Thalia held:
Here Richard pitched his tent of Bosworth Field;
Here youthful orators their strength would try—
Poise on the wing, ere yet they learned to fly;
And sprightly Walstein, in her beauty's heyday,
Played that most difficult of parts, the *Lady*.
Since Farren bade adieu, ye critics tell,
Who—who performed the arduous task so well?

“And Stephens poured her sweetest warblings here—
The seraph-tones still vibrate on the ear;
And ere she filled the highest niche of fame,
Our praise *prophetic* of her future name.
Here fair O'Neil with nature-feeling charmed—
But now the wisest and the coldest warmed;
And now, mature in honours, flings the light
Of setting radiance on our closing night.”

The theatre was not suffered to be closed, without the gratitude of the Kilkenny people being expressed to Mr. Power and his accomplished company, for all the good conferred upon the city by their exertions. An address was delivered to Mr. Power, on the part of the charitable and benevolent institutions of the city, which had for many years derived several hundreds of pounds from the company.

As the character of Richard Power of Kilfane has been the subject of a masterpiece of eulogy from the pen of the late Charles Kendal Bushe, it is necessary to bring under the reader's special consideration the following most affecting tribute, by the late Chief Justice, to the memory of his beloved friend. The judicious reader will remember the difficulty of painting a private character of excellence, in which the writer has not the assistance of public topics to descant upon. How brilliantly the eloquence of Bushe gives lasting beauty to the memory of private virtue!—

“When it is recollected that Richard Power did not belong to any profession—never engaged in politics—filled no office—occupied none of these stations, the duties of which bring men

under the observation of the public, it may seem extraordinary to those who did not know him, that his protracted sickness should have excited an interest so intense, and that his death should have produced a sensation of general regret.

“These feelings, however, expressed the loss sustained by society in private life, by the death of one of its worthiest members and greatest ornaments. It would be great injustice to his higher claims upon the attachment of his many friends, to enlarge upon the accomplishments of a mind embellished by the cultivation of the fine arts, directed by a correct taste, and imparting to his conversation that grace, without effort and talent, without display, for which he was distinguished. Talents and acquirements are of small account in the estimation of those, who mourn their departed worth with a sorrow justified by the moral excellence of him whom they deplore. His principles were pure, his view of honour high, his affections generous and kind. In the domestic connexions he was a kind relation—in his closer intimacies, the steadiest and most devoted friend; in his general intercourse, frank, cordial, and conciliating.

It was truly said of him, that he "never made an enemy, or lost a friend;" and in a country distracted by civil and religious discord, a man could not be found of any sect or party who felt unkindly towards him; yet this popularity was not caused by the compliances of a mind or assenting character; he had a benevolence of disposition, which made it a pleasure to him to make others happy, and he shrank from giving pain almost with the same instinct that men shrink from suffering it. This made him prompt to approve and slow to censure; indulgent to error, and encouraging to merit; yet there was something about him that repelled whatever was sordid or mean, and where firmness was required his integrity was uncompromising, and his courage not to be shaken.

"Upon these qualities his afflicted friends will long meditate; but, in the words of his favourite author:—

"—— to add greater honours to his age,
Than man could give him—he died fearing God."

"A mortal and wasting disease had, in the midst of health, prosperity, and enjoyments, fastened on his life, which for more than three years he sustained with a patience that mere philosophy could not inspire. In that dreadful trial, his mind was propped by faith in revealed religion, as his heart was imbued with all the charities which it inculcates; and those who witnessed his sufferings can never, whilst they live, forget the serene temper, and the sublime, yet humble and pious resignation, with which he endured them.

"It is a trite and inaccurate expression to say, that, by a memorial such as

this, justice is rendered to the memory of one who has gone to a better world. The spirit, separated from earth, requires no such justice at our hands, and soars above the low considerations of praise or censure. With us, however, who survive, human passions remain, and a melancholy gratification of the bent of our feeling is derived from the performance of such a duty, and by indulging in the praises of a departed friend, however vain and unavailing to the dead.

"Nor yet unprofitable are such tributes. If even a fictitious standard of excellence has been considered useful for the contemplation and imitation of mankind, how much more inviting must it be to hold up to emulation the actual virtues of a real character, as an example of what is not only excellent, but attainable?

"If any young man upon whom the world is now opening, is desirous of aspiring to the distinction and renown which its higher pursuits may bestow, should feel the sounder and soberer ambition of devoting himself to the duties and enjoyments of private life—if he wish to improve his understanding, and refine his taste by liberal and elegant cultivation—and to expand his heart by the practice of all that is amiable in the social virtues—from youth to age, to be surrounded by troops of friends, and at his death to deserve the respect of the estimable and the honourable—in short, to be all that is comprehended in the character of a good man, and a perfect gentleman, let him study the model which Richard Power has left behind him."

EMBASSY TO JAPAN.

THE question of forming commercial relations with Japan, has frequently been before the public, and as often allowed to subside into temporary neglect. The repugnance that exists in the minds of many to leave the beaten track, and diverge into new and unfrequented paths, as well as the opposition which ignorance and prejudice create, have hitherto been insuperable barriers to the accomplishment of this desirable object. The Government, intimidated by the frowns of an adverse faction, or not considering the subject of sufficient importance, has lent its strength to defeat the project, and thus, time after time, the subject has been proposed, discussed, and withdrawn, until the general but erroneous inference has been deduced, that either Japan is not worth our commercial notice, or that it is a proscribed country, upon whose shores it would be criminal to set foot. Both these propositions, we hope in the course of the present paper to confute, and to shew that there is in those kingdoms a fair field open for the enterprise of the British merchant; and that no valid reason can be brought forward in defence of the Japanese Government for thus excluding itself from all intercourse with the rest of mankind.

The obvious misrepresentations that have been made with regard to the failures of former negotiations, deserve some attention, inasmuch as they are manifestly put forth with the object of misleading the uninformed, and confirming the minds of the prejudiced. In some of these, the want of success has been attributed to the merchants themselves, when, in reality, the severe restrictions of the native authorities, and the supineness of the home government, are to be looked upon as the true cause of the decay and extinction of the trade. In vain they tell us the English once had a factory in Japan, and ask why, if prosperous, it was suffered to be abandoned? We answer, the inherent antipathy of James I. to the maritime and foreign affairs of the country,

allowed our distant interests to languish unprotected, at a time when the most energetic display of our national greatness was required to defeat the wily falsehoods of the Dutch, and assert our own independence of those European powers which had given such offence at the court and to the people of Japan. The policy of the Government of Holland is now, what it ever has been, jealous, crafty, suspicious, and subtle. Under a degree of servitude to which an Englishman would scorn to submit, even for an hour, they receive permission to traffic with those kingdoms, and live like prisoners on an artificial island in the bay of Nangasaki.

To form connections with which no European might interfere, to found colonies, from which all but the Dutch are excluded, to monopolise the commerce of the further East, has ever been the object of the Netherlands' Government. Afraid to compete with the British manufacturer and merchant in those distant marts, they have for several centuries jealously watched the progress of England in those quarters, and struggled to prejudice the feelings of the natives against the reception of our countrymen. But, as the principles of free-trade become more fully developed, and international justice better understood, the influence of such a spirit, weak as it is, will become so faint, that none will openly stand up as its supporters, or endeavour to command respect for a rule which has no foundation, but in the spirit of national monopoly.

The determined rejection by the Japanese of every proposal that has been introduced to them for the renewal of commercial relations, is another plea in the eyes of the seclusionists for folding our arms and allowing this important subject to rest. The example of the Portuguese is brought forward as an illustration to favour their proposition and crush that of their opponents.

During the last embassy, the delegates of this Government no sooner set foot upon the territory of Japan, than

they were seized and summarily executed. But such a deed can only intimidate a people conscious of their own weakness and inability to avenge so apparently gross a violation of the law of nations; and upon further investigation, the real origin of the barbarous conduct will be found in the rigid character of the law which forbids the native to traffic with a foreigner, and the severe penalties attached to the violation of it. In 1808, Captain Pellw having been driven into the harbour of Nangasaki, from stress of weather, and being in great want of provisions, sent to the Governor, and requested that he might be supplied with such things as were necessary for himself and his crew, money being offered in exchange. The only answer he received was, that unless he instantly sailed out of port, the batteries would be opened upon him. The English, however, were not to be frightened off, and they replied, that unless provisions were forwarded, the town would be battered about the heads of the inhabitants. This had the desired effect; the provisions were brought, but the Governor immediately killed himself, and in doing so, saved the lives of his wife and children, and prevented his land from being confiscated, according to the law of the country. Such inhuman practices can only exist in a country where the people are sunk very low in the scale of civilisation; and it were some justification for our demanding, in stronger terms, admission to traffic with their merchants, who are really desirous to visit foreign shores, and exchange their productions for our merchandise, but are restricted by the severe and savage law to which we have alluded, that we might introduce amongst them milder and more humane ideas of government.

We have stated frankly the three arguments which the opponents of a mission to Japan bring chiefly against it—the unprofitableness of the scheme, the failure of former expeditions, and the severe national law of exclusion; the first we shall be able to prove false and utterly unfounded; and the two last present no insurmountable difficulties when sufficient influence is exerted, and enterprise exhibited.

To give a clear and fair view of the subject, and to place it in a proper light, we cannot do better than give a

brief summary of the commercial relations which have existed between Japan and other countries, and made the then western world acquainted with its existence, and the value of its productions; but it was subsequent to the discovery of America by Christopher Columbus, that its true position was understood.

The Portuguese, from the end of the fifteenth century, had been active in exploring the Eastern seas; and after landing on different coasts and islands newly discovered in the year 1552, one of their navigators, driven by stormy weather, was accidentally thrown upon its coast, and compelled to take shelter in one of its harbours. The reception the crew met with was kind and hospitable. They were supplied with whatever was necessary for their comfort, the restoration of their strength and the refitting their shattered ship; and they finally departed, impressed with a deep sense of gratitude for the kindness they had experienced, and with a vast idea of the wealth of the country.

The illustrious traveller, Marco Polo, although he did not visit the kingdom, had heard of its great riches at the court of Kublai Khan, and spread the fame of it to his own countrymen. “They have gold,” he tells them, “in the greatest abundance, but the king does not allow it to be exported.” There we find an intimation of the restricted nature of the commerce of Japan thus early. His description of the palace of the king is, doubtless, exaggerated; but it conveys to us, in vivid colouring, a glowing picture of the wealth of the country, and proved a successful bait to the cupidity of his commercial countrymen.

The discovery which the unfortunate shipwrecked Portuguese had made, and the treatment they received, induced others to avail themselves of the opening thus formed, and numbers left their own country to seek on these distant shores adventures of a speculative nature, and to enrich themselves by the productions of the Japanese islands. A trade with the natives, carried on with energy and activity, they foresaw would become exceedingly lucrative, and they redoubled their efforts to gain a firmer footing. Hence marriages were contracted and solemnised between the Japanese and Portuguese;

new establishments were formed ; they entered actively into all the concerns of government, and ramified through all the civil and political institutions of the country ; but the Dutch, who were equally vigilant to extend their commercial connections, quickly followed in their track, and landed by a similar misfortune as that which first brought the Portuguese to the shores of Japan, on the same coasts. A trading fleet, consisting of five sail, which had been fitted out from the Texel, suffered much at sea, and were, after several days of tempestuous weather, separated. Of these vessels only one escaped, which was fortunately driven into a Japanese port. The crew of it were, however, in a very exhausted state, from the fatigue, hunger, and anxiety they had undergone, and rose with feelings of joy, awakened by the prospect of having come safely to land. But another reception awaited them. The Portuguese, whom they used as interpreters, jealous of the rivalry of the Dutch, represented these unfortunate navigators—helpless, and in a destitute condition—as spies ; and it is probable the fate that usually follows the sea-robber overtook the greater part of these men ; however one of the number, an Englishman, of the name of Addams, was more fortunate ; and having escaped, lived to become an influential man in the country, and by his favour at court was enabled to do many a good service to the English, Dutch, and even Portuguese, although they had but ill deserved such kindness at his hands.

Frequent voyages were made after this by different European nations to Japan, and the treasures they brought back added not a little to the wealth of the adventurers. The energy of the English allowed no opposition to check their progress, or damp that spirit of enterprise which so eminently qualified the navigators of this period to encounter the dangers of unknown seas and untried climates.

This ardour on their part was kindly fostered by the congenial government of Elizabeth. This queen prided herself on the prosperity of her country, and had the sagacity and penetration to foresee that the English must become a commercial nation, and that their industry could find its proper reward only in other markets of the

world. Hence she encouraged navigation, stimulated her subjects to undertake distant voyages of discovery, and to make known every quarter of the globe. This conduct on her part originated doubtless the East India Company, as it was formed shortly after—a company which has eventually become one of the most powerful and influential bodies in the world, and exercises a regal authority over millions of foreign subjects.

The prospect of wealth disclosed by the discovery of Japan, excited this honourable federation of merchants to compete boldly with their foreign neighbours, and to send vessels of their own to these distant islands. It was during the stay of the eighth expedition, fitted out by them under the command of Captain Saris, that two events of commercial importance took place here. An English factory was built and worked, and an agreement between the native government and the East India House drawn up, for the unrestricted intercourse of one nation with the other. This gentleman so ingratiated himself into the favour of the Japanese, who had already been well-disposed towards the English, by their frank and friendly character, that they entered freely into all his schemes for the advancement of trade, and the development of the resources of the country. The letters he brought with him from the British monarch were received with marks of peculiar distinction, and it was evident that the English were gaining a strong hold on the affections of the Emperor and the people. During his visit to the capital, which he did at the express request of the Emperor, he met with his fellow-countryman, Addams, whom he found occupying a high position in the estimation of the court. His influence, as we have before observed, became very great, and it is probable that it was by his assistance that Captain Saris prevailed upon the native Government to agree to the terms of the following treaty :—

“ We give free licence to the subjects of the King of Great Britain, viz., Sir Thomas Smith, governor, and the Company of the East-India merchants and adventurers for ever, safely to come into any of the ports of the empire of Japan, with their ships and merchandise, without any hindrance to them

or their goods, and to abide, buy, sell, and barter, according to their manner, with all nations—to tarry here as long as they think good, and to depart at their pleasure.”

The result of this commerce was highly favourable to all those engaged in it. The English, Dutch, and Portuguese reaped rich harvests from it; yet they could ill brook the prosperity of each other. European, as well as Eastern politics, made the Dutch jealous of the English, and the Portuguese hated both for their interference in Japanese affairs. A continual contest was kept up between these three interests, and the attempts of the Dutch to render their national importance colossal in the eyes of the Japanese, often exposed them to the ridicule of their neighbours.

But a period was fast approaching when the struggles of all should be suppressed, and the wildest alone obtain the favour of that court which was henceforth to exclude the footsteps of the foreigner. Christianity had been introduced by the Jesuits shortly after the Portuguese first settled in the country. Its progress was impeded by many difficulties, arising from an ignorance of the language, manners, and habits of the Japanese. However, the persevering efforts of the Catholic missionaries were crowned with considerable success, and numbers of the natives enlisted under the banner of the cross. But no sooner had the Jesuits obtained an influence over the minds of the people, and thus acquired a certain amount of power, than the simplicity of preaching was thrown aside, and the weapons of carnal warfare seized to propagate the peaceful doctrines of Christ. The furious zeal of newly arrived priests knew no bounds; they exhorted their converts to rise against the idolatry of the people, and destroy by fire the sacred edifices of the country. So early as the year 1590, scarcely half a century from the introduction of the Portuguese into the kingdom, commotions had been raised with the avowed purpose of eradicating the ancient religion, and establishing Christianity in its stead. But though the native Christians' influence gave a great accession of strength, still there was a more powerful party in the state who felt justly incensed at the bold and daring actions of the Jesuits, and the

tumultuous struggles of their followers. While the court was favourable to the introduction of Christianity, and the meekness of the cross was adopted by its professors in their practice, all was well; but at this time the Government was usurped, and the usurper, to strengthen his position, and render his throne more secure, sided with the stronger party; he countenanced the idolatries of the country, and discouraged the Christian religion. This inflamed the inordinate burst of indignation and ambition on the part of the Jesuits, and, under their influence, the missionary friars preached doctrines subversive of all order and authority, and incited the native Christians to overthrow the Government, seize the supreme power, and hold the administration of affairs in their own hands. Papers were also given in by the Dutch to the governor of Firando, purporting to contain proofs of a widely-circulated conspiracy amongst the Portuguese and Japanese Christians against the Government. The supposed author of these documents was seized and executed, and a decree passed, which banished the Portuguese from those territories, and closed for ever Japan and its dependencies against the admission of foreigners. But this was not all, a severer blow was yet to be struck; the Christian name had been brought into reproach, and a violent persecution arose; the storm raged incessantly against its professors of every age, sex, and station, until Christianity was utterly suppressed and rooted out of the land. This happened in 1637. From this period, all commercial relations between Japan and the rest of the world ceased; two exceptions were made to this decree: the Dutch, who had been active in discovering the conspiracy, and instrumental in suppressing the rebellion, were allowed the privilege of sending two ships annually to Japan, but under such restrictions as made their crews, for the time being, prisoners. The native authorities and the Chinese were also permitted to equip six junks, for the same port, and on the same conditions they carry out their plans of aggrandisement.

We shall now glance at some of the attempts which have since been made to revive the trade with that country.

The Portuguese felt no little jea-

lousy of the Dutch, and so early as three years after their expulsion, were influenced by the desire of regaining their influence; accordingly a deputation was sent to Nangasaki, consisting of seventy-three persons, and with all possible pomp they sought to impress the Japanese Emperor with the dignity of their claims, and the sincerity of their intentions. No sooner, however, did they set foot on his territory, than he gave orders for their immediate detention; they were seized, cast into prison, and sixty-one out of the seventy-three were executed; the other twelve were placed in a junk and sent adrift upon the ocean, with a message of personal defiance to the Portuguese monarch. These unfortunate men were never afterwards heard of. In 1674, the English attempted to re-open a commercial intercourse with the Japanese, and sailed thither with a copy of the old agreement in their hands. After some conference and much delay, the permission was finally refused, and the same result has attended the various expeditions that have, at different times, undertaken the task. So vigilant and searching are the authorities of the Japanese government, that no deception can impose upon or elude them. During the late war, when all direct communication was cut off to the Dutch, they freighted an American vessel with a valuable cargo, and proceeded on the accustomed voyage. When within the harbour of Nangasaki, the government agents quickly discovered that the build of the ship was different from that they had seen before; the goods, which were of English manufacture, were examined, and found to be of a finer texture, while even the crew appeared dissimilar to their former visitors. These circumstances excited the suspicions of the Japanese; they ordered the cargo to be re-shipped, the sailors to embark, and the vessel instantly to quit the harbour. Vorsensburg, who, on the part of the Russians, endeavoured to overcome the concealed humour of the government, met with no better success; and the expedition from Singapore, in 1837, just two centuries after the proclamation of the grand edict of Ijémitz, encountered a hostile reception, and was compelled to retreat.

Under pretence of restoring to their countrymen some Japanese sailors who

had been shipwrecked, they ventured to enter the bay of Nangasaki. It was hoped that the very rumour of their intentions would conciliate the affections of the people, and win over the Government to a consent to the proposal for an extension of their commerce. This, however, was not the case. The spirit of the authorities remained inflexible, and the vessels were warned off from every part of the coast which they attempted to approach.

We have thus given a brief sketch of the commercial relations that have existed between Japan and the countries of Europe, as well as of the friendly attempts that have been made at re-opening them. One grand feature marks the whole—the rapacious character of that barbarian Government. It is worth our while to consider how far the people are concerned in the maintenance of such rigid restrictions, and what are their real desires in connexion with the subject. Of course the sphere of observation that has been opened to us is very limited; and to form general conclusions on particular data, may appear to many as likely to lead into error. But we have the inscrutable law of nature as our authority, and we find in all her operations the principle of extension and development. No people has ever yet been discovered desirous of confining their intercourse within the boundaries of their own territory. The progressive tendency of civilisation, and the investigating spirit of intellectual agents, forbid us to believe it consistent with the will of a whole nation to dwell in utter seclusion from all others—an alien member, cut off from the great brotherhood of humanity. The Government, it is true, educates them in the belief that they are sprung from demigods, and hence they despise other races as inferior to themselves. A nation will always submit to be moulded by its Government, until it has become sufficiently instructed to be enabled to form theories for itself. But it has been proved beyond doubt that the Japanese are desirous of foreign trade. On occasions when foreigners have carried on intercourse with them, they have always been found desirous of extending their relations, and visiting other countries. They exhibit, when accidentally cast

by storm on a distant coast, a degree of curiosity and intelligence—in spite of their education—which surprises strangers. Once returned, however, to their own country, they sink under the baneful influence of the surveillance which their Government maintains, and become again the subjects of barbarism.

The laws, and the certainty of punishment, deprive them of that independence, which, as brave men, they would naturally be supposed to possess. It has been asserted, however, that, even in violation of the strict laws of the country, a system of secret trade exists, and that a vessel frequently enters one of the ports of the islands on pretence of taking shelter against a storm, and that the merchandise is secretly offered for sale, while the people manifest the greatest eagerness to become purchasers, and give high prices for the articles they select.

From the period when the exclusive system was adopted by the Japanese, the country has been, for the most part, left unexplored. Its domestic history and condition form social and political problems. Occasionally a gleam of information has reached us from the far East, through the medium of some intelligent Dutchman, who, availing himself of the privilege granted to his countrymen, has ventured into the interior of the maritime province, to glean what knowledge he could from a rapid glance at the country, and the uncertain light of native documents. Travellers of other countries have also added something to the stock thus gathered; but the great bulk of our knowledge we receive from the Hollanders, and to them we are chiefly indebted for what we know on the subject. The learned and enterprising Kempfer details the produce of the islands, and gives a lucid account of the manners of the people, the form of the government, the number of the population, and the extent of their cities, the truth of which has been generally corroborated by recent travellers. It is not intended here, however, to enter into a description of the people and the features of the country; for these we refer the reader to a former number of the *MAGAZINE*, where he will find them amply treated of, with a detail of the more recent expeditions.* It is our

object rather to sketch the resources of the country ready to be developed, and capable of yielding a rich harvest to reward the enterprise of the merchant.

It is a matter of no small importance to the manufacturer to know the number of his customers. In the present instance, a large field has been laid open to his expectations, though the population of Japan has been variously stated. The general opinion is that there are between thirty and forty millions of inhabitants, and the truth appears to be between these two figures. Japan bears somewhat the same relation to the rest of Asia as Great Britain does to the European continent.

It is nearly in the same latitude, and enjoys, like us, a mutability of climate, which renders it exceedingly healthy, and its people hardy and industrious. There are three principal islands, Nophon, Kiiuion, and Setkokf, whose area exceeds that of the British islands by nearly 40,000 square miles. The capital, Yado, contains, according to some calculations, from a million to a million and a-half of inhabitants; by the natives it is said to contain ten millions. Captain Golownin expressed his doubt to the governor when this statement was made to him, and accordingly a plan of the city was displayed, showing it to contain two millions of houses. Meaco, Sakay, Osaka, Wagsaka, and Nangasaki, also rank with the imperial city. The first of these is supposed to have a population exceeding five hundred thousand; the last, upwards of seventy thousand. The other cities and towns are said to be very populous, as well as the countless villages. Hence it is certain that Japan would offer a vast number of consumers, and form a productive market for the disposal of our manufacturers.

But to those acquainted with the geography of the far East, it is evident that the advantages would not rest here. Should Japan become open to us, the frequent navigators of those seas would create for us a line of ports from one extremity of the Archipelago to the other, up along the kingdom of Siam, and Cochin China, to the coasts of the Celestial Empire, as far as Japan. Thus, from Singapore and Sarawak to Nangasaki and Yeddo, markets would be opened for the disposal of our merchandise, and incalculable

stores of wealth be returned to the home producer. These are no vain conjectures, but the results of daily experience and investigation. Islands, now little known to us, would receive our vessels into their harbours, and welcome from them the light of civilisation. As the products of these distant countries become more fully developed, we are assured the existing apathy will be dissipated, and the tide of public opinion will flow in the right direction. It cannot but surprise us that there should exist any class reluctant to admit the advantages that must accrue to British industry from the formation, in distant regions, of peaceful alliances, for the purpose of enlarging the operations of our commercial system. That the wealth of Japan is such as could remunerate us amply for the export of our manufactures, all writers on the subject admit. Few ever had better opportunities of estimating the riches of the region than our countryman, Addams, who resided at the court of the Emperor many years, and was intimately acquainted with the internal affairs of the empire. Speaking of the trade, he says: "Silks and cloths are very vendible commodities there, and that for ready money. The Japanese have wherewithal to be very good paymasters, and can afford to give the best rates for a commodity, having gold and silver enough in their own country." This is the testimony of a man who lived there before the interdiction of trade to all but the Dutch and Chinese. But a more recent writer describes the Japanese as very wealthy, and giving the most extravagant prices for articles that strike their fancy.

But it will be worth while to consider what the Japanese can give us in return for the hardware of Birmingham, and the manufactured goods of Manchester, and to mention in detail the known productions of their country; though it must be understood that we are far from being able to afford a definite statement, as it is hardly possible to estimate the extent to which these resources may be developed under encouraging influences. That which will, doubtless, constitute the most important article of trade is the gold. No country in the world is more abundant in this mineral. It is true that, in the early ages, exaggerated accounts were given of the plenty of the precious metals in the mines of

Japan. The palace of the king was represented by Marco Polo as roofed with fine plates of gold, and its ceilings formed of the same costly materials; but though we are not ready to believe a story which received credit and created amazement in the fifteenth century, yet we cannot refuse to receive the idea thus suggested, and give credence to the corroborated statements of more recent writers. Besides, the discovery of gold in such profusion in the soil and rivers of California, proves that there are regions where this metal is as abundant as the less esteemed minerals of our own country. But that which gives the gold of Japan its greatest value is, its extreme fineness, it being considered the finest ever discovered. It is obtained either as ore, or washed from the sands. Small quantities are also found mixed up with the copper ore. The management of the mines is in the hands of the Emperor, to whom every regulation is submitted, and who claims two-thirds of the profits arising from them. It is said, however, that the lord of the province, where the mines are, contrives to make his share equivalent to that of his imperial master.

Silver is also found in great abundance in some of the islands contiguous to, and dependant on, Japan. Gnisima, or the silver island, where the greatest quantities are procured, was once the object of a Spanish expedition, sent there by command of the king, who had been attracted by its fanciful appellation. Its real position was, however, so well concealed, that those avaricious navigators sailed home without having accomplished the design of their voyage, nor were any attempts afterwards made to discover its locality.

Another important, and in fact the chief article of commerce between the Japanese and the Dutch, is copper. This metal, which might form a valuable material for us, without detriment to our home trade, is plentiful in many parts of the island, and like the gold, is the finest in the world. So abundant is it that Kempfer declares that no country he knew of contained a greater wealth of this metal than is to be found in the mines of the Japanese empire, and that if extensively worked, would yield a princely annual revenue to the Government. The copper is of so fine a quality that our ar-

tisans use it in some parts of the watch where the mechanism is required to be exquisitely fine, and assert that no other will answer the same purpose.

The Japanese have also several mines of iron, but, strange to say, this mineral is much neglected, and most of their articles of general use are made of copper or brass. The demand there for such manufactures in hardware as we could supply them with, would, doubtless, become very great, and we do not hesitate to say, would fetch a high price. The strength, lightness, and convenience of our implements of agriculture would commend them to the Japanese, who are themselves by no means inferior artisans, and the novelty of a thousand articles we should introduce would entice them to become purchasers, and what curiosity at first effected, habit and convenience would perpetuate.

Another very important production of Japan, and which we must not overlook, is tea. The soil and climate of these islands are admirably adapted to the growth of this shrub; and though it is the common beverage of the country, they spare no other space for it than the edges of the corn and rice fields, and sometimes barren ground, where nothing else will grow. It readily suggests itself how easily this plant might be turned into a valuable article of export; and with a greater degree of care and cultivation it would become one of the finest flavoured teas in the world. Some of the shrubs cultivated, especially for the consumption of the wealthy classes, produce an exquisitely-flavoured tea, infinitely superior to the best we now obtain from China; and the specimens which have, at different times, been brought into the London market, have sold at exorbitant prices. Nothing can exceed the picturesque appearance of one of these rice fields, divided into innumerable compartments, yet all arranged and planned so as to afford the most agreeable diversity, and around each division a long line of tea trees, at regular distances, planted. The paths between are kept in the most exquisite order, and swept and cleansed, so that nothing is left which might offend the eye, or the most delicate taste. Of the young and tender leaves of this plant, dried and powdered, the higher classes make a kind of soup, which they take before and after

meals; and friends are regaled with it both when they enter and leave the house.

The cultivation of cotton might also be made conducive to the interests of the merchant. This plant is much neglected in Japan, but the country affords every facility for its production and improvement; and flax, hemp, rice, and innumerable other vegetable productions grow there in the richest luxuriance and profusion; and the foliage of the trees, the beauty of the flowers, and the fineness of the fruits, are equal to any the hand of nature lavishes on the most favoured country. It would occupy too much of our space to describe severally all the products of Japan, or to reveal the treasures of its soil. In addition to those we have already given, we may further enumerate, as articles in which there might be a lucrative trade, tin, sulphur, salt, naphtha, ambergris, pearls, agates, jaspers, and a variety of submarine substances, and more than is yet known in gums and similar productions. To insist more upon the value of the productions of this country is unnecessary. Those who would wish to have further information on the subject may consult such authors as Kempfer, Thunberg, Siebold, Charlevoix, &c., all of whom were well acquainted with Japan and its resources.

Two questions naturally suggest themselves upon the further consideration of the subject, viz., what should be done to prevent the failure of another expedition? and does the present time afford a favourable opportunity for sending a mission to Japan?

Undoubtedly the present time is favourable to such a mission, and whatever spirit the Japanese have hitherto manifested towards us, one fact is undeniably true, that they are conscious of our power, and respect our moderation. The emissaries of this nation are to be found in nearly every port of the Eastern empire, from whom they receive a strict account of the affairs of the world. Our victories in India, even the movements of our fleet in the Dardanelles, against Greece, are transmitted to the Government of this kingdom, with the most faithful accuracy. They eagerly and anxiously watch the progress of events, and though cut off, as it were, by their law of seclusion, from the rest of mankind, take yet a jealous

interest in the politics of foreign nations, and are tremblingly sensitive to the approach of a strange flag. Since the late war with China, they have also entertained a different opinion of our prowess; and though they believe themselves a more formidable nation than the Chinese, would doubtless be more ready to hear our claims, which we are bound to urge on the principles of international justice, than previously. If we regard our position at home, we cannot but feel that active measures should be taken to open new markets for the consumption of our manufactures; while we have in our warehouses in London, Manchester, Liverpool, Birmingham, and elsewhere, goods lying unproductive, and industry itself in a state of stagnation, it is the duty of the Government to contribute its influence toward facilitating commerce, and enlarging its sphere. The merchants themselves should be watchful for such opportunities, and demand of the executive an interference in their favour. But it too frequently happens, that those whose interest it should be to multiply port upon port, as emporiums of commerce, oppose every measure that has for its object the extension of trade, swayed by a short-sighted policy, and looking only at the present, unmindful of the future. It is manifest, from the antagonism with which the settlement of Labuan has been met, and the petty and false statements that have been made against its Governor, that to them the expenditure of a few thousands is a grievous burthen. Were they, however, to place it in the balance with what a few years would effect, and the gains that will then accrue directly to the merchants, and indirectly to the country, they must be satisfied that the protection which the Executive has given to the rising settlement, has not originated in an imprudent policy, but in the penetrating and comprehensive view of a wise Government. They overlook, too, the parallel instance of Singapore, a town which, thirty years since, consisted of a few scattered huts, but is

now become the centre of a vast trade, which is rapidly increasing, and daily pouring immense wealth into the coffers of the British merchants.

But it may so happen, that the Japanese emperor may be deaf to the appeals we make, and despise our propositions. Are then our efforts to be defeated, and are we to be placed in the same position that we occupied two centuries ago? If not, we would advise that Government should strengthen the hands of the deputation by the presence of such a number of ships as might be thought calculated to demonstrate our power, and speak our determination. This is necessary, since we must not appear before them as suppliants, but as a nation urging the claims of nations, and pleading the cause of the world, against the decrees of a fraction of it. It should be the object of the envoy to point out to the emperor, that the law which has separated his subjects from the rest of the world, is unnatural and unjust; that, as members of the one great community, of which every people form a part, they have no right to exclude the whole body from their particular country; that international communion is a source of general good, and calculated to diffuse a liberal and generous spirit; and that it is the intention of the British Government to demand of him a free trade, as the fundamental principle of universal prosperity.

We close our remarks by simply stating, the time is not far distant when that unjust law will be broken down; and it only remains to be decided who shall be the agent. If, as we contemplate, we accomplish this object by peaceable, but, at the same time, decided means, we shall reap the benefit; if we allow the Russians, or Americans, or any of the nations, who are eager to gain admission into these territories, to anticipate us, we shall find a stronger monopoly effected, and the system of seclusion much more rigidly maintained.

AN AFTERNOON WITH THE ITALIANS.

BY JONATHAN FREKE SLINGSBY.

Carrigbawn, May 27th, 1850.

If you are an Arabian scholar, as I have no reason to doubt you are, dear Anthony, you will assuredly have read the two hundred proverbs of the sage and most sententious Abu Ubeid, to whom Solomon was a simpleton, and Sancho Panca not fit to hold a candle. Well, in the 113th of his proverbs he thus delivers himself:—"You can't take the curl out of a dog's tail, though you anoint it daily with palm-oil, and swathe it in fine linen." And indeed I quite agree with him, though I never made the trial. But whether such skilful treatment would be efficacious or not in uncoiling the caudal curvature, certain it is that the apothegm enunciates a profound truth, namely, "that what's bred in the bone will come out in the flesh;" or, as Flaccus hath it, "*Naturam expellas furca tamenusque recurret.*" So, dear Anthony, of your true scribbler: if he have that crookedness in his nature, in vain will you essay to straighten him. And of all scribblers your rhymester is the most inveterate. Let him have but a stump of a pen, and a back of a letter, and he will mete you out "measure for measure" to no end, as long as the fit's upon him. Now, this is exactly my case at present. You have set me agoing, as little boys do their humming-tops, and you must even be contented to wait till I have run fairly down, and sung myself to sleep, and, mayhap, others also.

Let people say what they will about the advantages of the town for literary pursuits, there is no place like the country for stimulating whatever genius one may possess. If you have anything rather heavy on hands, such as an encyclopedia or a universal history, come to town by all means, and repair every morning, with a crust of bread in your pocket, to the public libraries, and there feed upon folios, and devour dust by the bushel. But if you want a pleasant flirtation with the muse, away to the country. There you have a volume for perusal, sublime, illimitable, inexhaustible. Scan its pages, whereon God has, with his own finger, written his glories, as he did erst his commands on the tablets of stone for Israel's law-giver. Gaze into the deeps of the blue heavens, if you would gather devotion—look upon the everlasting hills for lofty aspirations—let the sounding ocean teach you its sublime harmonies—the variegated earth its multiform beauties; let the breezes murmur to you their spiritual melodies—the streamlets sing their unspeakable songs to you; let your heart be open to all that is true, and holy, and simple in nature—your purged eyes to all that is beautiful—your purified ears to all that is musical—and, in fine, yield up your whole being to those divine influences which the soul drinks in as its natural aliment with the same instinctive avidity that the babe does the milk from its mother's breast. Do all this, dear Anthony, and you will be a poet from the heart's core to the tips of your fingers, ay, though you may never shape into words the thoughts that fill your soul.

In a state of feeling somewhat akin to what I have been describing, I have been sitting this lovely afternoon, in my window, which looks due-south, on a sweet sunny glade, set, like an emerald, in a margin of thick shrubs, laurels, and laurestinas, backed again by holly and evergreen oaks, whose depths are ringing with the songs of birds, while their light sprays bend and rustle with the rush and twitter of the little choristers.

My mood is too luxurious for hard work, and so I am turning over the leaves of some books, which always bring to my mind the happiest memories—hours spent where the writers gathered their inspiration. Ippolito Pindemonti, in one of his poems, dwells on the disadvantages of travel—

"Oh, felice chi mai non pose il piede
Fuor della natia sua dolce terra;
Egli il cor non lasciò fitto in oggetti
Che di più riveder non ha speranza,
E ciò, che vive ancor morto non piange."

There may be some truth in these reflections ; but none knew better than Pindemonti how immeasurably the delights of travel outnumber its chagrins. If we have not the hope to behold again scenes and faces dear to us, we can at least recall them to our hearts in the tranquil meditations of some still noontide, like this of to-day ; and Memory forbids us to mourn as dead those around whom she has once shed her divine illuminations. How much have we thus added to the amount of our intellectual happiness, though our bodily senses may never again renew their former pleasures. And now that my thoughts have turned upon Italian poets, I cannot help thinking that modern Italian poetry is neither cultivated nor esteemed as much as it deserves to be. Our admiration of what may be called ancient Italian poetry, from Dante to Ariosto inclusive, may in some degree account for this ; and, indeed, it is not to be denied, that with the latter writer one great poetic cycle terminated, and a long night of darkness settled down upon the literature of Italy. Now and then, no doubt, a few bright stars shone through the gloom, till Guisippe Parini arose to herald the approach of day ; a day not as resplendent as that which preceded it, yet, with many a fine sunburst through the clouds—the day of Foscolo and Monti, of Pellico and Manzoni, and Leopardi.

Sometime or other, should life and leisure permit, I hope to execute an intention, long since formed, of discussing the modern Italian poets in detail ; but the truth is, I had for some time hoped that our accomplished friend, Dr. Anster, would have continued those scholarly and tasteful essays, whose cessation every reader of our MAGAZINE must regret ; and, next, I am sensitive enough to fear to follow one who had treated these subjects with an ability that could not but contrast prejudicially to me as his successor. But I will say no more on this matter at present. My good intentions are, I suppose, gone, with others of the same sort, to a place where there is so much of that material for pavement, that even asphalt, though on the spot, is valueless. To return from my digression : I have chanced on a few shorter productions of the modern Italian school, which their beauty tempted me to translate, and I now place them at your service. The two first are *Canzonette* of Parini ; and though they by no means afford the best specimens of his power or genius, yet you can see, even in translation, that they are sprightly and graceful, though too much formed on the model of the Greek and Latin classics :—

IL PARAFOCO.

"STAVA UN GIORNO CITEREA."

THE FIRE SCREEN.

I.

Cytherea stood one morning
 In the forge by Vulcan's side,
 While, to screen her from the burning
 Of the flame, she vainly tried—
 Tried to save from fast consuming
 The fresh rose on her fair cheek blooming.

II.

The right hand now, the left then, raising,
 'Fore her features she expands—
 Ah ! vain shield against the blazing
 Are such white and tiny hands !
 The amorous flame soon strays and lingers
 O'er brow, and cheek, and hands, and fingers.

III.

Love, his mother's plight beholding,
 Quickly sought to give her ease ;
 And, his young, soft wing unfolding,
 Spread it out before her face ;
 Then, smiling fondly, said—" I ween,
 Dear mother, now, you've got a screen."

IV.

On her brow serenely blending
 Love and thanks, the mother smiled,
 And, to his face her sweet lips bending,
 Turned and kissed her darling child ;
 Then, from the heat which glowed above,
 She sheltered 'neath the wing of Love.

V.

But the goddess quickly learned,
 As her face she bent to shade,
 A sweeter use to which she turned
 The new and pretty screen Love made ;
 And at her farther side the while,
 Mars stood and smiled to see her wile.

VI.

Now her glances seek her lover—
 Now she whispers in his ear—
 Now her face she strives to cover
 From her watchful husband near :
 And thus her heart is free to move
 Underneath the wing of Love.

VII.

Now her bright eyes half concealing,
 Till, condensing all their fire
 In a glance, whose force assailing
 Stirs his heart to wild desire—
 Fires, that all the fiercer prove
 From beneath the wing of Love.

VIII.

Now her ripe lips, softly parting,
 Shape sweet kisses towards his own—
 Now from their ruby portals starting,
 Low sighs float in languid tone ;
 And the hot flush now mounts above
 Her cheeks—beneath the wing of Love.

IX.

Vulcan, still, with sledge and dinning,
 Makes armour for the God of War ;
 While his spouse is softly winning
 Trophies to her dearer far—
 Triumphant over Mars to prove,
 Underneath the wing of Love.

X.

Fair ones all, now learn the fable :
 I, the Poet, am Love's wing ;
 And, like Venus, you'll be able
 To tell your love through what I sing ;
 And ease those hidden fires that move
 Underneath the wing of Love.

Well, what do you say to that, dear Anthony? Is not that a pretty specimen of "the loves of the angels." I've a strong notion those same Divinities stood in sad need of Doctors' Commons and divorces. And then, how picturesquely Venus

is drawn, playing off all her artillery on the warrior, while the poor husband is toiling away at his trade to keep her in comfort like a lady. 'Tis the old story, dear Anthony, enacted again and again, and I would not undertake that you might not find its parallel in some country forge. The young farmer flirting with the smith's buxom wife, under cover of the clown who blows the bellows, while the husband is sledging away, sharpening the young fellow's ploughshare or pitchfork. The application of the fable, however, is rather weak and constrained, and the poem would have been better without it. But few of us know when or where to stop. Here is something much better. It is an Anacreontic, which he calls—

IL PASSATEMPO.

“HO GUSTO ANCOR DI VIVERE.”

I.

I still have my relish for jovial society,
Mingling with gay laughing friends by my side;
I can revel still wildly through pleasure's variety,
Beauty around me and Love to preside.

II.

Come Daphne and Phillis, too, blooming Myrtillis, too,
Sit by my side with your soul-luring smile;
Though my locks now are growing few, turning to white, 'tis true,
My heart—oh, my heart's young and warm all the while.

III.

Look at this lyre that my fingers stray over,
Old mellow Anacreon touched it of yore;
'Tis a magical shield, with whose broad shell I cover
My heart from the sorrows that life has in store.

IV.

The bard, smiling kindly, thus said, as he gave it—
“This talisman ever keep close to thy side;
Life's storm may rave round thee, thy firm soul shall brave it;
Thus guarded, ne'er fear, whatsoe'er may betide.”

V.

And still, as I wake the soft notes in love's wooing,
The fond doves of Venus, allured by the strain,
Flutter round the sweet strings, ever billing and cooing,
Their rosy beaks joining again and again.

VI.

And if, as oft haps in their amorous playing,
They peck at my head or my breast from the lyre,
I feel through my frame love's soft influence straying,
My locks shine with youth—my heart glows with desire!

Considering the model on which it is framed, this is really a good lyric—full of spirit of the genuine Anacreontic kind. But Anacreontics, thank heaven! are well nigh passed away; and if ever you meet one now-a-days, it looks like some belated spirit, which has missed its way home to the grave-yard, and is afraid of being caught by the police in the day-light! Alas for Moore!—the *Ultimus Romanorum* of lyrists, his shell is silent for ever. May none again essay to touch it!

One of the greatest faults in the lyrical poetry of Italy is the constant *conchetti* with which it abounds. This is strikingly so in the amatory pieces; and, as might be expected, the fair sex give themselves more airs in this way than the other. Talking of airs and the fair sex, I will give you a notion of what one of

them can do in "raising the wind." Here are a few stanzas by a Florentine lady, *Elvira Giampieri*, which, though possessing little originality, have yet a tenderness and passion about them that cannot fail to please:—

ALL' AURA.

"VANNE GENTILE AURETTA."

I.

Speed away, speed away, gentle breeze,
Where my fond heart would have thee to be;
Float around the dear form that I prize,
And catch from her lips, as she sighs,
The sweet breath, and bear it to me.

II.

Bear it back, bear it back, gentle breeze,
That sigh will have fragrance for me;
As the odour of roses fresh blown,
Waft it quick from her lips to my own,
I'll inhale new existence from thee.

III.

Speed away, speed away, gentle breeze,
For life has no pleasures for me;
Till, borne on thy fresh, balmy wing,
The breath of my loved one thou bring,
As pure as she breathed it on thee.

IV.

Hie thee back, hie thee back, gentle breeze,
But ah! if thy coming shall be
Without that sweet freight from my love,
The hour thou returnest shall prove
The last of existence for me.

After this one may say, with Jack Falstaff, "a plague on sighing;" and indeed I must say it is too much for *Elvira's* lover to pledge himself to die, if a trade-wind should not set in fair between himself and his mistress. But what will not men do who are in love? A singular instance of love, strong as death, and strong in death, has just occurred to my mind. A contemporary writer relates of *Redaelli*, that just before his death he restored to his wife some withered flowers, addressing her in a few simple yet touching verses, of which I give you a translation.

II. POETA MORIENTE ALLA SPOSA.

"ODI D' UN UOM CHE MORE."

I.

Elvira, I am dying now;
Haste and draw thee near.
I fain would breathe my latest words,
My wife, upon thine ear.

II.

Take this little flower, my love,
'Tis withered now and sear;
For it hath lain upon my heart
Through many a happy year.

III.

How precious it hath been to me,
Thou well may'st know at least,
 For on the day that made thee mine
 I stole it from thy breast.

IV.

Symbol of tenderest passion then,
 Now pledge of grief and pain,
 Turn, till within thy breast I place
 This withered flower again.

V.

And hide it in thy heart of hearts,
 If thou'lt be true to me ;
 Where from thy bosom once 'twas snatched
 I yield it back to thee.

It is asserted that the poet really dictated these lines on his death-bed, and that they were taken down at the time; and it is certain that they have been since set to music by an eminent composer. I confess I think it is very possible that the lines were composed as related. The facility which the Italian language affords for rhyme and versification is greater than that of any other tongue; and we all know with what wonderful power Italians "improvise" at a moment's notice on any given subject, producing sometimes poems of considerable length and complex versification. With what deep interest, then, does the belief in its reality invest this little poem! That which, as a fiction of the poet, we would be induced to regard merely as a felicitous conceit, when believed in as a fact, becomes profoundly affecting.

Heigho! I wonder did Elvira continue faithful to the memory of love so true; or did she make a decoction from the flower to cure her next lover of a pain in his little finger? 'Ware widows, dear Anthony: you remember the lady who fanned the turf on her husband's grave. After so misogynistic a suggestion, I am not fit to write another line. So, farewell for a season.

Ever yours,

JONATHAN FREKE SLINGSBY.

Anthony Poplar, Esq.

P.S.—Would you believe it, that one of those "composers," whom I warned in my last letter to you, has absolutely had the audacity to set one of my "May-day Melodies" to music? Nay, the fellow had the impertinence to forward his manuscript to me, and informs me that he has "composed" *because* of my prohibition. I now avail myself of the only other chance of escape left me, and therefore invite all musicians, of every age and clime, from "the piper that played before Moses" to the old artist who used to quaver upon the clarionet along the west side of Merrion-square, to deal with me and mine, as it may seem good in their eyes, or to their ears.

J. F. S.

A NIGHT IN THE BELL INN.

THOUGH few men are themselves on visiting terms with their ancestors, most are furnished with one or two decently-authenticated ghost stories. I myself am a firm believer in spectral phenomena, for reasons which I may, perhaps, be tempted to give to the public whenever the custom of printing in folio shall have been happily revived; meanwhile, as they will not bear compression, I keep them by me, and content myself with now and then stating a fact, leaving the theory to suggest itself.

Now it has always appeared to me that the apostles of spectres (if the phrase will be allowed me) have, like other men with a mission, been, perhaps, a little precipitate in assuming their facts, and sometimes find "true ghosts" upon evidence much too slender to satisfy the hard-hearted and unbelieving generation we live in. They have thus brought scandal not only upon the useful class to which they belong, but upon the world of spirits itself—causing ghosts to be so generally discredited, that fifty visits made in their usual private and confidential way, will now hardly make a single convert beyond the individual favoured with the interview; and, in order to reinstate themselves in their former position, they will be obliged henceforward to appear at noon-day, and in places of public resort.

The reader will perceive, then, that I am convinced of the equal impolicy and impropriety of resting the claims of my clients (ghosts in general) upon facts which will not stand the test of an impartial, and even a sceptical scrutiny. And, perhaps, I cannot give a happier illustration of the temper of my philosophy, at once candid and cautious, than is afforded by the following relation, for every tittle of which I solemnly pledge my character at once as a gentleman and a metaphysician.

There is a very agreeable book by Mrs. Crowe, entitled "The Night Side of Nature," and which, among a *dubia cæna* of authentic tales of terror, contains several which go to show the very trivial causes which have from

time to time caused the re-appearance of departed spirits in this grosser world. A certain German professor, for instance, actually *persecuted* an old college friend with preternatural visitations for no other purpose, as it turned out, than to procure a settlement of some small six-and-eightpenny accounts, which he owed among his tradespeople at the time of his death. I could multiply, from my own notes, cases still odder, in which sensible and rather indolent men, too, have been at the trouble to re-cross the awful interval between us and the invisible, for purposes apparently still less important—so trivial, indeed, that for the present I had rather not mention them, lest I should expose their memories to the ridicule of the unreflecting. I shall now proceed to my narrative, with the repeated assurance, that the reader will nowhere find in it a single syllable that is not most accurately and positively true.

About four-and-thirty years ago I was travelling through Denbighshire upon a mission which needed despatch. I had, in fact, in my charge some papers which were required for the legal preliminaries to a marriage which was about to take place in a family of consideration, upon the borders of that county.

The season was winter, but the weather delightful—that is to say, clear and frosty; and, even without foliage, the country through which I posted was beautiful. The subject of my journey was a pleasant one. I anticipated an agreeable visit, and a cordial welcome; and the weather and scenery were precisely of the sort to second the cheerful associations with which my excursion had been undertaken. Let no one, therefore, suggest that I was predisposed for the reception of gloomy or horrible impressions. When the sun set we had a splendid moon, at once soft and brilliant; and I pleased myself with watching the altered, and, if possible, more beautiful effects of the scenery through which we were smoothly rolling. I was to put up for the night at the little town of —; and on reaching the hill—

over which the approach to it is conducted, about a short mile from its quaint little street—I dismounted, and directing the postillion to walk his jaded horses leisurely up the winding road, I trod on before him in the pleasant moonlight, and sharp bracing air. A little by-path led directly up the steep acclivity, while the carriage-road more gradually ascended by a wide sweep—this little path, leading through fields and hedgerows, I followed, intending to anticipate the arrival of my conveyance at the summit of the hill.

I had not proceeded very far when I found myself close to a pretty old church, whose ivied tower, and countless diamond window-panes, were glittering in the moonbeams—a high, irregular hedge, overtopped by tall and ancient trees, enclosed it; and rows of funereal yews shewed black and mournful among the wan array of headstones that kept watch over the village dead. I was so struck with the glimpse I had caught of the old churchyard, that I could not forbear mounting the little stile that commanded it—no scene could be imagined more still and solitary. Not a human habitation was near—every sign and sound of life was reverently remote; and this old church, with its silent congregation of the dead marshalled under its walls, seemed to have spread round it a circle of stillness and desertion that pleased, while it thrilled me.

No sound was here audible but the softened rush of waters, and that sweet note of home and safety, the distant baying of the watch-dog—now and then broken by the sharper rattle of the carriage-wheels upon the dry road. But while I looked upon the sad and solemn scene before me, these sounds were interrupted by one which startled, and, indeed, for a moment, froze me with horror. The sound was a cry, or rather a howl of despairing terror, such as I have never heard before or since uttered by human voice. It broke from the stillness of the churchyard; but I saw no figure from which it proceeded—though this circumstance, indeed, was scarcely wonderful, as the broken ground, the trees, tall weeds, and tomb-stones afforded abundant cover for any person who might have sought concealment. This cry of unspeakable agony was succeeded by a silence; and, I confess, my heart

throbbed strangely, when the same voice articulated, in the same tone of agony,—

“Why will you trouble the dead? Who can torment us before the time? I will come to you in my flesh, though after my skin worms destroy this body—and you shall speak to me, face to face.”

This strange address was followed by a another cry of despair, which died away as suddenly as it was raised.

I never could tell why it was I was not more horror-stricken than I really was by this mysterious, and, all things considered, even terrible interpolation. It was not until the silence had again returned, and the faint rustling of the frosty breeze among the crisp weeds crept towards me like the stealthy approach of some unearthly influence, that I felt a superstitious terror gradually inspire me, which hurried me at an accelerated pace from the place. A few minutes, and I heard the friendly voice of my charioteer hallooing to me from the summit of the hill.

Reassured, as I approached him, I abated my speed.

“I saw you standing on the stile, sir, by the churchyard,” he said, as I drew near, “and I ask your pardon for not giving you the hint before, but they say it is not lucky; and I called to you loud and lusty to come away, sir; but I see you are nothing the worse of it.”

“Why, what is there to be afraid of there, my good fellow?” I asked, affecting as much indifference as I was able.

“Why, sir,” said the man, throwing an uneasy look in the direction, “they do say there’s a bad spirit haunts it; and nobody in these parts would go near it after dark for love or money.”

“Haunted!” I repeated; “and how does the spirit shew himself?” I asked.

“Oh! lawk, sir, in all sorts of shapes—sometimes like an old woman a’most doubled in two with years,” he answered—“sometimes like a little child agoing along a full foot high above the grass of the graves; and sometimes like a big black ram, strutting on his hind legs, and with a pair of eyes like live coals; and some has seen him in the shape of a man, with his arm raised up towards the sky, and his head hang-

ing down, as if his neck was broke. I can't think of half the shapes he has took at different times; but they're all bad: the very child, they say—when he comes in that shape—has the face of Satan—God bless us!—and nobody's ever the same again that sees him once."

By this time I was again seated in my vehicle, and some six or eight minutes' quick driving whirled us into the old-fashioned street, and brought the chaise to a full stop before the open door and well-lighted hall of the Bell Inn. To me there has always been an air of indescribable cheer and comfort about a substantial country hostelry, especially when one arrives, as I did, upon a keen winter's night, with an appetite as sharp, and something of that sense of adventure and excitement which, before the days of down-trains and tickets, always, in a greater or less degree, gave a zest to travelling. Greeted with that warmest of welcomes for which inns, alas! are celebrated, I had soon satisfied the importunities of a keen appetite; and having for some hours taken mine ease in a comfortable parlour before a blazing fire, I began to feel sleepy, and betook myself to my no less comfortable bed-chamber.

It is not to be supposed that the adventure of the churchyard had been obliterated from my recollection by the suppressed bustle and good cheer of the "Bell." On the contrary, it had occupied me almost incessantly during my solitary ruminations; and as the night advanced, and the stillness of repose and desertion stole over the old mansion, the sensations with which this train of remembrance and speculation was accompanied became anything but purely pleasant.

I felt, I confess, fidgety and queer—I searched the corners and recesses of the oddly-shaped and roomy old apartment—I turned the face of the looking-glass to the wall—I poked the fire into a roaring blaze—I looked behind the window-curtains, with a vague anxiety, to assure myself that nothing could be lurking there. The shutter was a little open, and the ivied tower of the little church, and the tufted tops of the trees that surrounded it, were visible over the slope of the intervening hill. I hastily shut out the unwelcome object, and in a mood of mind, I must confess, favourable

enough to any freak my nerves might please to play me, I hurried through my dispositions for the night, humming a gay air all the time, to re-assure myself, and plunged into bed, extinguishing the candle, and—shall I acknowledge the weakness?—nearly burying my head under the blankets.

I lay awake some time, as men will do under such circumstances, but at length fatigue overcame me, and I fell into a profound sleep. From this repose I was, however, aroused in the manner I am about to describe. A very considerable interval must have intervened. There was a cold air in the room very unlike the comfortable atmosphere in which I had composed myself to sleep. The fire, though much lower than when I had gone to bed, was still emitting flame enough to throw a flickering light over the chamber. My curtains were, however, closely drawn, and I could not see beyond the narrow tent in which I lay.

There had been as I awaked a clanking among the fire-irons, as if a palsied hand was striving to arrange the fire, and this rather unaccountable noise continued for some seconds after I had become completely awake.

Under the impression that I was subjected to an accidental intrusion, I called out first in a gentle and afterwards in a sharper tone—

"Who's there?"

At the second summons the sounds ceased, and I heard instead the tread of naked feet, as it seemed to me, upon the floor, pacing to and fro, between the hearth and the bed in which I lay. A superstitious terror, which I could not combat, stole over me; with an effort I repeated my question, and drawing myself upright in the bed, expected the answer with a strange sort of trepidation. It came in terms and accompanied with accessories which I shall not soon forget.

The very same tones which had so startled me in the churchyard the evening before, the very sounds which I had heard then and there, were now filling my ears, and spoken in the chamber where I lay.

"Why will you trouble the dead? Who can torment us before the time? I will come to you in my flesh, 'though after my skin worms destroy this body,' and you shall speak with me face to face."

As I live, I can swear the words and

the voice were the very same I had heard on the occasion I have mentioned, but (and mark this) repeated to *no one*. With feelings which I shall not attempt to describe, I heard the speaker approach the bed—a hand parted the bed-curtains and drew them open, revealing a form more horrible than my fancy had ever seen—an almost gigantic figure—naked, except for what might well have been the rotten remnant of a shroud—stood close beside my bed—livid and cadaverous grimed as it seemed with the dust of the grave, and staring on me with a gaze of despair, malignity, and fury too intense almost for human endurance.

I cannot say whether I spoke or not, but this infernal spectre answered me as if I had.

"I am dead and yet alive," it said—"the child of perdition—in the grave I am a murderer, but here I am APOLLYON. Fall down and worship me."

Having thus spoken, it stood for a moment at the bedside, and then turned away with a shuddering moan, and I lost sight of it, but after a few seconds it came again to the bedside as before.

"When I died they put me under Mervyn's tombstone, and they did not bury me. My feet lie toward the *west*—turn them to the east and I will rest—maybe I will rest—I will rest—rest—rest."

Again the figure was gone, and once again it returned, and said—

"I am your master—I am your resurrection and your life, and therefore, fall down and worship me."

It made a motion to mount upon the bed, but what further passed I know not, for I fainted.

I must have lain in this state for a long time, for when I became conscious the fire was almost extinct. For hours that seemed interminable I lay, scarcely daring to breathe, and afraid to get up lest I should encounter the hideous apparition, for aught I knew, lurking close beside me. I lay, therefore, in an agony of expectation such as I will not attempt to describe, awaiting the appearance of the daylight.

Gradually it came, and with it the cheerful and reassuring sounds of life and occupation. At length I mustered courage to reach the bell-rope, and having rung lustily, I plunged again into bed.

"Draw the window-curtains—open the shutters," I exclaimed as the man entered, and these orders executed, "look about the room," I added, "and see whether a cat or any other animal has got in."

There was nothing of the sort; and satisfied that my visitant was no longer in the chamber, I dismissed the man, and hurried through my toilet with breathless precipitation.

Hastening from the hated scene of my terrors, I escaped to the parlour, whither I instantly summoned the proprietor of "the Bell" in *propria persona*. I suppose I looked scared and haggard enough, for mine host looked upon me with an expression of surprise and inquiry.

"Shut the door," said I.

It was done.

"I have had an uneasy night in the room you assigned me, sir; I may say, indeed, a *miserable* night," I said.

"Pray," resumed I, interrupting his apologetic expressions of surprise, "has any person but myself ever complained of—of being *disturbed* in that room?"

"Never," he assured me.

I had suspected the ghastly old practical joke, so often played off by landlords in story-books, and fancied I might have been deliberately exposed to the chances of a "haunted chamber." But there was no acting in the frank look and honest denial of mine host.

"It is a very strange thing," said I, hesitating; "and I do not see why I should not tell you what has occurred. And as I could swear, if necessary, to the perfect reality of the entire scene, it behoves you, I think, to sift the matter carefully. For myself, I cannot entertain a doubt as to the nature of the truly terrible visitation to which I have been subjected; and, were I in your position, I should transfer my establishment at once to some other house as well suited to the purpose, and free from the dreadful liabilities of this."

I proceeded to detail the particulars of the occurrence of the past night, to which he listened with nearly as much horror as I recited them with.

"Mervyn's tomb!" he repeated after me; "why that's down there in *L—r*: the churchyard you can see from the window of the room you slept in."

"Let us go there instantly," I ex-

claimed, with an almost feverish anxiety to ascertain whether we should discover in the place indicated anything corroborative of the authenticity of my vision.

"Well, I shan't say no," said he, obviously bracing himself for an effort of courage; "but we'll take Faukes, and James the helper, with us; and please, sir, you'll not mention the circumstance as has occurred to either on 'em."

I gave him the assurance he asked for, and in a few minutes our little party were in full march upon the point of interest.

There had been an intense black frost, and the ground, reverberating to our tread with the hollow sound of a vault, emitted the only noise that accompanied our rapid advance. I and my host were too much preoccupied for conversation, and our attendants maintained a respectful silence. A few minutes brought us to the low, gray walls, and bleak hedgerows that surrounded the pretty old church, and all its melancholy and picturesque memorials.

"Mervyn's tomb lies there, I think, sir," he said, pointing to a corner of the churchyard, in which piles of rubbish, withered weeds, and brambles were thickly accumulated under the solemn, though imperfect, shelter of the wintry trees.

He exchanged some sentences with our attendants in Welsh.

"Yes, sir, that's the place," he added, turning to me.

And as we all approached it, I thought me that the direction in which, as I stood upon the stile, I had heard the voice on the night preceding, corresponded accurately with that indicated by my guides. The tomb in question was a huge slab of black marble, supported, as was made apparent when the surrounding brambles were removed, upon six pillars, little more than two feet high each. There was ample room for a human body to lie inside this funeral pent-house; and, on stooping to look beneath, I was unspeakably shocked to see that something like a human figure was actually extended there.

It was, indeed, a corpse—and, what is more, corresponded in every trait with the infernal phantom which, on the preceding night, had visited, and appalled me.

The body, though miserably emaciated, was that of a large-boned, athletic man, of fully six-feet-four in height; and it was, therefore, no easy task to withdraw it from the receptacle where it had been deposited, and lay it, as our assistants did, upon the tomb-stone which had covered it. Strange to say, moreover, the feet of the body, as we found it, had been placed toward the west.

As I looked upon this corpse, and recognised, but too surely, in its proportions and lineaments every trait of the apparition that had stood at my bed-side, with a countenance animated by the despair and malignity of the damned, my heart fluttered and sank within me, and I recoiled from the effigy of the demon with terror, second only to that which had thrilled me on the night preceding.

Now reader—*honest* reader—I appeal to your own appreciation of testimony, and ask you, having these facts in evidence, and upon the deposition of an eye and ear witness—whose veracity, through a long life, has never once been compromised or questioned—have you, or have you not, in the foregoing story, a well-authenticated ghost story?

Before you answer the above question, however, it may be convenient to let you know certain other facts which were clearly established upon the inquest that was very properly held upon the body which in so strange a manner we had discovered.

I purposely avoid details, and without assigning the depositions respectively to the witnesses who made them, shall restrict myself to a naked outline of the evidence as it appeared.

The body I have described was identified as that of Abraham Smith, an unfortunate lunatic, who had, upon the day but one preceding, made his escape from the neighbouring parish workhouse, where he had been for many years confined. His hallucination was a strange, but not by any means an unprecedented one. He fancied that he had died, and was condemned; and, as these ideas alternately predominated, sometimes spoke of himself as an "evil spirit," and sometimes importuned his keepers to

“bury him”—using habitually certain phrases, which I had no difficulty in recognising as among those which he had addressed to me. He had been traced to the neighbourhood where his body was found, and had been seen and relieved scarcely half a mile from it about two hours before my visit to the churchyard! There were, further, unmistakeable evidences of some person’s having climbed up the trellis-work to my window on the previous night—the shutter of which had been left unbarred, and, as the window might have been easily opened with a push, the cold which I experienced, as an accompaniment of the nocturnal visit, was easily accounted for. There was a mark of blood upon the window-stool, and a scrape upon the knee of the body corresponded with it. A multiplicity of other slight circumstances, and the positive assertion of the chamber-maid that the window had been opened, and was but imperfectly closed again, came in support of the conclusion, which was to my mind

satisfactorily settled by the concurrent evidence of the medical men, to the effect that the unhappy man could not have been many hours dead when the body was found.

Taken in the mass, the evidence convinced me; and though I might still have clung to the preternatural theory, which, in the opinion of some persons, the facts of the case might still have sustained, I candidly decided with the weight of evidence, “gave up the ghost,” and accepted the natural, but still somewhat horrible explanation of the occurrence. For this candour I take credit to myself. I might have stopped short at the discovery of the corpse, but I am no friend to “spurious gospels;” let our faith, whatever it is, be founded in honest fact. For my part, I steadfastly believe in ghosts, and have dozens of stories to support that belief; but this is not among them. Should I ever come, therefore, to tell you one, pray remember that you have to deal with a candid narrator.

GROTE'S HISTORY OF GREECE.*

THERE is in Wordsworth a passage of great beauty, which refers the creation of the Grecian Mythology to the incident of climate, and to the action of the surrounding scenery on the lively and imaginative character of the inhabitants of a country uniting, within a small extent, almost unlimited variety of climate and of scenery—

"The lively Grecian, in a land of hills,
Rivers, and fertile plains, and sounding
shores,
Under a cope of variable sky
Could find commodious place for every god,
Promptly received, as prodigally brought
From the surrounding countries at the choice
Of all adventurers. With unrivalled skill,
As nicest observation furnished hints
For studious fancy, his quick hand bestowed
On fluent operations a fixed shape;
Metal, or stone, idolatrously served."

Byron falls out with the description of the scenery of Greece with which the passage opens; yet, for the purpose of Wordsworth's argument, it is sufficiently accurate, and a more faithful description would but enforce the reasoning of the poet:—

"In that fair clime, the lonely herdsman,
stretched
On the soft grass through half a summer's
day,
With music lulled his indolent repose:
And, in some fit of weariness, if he,
When his own breath was silent, chanced
to hear
A distant strain, far sweeter than the sounds
Which his poor skill could make, his fancy
fetched,
Even from the blazing chariot of the sun,
A beardless Youth, who touched a golden
lute,
And filled the illumined groves with ravishment.
The nightly hunter, lifting a bright eye
Up towards the crescent moon, with grateful heart
Called on the lovely wanderer who bestowed
That timely light, to share his joyous sport:
And hence, a beaming Goddess with her
Nymphs,

Across the lawn and through the darksome
grove
(Not unaccompanied with tuneful notes
By echo multiplied from rock or cave)
Swept in the storm of chase; as moon and
stars
Glance rapidly along the clouded heaven,
When winds are blowing strong. The
traveller slaked
His thirst from rill or gushing fount, and
thanked
The Naiad. Sunbeams, upon distant hills
Gliding apace, with shadows in their train,
Might, with small help from fancy, be
transformed
Into fleet Oreads sporting visibly.
The Zephyrs fanning, as they passed, their
wings,
Lacked not, for love, fair objects whom
they wooed
With gentle whisper. Withered boughs
grotesque,
Stripped of their leaves and twigs by hoary
age,
From depth of shaggy covert peeping forth
In the low vale, or on steep mountain side;
And, sometimes, intermixed with stirring
horns
Of the live deer, or goat's depending beard—
These were the lurking Satyrs, a wild brood
Of gamesome Deities; or Pan himself,
The simple shepherd's awe-inspiring God!"

Without an understanding of the legendary history of Greece, its social and political history is scarcely intelligible; and without a knowledge of the scenery with which the legends are connected, the traditions themselves have but little meaning. A minute acquaintance—almost like that which Scott possessed of every hamlet and every stone in Scotland—is necessary to whoever would read the story of the Greeks as it ought to be read.

In the history of other countries, the knowledge of localities is chiefly valuable, as enabling us to trace the march of hostile armies. The land is but a place where men lived and fought. In the history of Greece, the men are scarce separable from our thoughts of the country itself—its great men are not alone great men, but they are

* "A History of Greece." By George Grote, Esq., Vols. 1-8. London: Murray.

great men as distinguished from the great men of the rest of the world—as distinguished from barbarians. The trophies which they won were not for themselves; it was not the triumph of Miltiades at Marathon, but that of the Athenians; and, in truth, it was not that of the Athenians, but of civilisation itself—the history of Greece is thus, in some sort, the history of humanity.

And yet how has this history been written till almost our own day. In spite of all that ought to have been learned from Herodotus and Thucydides, the story was always told without reference to the modes of thinking of the actors in the scene.

The narrative was too often a compilation from Plutarch, in which we had, no doubt, whatever could be brought out prominently of mere story; but that story unexamined, unsifted, and often seeming to rest on little other foundation than that of mere gossip, put forward by Plutarch himself, in a pleasant, garrulous spirit, and like that of a man who scarcely asked that he should be believed. His “Lives”—the pleasantest of all books—are something like the modern *Ana*, in which all that was ever said about a man properly finds a place. Still the modern compilations to which we allude had this advantage—if the facts were doubtful, it was not asked to deduce any inference from the facts. The narrative was a mere story, distinguished in nothing from actual romance, except that the names were those of men who had once lived; the events might as well be reversed, for any purpose of the historian or the reader of history. The successive characters came and departed like shadows; and whether the dream left a wreck behind or not was little matter. It was in all things no better than a dream.

A more ambitious, and withal, a more mischievous, school of historians followed—those who deliver lectures, as from the chair, on each event of ancient history, as if the sole purpose of the study of history was to find some fancied correspondence between the events they find recorded and those of our own time, as if the lessons which history gives were, or ever could be, direct. This is puerile, when it assumes the form of a narrative, coloured

in every sentence by the historian's prejudices; but it has gone even farther than this, and there are those who read the future in the past, and speak of their skill in what they call the science of political prediction. Claims of this kind were ambitiously put forward by political writers in England, who actually thought themselves inspired, when the defeat of the French in the Peninsular war was inferred from something in the fortunes of one of the Roman Emperors: as reasonable would it be to deduce inferences from the flights of vultures on the right or on the left, or any other superstition of the kind.

Of the writers who, in our own day, have made the history of Greece the vehicle of their own opinions, the most prominent is Mitford, though by no means the most learned, or the most effective labourer in that way. Greater mischief has been done, we think, by the annotators of Aristophanes, every one of whose pleasantries is accompanied by some comment, the effect of which is to sharpen some sting or sarcasm, originally intended against individual Athenians, as if it was directed against them as representing some political principle. Thus, the individual assailed is left out of view, and opinions held by political partisans in England conveniently satirised. We express no agreement or disagreement with the views thus attacked, but we regard the mode of attack, however witty and skilful, to be unfair—it is ‘the barbarous art’ of fighting with poisoned arrows. The only true point of view from which the literature or the history of a nation can be read, is its own. If we are to assume any prejudices, they should be those of the people whose history we are reading. The point of view in which they see things, is that which should be first ascertained. Seen otherwise, they are not the same facts. In this is the great value of Mr. Grote's work. Everything is sought to be exhibited with whatever of illustration can be derived from any quarter; nothing that investigation of ancient authorities—nothing that can be discovered from the perusal of books of modern travel, is omitted. The bias of opinion favourable to democratic institutions, manifested in his book, is always in sympathy with the feelings of the people whose history he is recording;

and this—supposing even the strongest counteracting feeling in the mind of the reader—is never offensive in the same way as the captious and irritable tone of a writer engaged at every step of his progress in a dispute with the heroes of his story. Mr. Grote will be emphatically the historian of the people of Greece. All that former writers have done is little more than biographical chapters from the lives of individuals.

The early traditions of the Greeks, which are given in the commencement of Mr. Grote's work, are necessary for the proper understanding of any part of the history. It is not alone that the Greeks were peculiarly educated through the imagination into what they were, but that with them imagination and religion were one, and religion—a consciousness of the presence of powers which they felt to be distinct from themselves, and which they regarded as divine—blended itself with their whole life. When Mr. Grote published the first volumes of his work, of which we gave an account some three or four years ago,* he then expressed regret at having to publish the legendary history of Greece, before he could bring the other parts of his work before the public.

"Yet I cannot but fear that my first two volumes will suffer in the estimation of many readers by coming out alone—and that men who value the Greeks for their philosophy, their politics, and their oratory, may treat the early legends as not worth attention. And it must be confessed that what may be called the feminine attributes of the Greek mind—their religious and poetical vein—here appear in disproportionate relief, as compared with the masculine capacities—with those powers of acting, organising, judging, and speculating, which will be revealed in the forthcoming volumes. I venture however to forewarn the reader that there will occur numerous circumstances in the after political life of the Greeks which he will not comprehend unless he be initiated into the course of their legendary associations. He will not understand the frantic terror of the Athenian public during the Peloponnesian war, on the occasion of the mutilation of the statues called *Hermæ*, unless he enters into the way in which they connected their stability and security with the domiciliation of the gods in the soil; nor will he adequately appreciate the habit of the Spartan king on military

expeditions—when he offered his daily public sacrifices on behalf of his army and his country—'always to perform this morning service immediately before sunrise, in order that he might be beforehand in obtaining the favour of the gods,' if he be not familiar with the Homeric conception of Zeus going to rest at night and awaking to rise at early dawn from the side of the 'white armed *Hērê*.'"

Mr. Grote relates at considerable length, and often with great beauty, the old traditions of each particular locality. Such basis of fact as may have served for the foundation of each legend he does not seek to discover. When a river, or a mountain, or a holiday is found among the ancestors of a monarch, little can be done of much use in taking count of the number of generations; and on the Newtonian, or any other principle, trying to fix the chronology. We do not understand Mr. Grote to deny the existence of some possible substratum of fact, but to say that it is impossible to make out how much or how little it is; and therefore he tells the legends as mere legends—as the creations of the imagination alone. Indeed he goes further at times than we think consistent with the probabilities of the case, in almost denying any other existence to the tale of Troy than was given to it by the poets. We own that to us, whose belief has always been in one Homer, and who regard the "*Iliad*" as, from the first, one and indivisible; and whose faith, with our reasons for that faith, has been stated in the paper to which we before referred, it is not easy to think of Homer's story as being without some historical foundation. In Herodotus, the story of Helen is canvassed on the supposition of its general truth—the details of her voyage with Paris, and of her Egyptian wanderings, are questioned; but the fact of her existence is never thought of as in any way doubtful. Still, to separate such element of historic truth as may have mingled with the story, and to detect how much is fact, how much is fable, is plainly impossible. In Thucydides, the evidence of Homer is even relied on for minute facts in a degree which seems altogether unreasonable. The

number of ships which brought from each different state its respective complement of the armament against Troy is relied on as evidence from which he concludes that the armament against Troy was greater than was ever known before, but inferior to those of his own age. The scholars of our age do not sufficiently consider how much of the evidence which satisfied Herodotus and Thucydides has perished. We refuse to admit the justness of a conclusion from such evidence as we now have the opportunity of examining, when it leads to inferences in total contradiction to those which were the universal belief of the ancients.

Still the legends of the Greeks are better told by Mr. Grote than by any one else. We cannot agree with him that, in the Homeric poems, "*Heaven, Night, Sleep, and Dream* are persons just as much as Zeus and Apollo—to resolve them into mere allegory is unsafe and unprofitable." Into mere allegory, no doubt, they cannot be resolved; but defined or continuing personality they can be scarcely said to have, at least, such personality as we ascribe to heroes and gods. The conception, in the second book of the "*Iliad*," of the "*Deceptive Dream*," is not unlike in character to the "*Idle Dream*" in the "*Fairy Queen*," by which Archimago deludes "the sleeper's sense," and which, whatever appearances it may assume, we never clothe with personality in the same way in which it is given to Archimago himself or to Una. Language, however, and thought, re-act on each other; and the old languages, with their masculine and feminine terminations, come to the aid of the personifying impulse which peopled the whole region of Greece, investing every object, which in any way wrought on the mind, with the attributes of life and consciousness.

Nothing can, for the most part, be more happy than Mr. Grote's description of the state of mind in which these fables originated.

Our own infancy and boyhood, could the mental operations in that early period of life be remembered, would supply the best analogy; and something of this may have been the thought originally intended in the phrase of "the Greeks always children." In our own childhood, whatever we see,

whatever we learn, is seen and learned in the spirit of imagination—all is blended, and is as one—history, and poetry, and fable; the intimations brought by the senses from the world without; the operations of the mind itself, if distinct, are yet not separated by any analysis—nothing is affirmed as true—nothing distinguished as false. The first things apprehended as realities are the objects separated from the world of the senses. The childhood of the individual is a type of the childhood of the race—

"Fancy is the power
That first unsensualises the dark mind,
Giving it new delights: and bids it swell
With wild activity; and peopling air,
By obscure fears of beings invisible,
Emancipates it from the grosser thrall
Of the present impulse, teaching self-control,
Till superstition with unconscious hand
Sate Reason on her throne."

"The Grecian mythes," says Mr. Grote, "cannot be either understood or appreciated, except with reference to the system of conceptions and belief of the ages in which they arose. We must suppose a public not reading and writing, but seeing, hearing, and telling—destitute of all records, and careless as well as ignorant of positive history with its indispensable tests, yet at the same time curious and full of eagerness for new or impressive incidents—strangers even to the rudiments of positive philosophy, and to the idea of invariable sequences of nature, either in the physical or moral world, yet requiring some connecting theory to interpret and regularise the phenomena before them. Such a theory was supplied by the spontaneous inspirations of an early fancy, which supposed the habitual agency of beings intelligent and voluntary, like themselves, but superior in extent of power, and different in peculiarity of attributes. In the geographical ideas of the Homeric period, the earth was flat and round, with the deep and gentle ocean-stream flowing around and returning into itself: chronology, or means of measuring past time, there existed none; but both unobserved regions might be described, the forgotten past unfolded, and the unknown future predicted, through particular men specially inspired by the gods, or endowed by them with that peculiar vision which detected and interpreted passing signs and omens.

"If even the rudiments of scientific geography and physics, now so universally diffused, and so invaluable as a security against error and delusion, were wanting in this early stage of society, their place was abundantly supplied by vivacity of imagination, and by personifying sympathy. The unbounded tendency of the Homeric Greeks to multiply fictitious persons, and to construe the phenomena which interested them into mani-

festations of design, is, above all things, here to be noticed, because the form of personal narrative, universal in their mythes, is one of its many manifestations. Their polytheism (comprising some elements of an original fetishism, in which particular objects had themselves been supposed to be endued with life, volition, and design) recognised presiding agencies of unseen beings in the different localities and departments of the physical world. Of such beings there were numerous varieties, and many gradations, both in power and attributes; there were differences of age, sex, and local residence; relations, both conjugal and filial between them, and tendencies sympathetic as well as repugnant. The gods formed a sort of political community of their own, which had its hierarchy, its distribution of ranks and duties, its contentions for power, and occasional revolutions, its public meetings in the agora of Olympus, and its multitudinous banquets or festivals. The great Olympic gods were, in fact, only the most exalted amongst an aggregate of quasi-human, or ultra-human personages—demons, heroes, nymphs, eponymous (or name-giving) genii, identified with each river, mountain, cape, town, village, or known circumscription of territory—besides horses, bulls, and dogs, of immortal breed and peculiar attributes, and monsters of strange lineaments and combinations, ‘Gorgons and Harpies, and Chimæras dire.’ As there were in every *gens*, or family, special gentile deities and foregone ancestors, who watched over its members, forming in each the characteristic symbol and recognised guarantee of their union, so there seem to be in each guild, or trade, peculiar beings whose vocation it was to co-operate, or to impede in various stages of the business.”

To illustrate the state of mind in which the early Greeks lived, Mr. Grote gives us a curious extract from Wakefield’s “Adventures in New Zealand.” Having quoted from the “Iliad” the scene where Achilles, slaying Asteropæus, the grandson of the beautiful river Axius, admits the dignity of this descent, but asserts his own superiority in point of family, since even the river Achelôus and Oceanus himself are inferior to Zeus—

“There cannot,” says Mr. Grote, “be a better illustration of this state of feeling than what is told of the New Zealanders at the present time. The chief Heu-Heu appeals to his ancestor, the great mountain, Tonga Riro: ‘I am the Heu-Heu, and rule over you all, just

as my ancestor Tonga Riro stands.’” Heu-Heu refused permission to any one to ascend the mountain on the ground that it was his *tipuna*, or ancestor. “He constantly identified himself with the mountain, and called it his sacred ancestor. The mountains in New Zealand are accounted masculine and feminine: Tonga Riro and Taranaki, two male mountains, quarrelled about the affections of a small volcanic female mountain.”* This illustration is one of the greatest importance, as, if the state of mind in which Achilles speaks of his ancestry be at all similar to that of the New Zealander, it proves how wholly absurd it would be to translate the Greek mountains and rivers in the pedigrees of the heroes into human ancestors.

Ampère† illustrates the nature of the *mythe* very happily, by comparing it with the *sagas* of the North. The *saga* is, according to him, a spontaneous product of the intellect, not capable of being correctly designated, either as history, or as fiction, or as philosophy: “La *saga* a son existence propre comme la poésie, comme l’histoire, comme le roman. Elle n’est pas la poésie parcequ’elle n’est pas chantée, mais parlée; elle n’est pas l’histoire parcequ’elle est dénuée de critique;—elle n’est pas le roman, parcequ’elle est sincère, parcequ’elle a foi en ce qu’elle raconte. Elle n’invente pas, mais répète; elle peut se tromper, mais elle ne ment jamais. Ce récit souvent merveilleux, que personne ne fabrique sciemment, et que tout le monde altère et falsifie sans le vouloir, qui se perpétue à la manière des chants primitifs et populaires—ce récit, quand il se rapporte, non à un héros, mais à un Saint s’appelle une légende.” Throughout Greece these fanciful growths, rather than conscious creations of mind, were everywhere met:—

“They formed the staple of the uneducated Greek mind, upon which history and philosophy were by so slow degrees superinduced; and they continued to be the aliment of ordinary thought and conversation, even after history and philosophy had partially supplanted the mythical faith among the leading men, and disturbed it more or

* “Wakefield’s Adventures in New Zealand.”

† “Histoire Littéraire de la France.”

less in the ideas of all. The men, the women, and the children of the remote dæmes and villages of Greece, to whom Thucydides, Hippocratès, Aristotle, or Hipparchus were unknown, still continued to dwell upon the local fables which formed their religious and patriotic antiquity; and Pausanias, even in his time, found everywhere divine or heroic legends yet alive, precisely of the type of the old epic; he found everywhere the conceptions of religious and mythical faith, co-existent with those of positive science, and contending against them at more or less of odds, according to the temper of the individual. Now it is the remarkable characteristic of the Homeric age, that no such co-existence or contention had yet begun. The religious and mythical point of view covers, for the most part, all the phenomena of nature; the conception of invariable sequence exists only in the background, itself personified under the name of the *Moræ*, or Fates, and produced generally as an exception to the omnipotence of Zeus for all ordinary purposes; voluntary agents, visible and invisible, impel and govern everything. Moreover this point of view is universal throughout the community—adopted with equal fervour, and carried out with equal consistency by the loftiest minds, and by the lowest. The great man of that day is he who, penetrated like others with the general faith, and never once imagining any other system of nature than the agency of these voluntary Beings, can clothe them in suitable circum-

stances and details, and exhibit in living body and action those types which his hearers dimly prefigure. Such men were the authors of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*; embodying in themselves the whole measure of intellectual excellence which their age was capable of feeling: to us, the first of poets, but to their own public, religious teachers, historians, and philosophers besides, inasmuch as all that then represented history and philosophy was derived from those epical effusions, and from others homogeneous with them. Herodotus recognises Homer and Hesiod as the prime authors of Grecian belief respecting the names and generations, the attributes and agency, the forms and the worship of the gods."

We must not embarrass ourselves with an effort to distinguish the Hellenes from the Pelasgians—they are, in general, believed to be of the same blood; still, in spite of the colour given to a remarkable passage in Herodotus by Bishop Thirlwall, and more lately by Colonel Mure,* we cannot think it possible to read it without thinking that he regarded the Pelasgians as a people speaking a language essentially distinct from the Hellenes, and one which he describes as barbarous. He mentions Pelasgians existing in his own time, settled

* "A Critical History of the Language and Literature of Ancient Greece," by William Mure, of Caldwell. We have had time only to glance at Colonel Mure's book, from which, however, we promise ourselves much pleasure and instruction. We are glad to find that he is as firm a believer in the one true Homer as ourselves. His examination of the structure of each of the great poems, and the connection of the parts with each other, is, to our understanding, decisive of the controversy. His delineations of the principal characters are, in general, very happy: take for instance that of Helen:—

"Helen is the female counterpart of Paris. Daughter of an illustrious royal house, the most beautiful princess of her age, she is wedded in extreme youth to a husband who, however worthy of her choice, seems not to have engaged her affections. She becomes, consequently, an easy victim of the fascinating adventurer, destined by the goddess of love as her future partner. Helen, as frequently happens with frail women, a natural result, perhaps, of the same susceptibility in which their failings originate, is distinguished by tenderness of heart and kindly disposition. Traces of better principle seem also to lurk under the general levity of her habits. Though a faithful consort to Paris, who, on his part, is no way deficient in the duties of husband or lover, she still entertains a fond remembrance of her days of youthful innocence. She looks back at times with remorse and regret, almost with longing desire, to her native land, her deserted child, and the home of her fathers; and is as ready to acknowledge and condemn her own faults, as to appreciate the opposite virtues of others. The finer touches with which her portrait is worked up, are all of the more delicate dramatic description. In the emotion she displays at the invitation of Æneas to go forth to the ramparts and witness the preparation for the duel between her past and present husband; in her dignified advance to the admiring old senators; in her grief and self-reproach at the distant view of her countrymen and former friends; in her petulant argument with her patron goddess, after the defeat of Paris; in the taunts thrown out against his cowardice, coupled with returning fondness for his person; in her frank acknowledgment to Hector of the common failings of herself and lover; and in her affectionate lamentation for the fate of her noble brother-in-law, mingled with selfish tears for her own distresses, are exhibited to the life all the finer features of that mixed female character, which, while we pity and condemn, we are constrained to love and admire."

on the Hellespont, who spoke a "barbarous" language.

Mr. Mure differs from those who endeavour to persuade themselves that difference of dialect is alone meant in this passage; and yet we are not sure that the difference between him and them is as great as he thinks. He imagines that Pelasgian differed from Hellenic, as Swedish from German, as Italian from Spanish; that a difference of this kind would be, in the absence of the critical art, such as would render it unlikely that Herodotus should see any but the points of difference, and that this interpetration of his words would express their full meaning.

It is, however, perhaps wrong to give the word "barbarous" so fixed a meaning in the days of Herodotus as it acquired in after times. If used in the restricted sense of foreign, in some passages, it does not appear to have been uniformly so used, or, if so, there are irreconcilable statements on this same subject of the Pelasgians in "Herodotus." We are told of them—

"Formerly the Pelasgians sacrificed all sorts of victims to the gods with prayer, as I was informed at Dodona; but they gave no surname or name to any of them—for they had not yet heard of them; but they called them gods, because they had set in order and ruled all things. Then, in course of time, they learned the names of the other gods that were brought from Egypt, and, after some time, that of Bacchus. Concerning the names, they consulted the oracle of Dodona; for this oracle is accounted the most ancient of those that are in Greece, and was then the only one. When, therefore, the Pelasgians inquired at Dodona, 'Whether they should receive the names that came from *Barbarians*?' the oracle answered 'that they should.' From that time, therefore, they adopted the names of the gods in their sacrifices, and the Grecians afterwards received them from the Pelasgians."*

To us, however, the question does not seem of much importance. The distinctions between men are, after all, not derived from difference of origin. Men are what climate and society make of them; and two or three generations, in changed circumstances of

society and climate, are sufficient to blot out most of what would seem to be fixed distinctions of blood. The hare becomes white in Lapland: the cockney becomes humanised in Connaught—he is changed into a savage, to be sure, but it is, as his newspapers say, a step in the right direction; and he will soon become acclimated, and undistinguishable from a native; and his children will be found speaking, not their old Pelasgian cockney, but very tolerable English.

The nature of their country, broken by mountains, and surrounded and indented, almost islanded everywhere by the sea, made the Greeks what they were. Each state was a separate integer: it had no connection with the others. They shrunk from centralisation; and though the common name was a bond of union to all, yet each had its own distinct mode of government—its own peculiar institutions and cast of manners—its own traditions; and the common language was broken into dialects, often unintelligible beyond the immediate locality where they prevailed. The common name—Hellas—was one that did not at all times include the same extent of ground, or the same peoples. At times, it was denied that it properly belonged to the Macedonians—at times it was extended to the most remote colonies that traced their kindred to Grecian ancestors. The Southern Greeks often seemed anxious to establish that they were of a different family of man from that which peopled the North; yet in this the evidence of facts seems against the probability of their being right; for on their northern boundaries were the temples and oracles which were held sacred by the states furthest removed from them in local position. Of the Hellenes themselves, the name and original home—if home is the word for the plains over which Nomade tribes wandered—seems to have been Thessaly. Dodona was the holy place in the time of the Pelasgians; afterwards Olympus became the chief sanctuary of all the peoples that called themselves Hellenes. Though this feeling passed away, and the honors of the Olympian Zeus were transferred to other lo-

* "Euterpe," 52.

calities, yet the fact that Southern Greece regarded the oracles and gods of the Northern boundaries as objects of peculiar veneration, is scarcely likely to have arisen from any other cause than the fact of this being the locality with which they were originally connected.

To the configuration of the Grecian territory, Mr. Grote ascribes two important characteristics of the people: they were thus protected from "those invasions from the interior which necessarily subjugated all their continental colonies, and it, at the same time, rendered each fraction more difficult to be attacked by the rest, so as to exert a certain conservative influence in assuring the tenure of actual possession;" that, while they were thus protected from conquest, they were kept politically disunited; and thus was

"Fostered that powerful principle of repulsion, which disposed even the smallest township to constitute itself a political unit apart from the rest, and to resist all idea of coalescence with others, either amicable or compulsory. To a modern reader, accustomed to large political aggregations, and securities for good government through the representative system, it requires a certain mental effort to transport himself back to a time when even the smallest town clung so tenaciously to its right of self-legislation. Nevertheless such was the general habit and feeling of the ancient world, throughout Italy, Sicily, Spain, and Gaul: among the Hellenes it stands out more conspicuously, for several reasons—first, because they seem to have pushed the multiplication of autonomous units to an extreme point, seeing that even islands not larger than Pepparêthos and Amorgos had two or three separate city-communities; secondly, because they produced, for the first time, in the history of mankind, acute systematic thinkers on matters of government, amongst all of whom the idea of the autonomous city was accepted as the indispensable basis of political speculation; thirdly, because this incurable subdivision proved finally the cause of their ruin, in spite of pronounced intellectual superiority over their conquerors; and lastly, because incapacity of political coalescence did not preclude a powerful and extensive sympathy between the inhabitants of all the separate cities, with a constant tendency to fraternise for numerous purposes, social, religious, recreative, intellectual, and æsthetic. For these reasons, the indefinite multiplication of self-governing towns, though in truth a phenomenon common to ancient Europe, as contrasted with the large monar-

chies of Asia, appears more marked among the ancient Greeks than elsewhere: and there cannot be any doubt that they owe it, in a considerable degree, to the multitude of insulating boundaries which the configuration of their country presented."

Of the heroic times, Homer is the sole authority; and yet from his poems a whole state of society may be created for the imagination; but on this we cannot now dwell. In his day the Greeks had not yet the common name of Hellenes, nor was there any bond between the different states other than what was implied in the feelings of a common parentage. This community of blood was afterwards dwelt on as the chief tie which bound together the Hellenic aggregate. "The four ties," says Mr. Grote, who quotes a passage of "Herodotus," which does not however take the more formal division as to modern histories, were: "1st—Fellowship of blood; 2nd—Fellowship of language; 3rd—Fixed domiciles of gods, and sacrifices common to all; 4th—Like manners and dispositions."

The fellowship of blood must not be taken too strictly; the evidence, when examined, of any society formed on the early monarchical or patriarchal principle, exhibits not a family derived from one parentage, but more generally relations arising from conquest. In Scotland we believe that in no case is the head of the tribe of the same race with his clan; and yet there the fiction is, or was carried out so perfectly, that, in spite of the Norwegian descent of many of the chiefs, there is not a man of the tribe who does not claim kindred with the rest. Of the fellowship of language, that could scarcely have been of the effect which the words would first suggest, when the many dialects—the grammarians have only mentioned the more important—rendered the natives of one district unintelligible to those of the next, though all those dialects were referrible to an ideal language, nowhere spoken, which was supposed to be that from which all deflected. The third bond was, perhaps, the strongest; in it are to be included the Olympic, Pythian, Nemean, and Isthmian games; in it are to be also regarded the ceremonies in honour of deceased ancestors, and the amusements first arising in particular localities, but to

which, as to the tournaments in the middle ages, all recognised as Hellenes were welcomed. The games were a part of the religion of the Greeks, no less than the sacrifices. "The habit of common sacrifice, on a small scale, and between near neighbours, is a part of the earliest habits of Greece." Sending a sacred legation, proposing to assist at each other's sacrifices, and the recreations that accompanied them, was the first form in which fraternity was expressed between neighbouring villages. The village festival was increased by the addition of neighbouring hamlets and towns, and finally ended in the crowds assembling from all Greece to the solemnities of the Olympic and Pythian games. During the month of these solemnities, the city in which they were celebrated had its territory inviolable; it was itself obliged to refrain from aggression, and its heralds, crowned with garlands, had to proclaim the truce. Something was thus won for humanity from the horrors of war, and for a while there was peace, and the truce gave the opportunity of composing differences. "Sometimes the tendency to religious fraternity took a form called an Amphictiony, different from the common festival." A certain number of towns entered into a religious partnership for periodical sacrifices to the god of a temple which was regarded as common property. One of the number was perpetual administrator of the sacrifices. The word amphictiony means "neighbour." And from these sacrifices all others than the members of the partnership were excluded. Of these amphictionic assemblages Mr. Grote gives us several cases, before mentioning the great one called the Amphictionic Council. Of the amphictionic council, Mr. Grote's estimate is lower than that which is generally formed. He regards it as but one of many similar institutions. Its special object was the care of the temple of Delphi, the watching over its interests, and the protection of its treasures. "If any one shall plunder the property of the god, or shall be cognizant thereof, or shall take treacherous counsel against the things in the temple, we will punish him with foot, and hand, and voice, and by every means in our power." This was the amphictionic oath. Mr. Grote thinks that the thought of abstinence from injury,

as well as regard to mutual protection, embodied in the amphictionic obligations, obtained thus a place in men's minds, and an independent force of their own. This was, no doubt, the fact; and in the early days of violence, this, like the other amphictionies, must have had great and continued influence; but in the latter periods it became little more than a political engine, and when used as such, its value, as a religious institution, was at an end, or was deeply impaired.

Among the ties that united the Greeks was, no doubt, their common superstition. Besides Delphi, and Dodona, both sacred beyond all historic recollection, there were oracles every where through Greece. Apollo had temples in Boeotia, in Phocia, in Lycia, and in a hundred other places. Zeus gave answers at Olympus; Poseidon, at Tænarus; Amphiaræus, at Thebes; Amphilochus, at Malus.

In all things the Greeks were superstitious—no journey was undertaken—nothing was done without an effort to learn what view the gods were likely to take of the matter; cocks were sacrificed to Æsculapius—the interiors of chickens were examined, with the intention of divining what was the will of heaven in something of no seeming consequence whatever. This was a tendency universal with the Greeks—and wherever a temple or an oracle could be found, there every one of Hellenic blood was sure to be a worshipper or an inquirer. But Delphi, above all other places, commanded the veneration of all—and unanimity was created in the incohesive parts called by the common name of Hellas—the several states, and the numerous colonies—by the announcement that an expedition had been sanctioned—a general approved of—or the field of battle designated by the oracle. Mr. Grote finds a similarity between the Grecian states, in that in which they differed from the contemporary Carthaginians, Egyptians, Persians, &c. "In no city of historical Greece did there prevail either human sacrifices, or deliberate mutilation—such as cutting off the nose, hands, feet, &c.; or selling children into slavery; or polygamy; or the feeling of unlimited obedience towards one man." Running, wrestling, boxing, with the body perfectly naked,

were common to all the Greeks, and were by other nations regarded as unseemly.

"Of such customs, indeed, at once common to all the Greeks, and peculiar to them as distinguished from others, we cannot specify a great number; but we may see enough to convince ourselves that there did really exist, in spite of local differences, a general Hellenic sentiment and character, which counted among the cementing causes of an union apparently so little assured.

"For we must recollect, that in respect to political sovereignty, complete disunion was among their most cherished principles. The only source of supreme authority to which a Greek felt respect and attachment, was to be sought within the walls of his own city. Authority seated in another city might operate upon his fears—might procure for him increased security and advantages, as we shall have occasion hereafter to show with regard to Athens and her subject allies—might even be mildly exercised, and inspire no special aversion: but still the principle of it was repugnant to the rooted sentiment of his mind, and he is always found gravitating towards the distinct sovereignty of his own *Boulé* or *Ekklesia*. This is a disposition common both to democracies and oligarchies, and operative even among the different towns belonging to the same subdivision of the Hellenic name—Achæans, Phocians, Bœotians, &c. The twelve Achæan cities are harmonious allies, with a periodical festival which partakes of the character of a congress,—but equal and independent political communities: the Bœotian towns under the presidency of Thebes, their reputed metropolis, recognise certain common obligations, and obey, on various particular matters, chosen officers named *Bœotarchs*,—but we shall see, in this as in other cases, the centrifugal tendencies constantly manifesting themselves, and resisted chiefly by the interests and power of Thebes. That great, successful, and fortunate revolution which merged the several independent political communities of Attica into the single unity of Athens, took place before the time of authentic history: it is connected with the name of the hero Theseus, but we know not how it was effected, and it forms a signal exception to Hellenic tendencies generally."

We fear that we have done little to remove the difficulty of understanding the precise position of the Grecian states to each other. No abridgement of Mr. Grote's arguments can do justice to them. The work must be itself studied, and read over and over again. Language, however carefully selected, is not unlikely to mislead, where all the phænomena differ so

essentially from the experience of modern life. The right of intermarriage, and of acquiring land and property, was occasionally granted by a city to some individual freeman, as matter of special favour—and sometimes, though very rarely, reciprocated generally between two separate cities. But the obligations between one city and another, or between the citizen of the one, and the citizen of the other, are all matters of especial covenant, agreed to by the sovereign authority in each. But co-existence of entire political severance, with so much fellowship in other ways, is perplexing in modern ideas, and modern language is not well furnished with expressions to describe Greek political phenomena.

"The right of intermarriage and of acquiring landed property was occasionally granted by a city to some individual non-freeman, as matter of special favour, and sometimes (though very rarely) reciprocated generally between two separate cities. But the obligations between one city and another, or between the citizen of the one and the citizen of the other, are all matters of special covenant, agreed to by the sovereign authority in each. Such coexistence of entire political severance with so much fellowship in other ways, is perplexing in modern ideas, and modern language is not well furnished with expressions to describe Greek political phenomena. We may say that an Athenian citizen was an *alien* when he arrived as a visitor in Corinth, but we can hardly say that he was a *foreigner*: and though the relations between Corinth and Athens were in principle *international*, yet that word would be obviously unsuitable to the numerous petty autonomies of Hellas, besides that we require it for describing the relations of Hellenes generally with Persians or Carthaginians. We are compelled to use a word such as *interpolitical*, to describe the transactions between separate Greek cities, so numerous in the course of this history."

We wish we had room for Mr. Grote's account of the laws and constitution of Sparta, in which we find the best illustration of the earlier state of Greece, and of the condition of society out of which such forms of government as existed in the heroic ages grew. The primitive constitution was monarchical. A descent from the gods was ascribed to the reigning family—and from this believed as a fact, was inferred a divine right in the monarch. The two thoughts soon became identical—and the fact of obtaining, by any

means, the kingdom, was clothed with some legendary tale of divine descent. The belief that the prosperity of the kingdom depended on the protection of the gods, and that the reigning family were the favourites of heaven, for love of whom the gods were propitious to the land, produced a spirit of submission among the people which no amount of oppression could change into resistance. In Sparta, and, perhaps, in some other of the Grecian communities, where limitations on the power of the monarch were imposed, when the government changed into a virtual oligarchy, the name of king was not abolished. In the public sacrifices, their kings presided. From their family, when a new colony was sent forth, the leaders of the emigrating tribes were selected; the feeling of their divine origin never passed away. The kingly government lasted longer in Sparta than in the states governed on the same primitive model. "The period between 650 and 500 before Christ, witness the rise and downfall of many despots and despotic dynasties, each in its own separate city." Then for a while an oligarchy rules, and there is a political struggle between the people, felt and recognised as such, and the oligarchy. The feeling of divine right does not sustain the oligarchy as it did the ancient kings; but in these contests military education and military spirit cease to be cultivated—and mercenary troops are called in, and foreigners interfere—"The despot, with his standing body-guard, becomes again a characteristic of the time; a tendency partially counteracted, but never wholly subdued by Aratus, and the Actæan league of the third century, B.C."

The result of these contests in most of the Grecian communities, was, the abolition of the kingly power. In Sparta it survived to the last. Mr. Grote assigns as causes for this, the fact, that in the co-ordinate lines of its kings, for five centuries, neither house was ever without male descendants, and thus the element of the divine right assumed by the dynasty was not disturbed by any change in the channel through which the royal blood seemed to flow; the habit of unquestioning assent went on. There were limitations, too, on the regal

power; seeming limitations, which in reality but strengthened the power they were unable to resist. Such was the senate of twenty-eight; twenty-eight very old men, chosen indiscriminately from all the Spartan families. Then came the Council of the Ephors—"originally a defensive board, like the Roman tribunes, intended as a restraint upon abuse of power in the kings, but afterwards expanding into a paramount and irresponsible executive directory. The ephors encroached, as far as they could, on the royal power, but never sought to abolish it. The power of the kings became, thus, more limited, but was fenced in, and its continuance secured, by the interest which the ephors had in not altogether altering the mode or the forms of government. The feeling of the people, too, at Sparta, was contrasted with that at Athens; they disliked and discouraged all investigation into the conduct of their public officers; public speaking they contemned; and interference of the citizens, in judicial matters, or in politics, never took place.

Hellas, with the exception of Sparta, got rid of kingship, and the smallness and concentration of the respective states rendered it easy to substitute republican forms of government. A widely-extended political society can scarcely exist as one, except with some such visible symbol as a monarch to express the national identity. In Europe, through the middle ages, smallness of territory seems the only condition on which it was thought possible to have republics. Mr. Grote is anxious to express these considerations, for the purpose of shewing that the causes which led to monarchical institutions in modern Europe did not exist in historical Greece. He wishes that we should understand the feeling universal among the Greeks towards the idea of a king. The primitive sentiment entertained towards the heroic king died out, passing, first into indifference—next, after experience of the despots, into determined antipathy.

"To an historian like Mr. Mitford, full of English ideas respecting government, this anti-monarchical feeling appears of the nature of insanity, and the Grecian communities like madmen without a keeper; while the greatest of all benefactors is the hereditary

king who conquers them from without—the second-best is the home-despot who seizes the acropolis and puts his fellow-citizens under coercion. There cannot be a more certain way of misinterpreting and distorting Grecian phenomena than to read them in this spirit, which reverses the maxims both of prudence and morality current in the ancient world. The hatred of kings as it stood among the Greeks (whatever may be thought about a similar feeling now) was a pre-eminent virtue, flowing directly from the noblest and wisest part of their nature: it was a consequence of their deep conviction of the necessity of universal legal restraint—it was a direct expression of that regulated sociality which required the control of individual passion from every one without exception, and most of all from him to whom power was confided. The conception which the Greeks formed of an irresponsible One, or of a king who could do no wrong, may be expressed in the pregnant words of Herodotus: 'He subverts the customs of the country: he violates women: he puts men to death without trial.' No other conception of the probable tendencies of kingship was justified either by a general knowledge of human nature, or by political experience as it stood from Solon downward: no other feeling than abhorrence could be entertained for the character so conceived: no other than a man of unprincipled ambition would ever seek to invest himself with it."

The conception of monarchy, as it exists in modern Europe, never entered into the thoughts of the Greek:—

"When the Greeks thought of a man exempt from legal responsibility, they conceived him as really and truly such, in deed as well as in name, with a defenceless community exposed to his oppressions; and their fear and hatred of him was measured by their reverence for a government of equal law and free speech, with the ascendancy of which their whole hopes of security were associated—in the democracy of Athens more, perhaps, than in any other portion of Greece. And this feeling, as it was one of the best in the Greek mind, so it was also one of the most widely spread—a point of unanimity highly valuable amidst so many points of dissension. We cannot construe or criticise it by reference to the feelings of modern Europe, still less to the very peculiar feelings of England, respecting kingship; and it is the application, sometimes explicit and sometimes tacit, of this unsuitable standard, which renders Mr. Mitford's apprecia-

tion of Greek politics so often incorrect and unfair."

It is impossible to do justice, in a single paper, to this work. We have scarcely touched on the parts most likely to attract public attention. The narrative is, throughout, animated—throughout eloquent. On such a subject as Greece, every topic connected with which has excited controversy, it would be impossible that an original thinker could do otherwise than feel himself compelled to argue every inch of the ground. There is scarce a statement can be made which must not be guarded with parenthesis within parenthesis, to prevent misconception, which will, after all, arise. Of the Greek mind this is the only history which gives anything like an adequate representation; and in Mr. Grote's work, in spite of all that has been done by Thirlwall, whose narrative is more lucid than Grote's, by Mitford, and by others, whose names did not seem destined so soon to be altogether eclipsed, Mr. Grote's is the only book in which we feel that the movements, whether in peace or war, are those of political communities, not of individual men.

It seems strange that it should have been given to a man, dwelling "in the clouded chambers of the north," to have been the first, distinctly, to convey in words—we will not say himself to see, for much of what he has so well interpreted has been, in one way or other, the subject of a good deal of speculation both in England and on the Continent—the total impression which a view of heroic and legendary Greece is fitted to create. We must return to the subject of Greece, and to Mr. Grote's book, of which the interest increases in each successive volume.

But with respect to the early poetical and romantic traditions, and their effect on the people whose character they, in a great degree, helped to create, let us quote the language of a true poet. Our article has opened with the words of Wordsworth; not less beautiful are those of De Vere,* with which we conclude:—

* Lines written at Delphi, "Search after Proserpine," &c.

" Phœbus Apollo ! loftiest shape of all
 That glorified the range of Grecian song,
 By Poet hymned or Shepherd, when the rocks
 Confessed the first bright impress of thy feet ;
 By many an old man praised when Thracian blasts
 Sang loud, and pine-wood stores began to fail ;
 Served by the sick man searching hill and plain
 For herb assuasive ; by sad maidens courted
 On whose pure lip thy fancied kiss descended
 Softly as vernal beam on primrose cold :
 By Fortune's troubled Favourites oft-time sued
 For dubious answer, then when Fate malign,
 Beyond the horizon of high Hopes ascending,
 Her long fell glance had cast on them—Apollo !
 Who, what wert thou ? Let those who read thy tale
 In clouded chambers of the North, reply,
 ' An empty dream ! '—bid them fling far the scroll,
 The dusty parchment put aside for ever,
 Or scan with light from thy Parnassian skies !
 For commentator's lamp give them thine orb
 Flaming on high, transfixing cloud and billow
 Or noon-tide laurel—(as the Zephyr strikes,
 Daphne once more shrinks trembling from thy beams)—
 Were these but fancies ? O'er the world they reared
 The only empire verily universal
 Founded by man—for Fancy heralds Thought ;
 Thought Act ; and nations Are as they Believe.
 Strong were such fancies—strong not less than fair.
 The plant spontaneous of Society
 In Greece, by them with stellar power was dewed,
 And, nursed by their far influence, grew and flourished,—
 A state of order and fair fellowship,
 Man with man walking, not in barbarous sort
 His own prey finding, each, and his own God—
 A state of freedom, not by outward force
 Compressed, or ice-like knit by negatives ;
 A frank communion of deep thoughts with glad,
 Light cares with grave—a changeful melody
 Varying each moment, yet in soul the same—
 A temple raised for beauty and defence.—
 An armed dance held for a festival—
 A balanced scheme that gave each power a limit,
 Each toil a crown, and every art her Muse—
 O ! frank and graceful life of Grecian years !
 Whence came thy model ? From the Grecian heaven !
 The loves and wars of Gods, their works and ways,
 Their several spheres distinct yet interwoven,
 By Greece were copied on a lesser stage.
 Our thoughts soar high to light our paths on earth.
 Terrestrial circles from celestial take
 Their impress in man's science. Stars unreached
 Our course o'er ocean guide. Orphean sounds
 The walls of cities raised—thus mythic bards
 For all the legislators legislated ! "

LOVE.

A laughing child, one sunny morn, went forth among the flowers,
 And merrily the little one had gamboll'd there for hours ;
 Peeping beneath the green leaves, beneath each tiny spray,
 Where, in the slender flower-cups, the pearly dew-drops lay—
 Among the blue forget-me-nots and moss beneath his feet,
 Where sprung the pale sweet primroses, and nestled violets sweet ;
 But he looked up from the flowers with sorrowful surprise,
 And a cloud of disappointment came over his bright eyes.
 Returning to her knee again, "Oh, mother," said the child,
 "I have sought him in the garden, and in the field-flowers wild :
 You told me Love was beautiful, and made earth bright and gay,
 And I have sought him, mother, in all bright things to-day."
 "My child, Love is a feeling, a thing you cannot see :
 'Twas Love made God give all these things so fair and good to thee :
 'Tis Love, when her dear child is good, mamma such pleasure gives."—
 "Yes, now, but tell me, mother, where is it that he lives?"

Time with unceasing flight swept on, and swift years, nine or ten,
 Had the flowers of summer withered, and winter brought again,
 When out upon a bowling-green, one clear and frosty day,
 Were many bright-faced merry boys, escaped from school to play :
 Some, busied round the marble-ring, held forth its boisterous law,
 As from the well-curved forefinger flew out the conquering taw :
 Some 'gainst the gable of the school plied well the bounding ball,
 Some played at common on the green, with merry cheer and call ;
 But away from all the rest stands a pale-faced little boy,
 As though their boisterous games of strength could give him little joy :
 Silent and sad he stands alone, when near he hears his name,
 As a manly, curly playfellow from out the bright crowd came.

"Will you come with me, Neddy?—I'm tired of all the noise :
 Come with me home through the green fields ; we'll leave the boisterous boys."
 He brought him to his own home, and his little sister there,
 Where the weak boy might find play-fellows, and pleasures he could share ;
 And when he saw his brightening face, and look of childish glee,
 He felt himself far happier than with the boys to be ;
 Put his arms about his mother's neck, and, giving her a kiss,
 Said, "Now, dear mother, now, I'm sure, I know it : isn't this
 The thing I used to look for, and of which you used to tell?
 I have found it all out now, mother, for I love Ned so well!"

"My child, that you love Neddy, and our little Ellen, too,
 And love papa, and love mamma, I grant is very true ;
 But when my boy is grown a man, handsome, and great, and tall,
 He will not tell his mother, then, that now he knew at all."

As waves upon the sandy beach, that chase each other on,
 Again upon the shores of life the years have come and gone,
 And as the rolling waves efface the foot-prints left before,
 Of many things the boy's heart knew, the answer is, "No more!"
 No more he'll hear his mother's voice, nor press his father's hand,
 And Ellen, now, and Edward, too, are in a distant land.
 No more of childhood's pleasures now, the joys he used to own,
 And in a busy, boisterous world, he feels himself alone.

The faint light of the earliest dawn is through the shutters stealing,
 The paleness and the sadness of the student's face revealing :

His unextinguished taper in the daylight flickers drearily,
And now upon his hand he leans his aching forehead wearily.
He has passed a night of anguish ; some softening thoughts recall
The memories of days gone by, and fast the sad tears fall.

He thinks of home long, long ago, of all the loved ones gone,
And feels that through such trials dark his heart must still throb on ;
But, more than all, he thinks of a broken faith and vow,
On which the first time in his life the sun is rising now ;
A vision burst upon him, a being fair and light,
It seemed as if no cloud could fall upon a thing so bright ;
Her love (oh, do not love belie, by giving it the name),
Her fancy, was a fleeting thing, that went even as it came—
A flower of the spring-time that on his pathway grew,
And even before the summer came had blown and withered too.
And he—he had not loved her, though the paleness of his cheek,
And the falling of his bitter tears an anguished heart bespeak :
The sobs that even now burst forth from out his manly breast,
A feeling infinitely more than her's was worth, attest ;
For to a true and generous soul deceit must give a pain,
To bear which cold and silently, even manhood's strength were vain ;
And words were vain to paint it, and few and sad were they
That now fell from his pale cold lips at the breaking of the day.

Oh, heaven ! did I not love her. Oh, Alice, can it be,
That after all thy plighted truth 'tis thus thou art to me ;
That newer friends and brighter hours of joy can thus have changed,
And in a few short months from me your every thought estranged ;
Your heart given to another thus, without one sad look cast
To the lost dream of happiness we've wakened from at last—
To the shared thoughts that bound us, the vows that seemed so true,
To all the wealth of love, Alice, I lavished upon you ;
And now, without a tearful eye, or backward look of pain,
You leave this crushed heart breaking, this fever-maddened brain ?
Is love, then, but a phantasy, a momentary beam,
And have I sought from childhood for a shadow and a dream ?
For, ever since my childhood's years, upon life's stormy sea,
Love shone, in storm and calm alike, a beacon-light to me ;
Oh ! have I reached that beacon-light to find it shine no more,
My bark with all its treasure wrecked upon a barren shore ?
No, rather let me know that still the beacon burns the same—
That I have taken for the true some false light's idle flame ;
That still within this heart of mine love's flame unkindled lies,
And in its true, pure, manly strength, that it may yet arise ;
For now I feel that her's was not the heart, the soul, the mind,
This larger will, this loftier aim, these nobler thoughts to bind.

Be comforted, poor suffering heart, your mother is not here,
Or soothingly she'd whisper now into her dear son's ear,
Of hope and peace in days to come, of comfort from above—
And that on earth he yet may find pure, truthful, genuine love.

It was a summer's quiet eve, just such as gives the feeling
Of the silence that all nature wears, o'er sense and spirit stealing—
As when a word too loudly breathed might break the wondrous spell,
And a gentle, quiet joyousness, in all things seem to dwell ;
The closing twilight, deepened by the green arch overhead,
Where the great trees meet so closely with their dusky arms outspread ;
The sun, even like a miser who has hoarded all day long
His wealth, now lavishly poured forth a ruddy light, and strong ;
Half of the trees' old trunks seemed gold, half' dipt in rosy wine,
And thousand lights of different hues among the branches shine ;

Through every breach in the green leaves rains down a ruddy glow,
Till you might deem 'twas melted gold lay on the road below.
There, leaning 'gainst a stout old tree, with eyes fixed on the beam,
Stands one whose thoughts seem far away, or buried in a dream ;
And dreamily the twilight shades fall round his manly form,
And, in the evening light, his face is glowing bright and warm :
Placid and light the open brow, fair seat of candid truth,
With all the stamp of thoughtful years, the openness of truth,
The joyous mouth soft-wrapped in smiles ; so lost in thought is he,
That you might almost deem the man some statue that you see.

A shadow crossed the sunbeam that lay upon the ground,
And eyes met his, uplifted eyes, that made his strong heart bound ;
A flush of joyous gladness came o'er the girl's fair face,
Then as quick to sudden paleness the rosy hue gave place ;
And pausing for a moment there, her onward step was stayed,
She stood as if half-doubtingly, half-tremblingly afraid.
He knew full well the feeling those blue eyes fain would hide,
He knew full well those trembling lips would scarcely deign to chide.
That moment's hesitation, that pause, had told him more
Than many spoken words could do, or chiding o'er and o'er ;
A word, a look, an outstretched hand, his arm is round her thrown—
“ Oh, do not doubt me, Edda, this heart is all thine own ! ”
He reads an answer in those eyes, with bright tears filling now,
And with a gentle hand puts back the dark locks from her brow ;
He drew the trembler nearer, laid the pale face on his breast,
And tenderly and soothingly he hushed her fears to rest.
The deep'ning glow of sunset, and the song of birds around them—
The peacefulness of evening in its quiet gladness bound them—
He felt that now the sunshine and the leaves might pass away,
And the dreariness of winter-time replace the summer's day ;
But, while true to each other, one heart, one thought, one soul
Were theirs, beyond all time or change, or even death's control.
There's a something now in his dark eyes, he hath no need to speak,
As he looks upon that fair light form, and on the pale soft cheek ;
It is not where the child, nor where the boy sought long ago
He would look to find the something now he seems so well to know ;
It is not in the flowers now, no, nor the stars above,
But in his own deep, earnest heart, the man would look for love.

E. A. C.

A TASTE OF FRENCH THEATRICALS.

IN A LETTER FROM AN IRISHMAN AT PARIS TO HIS FRIEND AT BALLAGHADEREEN.

Paris, Place de la Madeleine, April —, 1850.

“Here’s fine Revolution, an we had the trick to see it.”—HAMLET.

MY DEAR MIKE,—There is but one thing, beside change, that sits, *en permanence*, in Paris—politics. The *res-publica* is everywhere the *res-privata* too—and in more senses than one. While one-half of our respectable people feed on it—bureaucracy is a sort of pantheism in which most of us here have our being—the other half, awaiting in anxiety the reversion, console themselves by the freest possible use of their *pis aller* of talking on it. The republic is the vocabulic California of France, a true commonwealth of garrulity, an inexhaustible mine of those primary ingredients of French happiness—conversation, disputation, execration—the *last* more essential than ever under our mild-mannered, bayoneted *régime* of *fraternité*.

To me, however, to whom their fierce politics, in this gentle spring-time, seem little better than a social cholera, under whose influence they scream and gesticulate in spasms until they become black in the face and exanimate as the patience they address, usage has failed to commend itself in the form of second nature, and heartily tired of my inability, in the short breaks they allow me, to convince aristocratic matrons that civil war gives no assurance of domestic happiness, or respectable legislators that there are wiser politics for minorities in power than to outrage the rights of the majorities that await the succession, I determined one fine day last week to return on my first love—delightful indulgence!—and to transfer the studies of my future leisure to the neutral territory offered by the elegant gaieties and sententious classicalities of the French drama.

But alas, my friend, for the vanity of human wishes! The filthy inundation covers the stage, as all else, and from the magnificent *Théâtre de la République*, to the less ostentatious

show of the *Funambules*, there is hardly a spot where the bird unpolitical may rest the sole of its foot. Vainly did Louis the Fourteenth scheme with Moliere and Racine, or Napoleon, from hyperborean capitals, issue decrees for ever to unpoliticalise the stage—*there* the influences of despotism will ever be as transitory as itself; and, true to its essential nature and purpose, the enforced intervention is no sooner removed than the theatre, taking the impress of the great images of the time, mirrors them with fidelity back to the people.

We are, at this moment at least, as political dramatically, as we are in any other sense. Our turbulent and all-active press, with its thousand and one voices, and ten thousand eyes and arms, that penetrate everywhere, but half responds to the phrenzied cravings of our excited appetite. And notwithstanding the gaudy shreds of Imperialism that have descended on the present Executive Chief, to give authors and lessees but too probable menace of the fitful and the arbitrary, more than one of our stages already offers those characteristics of licentious political satire which Aristophanes exhibited to another Republican auditory two or three thousand years ago!

A land of liberty (for such, I gravely assure you, France has become, *by her Constitution*), we have no law, but an infinite deal of government, upon stage representation. The censorship, perished in 1848 as in 1830, with the downfall of the monarchy that raised it, and the pit row and cock-hatted policeman are now our Lord Chamberlains in ultimate appeal. We are in this matter, as in many others, in “the fix” of finding that the absence of the arbitrary is not always the presence of the equitable and the politic; and as, after 1830, the Government affected to feel it impossible to dispense with the censorship, except at an inconvenience still more troublesome even to the stage, all parties are now beginning again to discuss whether an equitable course of affairs under a settled form of

government, may not require, as one of its conditions, a preliminary, rather than an ultimate control, over theatrical representations.

Though neither I nor you, Mike, care as much about the question as for our next crop of potatoes, yet as it seems *adhuc sub judice* among certain respectable quill-drivers in the laurelled neighbourhood of Covent-Garden, I will take the liberty of saying that, from one cause or another—perhaps the people's temperament—the stage has never worked *well*, or, at all events, peaceably, here, when the curb-chain has been out of her mouth. An incident, or authority, under each epoch of dramatic liberty occurs to me, and, as briefly as I may, you shall have them. If they solve not the legislative difficulty, they throw some light on the national habitudes—

"Twenty times," in 1793, says La Harpe, "the Government people brought to bear on these peaceful asylums of intellectual pleasures (the theatres) all the instruments of war, and all the materials of siege operations. While our brave soldiers on the Meuse and the Rhine were taking by storm fortified points that were thought inexpugnable, these governing monsters were ordering thousands of soldiers, and trains of artillery against these peaceful citadels of public opinion—the scenes of comedy and tragedy."

This statement of the "liberty" in *repression*, that must be taken by people who surrender that of prevention, has almost the broadness of caricature; but it is fortified by an anecdote sufficiently striking, recorded by the same authority—

"During the representation of the 'Gracchi,'" says he, "the auditory seized the words—

"Des lois et non du sang"—

and applauded them to the echo, as their protest against the government assassinations of the day. Hereon a member of the Convention, who was seated in the first circle, rose, and in a tone of insolence reproached the auditory with applauding maxims of a counter-revolutionary tendency, sparing his coarse invectives neither to the author, one of his own colleagues, nor to the people he addressed. The public indignation forgot for a moment its fears, and the Conventionist's voice was drowned in a torrent of hissing and shouting. On this he threw into their midst his medal as representative, threatened them with chastisement, and left the theatre. The

people, who knew that the building was, as usual, surrounded by soldiers, became alarmed, and most of them made a precipitate flight. Nothing was so common in these days as such an interruption on the part of some isolated Jacobin."

After 1830, under Louis Philippe, there was much the same conflict between the passions of the people and the interests of the government in its relations with the stage. The opportunity "arbitrary" of the censor was replaced by the tardy and sometimes fatal "arbitrary" of the police prefect. In 1831, the suspension of "The trial of a Field Marshal of France"—a sort of apotheosis of Ney—within seven hours of the time fixed for its representation, threw Paris into a ferment. The contest lasted thirty-six hours, but on the second day the government, who about that time knew that a Parisian crowd was a thing which, after the fashion of the Roman ambassador, carried a revolution in its coat-skirts, called in the military, cleared the Bourse-square, shut the theatre, and left the ruined lessee to what lawyers facetiously term the remedy of our action of law—a remedy bad as the disease anywhere, and here worse. For in this country of revolutions, the *salus publica* is not only the *lex suprema*, but the *lex unica*—another form for saying that the *salus publica* is the people's private nuisance. It is too lazy and too convenient a resource not to be always under requisition by those in possession of government authority, and all my wonder is, that there are neither legislators nor juries here to see that a people's rights should out-worth a ruler's convenience. But character, my dear Mike, will always be above principle, and, talk as they may of Liberty and its handmaids, *force* will be ever the law, and right the accident of French government.

We are not yet at the end of our 1848 régime, theatrically or politically; but already conflict is in ascendant among the people, while in those over them repression has been already made to stifle what, under a sage prevention, would never have lived. At our little Vaudeville in the Place de la Bourse, ever first in the career of politics, I have seen sturdy Republicans night after night hiss, protest, and struggle like martyrs to the very gates of the Conciergerie against Royalist gibes that set audiences on the roar. The

lessee of the "Porte St. Martin" received police mandates that had less of Exeter Hall in them than the first blush might suggest to its eager auditories—viz., to suppress the Pope! The old gentleman had been addressing (for weeks) the democratic stage, much to the profit of the manager, when the hard decree of the police went forth, to efface himself. Though heartily hissed by the same nation at Paris that was hazarding some of its best blood for him at Rome, it seems hard that his Holiness should have been prevented doing something for the amusement of those in France, who in Italy were doing so much for his.

But it is at Rouen, brought as I write to the brink of an insurrection by the suspension of a politico-religious drama, that we must look for some of the probable results of the "*sans censure*" system.

"The 'Juif Errant,' says the journal of the town, "was announced up to Sunday evening. On Monday there was general surprise and dissatisfaction on learning its suspension, caused, it is believed, by the authorities, ill-informed, and anxious to give some intriguing Royalists the satisfaction of a victory.

"At six the theatre was crowded by the partisans of the suspended piece. The great majority had always been for it—the systematic opponents were never more than a dozen. All this was put to the commissary of police in charge over the theatre, but his only response was that the play had provoked contests, and for that reason would be suspended for some time—he did not know how long. This explanation was not satisfactory: hissing became the order of the evening, followed by more discordant noises. Nothing could be heard but the disturbers, and the theatre was cleared of some of the more prominent leaders—with no result, however, since the protest but took other forms, more difficult of notice or suppression. The following night, however, nothing but silence was permitted, and a disturbance arising, the theatre was entered by a hundred soldiers, bayonet in hand, knapsack on back, &c. The theatre was cleared of the disturbers, who retired, shouting out—'A bas les Jesuites!' and the actors played to empty benches!"

The disturbances removed to the exterior of the building and the streets of the town, and continuing, in one form or another, some days in succession, the authorities, according to the last account that has reached me, have closed the theatre for the season.

If all this do little to dispose of the censorship question, it discloses pretty clearly the sort of political bustle, political fermentation, and political strife, that pervade our theatrical rule, as they pervade, indeed, everything else in France.

But if the free system keep the government in perpetual anxiety, throw the people into frequent strife and excitement, make dramatic authorship precarious and theatrical investment insecure, it must still be conceded that it develops an old agency into new and varied proportions, and, with a well-ordered public, might give the stage a potency as useful as it would be formidable. We must look here, and here alone, perhaps, for the explanation of the fact that in the fever of political interest, the lassitude of commerce, and the uncertainty of tomorrow that have marked the three revolutions, there was yet no slackening of activity or success in what may be more especially called the people's theatre. In 1792 and in 1793, no less than forty theatres acknowledged the marvellous growth and expansion of dramatic patronage; and if comedy took the ascendant form in her various phases, it implies no impeachment of taste in a people to whom tragedy unfortunately was just then the gratuitous *dies* representation of every street. The *nefastæ* of the legitimists in 1830, and the Orleanists in 1848, have in the same way, as far as I can make out, found no representative adversity on the stage, one of whose happiest writers has as much truth as spirit when he recently sings:—

"Les Romains s'estimaient heureux
Avec du pain et des théâtres.
Ou a vu les Français joyeux
S'en montrer bien plus idolâtres.
N'a-t-on pas vu ce peuple, enfin,
Subsistant comme par miracle.
Pendant le jour mourir de faim,
Et le soir courir au spectacle?"

Revolutions, if scourges to humanity, are but useful fillips to the drama, as the storm that fells the cedar gives freshness to the violet; for, as with the events of our own Reformation, they beget through all classes an excitement which is only fittingly when intellectually fed. The stage, as a mere vehicle of amusement, loses its attractions with its usefulness, and when it aims no higher than the laugh

of the "dozen barren spectators" will win no more. It is not a thing of the few but of the many; and it ought not to escape useful recognition, that as people have had the feeling for a month, or year, or longer, that they were risen in the social scale, they have proportionably indulged the desire to partake of that higher and more serious education which the dramatist is, above all men, called to give them. His alone is the great teachership of a people; for around it alone can be gathered those accessories of wit, wisdom, art, science, wealth, that can make the mission at once welcome and efficient. It is his lot to bring, to *attract* the degraded mass of his fellows to a communion in whatever is high in his own mind, generous in his own nature, noble in his own character—unbarring to them the hidden life of nature, and veritable nature of life. He propagates among them the love and appreciation of the true, the just, the beautiful; and displaying them to themselves and to each other in their rights, duties, interests, and responsibilities, helps them to subjugate the narrow egotism of ill in the magnanimous selfishness of good!

The "Vaudeville," of which I have already spoken to you, is a pretty theatre, glorious in dramatic annals, showing its impudent face to the Bourse, under whose peristyled front and protection it sings, dances, and has long made a merry time of it. Built just before the Revolution of 1830, it welcomed that event in the triumph of the monied bourgeoisie, in whose lap it sits; but since February, 1848, in a spirit of consistent fidelity, not to be asked from a theatre, it has attacked almost nightly the "*escamotage*" which annihilated the empire, while imitating the example of its financial patrons. The pertness of this spoiled favourite, however, had not reached its ultimate point till the last week, when under the expressive title of "The Restoration of the Stuarts," it produced a piece which is technically, no less than by substantive character, an act of high treason to the Republic, and which under the Convention here, or long Parliament in England, pardon me the anachronism, would have sent both author and actors to the scaffold. It hardly makes a flimsy pretence at English history. The events of February, 1848, and of the Provisional Govern-

ment, are recorded in the broadest caricature and satire; legitimacy is lauded and worshipped; Lamartine, Ledru Rollin, Changarnier, dressed out and mocked more or less freely; and finally, Henry the Fifth is introduced to his beloved Parisian subjects as a sort of social saviour, opening, and guaranteeing an era of new national prosperity.

But if theatrical boldness can go no farther, neither could it reach a less success. Cleverly written, elaborately got up, the piece falls dead, still-born, on even the mercantile audience of the Rue Vivienne. There is neither sympathy for its attacks on the republic, nor applause for its suggestions of royalism. Like La Rochejaquelein's proposition of consulting the people on the choice of a king, the thing is felt by even legitimists to be out of time, too early, or too late, and the audience, rather tolerating than welcoming the clever audacity, follow the example of the members of the Assembly, by virtually moving the previous question.

It is all very well to murmur at the Republic, to fear the exercise of popular power in a constitutional shape, and to wish to be guaranteed against any parliamentary impairment of capital or income; but when the other picture is palpably brought before audiences the most conservative, and they are made to see that the "be all and end all" of even a revolution successfully essayed in the cause of order, and in the interest of property, would be at best but the placing France where she was in 1800 under Bonaparte, in 1815 under the elder Bourbons, or in 1830 under the Duke d'Orleans—hope is damped, ardour cooled, "the native hue of revolution sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought," and they prefer with Hamlet to—

"Rather bear those ills they have,
Than fly to others that they know not of."

It must be confessed, too, that the writer, in even a disgusting excess, has overdone his work; and to own the truth, I am more annoyed than surprised to find that, in the never-ending chapter of apostacy, the person whose excess of anti-republican zeal has affrighted royalism by the picture of its own success, is an author of some repute (Mr. Paul Vermond), who for several years, up indeed to the last ten days, has devoted his pen to the sys-

tematic service of radical principles, through the columns of a journal always liberal, and since 1848 warmly republican—*The Siècle*.

But in France everything is allowable to everybody in party change. The great gun of the conservative journal *Les Débats* (M. Chevalier) went off daily, and with just as much noise and effect, when in the artillery service of the Socialist Fraternité of St. Simon; and one of the most servile idolaters of imperial despotism in 1807 had produced a play in 1793 in which the hero, a patriotic husband, wins all his laurels by betraying to the "Comité Révolutionnaire" the aristocratic leanings of his fair spouse. Acknowledging at the conclusion of the piece the enthusiasm with which it had been received, this polite adulator of Josephine and Napoleon added to his successes by the assurance, that there was not a husband that heard him who in a like case would not have acted as his "Epoux Republicain!"

The secret, my dear friend, of the matter is just this: theatrical writers here—saving their presence—are very little better than the statesmen they satirise. They have, on a less profitable scale, for they are ill paid even in their apostacies, their political *girouettes* like their betters; and the felicitous *jeu d'esprit* of a *vaudevilliste* of 1800 was as applicable to himself, certainly to his "*genus*," as to the politician to whom he addressed it:—

Chauvetiste,

Maratiste,

Royaliste,

Anarchiste,

Hébertiste,

Dantoniste,

Babouviste,

Brissofin,

Girondin,

Jacobin.

Sur la liste

Longue et triste

Que forma l'esprit Robespierrieste,

Il n'existe

Pas un *iste*

Qu'en un jour

Il n'ait pris tour à tour !

At the Gymnase Theatre—our Lyceum—the Legitimist idea of a Royal return is again worked out in the same incident, under the title of "General Monk," but with discreetness, and some general fidelity to history. Comparisons, of course, suggest them-

selves, applications will come; but they are judiciously made to seem more the auditor's work than the author's.

Still, I doubt the service of the drama, or others with the same *animus*, to exiled royalty. If its partisans, whom, from their offering Emile de Girardin a million of francs, as the purchase-money of his journal and advocacy, I presume to be both active and enterprising, have brought forward the "Restoration" under these double faces, as a test or suggestion for the public opinion of Paris, the young Prince will have good reason to be dissatisfied more even with the imprudence of their essay than the discouraging nature of their result.

Need I add that the Imperialists, with so practised an adventurer at their head, are not so hopeless of their chances that they have neglected in their turn to "exploiter" the great lever of Parisian public opinion? The "Theatre National," better known to Englishmen as Franconi's Cirque, in the Boulevard du Temple, has devoted itself to all the equestrian glories of the vain-glorious Murat, and of the Imperial charlatan to whom he so long played Sancho Panza. The latter gentleman—the Petit Caporal—has been there in nightly display during the last two months, winning whatever little enthusiasm he evokes by the expression of his hatred to the *Chien Anglais*, apropos of a lady's spaniel of King Charles's breed, who feeds at his feet. The Napoleon prestige is clearly going off. The proximity of the opaque presidency excludes from popular ken and admiration Imperialist brilliancies, and there can be no better proof of the resemblance on this head of our Parisian friends to the auditors who once heard the orchestral reproach, "We have piped, but you have not danced," than the fact that this usually attractive theatre has been petitioning the Assembly through two Bonapartist representatives, aided by all kinds of Bonapartist influence, for an increase in the amount of the Government subvention.

In fact—and mark the word, my dear Mike—Imperialism is gone out in France like a candle flare stifled in its own fat, and the desperate efforts made to rekindle it will just throw enough of light on the world to make

double sure and *historic* the painful certainty.

It was not so always even in theatrical records. In 1808 "*Le passage du Mont St. Bernard*" on the boards of the *Porte St. Martin*—on my honour, the greater of the two achievements—made Paris wild with enthusiasm for the crowned soldier, who, of course, went *incog.* to *feel* his melodramatic fame, and enjoy the raptures which even the commonplaces of his career just then sufficed to excite.

The downfall of the Bourbons by the July revolution evoked a deluge of Imperialism—the name seems to take half its force from syllabing "*defiance to the foreigner*"—and the great *lessee* question of the day was, who could make most of "*The Emperor*." At the "*Odeon*" he was played by Frederick Le Maitre: at the "*Variétés*" by Cazot: at the *Opera Comique* by Genot: at the "*Vaudeville*" by Béranger: at the "*Porte St. Martin*" by Gobert: at the "*Jeux Gymniques*" by Chevalier: at the "*Gaieté*" by Joseph: at the "*Ambigu*" by Francisque: at the "*Théâtre Comte*" by the Child Isidore: at "*Franconi's*" by Edmond: at the Palais Royal by a pretty woman—the incomparable Déjazet—in all the theatres and shows in fact, and at the same time, by somebody or something! In that epidemic of Bonapartism you knew an actor on the Boulevards by his thoughtful walk and Imperial "*poses*;" and no forms or fashions seemed fated to meet one but those of the obese corse that slept in loneliness in the remote islet of St. Helena. Now that he is back in his "*Invalides*," and his nephew in the Elysée, he seems entombed under a heavier weight of popular oblivion than—odd fate!—of even Russian granite!

And now for a fair stage and no favour to the theatre of the day—the theatre of Republicanism. In straits under the monarchical keeper she has given herself, liberty seems to have chosen as her especial temple the Surrey of Paris—the "*Porte St. Martin*." There she has laughed as long as she was allowed at the Pope's canonical restoration to his subject-flock, wept over the misfortunes of her ardent Camille Desmoulins, and now triumphs in the joint successes of Toussaint l'Ouverture and Lamartine.

This negro drama of the great "*ex-provisional*"—produced the sixth of this month—has been our sensation of the spring season.

Whatever may be the *recent* doubts of English criticism, the good people here will know of none as to the position of Lamartine in French literature. His revolutionary tribuneship has left him, as a French poet, exactly as it found him—the first of his time, some will have it, of his country. The French allow, or at all events take, a freer range of social and literary enterprise than we. Britain, or rather Ireland, may boast, it is true, that exception to all rule, as to all discretion, the genius of Sheridan; and if even later years, in a *somewhat* humbler path, have shown us a Russell with his "*Don Carlos*," and a Shiel with his tragedy of "*Evadné*," I anticipate posterity in already forgetting the name, I am told that the cheeks of both gentlemen tingle with the sensations of a suppressed blush, as they recall the weakness of dramatising their want of genius, and seek the excuse of their indiscretion in the customary plea of the errors of their youth.

But here all that has been may be, and, in addition, a *tabula rasa* is offered even to statesmen, and with premiums, for the *new* and the *enterprising*. The vicissitudes of politics and morals, arising from the rapid succession of innovations in government and law, have habituated them, no less than their odd worship of the Classical and the Historic, to striking contrasts in the same career, to novel combinations in the same policy, and dazzling varieties of success in the same man. If an Ovid, therefore, tried his hand at a "*Medea*," Cæsar at an "*Edipus*," Cicero at translations of Sophocles, Seneca at a course of tragedies—the classical precedent is all-sufficient to justify what, indeed, the French public would justify without it—the Lord Byron, the Canning, the Washington of France, producing the blood and Bengal-fire melodrama of a Toussaint l'Ouverture, at a theatre where, according to my "*Strangers' Guide*," "*On joue le genre larmoyant a grands effets, un peu forcées, et contre nature!*" Yes, my dear Mike, believe it, that is Lamartine himself, the veritable Lamartine, there in the side-box, all blushes and gratitude towards the unwashed auditory of his successful drama—the

same man who, as a poet, changed French taste—as an historian, upset a throne—as an orator, raised and consolidated a republic;—the elected of ten departments—the Dictator of France!

But, “to him most that dares most,” is the rule of French literature, as of French politics, in which, of all imprudent qualities, prudence will ever be the least gainful.

It is easy to fancy that a Negro drama, odd in itself, would have commanding interest proceeding from his pen—an interest sure to be redoubled when it was known that it was to be subjected to the practical ordeal of a public representation. The first night was an event in the neighbourhood. There was no admission except by favour or long-seeing provision, and a large crowd remained excluded, waiting like Moore’s Peri at the gates of Eden, and consoling themselves when told the *beaux morceaux* that had won applause, in re-echoing the dying murmurs.

Though this curious drama, after the fashion in Dumas’ “Théâtre Historique,” lasts from seven o’clock till after midnight—for we have no fear here, my friend, I repeat, of a bit of innovation—there is, unfortunately, very little “tale,” and that little deplorably barren of incident. It is a French version of Puff’s “Spanish Armada,” without the pruning knife, or, as he calls it, the “axe,” though needing it more.

“The First of the Blacks,” successful in revolt, hears of the arrival of the French fleet and army, sent against him by “The First of the Whites.” Flattering messages from the “First Consul” urge him to submission; and his two sons, hostages with the French army, are used as instruments for his seduction. Influenced by an European monk, he adheres implicitly to the cause of his black followers; rejects the suggestions of two envious generals, who wish to depose his authority, in favour of a more democratic exercise of authority; like another Alfred, visits the enemy’s camp in disguise; is admitted to a French council of war; stabs there a Negro general who is betraying the good cause; escapes under a sharp fire of musquetry to his supporters, and after an interview with his long-absent children, whose overtures for a treaty he declines, decides on a battle, which forthwith, almost literally

reproducing the Armada battle of *The Critic*, closes the drama, without disclosing to French susceptibility—(how could it?)—the result.

“Ever while you live,” says Puff, “have two plots to your tragedy. The grand point in managing them is only to let your underplot have as little connexion with your main plot as possible;” and in strict obedience to this double canon of critical law, a second thread of action, unproductive as the first, gives us a mulatto niece of Toussaint, mixed up somewhat arbitrarily in his fortunes. She is in love with one of his sons; accompanies her uncle to the French camp; becomes a prisoner on the assassination of the Negro general; receives in her dungeon the visit of her two cousins; and then of a French general, who finds (“you see relationship, like murder, will out,” says Puff) that, instead of her lover, he is her father; is confided by him to the care of the opportune monk; and returning to the Negro fastnesses in time to be present at the family interview, is shot as the closing battle commences.

Never, surely, since the Greek tragedy, was so long a play built on so little action, with this additional drawback, that the author is only brief in making that little less. Get him into talk, and there is no end of his elegant garrulity and poetic phrasemongering:—does it not last five hours? Give him something to do, and your only wonder is, how he manages to achieve it with such graceless rapidity of execution, such uninteresting simplicity of detail. Nothing happens to his men and women as to all others. There is nothing progressive, party-coloured, fluctuating, climacteric, as in life, when anything occurs to us worth recording. He achieves with all the coldness of design and barrenness of *impromptu*, and, as if an action were but a something that interrupted the poet, and withdrew him from his darling, but fatal facility of versifying, he seems uneasy till he has disburthened himself of it, no matter how unceremoniously. Although he has in hand a struggle of race, of class, and of nations—the turning of a Negro “troupeau” into an independent people—there is no liveliness, no wit, no character, no life; and the human nature that is in it is but that of one quality, in one man, in strained elevation and tedious monotony. To use one of our

tinker's illustrations for a sublime thing, we have a huge amount of hammering, but never a nail hit fairly on the head. Under the name of a drama, or a tragedy—I don't know which it is yet to be miscalled—we are jobbed off with a succession of monologues, uttered by un "homme d'état," in a period of revolution, with the backing of a little scenic effect. Indeed, there are moments when, deceived by the massive head, the large mouth, the telling "poses," the fineness of *traits* and broadness of character of the representative of Toussaint (Frederick le Maître, the celebrated Robert Macaire) I fancied that our Daniel was again making the political stage all his own, and giving a Parisian public, with the advantage of dramatic accessories, some poeticised reminiscences of that public oratory that soared all heights—even Olympian, and reached all depths, even those of blarney.

Lamartine very evidently has been giving in a dramatic *semblance* "the meditations" he indulged in himself, when like his black hero he could say—

"Dans mes réflexions, du mot fatal suivies,
Je pèse avec la mienne un million de vies!"

The doubts, the hesitations, the fears that then marked his action, the dreamy preference that events should drift on the current of accident, or wait their shaping or guidance at the hand of Providence, come out with egotistic prominence in the black chieftain, who may be accepted as a sort of vindictory impersonation of the hesitating tribune, who, at a celebrated crisis, asked five minutes to consider whether France should be a republic or a monarchy, and who was undecided, until his very entry into the tribune, whether it should be the Assembly or the people that ought to elect the executive chief.

As taste, however, is a fair matter for individual exercise under something better than the *ipse dixit* of another, let me give you a few passages that will enable you to adjudge at once both critic and criticised. If you fail to recognise the masculine vigour you expect on your stage, you will have a very decent set-off in much of that gracefulness and sensibility that won the author his early and facile reputation.

The curtain rising displays the ne-

gro population on the sea-shore—heaven—earth—sea—all beautiful—engaged in a dance, in the intervals of singing the

MARSEILLAISE NOIRE.

"Enfants des noirs proscrits du monde,
Pauvre chair changée en troupeau,
Qui de vous-mêmes, race immonde,
Portez le deuil sur votre peau,
Relevez du sol votre tête,
Osez retrouver en tout lieu
Des femmes, des enfans, un Dieu....
Le nom d'homme est votre conquête.
Offrons à la concorde, offrons les maux soufferts,
Ouvrons (*bis*) aux blancs amis nos bras libres de fers.

"Un cri de l'Europe au tropique
Dont deux mondes sont les échos,
A fait, au nom de République,
Là des hommes, là des héros.
L'esclave enfin dans sa mémoire
Epèle un mot libérateur;
Le tyran devient rédempteur,
Enfans, à Dieu seul la victoire!

"La liberté partout est belle
Conquise par des droits vainqueurs;
Mais le sang qui coule pour elle
Tache les sillons et les cœurs.
La France à nos droits légitimes
Prête ses propres pavillons;
Nous n'aurons pas dans nos sillons
A cacher les os des victimes."

The niece of Toussaint, thoughtful and sad, crosses the stage, and we hear from her the occidental pastoral:—

"O mornes du Limbe! vallons! anses profondes
Où l'ombre des forêts descend auprès des ondes;
Où la liane en fleurs, tressée en verts arceaux,
Forme des ponts sur l'air pour passer les oiseaux;
Galets où les pieds nus, cueillant les coquillages,
J'écoute de la mer les légers babillages;
Bois touffus d'orangers, qui, respirant le soir,
Parfument mes cheveux comme un grand encensoir
Et qui, lorsque la main vous secoue ou vous penche,
Nous faites en passant la tête toute blanche!
Roseaux qui de la terre expriment tout le miel,
Où passent en chantant, si doux, les vents du ciel!
De ces climats aimés, rêveuses habitudes,
Que j'aime à vous poursuivre au fond des solitudes,
Que j'aime!....mais vos bois, vos montagnes, vos eaux,
Vos lits d'ombre ou de mousse au fond de vos berceaux,

Vos aspects les plus beaux, dont mon œil est
avide,
Me laissent toujours voir quelque chose de
vide,
Comme si de ces mers, de ces monts, de ces
fleurs
Le corps était ici, mais l'âme était ailleurs !"

The second act presents us with
Toussaint. He is in his study and
thus reviews his position :—

"Cette heure du matin si longtemps attendue,
La voilà donc ! En vain je l'avais sus-
pendue,
En vain je suppliais Dieu de la retenir ;
Pour décider de nous elle devait venir !
Entre la race blanche et la famille noire
Il fallait le combat, puisqu'il faut la victoire !
A quelle épreuve, O ciel ! cette nuit me sou-
met !
J'ai monté, j'ai monté—voilà donc le som-
met
Où mon ambition de doutes assiégée
Par ma race et par Dieu va demeurer jugée.
Moïse ainsi monta pour voir du Sinaï
Quelle route il ferait aux fils d'Andonaï ;
Du haut de sa terreur et de sa solitude
Il vit là le Jourdain et là la servitude.
Dans une heure semblable à mon anxiété,
Il y mourut de crainte et de perplexité !
Et Jéhova pourtant visitait son prophète ;
Il conduisait son peuple, il marchait à sa
tête.
Et moi ? Non, non, pardonne, O Dieu, si j'ai
douté !
Ne marches-tu donc pas devant la liberté ?
En vain dans tes secrets notre destin repose,
Le plus sur des drapeaux est une juste cause !
Oui, tu m'as suscité sur cette nation !
Ton oracle ? ce fut sa profanation,
Ce fut dans tes enfans ton image offensée ;
L'instinct qui venge l'homme est toujours ta
pensée !
Courage donc, Toussaint, voilà ton Sinaï !
Dieu se lève vengeur dans ton peuple trahi !
(Il fait quelques pas rapides, comme
soulevé par l'enthousiasme intérieur,
et retombe ensuite à genoux.)
Dans un pauvre vieux noir, cependant, quelle
audace
De prendre seul en main la cause de sa race !
De se dire : Selon que j'aurai résolu
Il en sera d'eux tous ce que j'aurai voulu !
Dans mes réflexions du mot fatal suivies
Je pèse avec la mienne un million de vies !
Si j'ai mal entendu, si j'ai mal répété
Le sens de Dieu—malheur à ma postérité !
Dieu ne sonne qu'une heure à notre déliv-
rance ;
Opprobre à qui la perd ! mort à qui la de-
vance !
(Il s'incline, touche la terre du front,
tire de son sein, un chapelet où pend
un crucifix, et pleure.)
Ah ! combien j'ai besoin d'intercéder Celui
Dont l'inspiration sur tous mes pas a lui !

Crucifié pour tous ! Symbole d'agonie
Et de rédemption !
(Il s'interrompt et reprend avec amer-
tume.)

Quelle amère ironie !
Où se heurte mon cœur lorsque je veux prier ?
Quoi ! c'est le Dieu des blancs qu'il me faut
supplier !
Ces féroces tyrans dont le joug nous insulte,
Nous ont donné le Dieu profané de leur culte,
En sorte qu'il nous faut, en tombant à genoux,
Effacer leur image entre le ciel et nous !
Eh bien ! leur propre Dieu contre eux est
mon refuge !
Il fut leur rédempteur, mais il sera leur juge !
La justice, à ses yeux n'aura plus de couleur,
Puisqu'il choisit la croix, il aime le malheur."

The monk is made to *preach* as fol-
lows :—

"Je sers un autre maître
Qui ne connaît ni blancs, ni noirs, ni nations,
Qui s'indigne là-haut de ces distinctions,
Qui d'un égal amour dans sa grandeur em-
brasse
Tous ceux qu'il anima du souffle de la grâce,
Qui ne hait que l'impie et les persécuteurs,
Et soutient de son bras les bras libérateurs.
Levons les mains vers lui pendant la sainte
lutte !
Je suis de la couleur de ceux qu'on persécute ;
Sans aimer, sans haïr les drapeaux différens,
Partout où l'homme souffre, il me voit dans
ses rangs.
Plus une race humaine est vaincue et flétrie,
Plus elle m'est sacrée et devient ma patrie.
J'ai quitté mon pays, j'ai cherché sous le ciel
Quels étaient les plus vils des enfans d'Israël,
Quels vermineux abjects, d'un talon plus
superbe,
Le pied cruel des blancs écrasait nus sur
l'herbe,
J'ai vu que c'était vous ! vous sur qui votre
peu
Du deuil de la nature étendit le drapeau,
Vous, insectes humains, vermine au feu
promise,
Contre qui la colère aux plus doux est
permise.
Que le plus vil des blancs peut encore
mépriser,
Que le fou peut railler, que l'enfant peut
briser,
Qu'un revendeur de chair vend, colporte et
transplante,
Comme un fumier vivant qui féconde une
plante,
Sans pères, sans enfans, nomades en tout lieu,
Hors la loi de tout peuple et hors la loi de
Dieu,
A qui, pour conserver plus de prééminence,
Le blanc, comme un forfait, défend l'intel-
ligence,
De peur que vous lisiez au livre du Sauveur,
Que les blancs ont un juge et les noirs un
vengeur !"

Before the council of war the disguised Toussaint declaims thus :—

“ Ne vous étonnez pas, Français, de ces abîmes

Où le noir sonde en vain ses sentimens intimes.
Comme le cœur du blanc notre cœur n'est point fait :

La mémoire y grossit l'injure et le bienfait,
En vous donnant le jour, le sort et la nature
Ne vous donnèrent pas à venger une injure ;
Vos mères, maudissant de l'œil votre couleur,
Ne vous allaient pas d'un philtre de douleur.
Dans ce monde, en entrant, vous trouvez
votre place,

Large comme le vol de l'oiseau dans l'espace.
En ordre, dans vos cœurs, vos instincts sont rangés,

Le bien, vous le payez, le mal, vous le vengez.

Vous savez, en venant dans la famille humaine,

A qui porter l'amour, à qui garder la haine :
Il fait jour dans votre âme ainsi que sur vos fronts.

La nôtre est une nuit où nous nous égarons.
La abjecte du sol, balayure du monde,
Où tout ce que la terre a de pur ou d'immonde,

Coulant avec la vie en confus élémens
Fermente au feu caché de soudains sentimens,
Et, selon que la haine ou que l'amour l'allume,
Féconde, en éclatant, la terre, ou la consume.
Nuage en proie au vent, métal en fusion,
Qui ne dit ce qu'il est que par l'explosion.

Ses fils ! ah ! je les vois encore

Grandir autour de lui, couvés comme un trésor ;

Ils étaient deux—l'un noir, l'autre brun de visage,

Egaux par la beauté, mais inégaux par l'âge.
L'un se nommait Albert, l'autre Isaac. Tous deux

Répandaient la lumière et la joie autour d'eux.

Ses genoux de leurs jeux continuel théâtre
Rassemblaient sur son cœur le noir et le mulâtre.

Baisant leur doux visage, il aimait tour à tour,

Albert comme sa nuit l'autre comme son jour,
Et cherchait sur leurs fronts, sous ses larmes amères,

La ressemblance hélas ! de leurs deux pauvres mères.

L'un était son Albert ; Albert, son premier né,

Aux nobles passions semblait prédestiné ;
Toussaint aimait en lui les reflets de son âme,
L'orgueil dans ses regards jetait de loin sa flamme

L'autre, Isaac, son frère, on aurait dit sa sœur,

Pauvre enfant, d'une femme il avait la douceur !

[Avec attendrissement.]

Il embrassait son père avec tant de tendresse
Que Toussaint se sentait fondre sous sa caresse.

Il disait à l'enfant souriant dans ses bras :
‘ Albert sera ma gloire et toi tu m'aimeras.’
Pauvres petits, hélas ! qu'ont-ils fait de leur grâce ?

Il me semble les voir et que je les embrasse.
[En étendant les bras.]

Isaac ! mon Albert ! pardon, je les aimais
Comme un père—Oh ! Toussaint, les verras-tu jamais !”

Before the bellicose denouement he is again at his declamations :—

“ Avancez,

Mes enfans, mes amis ! frères d'ignominie,
Vous que hait la nature et que l'homme renie,
A qui le lait d'un sein par les chaînes meurtri,
N'a fait qu'un cœur de fiel dans un corps amaigri,
Vous, semblables en tout à ce qui fait la bête !
Reptiles !

[Avec fierté.]

Dont je suis le venin et la tête !

Le moment est venu de piquer aux talons
La race d'opresseurs qui nous écrase. Allons !
Ils s'avancent ; ils vont, dans leur dédain superbe,

Poser imprudemment leurs pieds blancs sur notre herbe ;

Le jour du jugement se lève entre eux et nous !
Entassez tous les maux qu'ils ont versés sur vous,

Les haines, les mépris, les hontes, les injures,
La nudité, la faim, les sueurs, les tortures,
Le fouet et le bambou marqués sur votre peau,

Les alimens souillés, vils rebuts du troupeau,
Vos enfans nus suçant des mamelles séchées,
Aux mères, aux époux, les vierges arrachées,
Comme pour assouvir ses brutaux appétits,
Le tigre, à la mamelle, arrache ses petits ;
Vos membres, dévorés, par d'immondes insectes,

Pourrissant au cachot sur des pailles infectes,
Sans épouse et sans fils vos vils accouplemens,
Et le sol refusé même à vos ossemens,
Pour que le Noir partout proscriit et solitaire
Fût sans frère au soleil et sans Dieu sur la terre.

Rappelez tous les noms dont ils nous ont flétris,

Titres d'abjection, de dégoût, de mépris ;
Comptez-les, dites-les, et dans votre mémoire
De ces affronts des blancs faisons-nous notre gloire.

C'est l'aiguillon saignant qui, planté dans la peau,

Fait contre le bouvier regimber le taureau ;
Il détourne à la fin son front stupide et morne,
Et frappe le tyran, au ventre, avec sa corne.

[Qui ! oui !]

Vous avez vu piler la poussière à canon,
Avec le sel de pierre et le noir de charbon ?
Sur une pierre creuse on les pétrit ensemble ;
On charge, on bourre, et feu ! le coup part,
le sol tremble !

Avec ces vils rebuts de la terre et du feu
On a pour se tuer le tonnerre de Dieu !
Eh bien ! bourrez vos cœurs comme on fait
cette poudre,
Vous êtes le charbon, le salpêtre et la foudre.
Moi, je serai le feu, les blancs seront le but.
De la terre et du ciel misérable rebut !
Montrez, en éclatant, race à la fin vengée,
De quelle explosion le temp vous a chargée.

[Plus bas et avec beaucoup de gestes.]

Ils sont là !—là, tout près !—vos lâches
opresseurs !

Du pauvre gibier noir exécrables chasseurs !
Vers le piège caché que ma main sut leur
tendre,

Ils montent à pas sourds et pensent nous
surprendre,

Mais j'ai l'oreille fine et bien qu'ils parlent bas,
Depuis le bord des mers j'entends monter
leurs pas.

[Il fait le geste d'un homme qui écoute, l'oreille à
terre.]

Chut ! leurs chevaux déjà boivent l'eau des
cascades,

Ils séparent leur troupe en fortes embuscades,
Ils montent un à un les âpres escaliers—

[Avec énergie.]

Ils les redescendront avant peu par milliers !

[Il montre un gros bloc de rocher détaché.]

Que de temps pour monter ce rocher sur la
butte !

Pour le rouler en bas, combien ?—une
minute !

Avez-vous peur des blancs ? Vous peur
d'eux ! Et pour quoi ?

J'en eus moi-même aussi peur ; Mais,
écoutez-moi :

Au temps où m'enfuyant chez les marrons
de l'île,

Il n'était pas pour moi d'assez obscur asile,
Je me réfugiai, pour m'endormir, un soir,
Dans ce champ où la mort met le blanc
près du noir,

Cimetière éloigné des cases du village,
Où la lune en tremblant glissait sous le
feuillage.

Sous les rameaux d'un cèdre aux longs bras
étendus

A peine mon hamac était il suspendu,
Qu'un grand tigre aiguissant ses dents dont il
nous broie,

De fosse en fosse errant, vint flairer une proie.
De sa griffe acérée ouvrant le lit des morts,
Deux cadavres humains m'apparurent
dehors :

L'un était un esclave et l'autre était un
maître.

Mon oreille, des deux l'entendit se repaître,
Et quand il eut fini ce lugubre repas,
En se léchant la lèvre, il sortit à longs pas.
Plus tremblant que la feuille et plus froid
que le marbre,

Quand l'aurore blanchit, je descendis de
l'arbre,

Je voulus recouvrir d'un peu du sol pieux,
Ces os de notre frère exhumé sous mes yeux.

Vains désirs ! vains efforts ! de ces hideux
squelettes

Le tigre avait laissé les charpentes complètes !
Et rongeant les deux corps de la tête aux
orteils,

En leur ôtant la peau les avait faits pareils.
Surmontant mon horreur, voyons, dis-je en
moi-même,

Où Dieu mit entr'eux deux la limite su-
prême ?

Par quel organe à part, par quels faisceaux
de nerfs,

La nature les fit semblables et divers ?

D'où vient entre leur sort la distance si
grande ?

Pourquoi l'un obéit, pourquoi l'autre
commande ?

A loisir je plongeai dans ce mystère humain :
De la plante des pieds jusqu'aux doigts de la
main,

En vain je comparai membrane par
membrane,

C'étaient les mêmes jours perçant les murs
du crâne ;

Mêmes os, mêmes sens, tout pareil, tout égal !
Me disais-je ; et le tigre en fait même régal,

Et le ver du sépulcre et de la pourriture,
Avec même mépris en fait sa nourriture,

Où donc la différence entr'eux deux ?
Dans la peur.

Le plus lâche des deux est l'être inférieur !
Lâches ? sera-ce nous ? et craindrez-vous

encore
Celui qu'un ver dissèque et qu'un chacal
dévore ?

Alors tendez les mains et marchez à genoux ;
Brutes et vermineux sont plus hommes

que vous."

Now I don't contest the good writing, or even the good poetry, to be found in this succession of elegies, but I protest stoutly as ever, and I fancy now with *your* concurrence, at their taking the shape of an insipid, monotonous dramatic demagoguery. I don't like to see the stage of even the *Porte St. Martin* made the addendum to an unfinished tribuneship; or a sort of newspaper supplement for the counsellings he cannot squeeze into the "Conseiller du peuple" or squeeze out of the legislative rostrum. I should prefer his sending them anywhere, even to the *Jericho* of his "travels," rather than to the boards of our melodramatic friend on the *Boulevards*.

But to do good, and like Goldsmith's parson, to be more prone to raise the wretched than to rise, are temptations that Lamartine never did, and I fancy never will resist, and under this all-potent spell the statesman has been content to descend into the melo-dramatist, and to celebrate his "coup

d'essai" by the too enormous blunder of inundating the stage with its worst dramatic materials, the negro race, and of presenting to the French people as their hero of liberty and good, the obscure slave who had defeated their armies and robbed them of their richest colony! To outworth such drawbracks we are entitled to ask (with even good poetry for the critics) a monstrous deal of good politics and morals for *Blancs*, and *Noirs*, and *Rouges*!

I have left myself no time to speak of the Charlotte Corday of the "Théâtre de la République"—a political play, showing, with some of the cleverness

of Lamartine, the ease and symmetrical elegance of the theatre of Louis XIV. But the author, chained by French taste to rhyming verse, and by French police to the extrusion of a sympathy, is, with all his nice pictures, interesting groupings, and pleasing talk, but a tinkling cymbal of well-pleasing sounds; and for human life—the life of the revolutionary epoch—save always the costumes—you might as well look for Chinese domestic history in the gawdy prints on my aunt Peggy's cups and saucers.

My dear Mike, yours ever,

CORNELIUS M'SQUIREEN.

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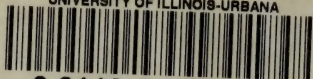
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